Screen Book

Magazine

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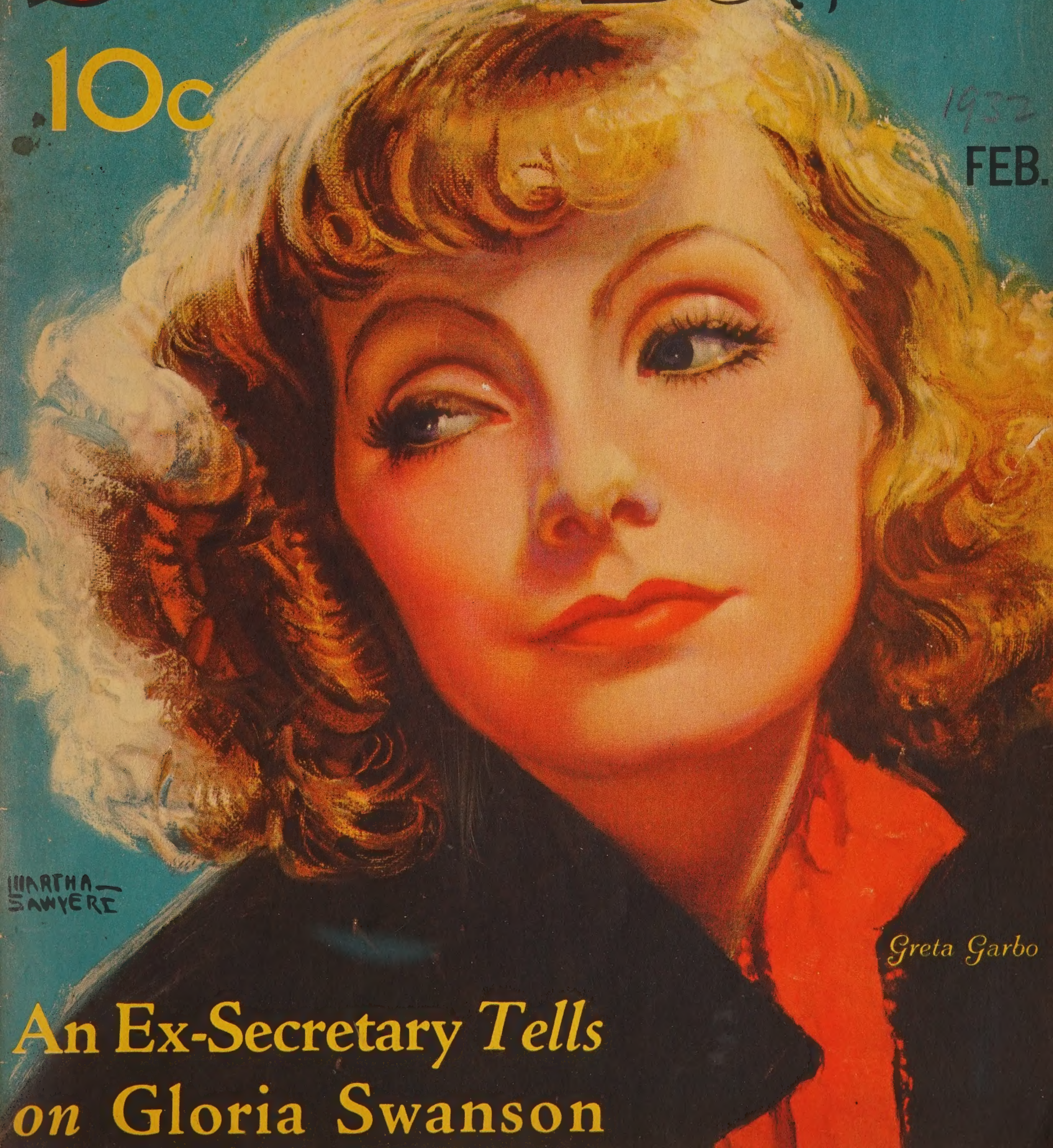
MARTHA SAWYERS

Greta Garbo

An Ex-Secretary *Tells* *on* Gloria Swanson

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.

It was beyond the powers of mortal man to withstand the lure of this siren.

The lives of a million men—the destinies of nations—these were the stakes she played for.

Greta
GARBO · Ramon NOVARRO
IN
MATA HARI

with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
and
LEWIS STONE
Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Introducing the First Star *of* 1932

MARIAN MARSH

in "UNDER EIGHTEEN"

"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final" . . . *You* made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"

WARREN WILLIAM
REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

ScreenBook Magazine

H. FREDERICK GARDENER, Executive Editor

FEBRUARY, 1932

Vol. VIII No. 1

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LOVE COMES TO CONSTANCE

Read the remarkable inside story of Constance Bennett's romance and marriage with Gloria Swanson's ex-husband in March SCREEN BOOK

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Western Editor

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Marlene Dietrich

CLIVE BROOK

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men—whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express—seething with intrigue, desire, hatred—hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle . . . Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama—another Paramount "best show in town!"

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion-Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture: AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **AMBASSADOR BILL**—(Fox)—A typical Will Rogers vehicle, giving Will abundant opportunity for wisecracks. This time he is the ambassador to a small Balkan kingdom where he solves all problems of state and settles personal difficulties.

AAA. **AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS**—(United Artists)—The most spectacular travelogue ever filmed, containing many unusual and difficult scenes. Doug, as usual, does a lot of running and jumping, and he makes some good wisecracks.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH**—(United Artists)—Ronald Colman's best talkie is this film version of the famous Sinclair Lewis novel of a young doctor's struggles. Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett lend effective support.

AAAA. **CANINE CAPERS**—(Educational)—The camera catches all kinds of dogs in this remarkable short picture. There's a real thrill in the whippet race climax.

AAA. **COCK OF THE AIR**—(United Artists)—A daring air comedy replete with lavish settings and risqué situations. Billie Dove, Chester Morris and Matt Moore perform creditably.

AAA. **THE CUBAN LOVE SONG**—(M-G-M)—Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez provide real entertainment in this new type of filmusical, packed with romance. Jimmy Durante injects rare comedy. Don't miss it.

AA. **FALSE MADONNA**—(Paramount)—Interesting entertainment, with Kay Francis in the rôle of a lady crook who attempts to impersonate the long lost mother of a blind boy. William Boyd and Conway Tearle are also in the cast. It's different!

AAA. **FRANKENSTEIN**—(Universal)—Harrowing drama with Colin Clive as the German medical student who creates a monster from various dead bodies. Boris Karloff is a gruesome monster. Twice as exciting as "Dracula."

AA. **FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY**—(RKO-Pathé)—Tom Keene proves he is an excellent hero in this Western thriller. His pony, "Flash," adds interest to the action. Barbara Kent is charming as the sweetheart.

AAA. **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT**—(United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are superb as three Broadway gold-diggers who dig deep and often. David Manners has a leading rôle. A sensational comedy hit.

A. **HEART AND HAND**—(Universal)—Walter Huston's character study of a peace officer of the old West is the only redeeming feature of this picture. The story lacks drama and is tedious. Lois Wilson and Harry Carey are in it.

AA. **HEARTBREAK**—(Fox)—War drama spoiled by poor dialogue, slow action and the miscasting of Charles Farrell. Madge Evans and Hardie Albright are capable of better things.

Russell Hopton and Walter Huston in *Law and Order,* a drama of the early West, with Huston as a peace officer

William Boyd is the master mind of a crew of crooks who try a new game in *The False Madonna.* Kay Francis and Conway Tearle are in on the underhanded business and present excellent portrayals in their plot to rob a wealthy blind boy of his money

AAAA. **HELL DIVERS**—(M-G-M)—Undoubtedly one of the greatest pictures of the year. Unsurpassed in action, thrills, humor, pathos and drama. Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Conrad Nagel, Dorothy Jordan, Marjorie Rambeau and Cliff Edwards are superb.

AAA. **HER MAJESTY, LOVE**—(First National)—Rollicking farce and tuneful musical comedy rolled into one. Ben Lyon, in a new romantic rôle, all but steals the picture from the star, Marilyn Miller. An astounding array of comedians guarantee laughs.

AAA. **HIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in their first picture together—a story of a woman of the streets who helps a man bring up an outcast baby. Remarkable story and likewise remarkable picture.

A. **A HOUSE DIVIDED**—(Universal)—Walter Huston in a brutal, strong-arm characterization which is not strong enough to overcome weaknesses of story and handling. Helen Chandler and Kent Douglass carry ineffective rôles well.

AAA. **OVER THE HILL**—(Fox)—Excellent talkie revival of an old favorite. Sally Eilers and James Dunn gives performances as good as in "Bad Girl," and Mae Marsh makes a great comeback in the mother rôle. You'll like it.

AAAA. **POSSESSED**—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable give excellent performances in this glamorous story of a "kept woman" who falls in love with her "keeper." Skeets Gallagher puts over some very naughty dialogue.

Follow SCREEN BOOK'S Handy Guide to the Best Offerings

AAA. **PRIVATE LIVES**—(M-G-M)—One of the season's best pictures, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery giving delightful performances in the leading rôles. Reginald Denny is also outstanding in this story of marital difficulties.

AA. **SAFE IN HELL**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill as the street-walker in a sexy melodrama turns out a good performance. Nina Mae McKinney also scores.

AAA. **SURRENDER**—(Fox)—The loves of three men for a girl effectively enacted by Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy, David Kirkland and Leila Hyams. Superbly directed, a picture that is decidedly different.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald's best picture to date is this rollicking comedy drama in which Victor McLaglen plays the male lead.

AAA. **THE AGE FOR LOVE**—(Howard Hughes)—Billie Dove is more beautiful and talented than ever in this modern drama dealing with the problems of a business girl who tries to be a dutiful wife. Edward Everett Horton is outstanding.

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—(Warner Brothers)—One of the finest historical dramas ever screened. The story is excellent and the players, particularly the star, George Arliss, give superb performances. Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs have important rôles.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—(Paramount)—A grim, gruesome drama of great power, culminating in the execution of a murderer. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney are superb in the leading rôles.

AAA. **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—(Radio)—Highly colored drama of modern wild youth, depicting how high school children go wrong. The capable cast of youngsters includes Arline Judge, Eric Linden, Rochelle Hudson and Ben Alexander.

AAA. **BAD COMPANY**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ricardo Cortez gives a striking performance as the head gangster in this underworld picture that packs a decided wallop, thanks to excellent direction.

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—The human, convincing story of a girl who loved too well. Sally Eilers, in the title rôle, marries, and her struggle and preparation for her child make this picture one of outstanding merit. James Dunn, Mina Gombell and Frank Darien do good work.

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford give excellent performances in *Possessed*, the glamorous story of a "kept woman"

Arrowsmith, Sinclair Lewis's stirring novel, is superbly dramatized on the screen by Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman

AA. **THE BELOVED BACHELOR**—(Paramount)—A romantic story, abounding in laughs and tears, with Paul Lukas as the wealthy bachelor whom love passes by. Dorothy Jordan, Charlie Ruggles and Vivienne Osborne are interesting colleagues.

AAA. **THE BLACK CAMEL**—(Fox)—Another of the "Charlie Chan" mystery stories, with Warner Oland playing the Oriental sleuth. Sally Eilers and Bela Lugosi are featured.

AAA. **BLONDE CRAZY**—(Warner Brothers)—A swift and amusing picture wherein a cagy bellhop and a sweet maid enter into partnership for the purpose of scaring society out of some of its dollars. James Cagney and Joan Blondell are the merry crooks.

AAA. **BODY AND SOUL**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell's best picture since *Seventh Heaven* is this wartime aviation drama. It also marks the American début of Elissa Landi.

AA. **BORN TO LOVE**—(Radio-Pathé)—Constance Bennett as a war nurse and the mother of a nameless child. A rather complicated situation but it ends well. Directed by Paul Sloane.

AA. **BOUGHT**—(Warner Brothers)—A rather weak, unconvincing drama glorifying the tarnished ladies. Constance Bennett plays the snobbish girl who is betrayed by her lover. Richard Bennett and Ben Lyon give excellent characterization and do much to redeem a mediocre story.

AAA. **THE BRAT**—(Fox)—A very human story of a little street gamin who breaks into society. Sally O'Neil gives a fine performance which will re-establish her popularity. Frank Albertson deserves credit for his excellent acting.

AAA. **BROADMINDED**—(Warner Brothers)—A laugh panic with the inimitable Joe E. Brown indulging in his craziest capers. Don't miss this one.

AA. **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—(Fox)—Will Rogers in a frequently amusing picture that slips down several notches from the mark of his previous productions. As a razor manufacturer, Rogers tries to stop tribal wars caused by beard-pulling.

AAA. **CAUGHT**—(Paramount)—A remarkably fine, almost inspired, performance by Louise Dresser, who is cast in the rôle of that lawless and picturesque pioneer, "Calamity Jane," saves this Richard Arlen western from mediocrity. Tom Kennedy and Frances Dee have important rôles.

AA. **CAUGHT PLASTERED**—(Radio Pictures)—Better than average gag comedy with Wheeler and Woolsey, assisted by Dorothy Lee, providing the laughs. It's dizzy but very enjoyable.

AAAA. **THE CHAMP**—(M-G-M)—A great story of father-and-son love superbly acted by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. They gamble to live and live to gamble, and through it all scoop in laughs and tears from their audience. You must see it.

AAA. **CHANCES**—(First National)—A somewhat disappointing love triangle laid against a World War background. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell are excellent.

AAA. **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—(Fox)—Warner Oland solves the mystery of untold murders and gallons of blood. Good old hokum. Hamilton MacFadden directed.

AAAA. **CIMARRON**—(Radio Pictures)—Richard Dix does some of the best work of his career in this Edna Ferber story. See it by all means.

AAAA. **CITY STREETS**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in an exceptionally clever gangster picture. Beer-runners, machine guns and everything.

AA. **COMPROMISED**—(First National)—Rose Hobart, Ben Lyon and clever little Dickie Moore give splendid performances in this triangle situation. Pleasant screen entertainment.

AA. **CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—(Paramount)—Another of the interminable "Flaming Youth" pictures that lack conviction. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster are as excellent as the plot permits.

AA. **THE CONQUERING HORDE**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen proves a noble cowboy in this above average Western story. Directed by Edward Sloman.

AA. **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—(Radio Pictures)—Somewhat laughable farce concerning two persons who marry after being jilted by their respective flames. The complicated romance is made passable by Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien, who acquit themselves creditably.

AAA. **CORSAIR**—(United Artists)—Thrills on a yacht provided by Chester Morris and Alison

Ina Claire is a rollicking gold-digger and David Manners an agreeable victim in *The Greeks Had a Word For It*

Loyd, supported by a fine cast. Morris plays a football hero who turns hijacker to get some easy money, and is saved from disastrous consequences by love.

AAA. **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—(Columbia)—Easily the best of the prison dramas, this grim offering should find great fan favor. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes are excellent.

AAAA. **DADDY LONG LEGS** — (Fox) — A whimsical, "Cinderella type" romance that seems made to order for Janet Gaynor. Warner Baxter gives a fine performance in the male lead.

AAA. **A DANGEROUS AFFAIR**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in a mystery thriller that combines chills and laughs. Sally Blane is the heroine. A corking bit of entertainment.

AA. **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**—(Paramount)—Although marked by the fascinating acting of Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa, ***Daughter of the Dragon*** is too overloaded with gun-play, knives, shadows and secret doors for the good of the story. We just can't believe it.

AAA. **DEVOTION**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding becomes an ugly duckling for love's sake and then metamorphoses beautifully again after Leslie Howard and Robert Williams discover her game. Absorbing story, finely acted and brilliantly directed.

AAAA. **DIRIGIBLE**—(Columbia) — The best of the Jack Holt-Ralph Graves melodramas is this enthralling story of an aerial race to the south pole.

AAA. **DOORWAY TO HELL** — (Warner, talkie)—Lew Ayres is the young gangster who finds it isn't so easy to quit the racket. Dorothy Mathews is the girl of the piece. Archie Mayo directed.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL** — (Warner Brothers)—This thrilling, melodramatic story of the newspaper "game" is one of the year's best pictures, perfectly enacted by a well-balanced cast which includes Edward G. Robinson, Marian Marsh, H. B. Warner, Francis Starr and George E. Stone.

AAA. **FLYING HIGH**—(M-G-M)—Want to laugh—and laugh hard? Then don't miss this hilarious film of nonsensical gags, situations, songs and dances. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood officiate, ably assisted by Pat O'Brien and Hedda Hopper.

AAAA. **A FREE SOUL** — (Metro) — Distinguished by a powerful plot and unusually brilliant performances by Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, this picture can truthfully be called great entertainment.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN** — (M-G-M)— A very naughty, very sophisticated screen play in which Alfred Lunt disguises himself as a soldier and becomes his wife's lover. Lynne Fontaine, co-starred as the wife, gives an excellent performance. Roland Young and ZaSu Pitts handle their small parts with finesse. Adult audiences will enjoy this superlative comedy-drama.

Dwight Frye steals the devitalized brain that Colin Clive needs to complete his monster in *Frankenstein*

AAAA. **GUILTY HANDS**—(M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore gives one of the most inspired portrayals ever brought to the screen in this sombre, thought-provoking screen masterpiece which deals with the questionable right of a man to take justice in his own hands and commit murder in order to protect his family. Madge Evans, Kay Francis and William Bakewell do the best work of their respective careers.

AAA. **HALF HOLIDAY** — (Educational) — Henpecked Andy Clyde creates even more laughs than usual when he revolts and runs off to the beach with two vamps.

AAA. **LAUGH AND GROW RICH**—(Radio Pictures)—Dorothy Lee, Hugh Herbert and Edna Mae Oliver in a not too funny comedy.

AAA. **THE LAWYER'S SECRET**—(Paramount)—Despite its hackneyed story and improbable situations, this melodrama offers great entertainment. Clive Brook, Fay Wray, Jean Arthur, Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers head the cast.

AAA. **LEFTOVER LADIES**—(Tiffany)—A restless wife leaves her husband to try a writing career. The excellent cast includes Claudia Dell, Walter Byron, Marjorie Rambeau and Allan Mowbray.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National)—A tense, exciting melodrama of gangland with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., giving great performances.

AAA. **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—(First National)—Joe E. Brown neglects the exploitation of his big mouth to do a story reminiscent of the old Harold Lloyd comedies, in which the bashful botany student discovers he is a great athlete. Dorothy Lee and Ruth Hall provide pulchritude.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS**—(Warner Bros.)—John Barrymore, ably seconded by Marian Marsh, Charles Butterworth and Carmel Myers, makes the grotesque story of Imperial Russia one of the real classics of the screen.

AAA. **THE MALTESE FALCON**—(Warner Brothers)—This thrilling murder mystery offers sure fire entertainment. Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez head the cast.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION** —(Metro)—Robert Montgomery's second starring vehicle, a concoction of funny gags and hilarious, unexpected plot developments, is a continuous laugh panic. Don't miss it. The supporting cast includes Charlotte Greenwood, Irene Purcell and Forrester Harvey.

AAAA. **MERELY MARY ANN — (Fox)**—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor at their delightful best in a whimsical romance that affords a welcome deviation from the erotic sex-stories and gangster melodramas that have been flooding the screen. Both stars contribute near-perfect performances and the supporting cast is unusually well chosen.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE** — (Warner Brothers)—A George Arliss starring vehicle, based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. Arliss is immense and David Manners and Evalyn Knapp give good support.

AAA. **THE MIRACLE WOMAN**—(Columbia)—With Barbara Stanwyck in the stellar rôle, this moving drama of a hypocritical woman evangelist's life, is well worth while.

AAAA. **MONKEY BUSINESS**—(Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers, as dizzy as usual, begin the fun making on the high seas and end it in a stable. Net result, one of the most hilarious laugh riots of the year. Thelma Todd and Ruth Hall supply the feminine touch very satisfactorily.

AA. **MURDER AT MIDNIGHT**—(Tiffany)—A blood-freezer in which five persons are murdered in rapid succession. Hale Hamilton, Aileen Pringle and Alice White are featured.

AAA. **MURDER BY THE CLOCK**—(Paramount)—A gruesome murder mystery that will enthrall adult audiences with its involved, skillfully handled plot and brilliant characterizations. Lilyan Tashman, Irving Pichel and William Boyd head the cast.

AAA. **MY SIN**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead in a melodramatic love tale that is different. The film opens in a tropical dive and winds up in a peaceful Connecticut cottage, after Tallulah and Fredric March climb to decency.

AAA. **THE NEW WALLINGFORD**—(M-G-M)—A pip of a comedy, inebriated with whole-hearted laughs in which William Haines redeems himself with a bang. Jimmie Durante, Ernest Torrence and Leila Hyams contribute their share of whoopee.

AAA. **NIGHT NURSE**—(Warner Brothers)—Outstanding entertainment in spite of the many improbabilities offered by the story. Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Clark Gable head the cast in very capable fashion.

AAA. **ONCE A LADY**—(Paramount)—Life without tinsel—acted without restraint. Result—another dramatic achievement for Ruth Chatterton in the rôle of a lady who has become an adventuress. A picture you mustn't miss.

AAA. **OUTPOSTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION**—(Educational)—A picturesque short feature filmed in color, showing native customs and odd characters about the Legion outposts in Morocco.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor is at his funniest in this delightful filmusical. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors and Barbara Weeks does good work in a romantic rôle. This picture should do much toward restoring the popularity of musical productions.

AAA. **PENROD AND SAM**—(First National)—A rejuvenating comedy of child life, with Junior Coghlan and Leon Janney capturing the acting honors. The kids will like this, and so will the parents.

AAA. **PHANTOM OF PARIS**—(Metro)—A weird story of a master magician's love and revenge, which gives John Gilbert his best screen rôle since the advent of talkies. Good entertainment.

AAA. **PLATINUM BLONDE**—(Columbia)—Clever newspaper story in which Robert Williams plays the rôle of a reporter who wins the heart of a society girl, Jean Harlow, and then returns to his first love, Loretta Young, the girl reporter. See it.

AAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—(Radio Pictures)—A thrilling drama in which Richard Dix, posing as an apparently harmless social lion, unearths important evidence in a gigantic bank swindle.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY** — (Warner Brothers)—A gruesome, realistic story of gangland's hoodlums, with James Cagney giving one of the best performances of the year.

AA. **RICH MAN'S FOLLY**—(Paramount)—Powerful melodrama in which George Bancroft, as a money-mad tycoon, finally succumbs to the charm of love. Frances Dee, Robert Ames and Juliette Compton are involved.

AA. **RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE**—(Fox)—The Western fans will thrill to this fast-moving dramatization of Zane Grey's novel. George O'Brien is a swell hero and does plenty of hard riding and straight shooting.

AA. **THE ROAD TO RENO**—(Paramount)—A sophisticated and melodramatic divorce tale that is saved from absurdity by good acting and fine direction. Lilyan Tashman turns in a splendid performance as the divorcée. Peggy Shannon and Buddy Rogers are in it.

AAA. **THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell, in a tropic romance, wins Doris Kenyon away from an indifferent husband. Humor and drama combine to make this an exceptionally good picture. Marian Marsh sets a precedent for fine work.

AAAA. **THE RULING VOICE**—(First National)—Blood-chilling and ruthless, but beautifully enacted and directed, this powerful story of a master gangster's crimes and retribution is a picture for your "must see" list. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, David Manners and Doris Kenyon head the cast.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Gripping gangster film that gives a bold history of the Chicago underworld with tremendously realistic effect. Paul Muni is superb as the insanely ambitious racketeer and he is ably supported by Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Distinguished by its action-crammed, thrilling plot and the excellent work of its cast, this picture can truthfully be called fine entertainment. Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon head the cast.

AAA. **SECRET SERVICE**—(Radio Pictures) War and romance—the exciting story of a spy's interesting adventures. Richard Dix gives his usual faultless performance in the title rôle. Shirley Grey is refreshing. You will enjoy this picture.

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(Metro)—Wallace Beery goes in for plain and fancy gunplay in this underworld drama. Directed by George Hill.

AAA. **SILENCE**—(Paramount) — Emotionally powerful is this story of a man who prefers to die rather than to reveal the truth about a murder. Clive Brook brilliantly portrays a broken jail-bird in the later sequences of the story. Peggy Shannon is excellent as the girl.

AAAA. **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET**—(M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, the famous stage star, scores a triumph in her first screen rôle. In support, sterling performances are given by Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton and William Bakewell. See it.

AAAA. **SKIPPY**—(Paramount)—A real "kid" classic, based on one of the most human stories ever screened. Jackie Cooper, in the title rôle, is superb and Jackie Searl, Robert Coogan and Mitzi Green give excellent support.

AAA. **SKYLINE**—(Fox) Thrilling melodrama in which a wealthy contractor becomes attracted to a hungry lad, educates him, then learns that he is his own son by a girl he betrayed years before. Thomas Meighan and Hardie Albright give powerful performances.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers) —Edward G. Robinson, again cast as an underworld character, scores another triumph in this swift moving story of big time gambling. James Cagney shares the honors.

AAA. **SOB SISTER**—(Fox)—James Dunn and Linda Watkins give excellent performances in this newspaper thriller, wherein the girl reporter outsmarts her masculine competitors and falls in love with the best of them.

AAA. **SON OF INDIA**—(Metro)—Pictorially beautiful, capably enacted and brilliantly directed, this Ramón Novarro picture is sure to make a hit with the average audience.

AAA. **THE SPIDER**—(Fox)—The most spellbinding murder mystery ever filmed. Edmund Lowe, as a master hypnotist, gives a performance that establishes him as an actor of hitherto unappreciated power.

AAAA. **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME**—(Universal)—An unusual football picture that is decidedly "out of the rut." Lew Ayres heads the cast of football notables which includes Frank Carideo and the famous "Four Horsemen." J. Farrell MacDonald is excellent as Rockne.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers) —Tired of gang pictures? You won't be when you see Walter Huston and Chic Sales vie for honors in this story of an innocent family put on the spot by gangsters. Sally Blane and Frances Starr are in the cast.

AAA. **STOLEN HEAVEN** — (Paramount) — Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes are cast in this entertaining feature. It is well worth seeing. Louis Calhern, newcomer, makes a good impression.

AAAA. **STREET SCENE**—(Samuel Goldwyn) —Poignant picturization of the Elmer Rice Pulitzer Prize play giving a cross-section of tenement life. One of the year's most powerful dramas. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are the co-stars.

AAA. **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—(Universal)—Sidney Fox, Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone exposing how simple it really is for a modern young lady to retain her reputation and still occupy a young man's apartment. For grown-ups only.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—An excellent mystery affair, in which Jack Holt finds the solution. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—(M-G-M)—So superb is the acting of Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in this sombre drama that it will undoubtedly rank high among the year's outstanding pictures.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Bros.) — John Barrymore is at his best in this latest picture. You are sure to enjoy it.

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES** — (Pathé) — An unusually entertaining story of the race tracks with Eddie Quillan. Lew Cody and James Gleason sharing the laurels.

AA. **A TAILOR MADE MAN**—(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)—William Haines crashes society with a borrowed dress suit and makes good. Directed by Sam Wood.

AAA. **THIS MODERN AGE**—(Metro)—Joan Crawford again returns to her modern jazz girl rôles in this entertaining picture of Parisian society. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley do the wooing.

AA. **THREE WHO LOVED**—(Radio Pictures) —Betty Compson fans will like this picture in which she appears as a Swedish servant girl.

AAA. **TORCHY PASSES THE BUCK**—(Educational)—Ray Cooke scores again as the office boy in this second of a new series of comedies. Dorothy Dix proves that she is talented as well as beautiful.

AAAA. **TOUCHDOWN**—(Paramount)—A college film with personality which concerns the ambitions of a gridiron coach. Richard Arlen plays the title rôle and is ably supported by Jack Oakie and Charles Starrett. An unusual romance centers around Peggy Shannon.

AAA. **TRANSATLANTIC** — (Fox) — Smart, sophisticated drama in which the lives of several persons become entangled aboard a palatial steamer. Edmund Lowe, Greta Nissen, Lois Moran, Myrna Loy and John Halliday give outstanding performances.

AAA. **TWENTY-FOUR HOURS** — (Paramount)—A thoroughly enjoyable drama which brings the upperworld into intimate contact with the underworld in a night club. Clive Brook, Miriam Hopkins and Adrienne Ames give excellent performances.

AAA. **TWENTY GRAND** — (Universal)—A fast story giving a close-up glimpse into the lives of gamblers and the part they play in the fates of a girl and two men. Mae Clarke again plucks the plum of perfect characterization, while Ricardo Cortez and Norman Foster add materially to their acting laurels.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN** — (United Artists)—Only a little less fantastic than a tale from "The Arabian Nights," this Ronald Colman picture is great entertainment nevertheless. Colman again portrays a fugitive from justice. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor have important rôles.

AAA. **THE VICE SQUAD**—(Paramount)—Sordid drama of the diplomatic service with Paul Lukas and Kay Francis as the co-stars.

AA. **WAITING AT THE CHURCH**—(Radio Pictures)—Unusually enjoyable romance, with Mary Brian, Geoffrey Kerr, Marie Prevost and Johnny Hines.

AA. **WAY BACK HOME** — (Radio) — Seth Parker proves as interesting on the screen as over the radio in this tender romance of New England farm life. He is supported by an able cast of humorous rustic characters.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—A grim tragedy of the chaotic last days of the World War, based on the romance between a pathetic little girl of the streets and a returned soldier. A real masterpiece. Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass head the cast.

AA. **WEST OF BROADWAY** — (M-G-M) — Story of a man who imbibes too freely and a gal who loves him because he's such a swell cad. John Gilbert falls short of his acting in *Phantom of Paris*, while Gwen Lee steals the show. Passable entertainment.

AA. **WICKED**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi proves her ability as a dramatic player in a drab and heavy drama. She shoots a policeman, is locked up for it, then wages war with Irene Rich, who has adopted her child. Victor McLaglen is capable in his rôle.

AAA. **A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE**—(Radio Pictures)—Helen Twelvetrees in a dramatic war drama of unusual interest. Directed by Harry Joe Brown.

AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—A new version of the triangle theme with Eleanor Boardman as the abused wife who decides to carry on her own romance. Paul Lukas and Geoffrey Kerr complete the triangle of domestic woe.

AAA. **THE YELLOW TICKET**—(Fox)—A beautiful woman turns prostitute to escape from Russia. Thrills and interesting dramatic moments dominate the performances of Elissa Landi, Lionel Barrymore, Laurence Olivier and Walter Byron.

AAA. **X MARKS THE SPOT**—(Educational) —Sally Blane, Wallace Ford, Lew Cody and Mary Nolan in a thrill-a-minute story of a newspaper man whose code of honor led him to death at the point of a gangster's gun.

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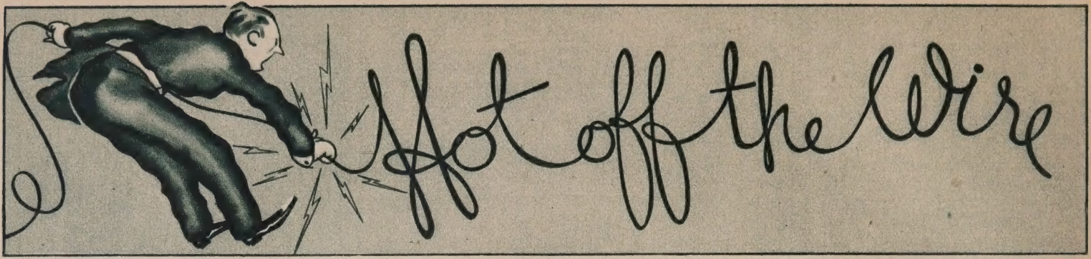

Glancing Through The Telegrams As We Go To Press

Gary Travels

In spite of the fact that Gary Cooper's doctor said that his physical condition was sound enough for him to play the leading rôle in *The Miracle Man*, Gary walked right out on the production and is now somewhere in Africa. He will be gone for two months.

Mitzi Tours

Mitzi Green has just been booked by RKO for ten weeks at the tidy sum of $2,500 per week. This booking was arranged on the heels of Paramount's announcement that they did not intend to take up their option on the contract of the child star.

Chevalier Sees Himself

In the current George White's *Scandals* Rudy Vallée does an imitation of Maurice Chevalier. Rudy was all ready to do his impersonation the other night when he saw the French star himself out in front and he completely gummed up the act.

Fairbanks In East

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks visited the East on a double mission. Doug was interested in getting his travel picture booked while Mary was looking for a script that will be good enough to erase the bad effects of *Kiki*.

Back To England

The celebrated English actor, Colin Clive, returned to England upon completing *Frankenstein*, one of the most unusual pictures of the season.

Tibbett On Tour

Lawrence Tibbett, upon completion of *The Cuban Love Song*, has gone on an extended concert tour. The enthusiastic reception of his last picture should insure a successful tour.

Want Clara

Although Clara Bow signed up with Sam Rork, an independent producer, some time ago, Universal is still seeking her to make a picture, the story for which is already selected.

Boyd Hurt

Production on Bill Boyd's current picture was halted and the star was rushed to a hospital when Boyd severely wrenched his back while cutting down a tree on location in the Sierra timberland.

Colman Abroad

Ronald Colman is now enjoying a glorious vacation on the Riviera and he won't be back to Hollywood until January. During his eight-hour-stop in New York City en route, he signed a five-year contract with Sam Goldwyn which will call for two pictures a year.

Barbara's Jinx

Barbara Stanwyck declares her career on the west coast has been jinxed from the beginning. She just got her difficulty over contracts straightened out when fire swept her Malibu Beach home to the ground, entailing a loss of $50,000.

Razzes Stage

At last the worm has turned, and in *Manhattan Parade* the legitimate stage is going to get the razz that pictures have been bearing the last few years.

The sudden, tragic death of Robert Ames robs the screen of one of its finest leading men. Friends believe that "Bobbie," who had been married and divorced four times, soon was to have wed Ina Claire

Subdues Noise

The producers of *Sooky* are having a hard time subduing the noise-makers in shanty-town who see a chance to earn an easy dollar. They start their phonographs or player-pianos and then force the company to pay them to stop the noise so the sound sequences can be successfully filmed.

Connie Weds

The most talked-of romance of the year was culminated in Hollywood on November 22nd when Constance Bennett said her "I will" lines to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray.

Tennis Champions

Gilbert Roland and Bonnie Miller are the new mixed doubles champions in the film colony, having just annexed their titles in the official tournament held at Malibu Beach.

Death Of Williams

All Hollywood is shocked and grieved over the untimely death of Robert Williams, just as he had arrived at the threshold of a most promising motion picture career. He will be remembered as the likeable scamp in *Devotion*, the nonchalant lover in *Rebound* and the wise-cracking reporter in *Platinum Blonde*.

Goodbye, Lil

Lil Dagover has left Hollywood. The much-ballyhooed German actress is on her way back to Germany after making one picture, *The Woman from Monte Carlo*. She will play a stage engagement in Berlin and then return to Hollywood in February to fulfill her new contract with Warner Brothers-First National for one more picture. Her second stay may prove longer if this first picture is well-received.

New Team

Plans are under way to bring William S. Hart back to the screen and team him with Maurice Chevalier in a Western filmusical. It all came about when Maurice visited Hart's ranch and became so enthusiastic over the idea of making a picture with a Western background that he took up the matter with Paramount executives. The executives liked the idea and are hunting for a suitable story.

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Hollywood Briefs

Short cuts to the latest interesting facts about movieland

AL JOLSON is to make his reappearance on the screen after an absence of two years in *Sons o' Guns*, a picturization of the New York musical comedy success. Lily Damita is slated to repeat the co-starring rôle she played opposite the late Jack Donahue on the stage.

Maureen O'Sullivan Cast

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN will play the lead opposite Johnny Weismuller, the swimmer, in *Tarzan*, to be filmed at M-G-M.

Ginger Rogers Back

AFTER an extended personal appearance tour in the East, Ginger Rogers is back in Hollywood, working opposite Bill Boyd in *Bad Timer*.

Impression Of Hollywood

BERT LAHR, flying East after *Flying High* in Hollywood, was asked what he thought of it all—you know, the climate, the studios, the movies. "Too many cooks," was Bert's snappy reply.

Nice Doctor

A PROMINENT director-comedian who has been ailing of late has been put on a strict champagne diet by his doctor. Now he is enjoying perfect health. The question Hollywood is most concerned about is not "Who is the actor"—but "What is the name of the doctor?"

Stone With Garbo Again

LEWIS STONE appears in support of Greta Garbo for the fifth time in *Mata Hari*, in which she is co-starred with Ramón Novarro. Stone began his career at M-G-M in the cast of *A Woman of Affairs*, the final Gilbert-Garbo film. Then followed *Wild Orchids*, *Romance* and *Inspiration*.

Two Barrymores

AN EVENT of interest in the screen world is the forthcoming appearance of the two Barrymore brothers in the same picture. John and Lionel are busy on the production of *Arsene Lupin*, in which they are co-starred.

Marlene Dietrich arrives at the Paramount Hollywood Studios early in the morning and frequently works until midnight during the making of a picture. Her latest vehicle is *Shanghai Express*, with Clive Brook, Anna May Wong and Warner Oland in the cast

Jackie A Cripple

JACKIE COOPER plays the rôle of a crippled boy in *Limpy*, film adaptation of the William Johnston novel, which has gone into production.

Did You Know?

WE HAVE not heard much of Anita Louise's private life, but we do learn that she won five trophies for piano playing last year. Evidently she doesn't devote all her time to the screen.

Sound Effects

THE *BIG PARADE* is going to make a big noise. M-G-M has it all doctored up with sound effects and musical score and will give it to the public soon after the first of the year. It will be released simultaneously in foreign countries.

Madge Bellamy Takes Test

AFTER being idle for three years, Madge Bellamy may come back in the picture that made her famous, *Mother Knows Best*. Just recently she was tested for the same part in a talking version.

Jeanette's Plans

JEANETTE MacDONALD will return to Paris in the spring to appear in a French stage production. Meanwhile, her second picture opposite Maurice Chevalier is to be titled *Love Me Tonight*.

Ain't Life That Way?

AN EXTRA girl hounded the studios for weeks saying she could play tennis, golf, basketball and ride horseback. Finally she got a part—to swim—but she couldn't swim.

Starting Young

ESTHER RALSTON'S new baby made its screen début at the age of two weeks in *The Voice of Hollywood*. Before long, the child will be introduced to the footlights when it accompanies mother and father on a nation-wide vaudeville tour.

Baclanova Cast

BEAUTIFUL Baclanova will play an unusual rôle in *Freaks*, a gripping story of circus sideshow life, to be produced at M-G-M. The cast includes Wallace Ford, Leila Hyams and a host of world-famous freaks.

Lupe And Peanuts

LUPE VELEZ is so fond of peanuts she ate up most of the "props" in *The Cuban Love Song*, in which she plays a peanut vendor.

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Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

In Memoriam

THE untimely death of Robert Williams is a profound loss to the screen. His work in *Platinum Blonde* proved that he was one of the finest actors and one of the most engaging personalities Hollywood has ever known. Had he lived he would have been a great star.

Fate is bitterly ironic. Williams had not lived an easy life. Success had eluded him, poverty and worry had hounded him. Then, a great rôle in a great picture, and he was hailed as a new sensation. It is indeed tragic that he could not live to enjoy his triumph.

The death of Robert Williams deprives the screen of one of its finest actors. Since transferring allegiance from the New York stage, he had appeared in only three pictures, but his work will be long remembered

The Millenium Dawns

THE past year has brought one sweeping change of policy in Hollywood that heralds the dawn of a cinematic millenium. Most of the producers now refuse to release a picture until it is satisfactory entertainment. For instance, Helen Hayes' first picture, originally entitled *Lullaby,* was a pretty dismal affair when first previewed. A few years ago it would have been sent out to the long-suffering public irrespective of its merit. Now, however, things are different. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer kept faith with the public and spent a fortune in its complete revision. Result: *The Sin of Madelon Claudet,* as it is now titled, is undoubtedly one of the best pictures of the year.

Other producers have adopted the same plan. United Artists, in particular, absolutely refuses to accept a picture from one of its associate producers unless the production promises to be a smash at the box-office.

What Will Mary Do?

LIKE several million others, I am wondering what 1932 will hold for Mary Pickford. Doug will go traipsing off to the Amazon in search of thrills and new travel reels. Mary will stay at home and report at the studio daily. Her intimates hint that she plans a big production this year. Will she regain her lost throne?

Personally, I think she will. Mary is one of the screen's finest actresses and one of Hollywood's most brilliant minds. She has been going through a deadly transition period. Having won too great fame as an exponent of child rôles—she finally found herself too old to keep on portraying them. But she is too great a trouper to be stopped by so trivial a barrier as that.

Probably *Kiki,* a dismal flop, was a blessing in disguise. It completely shattered the image of Mary, the perpetual child, and, being a mediocre affair, it will lend the great picture that she is sure to make in the near future the tremendous advantage of surprise.

Clara's Hazard

CLARA BOW, returning to the screen as the star of *Get The Woman,* faces the greatest hazard of her career. The story is entirely unlike any that she has had since the eventful day when Elinor Glyn dubbed her the "It" girl. Her rôle is ultra-dramatic, far-removed from the flaming flapper parts that she has played heretofore.

I have no doubt that Clara is a fine actress, capable of handling any dramatic rôle—but the fact remains that her popularity is not founded on her dramatic ability. She is popular because millions of fans like her as the hot-cha-cha "It" girl. Whether they will accept her as something entirely different remains to be seen.

Watch Alice Now

SPEAKING of Clara Bow always reminds me of Alice White, whose career certainly was not aided by the effort to make her a second "It" girl.

Alice will be worth watching this year. She is now concluding a personal appearance tour that has been one long series of triumphs. She has packed every theatre in which she has appeared—in fact, she did so much to revive dwindling box-office receipts in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago and Minneapolis that the itinerary originally planned for her was promptly extended to include many other cities.

She tells me that she has received numerous offers from Hollywood producers and several offers to appear in a New York stage play. It is certain that she will return to the screen within the next few months and, thanks partly to the self-confidence she has gained on tour, I predict she will score a real hit.

H. Frederick Gardener

EXTRA

SCREEN TABLOID

ALL THE NEWS

FEBRUARY, 1932

JOHN GILBERT TO RETIRE FROM SCREEN!

Report Says Star Will End Seventeen-year Career Soon

FROM London, the first lap of John Gilbert's European trip, comes the news that the once mightiest male star of the screen is ready to retire to private life. John's movie career is now in its seventeenth year, and is the story of a phenomenal rise from cowboy extra to Hollywood's biggest box office sensation. Since the talkies, Gilbert's popularity has diminished somewhat. After years in the public eye as a romantic screen hero, one-time husband of Leatrice Joy and Ina Claire, and Greta Garbo's leading man, he is willing to fade out of the picture, and leave the movies while still a great favorite.

—Louise

JOHN GILBERT has two pictures yet to do on his contract for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. After these are completed, he has announced his intention of retiring to enjoy his hard-won wealth. They say prizefighters and actors always try a comeback, but perhaps that doesn't apply to John

—Fink

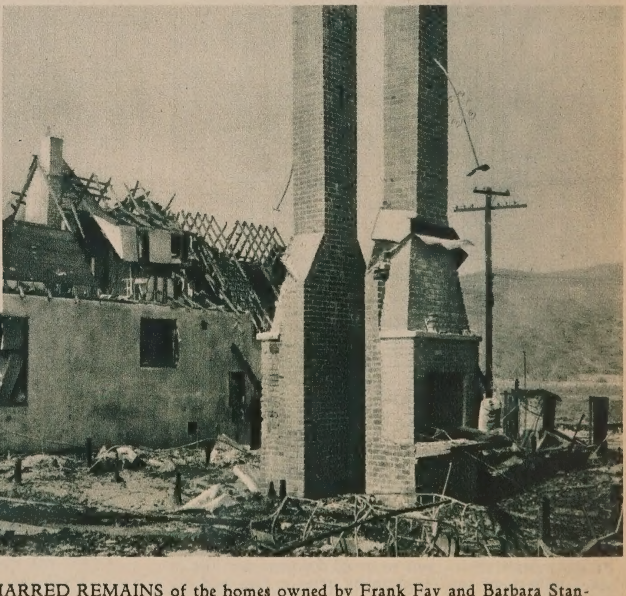
LOLA LANE IS INDEPENDENT, even though happily wed to Lew Ayres. She won't let Lew be bothered by her private affairs, and to avoid financial troubles in the family went into bankruptcy after a firm had attached her new hubby's salary for $962. Records showed that Lola's assets were $1,836 and her liabilities amounted to $4,470

Movie Gangster Forsakes Crime Life!

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1, shown above losing a little family argument with Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, his wife, has decided to reform. Eddie's decision may have come after a visit to Chicago and the courtroom where Al Capone was being taken for a ride by the government. At any rate, the genial Mr. Robinson is trying his bag of realistic tricks as an Oriental in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*, which will not savor of gangland

Fire Wrecks Homes of Stars at Malibu

FRANK FAY AND BARBARA STANWYCK luckily escaped being burned to death when their Malibu Beach home burned to the ground in a conflagration that recently threatened millions of dollars worth of property in the playground paradise of the stars. This is the second costly blaze that has damaged hom[illegible] recently at Malibu, where the strong ocean breeze whips flickers to flames in short order. Barbara is drawing hard luck these days. First she loses a fight to be paid $50,000 per picture, and now her house becomes a pile of cinders



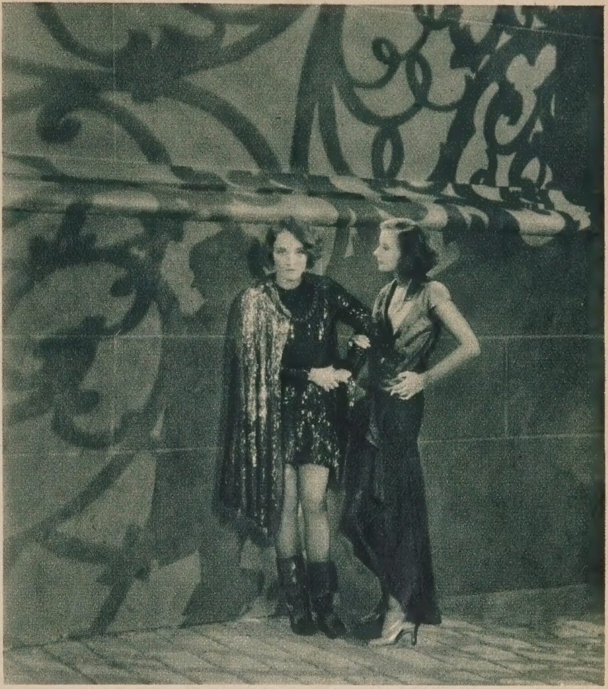
THE CHARRED REMAINS of the homes owned by Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck and Ned Marin, the director. The fire of unknown origin did $80,000 worth of damage, and might have been more costly had it not been for the quick work of deputy sheriffs who formed a bucket brigade with the help of the stars

Garbo and Dietrich In Camera Mystery

Scheming Cameraman Gives Garbo and Dietrich An Introduction

WHEN a feverish cameraman emerged from his dark room to announce that he had a photograph of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich taken at their first meeting, SCREEN BOOK'S Tabloid Editor couldn't believe his eyes. But here the photograph is, proving that Greta and Marlene are the best of friends —or doesn't it? Just for the sake of comparison, Garbo is twenty-six years old, is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds; Dietrich is twenty-eight years old, five feet, five inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds.

Garbo was in hiding, as usual, when reporters tried to question her about Screen Tabloid's big scoop, and Marlene is said to have exclaimed only, "Auch du lieber, nein!"



MARLENE AND GRETA finally get together for a double exposure on whether or not they look alike. Although never the sort to quote figures, we wish to point out that Greta is much more the willowy type than her chum and is all of one inch taller

Judge Gives Irene Rich Third Decree

—Wide World Photo

WHEN JUDGE JOHN VAN NOSTRAND handed Irene Rich her divorce papers in San Francisco, it completely broke the marital ties that bound her to David Blankenhorn, a real estate man who was her third husband. The happy mother of two children, Irene wept when the strain of the proceedings was over

Billie Dove at Brother's Wedding

—Wide World Photo

BILLIE DOVE sprang a surprise on Hollywood when she attended the unexpected wedding of her brother, Charles Bohny, to Mary Virginia Ashcraft, a promising new movie player. Charles, who retains the family name, lives near his beauteous sister in Hollywood, and is a studio cameraman

Fans Demand Alice White's Return

ALICE WHITE shattered the box office records of Rudy Vallée and Eddie Cantor in the East, playing to capacity houses wherever she went. Now, her loyal fans want to know, when is she coming back to the screen?

PETITE STAR, OUT OF FILMS FOR A YEAR, STAGES TRIUMPHANT TOUR

ALICE WHITE couldn't get what she wanted in Hollywood, so she started on a personal appearance tour to prove to producers that she did have box-office appeal. Forsaking the "hey-hey" acts for which she was so well-known on the screen, Alice made her vaudeville appearance demurely in an act sparkling with clever patter and genuinely beautiful dancing. The fans flocked in and up went the box-office receipts as Alice proved that she could drive old man depression out of any theatre—and give Hollywood the surprise of its life!

"I DON'T WANT to be a star," Alice White told SCREEN TABLOID reporters. "The public wants me; I know that now, but I'll never be happy playing one type of rôle just to be starred. I want a wide variety of parts as a featured player and a chance to show what I can do"

MILLIONAIRE AND MEXICAN FILM STAR DENY ROMANCE

—Acme

WHEN WILLIAM B. LEEDS, multimillionaire sportsman, and Raquel Torres, Mexican movie charmer, arrived at Roosevelt Field in New York, rumors flew thick and fast about their marriage. Smiling, they denied all; said they were just good friends. That may be true, but everybody suspects they are romancing and may be wed soon

Stars Start Battle Over Bottles!

—*Acme*

VIVIAN DUNCAN, appearing in court to fight Gertrude Astor's suit, took the legal battle as a joke. So did the judge—a joke worth $699

VIVIAN DUNCAN SECOND BEST IN SUIT BROUGHT BY GERTRUDE ASTOR

IT WAS a fight to the finish in the Los Angeles Municipal court—Gertrude Astor versus Vivian Duncan. Gertrude sued Vivian for rent and damages on the house from which she recently moved, claiming that the famed Duncan sister had left "hundreds of bottles—empty." Vivian grinned at the charges, but when the bottle battle was over, a stern judge rapped his gavel and awarded $699 damages to the injured Miss Astor.

It isn't often that movie folk find their way into court, but when they do the performance can usually be counted on for a long time run, with a packed house—and no admission charge!

—*Acme*

COURT SPECTATORS hugely enjoyed Gertrude Astor's legal battle against Vivian Duncan. The report is that Gertrude did too—she won the verdict

NO SECRET NOW!

MARY ASTOR denied her marriage to "Doc" Thorpe, but SCREEN BOOK announced its suspicions in the last issue, and now Mary, knowing the union is no secret, proudly parades her new husband in public

VETERAN MOVIE STAR RETIRES

—*International Newsreel*

CLOSE ON THE HEELS of the news that William Spencer Hook, a Los Angeles business man, had wed Leatrice Joy came the announcement that she is permanently retired from pictures. Leatrice, one of the most successful veteran stars, is a former wife of John Gilbert. Her only ambition now is to be a successful wife

COLMAN DEPARTS

—*International Newsreel*

AFTER FINISHING *Arrowsmith*, the screen version of Sinclair Lewis's great novel, Ronald Colman departed for his annual three months holiday in Southern France. It is reported that he will seek a divorce from his wife, Thelma Ray, from whom he has been estranged for several years

AN EX-SECRETARY

Beginning the fascinating story of Gloria's private life and whirlwind love affairs

FOR several years, at the very peak of her career, I was Gloria Swanson's private secretary. To me, she is not only a great actress—she is an even greater *woman*. Her vivid, flaming personality is unforgetable. People either like her immeasurably, or they dislike her with equal intensity. In any case, they are impressed. She is, without being temperamental in the usual sense of the word, a perplexing contradiction. At one moment she is a canny, self-contained business woman, meeting and conquering problems that might well baffle a financial genius. A moment later, she is the most feminine of women—a creature influenced and conquered by the force of her own emotions. More than any other woman I have ever known, she typifies her sex. Love has played a dominating rôle in her career.

I remember one October morning some eight years ago. Gloria had telephoned and requested me to stop at her palatial home in Beverly Hills on my way to the studio. She wanted to give me some last minute instructions before she left on a lengthy location trip.

She was in her bath when I arrived, so I went to the inlaid, kidney-shaped desk that stood in a corner of her boudoir to see if there might be some memoranda there for me. Among other scribblings, I found, penciled on a sheet of gray stationary, the following:

"He held her closely—he adored her—and she worshipped him. What love—what ecstasy when he kissed her lips, her eyes, her throat, her hair! The world could have stopped at that moment—yes, he would come to her that night, and she promised him— But how could he wait? It would be five hours—it was a long time, but *then*—waiting—what joy in anticipation!"

Among all her other writings, the above fragment is most typical of the emotional capacity of Gloria Swanson. Properly understood, her burning emotionalism is the definite keynote of her success. Gradually, from a naïve though sincere beginning, she has accumulated a knowledge and appreciation of the possibilities of love until today she is almost the personification of love itself.

Largely because of her own grim determination to succeed, Gloria Swanson rose from obscurity to stardom—but her career has been vastly influenced by the men whom she has loved

Marshall Neilan, the temperamental, artistic director, was the greatest love of Gloria's life, according to her intimates

Wallace Beery, Gloria's first husband, gave her entrée into the world of pictures and taught her to be a "good mixer"

Sophistication and business training were the two invaluable assets that Herbert Somborn, Gloria's second husband, gave her

TELLS ON GLORIA SWANSON

By Dorothy B. Daniels

AND love has not passed her by. There has been one great love in her life, and had she been less the great actress, she would probably have basked in the radiance of that love for always. Instead, she placed it on the alter of fame—not realizing that it was to be a sacrifice—and courageously went on to win the material things that she had set her heart upon. There have been other men in the life of Gloria besides that one—and the purpose of this article is to show the great effect that their loves have played in the development of her career.

Once, in my hearing, Gloria said:

"When I was a little girl, I used to dream day dreams all day long. I dreamed of having all the pretty things that every girl wants. I dreamed of finding happiness in love. The only difference between the average girl and myself was that I set about *making* my dreams come true. I claim no credit because I worked so earnestly—perhaps the reason was that even then I realized I had no hope outside of my own effort. There was no one to play the fairy god-mother to my Cinderella."

Through a rather drab and very ordinary childhood, Gloria's dreams seemed doomed to failure. At last, she turned to the world of make-believe to find her coveted realities—she went to the old Essanay Studios, then located in Chicago.

There she met Wallace Beery, an ex-circus roustabout and elephant trainer who had left the big-top to become the star and director of the *Sweedie* two-reel comedies. Beery's rôles have made him appear uncouth, but he was, and is, in reality, very attractive in a jovial way. He was happy-go-lucky, reckless and successful. He drove a sporty yellow roadster, had plenty of money to spend, and flung it about with prodigal extravagance.

Gloria became "his girl" and they romped and played together until Mack Sennett, then coming into fame as a producer, called Beery to Hollywood. In his good-natured way, Wally told Gloria that he would send for her and they would be married. Whether he literally meant what he said is doubtful, judging from conversations he had with close friends after his arrival.

"She's a nice kid," he would say, as he quizzically regarded the photograph that Gloria had autographed for him, "but I don't know what I'll do with a wife. She's coming though, with her mother, and I'll marry her, I guess. She's a nice girl, all right."

And, just to show the power Gloria had over men, even then, she and the indifferent Beery were actually married very soon after she came to Hollywood. Then it was, I believe, that the career of Gloria Swanson really began.

GLORIA now became a woman instead of a girl. She had a home of her own—true, it was only a modest California bungalow which a writer once described as "so tiny that you couldn't help seeing Wally's spare shoes under the bed"—but she was very proud of it, just the same.

Although it was ill-fated from the start, Gloria's

Henri, Marquis de la Falaise, brought Gloria real happiness until Hollywood gossip and his own hurt pride caused a divorce. He found that in Hollywood he was overshadowed by his wife's stardom

Gloria Swanson as a six-year-old miss in Chicago

Pertinent Facts About Gloria Swanson

She was born March 29, 1898, in Chicago; was educated in Key West, Florida, Porto Rico, and the Chicago Art Institute; made her screen début in Essenay comedies; became a Mack Sennett bathing girl, won stardom with Paramount after playing the lead in "Male and Female," and finally became a producer-star for United Artists. She has been married four times—to Wallace Beery; Herbert Somborn; Henri, Marquis de la Falaise, and to her present husband, Michael Farmer.

Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson were co-starred in *The Affairs of Anatole* nearly ten years ago. Of all the early stars, Gloria is the only one whose popularity has not waned in the past few years

marriage to Wallace Beery greatly advanced her career. He was well-established in the industry, and his jolly, happy-go-lucky disposition made him the friend of every man he encountered. Gloria, who had lived in a world of dreams, was shy and reticent at the time of their alliance. From Wally she learned one of the most important of all Hollywood lessons—she developed the ability to "mix" with all kinds and classes of people. She learned to think in material terms. Furthermore, Beery introduced her to many of the most skilled actors in the profession—people she would have been slow to meet of her own accord—and, with her uncanny capacity for observation, Gloria learned from them many of the finer points of acting.

She, also, applied for work at the Sennett Studios, and was "taken on" as a bit player.

I remember another of Gloria's writings on her philosophy of life. It is apropos at this time.

"Man? Incomprehensible, but the stepping-stone for woman." Did she form that opinion after her marriage to Wallace Beery? Or before? I never thought to ask her.

Off-hand, her theory of "man" may seem ruthless, but if you combine it with another theory of hers, just as sincere, I think you will understand something, at least, of her success in love, or, better still, her success *with* love. The other theory is also in the form of a question:

"What is gratitude? Being grateful for what God has given you—or thanking someone for something God has given to them?"

Gloria Swanson *did* use men as stepping-stones, but paradoxically she always gave them something in gratitude for their assistance to her. She gave Wallace Beery *herself*. Then, as the tables turned, and Gloria gradually became the more successful of the two, she gave him money to help out their living expenses. She *took*, but she also *gave*.

THE marriage of Gloria Swanson and Wallace Beery never had any of the elements that make up a lasting union. Their natures were entirely unsuited. Beery was satisfied at that time with himself and his own way of living. Doubtless it was an improvement, in a glamorous sense, over Gloria's early life. But Gloria was ambitious. She wasn't satisfied. She had made new friends, *better* friends, to her notion—friends who conformed with the more esthetic side of her nature. There was always in Gloria's nature a mental and spiritual appreciation of life. Gloria finally made it clear to Beery why she must go on, and because of that they have always remained good friends.

This photograph, taken nearly nine years ago, is one of the few portraits ever published of Gloria's daughter. Gloria II, now an eleven-year-old school girl, is the idol of her famous mother

"We had lots of fun together," Gloria once said, speaking of Beery. And she was sincere, for she has the gift that only very great people have of forgetting the unpleasant things of the past and remembering the pleasant, the happy things—the only things worthwhile.

Gloria Swanson had many men friends between Wallace Beery and Herbert Somborn—some of them men who helped improve her, others who served more as an entertainment. She was fond of some of them, she was sweet to all of them, but it wasn't until she met Herbert Somborn that she really fell in love.

Herbert Somborn was the antithesis of Wallace Beery—an immaculate and charming gentleman. He made it clear to Gloria that she should become a sophisticated as well as a beautiful woman. She must have seemed like a beautiful piece of marble to Somborn—rough [*Continued on page* 70]

GARBO'S STRANGE PLOT

Stricken mute are those who could tell of Greta

By Weldon Slater

Greta Garbo begs secrecy of no one, but about her is that mysterious quality which compels those who know her to keep her confidence beneath a Seal of Silence. Her male friends never talk about the lady of their devotion

FOR an hour over our luncheon table Robert Montgomery had been picturing to me the charms and foibles of his various leading ladies on the screen.

"And now, Bob," said I, as the waitress brought our coffee, "tell me about Garbo."

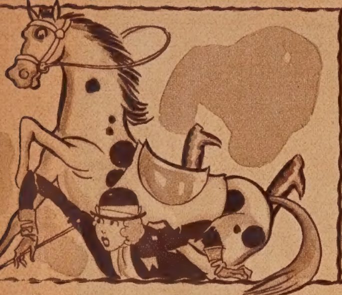
At the mention of that potent name, his boyish smile vanished and a cloud seemed to come over his handsome features.

"Why, I made only one picture, *Inspiration,* with Miss Garbo, and there isn't much to say. She was very nice." He frowned, glanced at his wrist-watch and jumped up, "Gee, I guess I'd better be getting back to the set. I'll be seein' you."

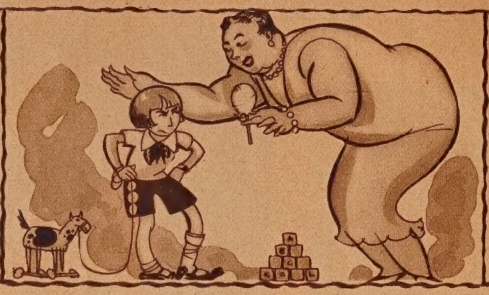
As I watched his tall form thread the crowded tables, I smiled. Here, but a moment before, he had been regaling me with sidelights of character, anecdotes of the set, and all the intimate material dear to the heart of an interviewer about such stars as Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Jordan, and others with whom he had played and then, at the mere mention of Garbo's name, had been stricken dumb. Nothing to tell? Could you, working for days in close proximity with the Swedish star, holding her in your arms, feeling the flame of her lips on yours, basking in the blaze of her vivid personality, observing her every moment, hanging on her every word, come away without your memories? I watched Bob pass out the swinging doors—another victim of Garbo's mysterious Seal of Silence.

John Gilbert, who loved her, and [*Continued on page* 69]

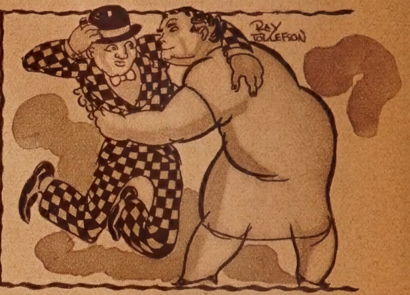
THE STARS' HOPES FOR 1932



Barbara Stanwyck is serious about this—she wants horses to stop sitting on her. Two hundred pound actors, ditto. In 1932, and from then on



William Bakewell wants to be taken seriously this year. "I don't want to be treated like a boy," he says. "Honest, I'm of age"



A "what-a-man" is Marie Dressler's secret passion. She envies the success of Ma Kennedy, mother of Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist—and wants a real brute

What Hollywood favorites wish for more than anything else on the dawn of a new year

THE cinema stars face the New Year, and wonder what it will bring forth, even as you and I. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of film fame want to stay there. They will cling desperately in 1932. Others will crowd them closely. I talked to about seventy-five actors and actresses, and asked each what he or she wanted the New Year to bring. Some were frank. Others hid their hopes behind good-humored wise-cracks. Some wanted success in their professional lives, others in their domestic lives. Some took a spiritual, others a materialistic, outlook. Those I expected to say one sort of thing said something quite different. Some of their hopes will astonish you.

"In 1932 I'd like to star in one more picture as good as *Wings*," is Richard Arlen's New Year wish. He gave a sterling performance in *Touchdown*, an outstanding football picture, and next he will be seen in *Sky Brides*, an air production

So that you may readily find what your favorite has asked of God, Fate or Lady Luck, according to his or her conception of the meaning of things—his or her best guess as to the Guardian or guardians of the mysterious future, I give you the stars' hopes in alphabetical order.

Here goes:

RICHARD ARLEN—In 1932 I'd like to star in one more picture as good as *Wings*. I hope *Sky Brides* is that picture.

GEORGE ARLISS—I want my next picture, *The Man Who Played God*, to be a good one. Then I want to go back to England.

MARY ASTOR—Just a reasonable amount of health and happiness. I don't ask for any high points, because they inevitably bring low ones.

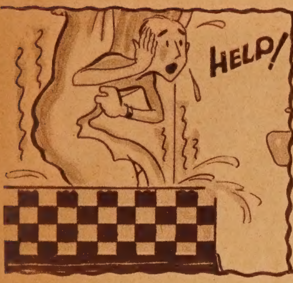
ROSCO ATES—A p-p-p-p-icture in which I d-d-d-d-on't have to st-st-st-st-stutter.

LEW AYRES—I want to own my own home for a change, and have it built and furnished soon as possible. You see, having recently married Lola Lane, I hope to stay married to her. A home two human beings really can call their own is the best form of wife insurance.

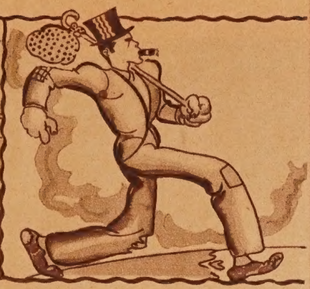
WILLIAM BAKEWELL—I want to be taken seriously for a change. I don't want to be treated as a boy. Honest, I'm of age.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS—I want better stories; different stories; stories that are more dramatic, more unique, with deeper pathos, deeper humor, closer relation to everyday life, and wider acting opportunities. You see, I'm a modest fellow. I don't ask for very much.

By Ted Le Berthon



Charles Butterworth isn't asking for much. He just wants somebody to regulate his shower so that he won't be scalded one minute and frozen the next



Gary Cooper wants to be a hobo—with money. Right now he is realizing that wish by enjoying a bumming tour of Africa with three old cronies

Constance Bennett issues the startling statement that she's "just human" and wants people to like her. This may sound odd to her thousands of fans, but what Connie means is that she wants people to stop thinking she is high-hat

Constance Bennett—I'm just human. I want people to like me.

Wallace Beery—Bigger and better vacations, so I can fish and hunt, and spend more time in the Canadian woods than in Hollywood. And I want to have money enough to fly there. But I'd even walk it.

Joan Blondell—I want a baby most of all. Oh, I forgot to say, I may be getting married soon. No, I won't say who he is.

Clive Brook—I want to get away from Hollywood long enough to go back to England to see my mother and father. I haven't seen them for three years. I simply never have had a vacation.

Charles Butterworth—I'm saying prayers that someone during the long months to come will succeed in regulating my shower bath so that I won't be scalded one moment and frozen the next. Several experts have tried, but I fear I'll have to get Einstein to make another trip across if the thing is to be done right. I think he's the only man in the world who would understand my shower bath.

James Cagney—A personal appearance in London.

Eddie Cantor—I want another stock market crash so that I can get some inspiration for new gags—and, incidentally, go broke again.

Ina Claire—A New York stage hit, suitable also for the screen.

Ronald Colman—More stories like *Arrowsmith*, if there are any.

June Collyer—A little love nest with Stu Erwin—my husband.

Gary Cooper—I'd like to be an international hobo, with money.

Jackie Cooper—I'd rather fly an airplane to New York alone than do anything else, but my ma won't let me, so I'm out of luck.

Joan Crawford—I've announced often enough that I was going to Europe, and I want to go before everyone thinks I'm just fooling.

Lil Dagover—The applause of America.

Lily Damita—I want to be busy, because if I am not I'm unhappy.

Bebe Daniels—Continued good health for my baby.

Frances Dee—I want to turn from a baby star into an adult star, so that I'm not continually told, "You think this or you think that just because you're young." Also, kind sir, I'm adverse to neither fame nor fortune. So there!

Dolores Del Rio—I want to be able to comprehend more, to know what is of most and least importance.

Reginald Denny—I'd like to take my baby son back to England and let the older generation of Dennys see what the little Yankee looks like.

Marie Dressler—If you'll promise not to tell anyone, I'm looking for a "what-a-man." I'm green with envy of Ma Kennedy.

Jimmy Durante—I'd like to start a night club in Hollywood and convert that hick town to something resembling New York.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.—To see as much of the visible universe as I can, to penetrate into

[*Continued on page 70*]

Hollywood's GALA EVENT

The brilliant Mayfair Ball opens the social season

—*Hyman Fink*

The annual Mayfair opening at the Biltmore is a swanky affair with all the shining luminaries in the film colony in attendance

—*Wide World Photo*

Diane Fitzmaurice and Constance Bennett add a final touch to their make-up before entering the gay ballroom where Hollywood's social elite have gathered

—*Hyman Fink*

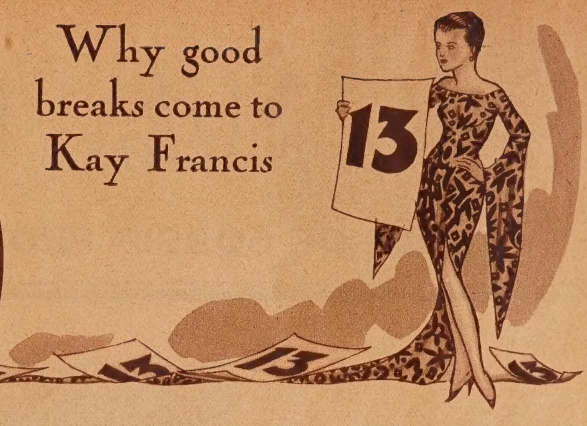
This is one of the rare pictures of Dick Barthelmess and his wife, Jessica, for she is one of the few people who shrink from the limelight

—*Wide World Photo*

No ultra smart Hollywood affair is complete without the gorgeously-gowned Billie Dove. She came to the Mayfair opening with Lloyd Pantages

LUCK AND A LADY

Why good breaks come to Kay Francis



By
Jerome Strauss

LUCK and Kay Francis have a way of getting along together splendidly. Luck gives Miss Francis a shove—then she gives her luck a shove—and look where she is now. She has a new contract, a new husband, a boat and an unfulfilled desire—what more can anyone want?

She takes her luck—as apparently she takes everything else—breezily, on the fly. What with the demands of her work, she is leading the life of a grasshopper.

"I believe in luck," she declared in a lull at rehearsal at the Paramount Studios. "I think what we call success is pretty much a matter of getting the breaks. Not that I've had good luck all the time—but I can't complain. I wanted to do something—wanted something to do. So I became an actress. Now I've got so much to do I haven't any time to myself."

It's old stuff to relate that Miss Francis was born on Friday, January 13, in the thirteenth month of her parents' marriage. Also, that she was the thirteenth girl to take the test that resulted in her Paramount contract. However—

"Luck, or something, has a way of bobbing up just when I need it most," she related, hurrying to the publicity office. "When I entered pictures, the sum of my wordly wealth was three dollars—a dollar and a quarter cash in hand and one seventy-five in the bank."

She laughed.

"Perhaps that situation came about because I'd banked on luck too far. I thought a play was going to be a hit in New York—and I spent my salary about as fast as it came in."

The play was *Elmer the Great,* with Walter Huston. It had done well in Chicago and Boston—and then folded up five weeks after it hit Broadway.

"Of course," Miss Francis—now in the publicity office—continued, "I could have increased my capital of three dollars. There were friends who would have helped me.

"But I had determined to stand on my own feet. With a gesture,"—she made the gesture—"I had declined alimony from my first husband. So, when the time came for me to be up against it, I said to myself: 'You've been talking about making your own way and standing on your own feet. Now is the time to stand on 'em.' "

JUST then she ran across John Meehan, who had previously directed her on the stage, and who was now about to act as co-director of *Gentlemen of the Press* at Paramount's New York studio. They were looking for a leading lady—a blonde. Miss Francis is a brunette. In a success story of this type, it is hardly necessary to relate that she won the part.

Miss Francis is quite frank in admitting that there have been times when she helped her luck along. She had made up her mind to become an actress while returning from Europe. At twenty, her romance had crashed in the divorce courts. She wanted something to do. As her mother had been an actress, she determined to follow the same course. As soon as she reached New York, she started out to realize her ambition and within ten days she had a job.

Kay Francis belongs to a lucky legion to whom thirteen is a sign-post of good fortune and, because thirteens are strewn all through her life, she always gets what she wants

How, without experience, did she land a part so quickly in that overcrowded profession?

"Roast beef rare, please," said Miss Francis to the studio restaurant waitress, and then turned candid grey eyes upon the questioner.

"Oh, I just lied," she declared in angelic tones. "I told them I had lots and lots of experience. So I became 'the player queen' in a modern dress version of *Hamlet.* Not so bad for a start, do you think?"

It was some time before she [*Continued on page* 74]

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

Malibu Monikers

REMEMBER, we told you how Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter called their beach house at Malibu la Costa, "La Costa Plenty?" Well, you and Alexander Woolcott, who makes a practice of collecting such nonsense at his home "Wit's End," may be interested in some of the other whimsies evidenced on the shores of the Pacific.

Of course, Al Boasberg would call his shack "Yes Manor," and Bud de Sylva might be expected to top the gag-man's title with a musical one like "De Sylva Lining," but who'd expect Allan Dwan, the director, to christen his love-nest, "Dwan Away!"

Director Dave Butler's hide-out is, naturally enough, "Butler's Pantry," while Lew Cody is skipper of "The Lighthouse," which means more to the old-timers than it ever can to the juveniles. But don't be too sure that Herbert Brenon believes in fairies just because his Malibu manor is called "Peter Pan's Cottage."

Louise Fazenda, who is Mrs. Hal Wallis, hesitates to christen her new house—the old one perished in the Malibu fire—because she can't decide between "Wallis Well" and "Fazenda Yourself, You Brought Her Here"—or some such words to that general effect.

But all of 'em aren't funny. Anna Q. Nilsson's domicile is somewhat sadly named "Winds of Chance." Many an ill wind has tossed Anna's blonde tresses since the evil day when that fall from her horse caused her such long suffering.

Page Voltaire

NOT Voltaire Vinchell—but Voltaire, the Frenchie, niftied that a wise man never writes a letter and never destroys one. If what he said is true, it makes mugs of two old pals, Polly Moran and Bill Haines. For Polly wrote Bill a letter and Bill didn't destroy it.. He did lose it though, and it was found by a wisie who's having plenty of fun reading it to friends. At least, that's how the story goes.

Cowboy's Lament

IT SO happened that the paths of Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez crossed at the expensible Casino Café in New York. Lupe was in a party given by the Mayor's pal, A. C. Blumenthal. Gary was accompanied by that certain Countess who seems to have succeeded the Mexican Revelation in his affections.

Two former Broadwayites who are shining lights in the new generation of Hollywood are Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney

Lupe had Morton Downey sing *Mexicali Rose* and *Just One More Chance.* But Gary and the new girl-friend arose and left the jernt. Both ex-lovers sailed for Yurrup the following day. They had booked passage on the same ferry—but Lupe changed hers.

"Good-Bye Gals, I'm Thru"

EVERYONE'S wondering whether Richard Dix's matrimonial vaccination will "take." Before that trip to Yuma with the charming Winifred Coe, Rich was quite a ladies' man. There's still a jealous husband in Hollywood who tears all Rich's pictures from the magazines before his ex-star wife can read them. Another remains single because of him.

Close friends have suspected Dix's intentions since he attended the *Cimarron* première with Winsome Winifred—who, by the way, ran the gauntlet of femme eyes that night and emerged with approbation. Well, here's luck to the newlyweds—long may they rave—over one another.

Got Another Papa

THE darling little daughter of Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert has a new daddy at last. The fair Leatrice has buried her dead love for the handsome John and taken a husband. Now she's Mrs. Hook.

Debonair Ronald Colman has turned dramatic in *Arrowsmith* and given his finest performance since the talkie era began

It somehow recalls the story of little Leatrice and her private movie theatre. The kid used to see her mother's pictures there. One day she piped up: "I'm tired of seeing mummy's pictures—let's show some of dad's for a change." Incidentally, she's the image of Jack.

Punches To Politics

ESTELLE TAYLOR, whose name used to be linked occasionally with that of Jack ("Ginsberg") Dempsey, has been seen quite a little with New York's

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

You're wrong, this isn't another picture of Ronald Colman. It's Laurence Olivier and he is seen currently in *The Yellow Ticket*

This cuddly infant in the arms of her mother, Mrs. Daryl Zanuck, is Darylin. Her father is Warner Bros. production chief

Mayor, Jimmy Walker. And now those long-distance 'phone calls come from a Senator instead of a Champion.

Clara Gets An Idea

FOOLIN' around in Rex Bell's 300,000 acre, Nevada back-yard, Clara Bow got a bright idea. It came just like that. And here it is. Clara plans to get a lot of mamma cows and a papa cow, let nature take its course, and sell the progeny to Greek restaurants for "rust-biff" sandwiches. But meantime producer Sam Rork seems to have signed the ex-Coney Island cutie for a little adventure in the movies—three pictures, to be exact. And that will help along the quarter-million dollar trust fund Clara has saved against rainy days.

Pola Turns Author

NOW that she has finished her first talking picture, *A Woman Commands*, Pola Negri is busily engaged in writing her memoirs, which are to be published early in 1932. The fiery lady certainly has something to write about! Maybe she'll give us some new lowdown on Valentino, who knows? When she completes her literary activities she'll make *East River*.

Incidentally, Pola has impressed everyone at RKO-Pathé Studios with her splendid talkie personality. Those in the know say her voice records beautifully. If you weren't a Negri fan in the silent days, you'll be one soon!

Thanks To Martha

JEANETTE MacDONALD naïvely suggests that we owe a debt of gratitude to Martha Washington. For, you see, if the Father of His Country hadn't been married, we'd all be the children of a bachelor.

Lew 'n' Lola

MY GOODNESS! We're knee-deep in marriages of late! You'd think it was June instead of Valentine's Day. So here's congrats to Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, sweet kids. Maybe you'd like to know the inside on Lola's bankruptcy that followed so quickly on the trail of her wedding.

Well, it was agent trouble, a prevalent disease among the stars. Arthur Lyons claimed Lola owed him, so Lola took an out via bankruptcy. Meantime Artie attached Lew's Universal salary, because a husband is responsible for his wife's debts, so they tell me.

Whoops

A LADY interviewer recently visited a producer who, in his day, has launched many stars on the high road to fame. And besides being a keen business man he is something of a Casanova. The reporter noticed his walls were adorned with pictures of a hundred beautiful women.

"Ah," she smirked, "I presume these are the great loves of your life?"

"No," sighed the bored one, "it happens that those are all my friend, Julian Eltinge!"

"Little Caesar"

THERE used to be an Al Capone act in the "Follies." It was a humorous skit introducing the big tax and bail man. Suddenly, one night, instead of referring to Al, the dialogue was changed to mention "Little Caesar." It seems a couple of the boys dropped around to mention that some of the bunch didn't like to have the Boss kidded, and thought it would be nice to have the act altered—unless, of course, Mr. Ziegfeld had no objection to a pineapple being tossed on the stage some evening.

So now let's sing director Bill Howard's song suggestion, *For He's a Jolly Good Felon.*

Union Forever

TED STEWART, né Spector, rumored to have left his bed and Borden (Olive), is back with her again. Olive, by the way, recently rehearsed with Norman Krasna's Hollywood play, *Louder, Please.* But Louise Brooks played the rôle opening night.

Snappy Come-Back

A HOLLYWOOD heel left the heroine of this anecdote when he was up and she was down. Subsequently, in one of those famous Californian form reversals, the contrary was true—she was a biggie, he was a bum. But he figured

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy saunter forth on the boulevard, protected by their fierce hound, the Spanish Amwha, which can be seen with the aid of a microscope, tugging at the leash in an effort to bite the corner traffic cop

Howard Hughes, the multi-millionaire producer and Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, is gambling again on a sensational air picture. Here he is on location, supervising the production of *Sky Devils,* which is said to outrival *Hell's Angels* in spectacular scenes

—*Fink*

Look! Look! Carole Lombard's husband, William Powell, dares to come to a première with a full beard just appearing. Maybe it's for a new picture!

there was no harm trying for a cut-in, so he wrote that he'd been thinking of her every day—and all that stuff. And he got an answer.

"I, too, have been thinking of you," she wrote encouragingly, but added, "In fact, the more I think of you—the less I think of you!"

Depression Note

A HEADLINE reads—"Schenck Seeks Ten From Sam Goldwyn." We're sure Joe'll pay it back real soon.

A Bow To Britain

ABE LINCOLN is okay in deah, ol' Lunnon. But G. Washington isn't so forty. They still remember the bust in the snoot which George gave to King George before Big-Bill-the-Builder Thompson of Chicago even thought about it. All of which explains why they removed Washington's picture from a movie scene and substituted Abe's instead.

Polite Razzberry

RICHARD WALLACE, Paramount's ace director, found himself in boring company one evening, and couldn't refrain from yawning at the ancient jibes which were being sprung. Finally he cut in:

"I know one," he said, "tell me, what's the difference between me and a turkey?"

When they all gave up he explained:

"A turkey isn't stuffed with chestnuts until it is dead."

Just Careful

IRVING "BEAU BROADWAY" HOFFMAN says he knows a Hollywood star who never breaks one of the Ten Commandments—or a ten dollar bill! Which recalls the Beau's other crack about the talkie producer who stormed on the set while they were making a sound version of a biblical story.

"Lissen," he screamed, "this sound apparatus costs me $1,000 a day—when them Commandments are broken—I wanta hear 'em break!"

Lopez Speaking!

VINCENT LOPEZ, whose music has sounded from a thousand sound screens, recently played at a big soirée given by the Woolworths. And he declares that a guest tried to bribe him to play *I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store.*

SOME few months ago Allan Dwan, director, left Fox and went to Warner Brothers at a great increase in salary. Now he is back at Fox at his old salary. His "art" is his excuse. It seems that he was given the megaphone on *Chances.* It was to be a big drama of the World War. Dwan was told he could have anything he wanted so he called for five hundred planes to fly in formation, with the camera plane in the lead.

His request was granted. His troupe appeared at the flying field and the planes were to come from a nearby port. After much anxious waiting, they came. Not five hundred but thirty. Dwan threw his megaphone onto the ground and yelled (so they tell us):

"I'll never make a picture on this lot as long as they retain their present production manager."

Drop That Name!

JOE FERRY, who has been on the football coaching staff of Illinois University, signed an acting contract with Paramount. But that studio wanted to change his name.

"Nothing doing," said Joe, "I've been getting by with the name of Ferry for all these years and I can now."

"Ever try it in Hollywood?" the argument continued.

Doubly Discovered

ARLETTA DUNCAN, most beautiful girl in New Orleans, was in Hollywood dancing at the Embassy. Phil

Jean Harlow and Mae Clark enjoy an idle moment between scenes in a temporary dressing room on the set of *Blonde Baby*. The blonde sensation is getting the low-down on stage life from Mae, who used to be a lady of the chorus

Just a couple of pals! A chimpanzee, used during the filming of a recent Mack Sennett comedy, has a crush on little Billy Barty

—*Fink*

Joan and Constance Bennett were seen together again for the first time in many months on the occasion of the former's first première after emerging from a plaster cast in which she was confined after an accidental fall from a horse months ago

Friedman of Universal saw her and rushed her to the studio as his great find. He left her sitting in an outer office while he ran in search of Carl Laemmle, Jr.

In the meantime that young executive walked through the office, saw the girl and went in search of Friedman. After missing each other at every turn for a half hour, they finally met. Friedman was all agog and explained his great find.

Junior grinned: "I know! I just discovered her," he said.

Friedman walked away muttering to himself, "Just try to get credit for anything in this business."

Don't They All?

THEN there's the he-man star with the muscle-bound brain, who, when asked what he thought about the fair sex, responded:

"Ah, where the ladies are concerned I don't think—I just feel!"

Page Philo Vance

NOT long ago we wondered what had happened to Carman Barnes, the kid who was boosted to the skies and then dropped like a parachute. Well, Carman, so they say, couldn't act and that was that. They "shot" her for five days on a film and then scrapped it. Tough luck.

R. I. P.

AT THE Brown Derby, Hollywood's assembly hall for the literati, one of the lads shook his head mournfully.

"All the great English authors are passing away," he sighed, "Conan Doyle, Frank Harris, Henry Arthur Jones—and now Hall Caine."

"What about P. G. Wodehouse," flipped a nifty maker, "he died at the Metro Studios!"

Then they recalled the one about the movie magnate who exclaimed:

"All the great men in the movies are dying—tell me, do I look pale?"

Topping The Old Ones

THE depression has reached the gag market. There's a dearth of new nifties. But the boys are trying hard to top the old ones. For instance, there's the one about Owen Davis, the prolific writer who does his stuff for stage and screen.

"How do you manage to turn out so many plays?" he was asked.

"Easy," said Owen, "I have a plot."

Now they tell it this way. The No. 1 Boy says:

"Owen Davis has written 317 plays!"

And the come-back is:

"You mean he's written the same play 317 times."

Typographical Error?

AND there's the item about Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante that insists the "Schnozzola" attended a function with a "big red *nose* in his buttonhole!"

Author! Author!

JIMMIE GLEASON says he'll turn publisher, putting out the longest and the shortest volumes on record. The longest will be called *What's Wrong With the Movies*, a compilation of film critics' opinions. The brief one is to be *What I Know About the Movies*, by the same authors!

Diplomatic Service

IRVING "BEAU BROADWAY" HOFFMAN, called "Jerry" by Jane Winton, declares that one Hollywood studio is so cluttered up with the boss's relatives that they're calling it the Department of Foreign Relations.

"The Big Smoke"

ONE of these days ex-champ Jim Jeffries, now in the movies, and ex-champ Jack Johnson, may meet on Hollywood Boulevard and re-fight that famous battle. For Jack, of the golden smile, has turned Californian and is the proud prop. of a jernt called *The Show Boat* in Hollywood's Harlem. Roy D'Arcy and other film folk were among those

The little snowbird is Arletta Duncan and her demonstration of the Swiss mode of transportation makes everyone want to stand up and yodel

Chester Morris and Billie Dove do some high flying in *Cock o' the Air,* but that's not enough for Billie who pilots her own plane to and from location

No football team could do less than trounce its opponent with vivacious Alice White as one of its cheer leaders, and the University of Minnesota did just that when Alice visited there on her personal appearance tour

present at the opening, and Johnson beamed upon them from the table where he sat with his latest wife.

Lil 'n' Lowe

HOW they gossiped when Lilyan Tashman "deserted" Eddie Lowe in Europe and came hurrying home alone! But it wasn't what folks thought, or pretended to think. Lil got a call from the studios, and things being what they are, she decided to answer it. Eddie tarried a while taking in the sights alone—and doubtless longing for Lilyan.

The Magic Carpet

THERE seems to be more or less disaster connected with sub-letting of Hollywood homes. Texas Guinan and Marie Prevost had a set-to over one, now Gertie Astor and Viv Duncan are at it, Mary Nolan was in some jam over a rug, and lately Serge M'Divani was sued for six G's over a disappearing rug, named "Shah Habbar." With such a moniker and such a price it must have been the flying carpet Doug Fairbanks rode in that movie.

Life O' The Party

YOU'LL never guess who's the life of the party at Hollywood rackets these days. None other than the heretofore demure Mary Pickford. "America's Sweetheart" has developed into a reg'lar hell-raiser—in a nice way, of course. Well, no one begrudges Mary her children's hour. She never has played before, and she's entitled to make up for lost time. Incidentally, her local popularity has increased about 1,000 per cent since she's mingled with the boys and girls and proven herself human instead of posing as a stuffed queen.

Hollywood Be Thy Name

IT COULDN'T happen anywhere else. But it did in Hollywood. It was the night of a great première, and our heroine was on a spot. Not only had her chauffeur quit because the ghost hadn't walked for ever so long, but the man from the automobile finance company had come to reclaim her car. What to do?

Well, it ended by the actress getting dressed in her unpaid-for best, persuading the installment collector and his pal to act as driver and footman on the vehicle they had come to take away, making a grand entrance at the première, and—on the strength of the swank and prosperity—signing a fat movie contract that very evening!

Top Dog

A PHYSICIAN once chatted in his office with your Aunt Beverly while a room full of patients waited. "Let them wait," said the doctor, "I waited long enough for them to come!"

All of which reminds us of "Milly" Milestone, ace director. He just sits and waits for some one to pay him the $125,000 he demands for directing a picture. No arguing—lay it on the line if you want a Lewis Milestone production. And who doesn't?

Sees Man About Dog

GEORGE BRENT, handsome Irish Broadway star recently recruited for pictures, is busy these days seeing a man about a dog. The dog is Rin-Tin-Tin and George is to be the stalwart hero in a series featuring the wonder dog.

Other People's Children

WHILE your kids and mine (if I had any) are probably asking for nickels, Leon Janney goes out and gets a personal appearance contract for $700 weekly. What luck some folks have with their children!

Getting Even

A RECENT howl concerns a growing practice of foreign producers to make American characters look like mugs in films made for consumption abroad. The producers claim it isn't hard to do.

Times Change

TIME was when Mary Philbin was the favorite of the Universal lot. And time was when she and Carl Laemmle's sister-in-law, Mrs. Joe Laemmle, were bosom friends. But now, alas, Mary is no longer the white-haired girl in Universal City, and now, alack, she is suing Mrs. Joe for that $375, which she alleges was lent to the Laemmle relative way back yonder in the good ol' days.

Either Correct?

DIRECTOR James Cruze long has had a yen to film an epic of Salt Lake and the Mormon hegira. It would make a colorful "covered wagon" tale and every once in a while it comes back to Cruze's consciousness.

Just recently a headline blurted: "CRUZE TO FILM EPIC FOR MORONS!"

[*Continued on page* 49]

HOW ABOUT HARLOW?

Answering the many questions that have been asked about the screen's foremost vamp.

By Harriet Hinsdale

"DO I like men?" Jean Harlow smilingly replied to my rather personal question. "Yes, of course, I like men—but I adore dogs!"

Can you imagine?

The screen's most seductive siren—likes men, but *adores* dogs.

She had her arms about the neck of said canine as she spoke, an awkward, gangling, affectionate Great Dane puppy, who, at only six months, is already almost as big as a Shetland pony! Oh, a very highly pedigreed pup, of course, with all the fine points dear to the hearts of dog fanciers. But just now, mostly long legs and huge, flopping paws. Yet Jean loves him devotedly.

She often cooks his food herself and gives him the doses of cod-liver oil so necessary to doggie's proper growth. One rather shudders to think what a poor, stunted little creature he might have been, without that cod-liver oil.

However, as we were saying, Jean adores dogs but men to her are not so very important. Having been married at sixteen and granted a divorce at nineteen, now, at twenty, she has very definitely put romance and marriage in second place, and her career first. "I'm just too busy to think about men very much," Jean went on. "Friends, yes. I've got lots of men friends. We dance and we go to the theatre and play bridge here at home with the family, but it's simply nonsense to believe that every sane, healthy girl has a sex complex." There was a twinkle in those sea-blue eyes of hers. "I work hard and have a good appetite and I sleep eight or ten hours a night. And I'm not going to get married again for a long, long time, if ever."

Well, that may be all right from Jean's point of view—but how about the men who find Jean the most fascinating, elusive, maddening—

The colored butler came in with a large silver tray and, having placed it on a low table before his young mistress, went out again, leading the reluctant Great Dane away to other parts of the house. We were having tea in Jean's home, only it was afternoon coffee [*Continued on page 72*]

—*Fraker*

Jean Harlow (she doesn't care if you believe it or not) likes men but adores dogs; is a vamp on the screen, but in private life lives with her mother, works hard and seldom goes to Hollywood's frenzied parties

—*Keystone Photo*

Jean Harlow was unknown about a year ago—today she cheerfully bears the tortures of writers cramp from autographing portraits for admirers. It all happened because she had something new to give to the screen

MOVIE MAD MAN

By Ralph Parker

Young Fairbanks' pranks keep Hollywood guessing

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is one of the maddest citizens of the maddest town in the world.

Consider the dashing Doug's clothes, for example. For five years he has worn just one hat—a stained and shapeless green felt with a hole in it. And his father wore it two years before him.

"I lost it once," he relates. "I was frantic. I offered one hundred dollars reward, and it came back within a few days. I use this hat for everything from dusting the car to washing the dog. I wouldn't know what I would do without it.

"People think I must have some secret reason for liking this hat. The reason is a very sensible one—it's comfortable. And what other hat would make a perfect shoe-polisher?"

Unless a picture or some occasion of extraordinary importance requires respectable clothing, Doug always wears old clothes. "You have on clean trousers!" I yelled when I saw him the other day.

"Well, you see—my old ones were beginning to get clean from too much wear. So I left them in the yard for the dog to play with a few days. That'll fix 'em up."

If you're walking along Hollywood Boulevard and a shower of toothpicks falls upon you—feel honored, for the thrower is probably Fairbanks, Jr.

Be suspicious of all telephone calls at your residence, for maybe Fairbanks is playing a joke on you. Consider what he did to his own dad recently.

"This is the water company's service department," he informed the great senior Fairbanks in a husky, disguised voice. "An underground water pressure control near your house has broken, and we will have to ask your co-operation. Please keep every faucet in the house running, and have someone see that every lavatory is flushed constantly. Otherwise the pressure will burst pipes throughout your house and damage the furniture. There might even be explosions unless you do as we ask."

"I see," said the master of Pickfair. "We'll do just as you say."

"Fine! And keep it up until I phone you that everything is under control."

As soon as he hung up, the thoughtful son promptly drove to his father's house. Imagine his joy—the keen triumph that is known only to the sincere practical-joker—when he heard water rushing from every faucet. And three servants were running from bathroom to bathroom, to keep the lavatories flowing.

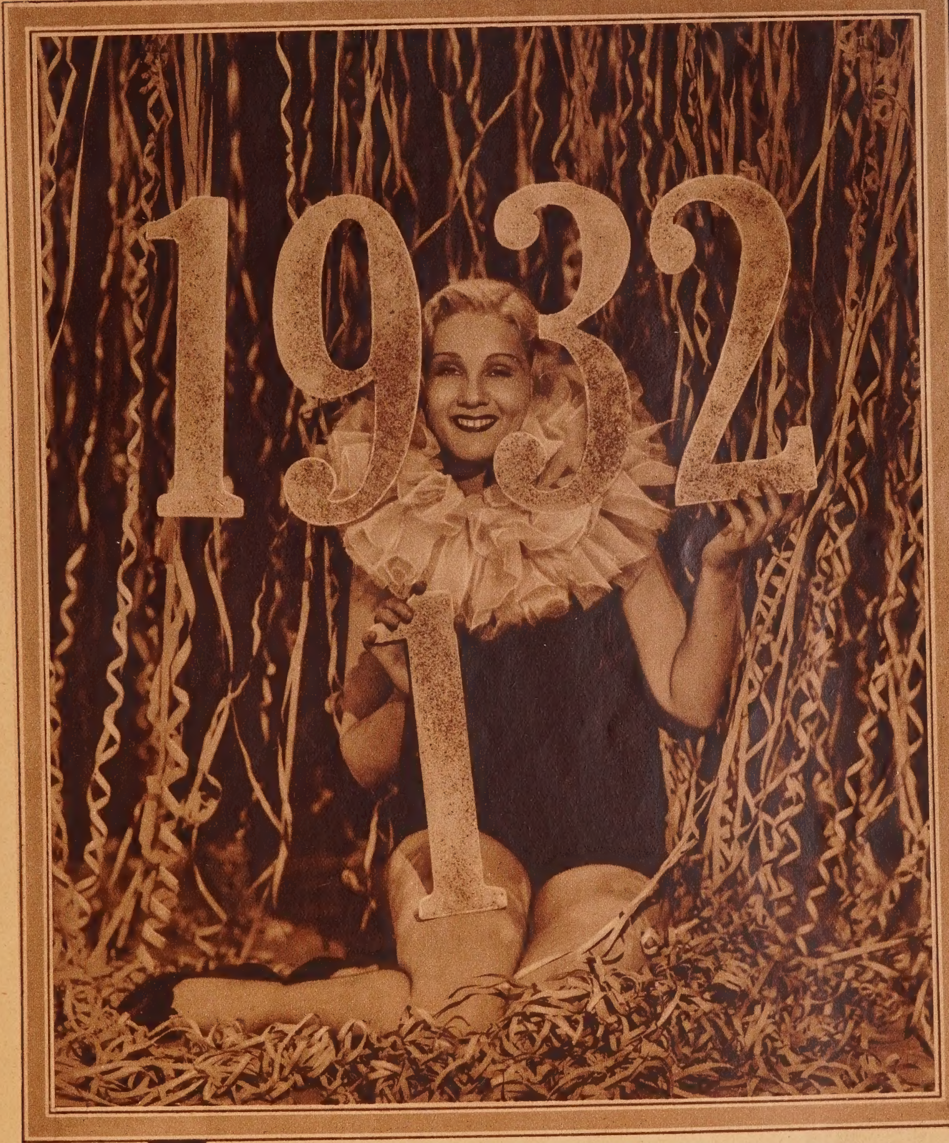
The elder Fairbanks excitedly told his son about the water danger that threatened the household. Doug shook his head in sympathy.

"It kept up for three hours," the mischievous Doug chuckled, "until Mary became suspicious and telephoned the water company."

Perpetually restless, Doug tears papers into bits if there is nothing more satisfying to do. He was attacking [*Continued on page* 68]

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may have his head in the sky, but his feet are on the ground. With all his crazy banter, he is no shallow optimist. He is serious about life and art

OUR BEST BETS FOR



The motto of the new year for the stars of Hollywood is to surpass in quality all the work they have done before. That Wampas star, Judith Wood, is one whom we know will mark each performance by improvement in 1932. On the following pages SCREEN BOOK introduces its other best bets for the coming year

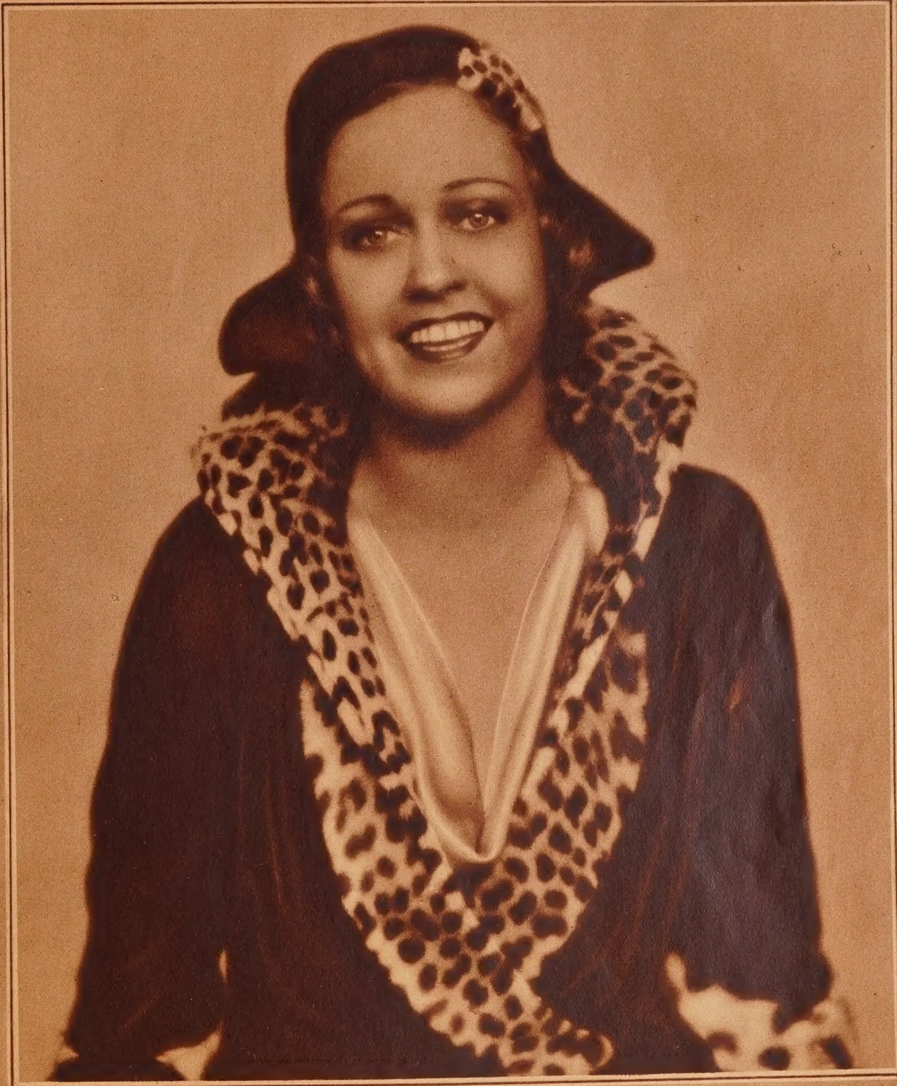
JUDITH WOOD

—Otto Dyar

JACKIE COOPER

—*Hurrell*

Jackie Cooper was skyrocked to fame last year by his performance in "Skippy." He became a star at once and scored further triumphs in "Young Dovovan's Kid" and "The Champ." This eight-year-old lad has a great year ahead of him, with "Sooky" completed for his first release and "Limpy" set to follow



DOROTHY DIX

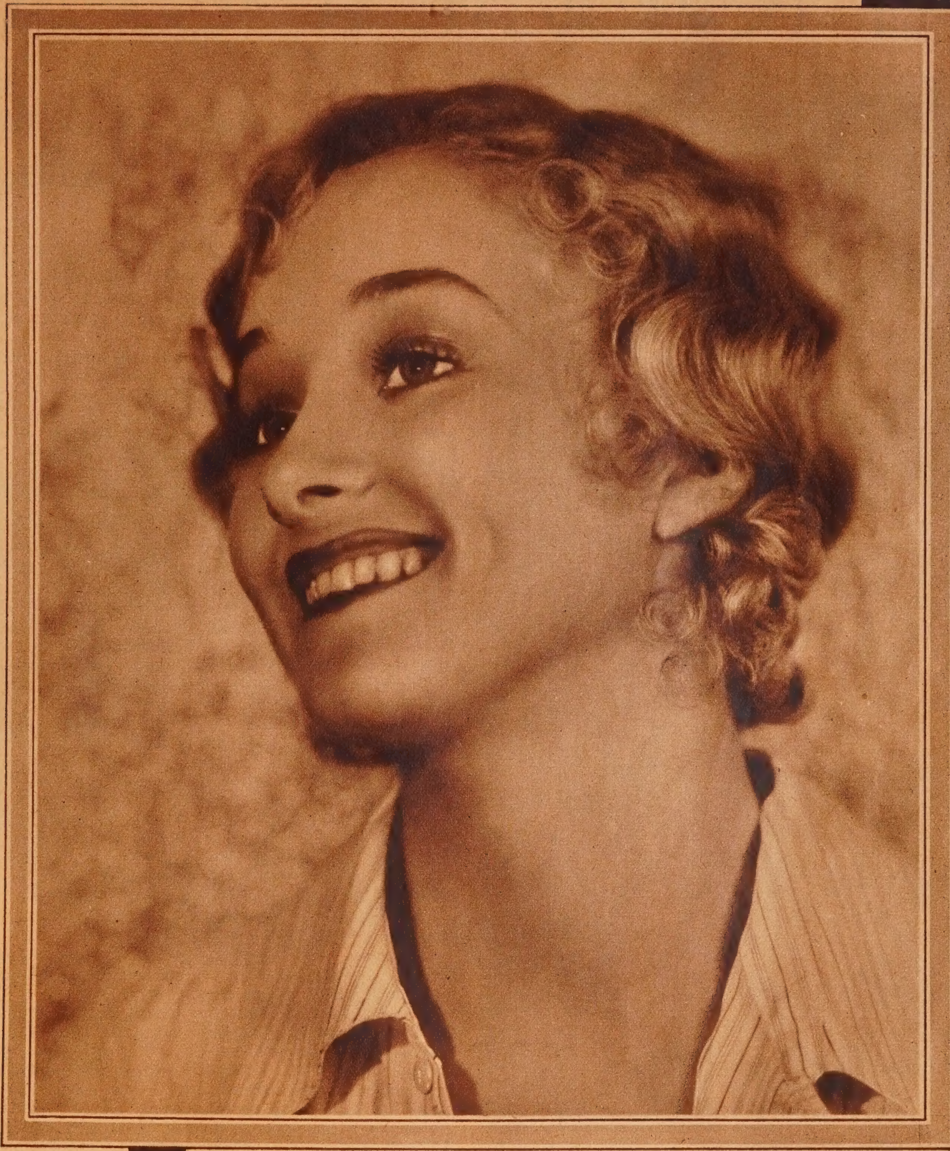
—*Russell Ball*

The Torchy comedies have lost none of their flavor in the talkie version and no small share of their success is due to the maneuvers of that clever little comédienne, Dorothy Dix, who is co-featured in them with red-headed Ray Cooke. People are going to take notice of this little blonde in 1932

ERIC LINDEN

—Ernest Bachrach

Our fortune on Eric Linden whom the New York stage has yielded to Hollywood! His highly dramatic rôle in "Are These Our Children?" stamps him as one of the finest juvenile actors on the screen and we're banking on this young Viking to proceed onward and upward in the year that lies before him



The first of the 1931 constellation of Baby Wampas stars to achieve grown-up stardom is Marian Marsh. But she has earned it with her difficult rôles in "Svengali" and "The Mad Genius," and the coming year promises even greater triumphs. Her first starring picture is "Under Eighteen"

MARIAN MARSH

—Elmer Fryer

HOLLYWOOD

How eight "black sheep" children in

Ann Harding, born Dorothy Gatley, quarrelled with her father over her determination to become an actress. She had her way but her father made her promise never to use her own name professionally

People in St. Paul, Minnesota, were convinced that Sylvanus Mattimore was a scapegrace who would never come to any good. But now, when he returns to the "old home town," the newspapers print extra editions for he's Richard Arlen, a famous star

The tempestuous Lupe Velez was the despair of her family. They sent her to a Texas convent, but little Señorita Villalobos—that's her real name—promptly tried to shock the sisters

THE Good Book tells us of the Prodigal Son who, after wandering about for many years, returned to the home of his father, and his father was so pleased that he killed the fatted calf.

Hollywood is filled with prodigal sons and daughters. And like the story of old, they return home, only *they* bring the fatted calf with them, already killed and ready to eat.

Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer, formerly of St. Paul, Minnesota, now live in Hollywood to be near their famous son, Richard Dix. Fondly the older gentleman says, "My boy," when referring to the Radio star, but there was a time when he didn't use that fatherly expression and when he refused to let his son use the family name.

It seems that Mr. Brimmer was spending a lot of money to send that young scalawag to school and try to make a doctor out of him. But Ernest Carlton Brimmer wasn't interested in smelly medicines, nor in cutting people open to see what was wrong with them. He wanted to be an actor and, if the stories that float around St. Paul are true, he spent much of his valuable time down at the local stock company instead of in the research laboratory where he was supposed to be.

After many family arguments and family quarrels, it came to a show-down. Young Ernie had declared his right to do as he pleased and he didn't please to please his father.

There was a family reunion at the Brimmer home. All the laws and in-laws were there. All the aunts, uncles and cousins. They discussed Ernie's plans. Only one aunt took his side. And this particular aunt had once had like ambitions squelched in her youth. Her name was Mrs. Dix.

Apparently the discussion took on a bantering air. It seems that many jesting remarks and quips were passed back and forth. Mr. Brimmer firmly decided, however, that his name was not going to be disgraced by an actor.

"All right," said young Ernie, "I'll change it. I won't use your name at all."

"I suggest," said his dignified father, "that you call yourself *A. Foot,* because when you get tired of all this foolishness that is the way you'll be coming home."

It was under this cloud that Ernest Carlton Brimmer took the name of Richard Dix and began his career as an actor. Looking backward now, he says: "Perhaps that very quarrel brought me success. I found it a tough road and many times I would have turned back had I not been determined to 'show' my father that he was wrong. Every time I felt like giving up I remembered that *A. Foot* and said to myself, 'I'll go home in a six-cylinder car or not at all.' "

ANN HARDING'S difficulty parallels that of Richard Dix. Her father was opposed to her going onto the stage. It wasn't a decent place for a decent girl, and, if she was determined to go, she could just forget that her name was Dorothy Gatley and get a new one.

I suppose it was a little too much for a mere father to understand. His daughter had been educated in the best of schools. To begin with, she was a Southern girl and her father wanted her to become a Southern lady. She had been educated in private schools, where only fashionable young ladies learned the various arts.

But Ann wanted to be an actress. Undaunted by her father's wrath, she started out alone in New York, working days and studying nights. It was not until Ann was an out-

PRODIGALS

became "white-haired" Movieland

By Harmony Haynes

When Ernest Brimmer became an actor, he adopted the name of Richard Dix to save his unsympathetic parents embarrassment

In earlier days, Joan Crawford, then known as Lucille Le Suer, set out to attract the attention of the world by dancing her way through a series of newspaper headlines and exciting escapades. Having won recognition, she altered her course

standing success and until her family was firmly convinced that even the stage could not harden their soft little Dot, that she was forgiven.

Hugh Trevor, born Hugh Thomas, also was an outcast from his family. He wanted to act. But Mr. Thomas wasn't wasting a college education on an actor. Hugh was established in the insurance business and told to forget all about the screen. When his business was flourishing with great promise, Hugh slipped away to Hollywood with the intention of at least trying pictures.

He knew that he couldn't use the name of Thomas and get by with it, so he hit upon Trevor, quite by accident, and adopted it as his own. His best friend was Richard Dix, and, although Dix had great faith in the kid, he wanted to test him.

"Buck the extra ranks," he said, [*Continued on page* 66]

Prestige

The dramatic story of a woman's courageous struggle to hold the love of a soldier who surrendered to Fate and the horrible tortures of jungle life

A GROUP of French officers and a few women stood at the window of the officers' reception room, watching the scene in the Barracks Square below. It was not a pleasant scene. Capt. Emil de Frontenac was being publicly drummed out of the service of the Army of France. The words of Lieutenant Andre Verlaine, to whom had been given the painful duty of ending the career of a brother officer, were distinctly heard.

". . . and that you be deprived of all military decoration for your rank cowardice in the face of an uprising in—"

As de Frontenac heard the words a sudden vindictive fury swept his haggard, wasted face.

"—*in Lao Bao!*" In a wild burst of hysteria he cut in on Verlaine's speech. "*Lao Bao!* That means the jungle—the stinking waters of the Mekong. It means fever. You hear me? Fever that chokes you—eats into your bones—into your head!" With his fist he beat his head, crying hysterically; and then with the gesture of one who is completely beaten, his hand fell wearily to his side. "I'm a coward. I deserted. But I was alone—alone with all those hellish black faces watching me—following me—"

Gently, Verlaine placed his hand on de Frontenac's shoulder. There was compassion, understanding in his voice as he whispered: "Steady, old man!"

A moment later there was a roll of drums and the platoon of grim-visaged soldiers, lined up in solid formation for the ceremony, moved across the parade grounds toward the barracks. The group in the officers' lounge turned away from the window. Only Therese Duflos, daughter of the Colonel, and Capt. Remy Bandoin, who had been standing apart from the others, remained.

"Poor de Frontenac," murmured Therese sadly. "What an end."

"That makes me very jealous," said the Captain with meaning.

"*Jealous?*" Therese looked up at him, puzzled.

"Yes. Of both of them. Of Verlaine, because he is going to marry you; and of de Frontenac, because you waste your sympathy on him.

"But he's losing everything in the world—"

"And I am losing you," said Remy in a low voice.

Therese half turned from him with a shrug. She was quite used to hearing Remy's protestations of love but she was in no mood for them today.

About them eddied the gay laughter of the others who had already dismissed the de Frontenac episode from their minds and were eager to celebrate the engagement of the popular Therese Duflos to Lieutenant Andre Verlaine.

As Remy and her father talked, Therese watched the door expectantly. What, she wondered, was keeping Verlaine? A young officer caught her arm.

"Come on, Therese. You must hear Edward's new song."

A little reluctantly, Therese joined the merry group at the piano. Mess boys were circulating about the room with trays of champagne. There was a tinkle of glasses as one of the officers proposed a toast. "In the name of the Bachelor Officers Quarters—a toast to the bride!"

From the original story by Harry Hervey

Adapted by GRACE MACK

There was a tinkle of glasses as one of the officers proposed a toast. "In the name of the Bachelor Officers Quarters—a toast to the bride!"

THE CAST

Therese Duflos—
ANN HARDING
Capt. Remy Bandoin—
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Lieut. Andre Verlaine—
MELVYN DOUGLAS
Col. Duflos—
IAN MACLAREN
Major—
GUY BATES POST
Felice—
CARMELITA GERAGHTY
A Lieutenant—
CREIGHTON HALE
Emil de Frontenac—
ROLLO LLOYD

A Radio-Pathé Production

"WHATEVER has happened to Andre?" demanded one of the girls.

"Here he comes," exclaimed Therese, her face lighting happily as she saw Verlaine entering the room. Never, she thought, had he looked so handsome, so every inch the soldier; and yet his face, she noticed, was extremely pale and his lips were drawn together in a tight line. The chap at the piano struck up the Wedding March and everybody lifted their glasses in a second toast to Therese and Verlaine.

"How are you, my boy?" Colonel Duflos greeted him.

Verlaine drew himself up proudly. For one brief instant his eyes turned toward Therese. And then, in a strained voice, he said, loud enough for all to hear:

"A great honor has just been bestowed upon me."

"Andre!" exclaimed Therese delightedly. "You've been promoted?"

"Quick, tell us about it," urged the others. "Don't keep us in suspense."

"I have been ordered to *Lao Bao*," said Verlaine in a quiet voice, "As successor to de Frontenac."

An electric silence fell upon the crowd, broken only by the faint gasp which escaped Therese. They looked at Verlaine in amazement. His words were like a thunderbolt. It was a sentence—*to hell.* And everyone in the room knew it. That it should have come to Verlaine, on the eve of his marriage to Therese, was nothing short of tragedy. Their eyes went from Verlaine to Therese. Her face was a tragic white mask.

But she was the true daughter of a soldier—and she had learned not to flinch in the face of duty. She steeled herself to speak. She even managed to force a pathetic little smile.

"Andre—I'm so proud." Her hand went out to meet Verlaine's . . .

BUT the next day, in Verlaine's apartment, trying to help him pack for the journey, her mask of bravery became even more difficult to wear. She tried to be gay, to smile at his flippant remarks. But they were both pretending—and both of them knew it. It was not, however, until Verlaine started to pack a little squat bottle which they had once bought together that either of them dared to admit it.

"Andre—you're not taking that, are you?" A note of hysteria had crept into her voice. The bottle played a tune when it was tipped. As Therese reached for it, it began to play and something about the sound of the foolish little tune, and the poignant memories it brought back, served to release their pent-up emotions. Almost without realizing what they were doing, they were in each other's arms, clinging to each other. For the space of a few heartbeats, neither of them spoke.

"Therese—" Andre said finally. "You haven't asked me once to take you with me—"

Therese could feel her heart pounding against her throat. She tried, ineffectually, to pull away from him. She mustn't let him guess how much she wanted to go with him; mustn't let him guess that her heart was breaking at the thought of being separated from him. She must pretend that she didn't want to leave Paris.

"I know you want to come," Andre went on tensely. "I know you want to help me—and, oh Therese, it would make me so happy to hear you say it—*just once.*"

"Oh, Andre, I do want to go with you. *I do!*" She sobbed against his breast. Both of them knew the danger of that moment; how easy it would be to give themselves up—completely—to the emotion which was stronger than they were. With a sudden supreme effort, Therese pulled herself free of his arms. "But can't you see, dear. It's out of the question for me to go. Both of us know that." Andre knew the truth of what she was saying, but he tried to draw her back within the circle of his arms. Therese held him off. "Come on, Andre," she managed to smile through her tears. "Heads up! We've got to be good soldiers, both of us."

He made a little hopeless gesture toward her but she moved away from him. With a tremendous effort he got hold of himself. "You're right, Therese." He drew himself up, soldier-like. "We've got to face this—eyes front! It won't be for long—not more than a year. And what's a year when two people love each other as we do?"

"I'll wait for you Andre," she whispered softly, "*forever* if need be."

AT THE end of the year, however, instead of returning to Paris as Andre Verlaine had expected, he was ordered to continue as commander of the Penal Colony at *Lao Bao*—indefinitely.

Then it was that Therese made her decision. She would go to her lover.

Colonel Duflos did not attempt to dissuade her. He knew his daughter too well for that. But when the moment came for them to say goodbye, he drew her to him tenderly.

"You're going out to marry a soldier, Therese. You love him very much. But that's not enough. You will need more than love. You'll live with him in a place where it's impossible to live. You'll make your home where no home can be. I wonder if you have strength enough for that?"

"Yes, father—I think I have."

"I hope so, my dear. But remember this: The jungle is insidious and powerful. It does strange things to people. Don't let it engulf you. Don't let it break Andre. Take to him your *race* as a wedding gift—and *the prestige of the white man.* It's the only weapon you two will have. *Prestige!* It will preserve you, if you remember it always.

"I'll remember, father," replied Therese in a low, firm voice.

Therese, as her father well knew, had no conception of the awfulness of the jungle; the awfulness of a penal colony in one of the forgotten ports of civilization. Neither had she dreamed what a year of it had done to her lover. Even the few days spent in the colorful port of Saigon, before starting on the last lap of her journey, gave her small inkling of what *Lao Bao* would be like.

CAPTAIN REMY BANDOIN, who had been her official guide in Saigon, tried to tell her that she was making a mistake, but Therese only laughed at his fears.

"Does Andre know you're coming?"

"Of course not. If he knew, he wouldn't let me come."

Reluctantly, Remy put her on the train that was to take her into the interior. He knew that it was useless to remind her of his love for her and yet he could not resist doing it.

"I'm sorry, Remy," said Therese at the conclusion of his pretty speech. "You're a dear. Really you are. I'm very fond of you. But you see— *I love Andre.*"

The train began to move . . . leaving Remy with the picture of a lovely girl, vividly alive, waving goodbye to him from the platform . . .

The long, grueling journey into the heart of the jungle—first by train and then by boat down a sluggish, crocodile-infested river—was beyond Therese's wildest conception of what it would be like. The one thing that kept her alive

After Therese and her husband had been suffering for months in the tropical filth, Remy Bandoin unexpectedly arrived at *Lao Bao*. In the days that followed, Therese tried to ignore the fact that Remy, in his suave, Continental way, was making love to her during the last awful days of the journey—when she lay on an improvised bed in the bottom of a tiny, native boat, sick with the sticky, muggy heat; half crazy with the swarming insects; tense with fear as she felt the jungle closing in on her—was the thought of seeing Andre again. Her heart counted the minutes until she would be in his arms . . .

But the Andre she saw, when a native Sergeant conducted her to his quarters in the compound, was not the Andre of her dreams. Already the jungle had taken its toll. He lay sprawled on the floor in a drunken stupor.

From the doorway, Therese stared at him. The eager smile froze on her face. A shudder trembled down her spine. She tried to speak, but the words died in her throat. For a moment she felt that her knees would give way under her. Instinctively, she closed her eyes to blot out the sickening sight. And then she pulled herself together. Slowly, she crossed the room and knelt beside the man she loved. He stared at her dazedly through liquor-glazed eyes. A faintly ironic smile curled his lips as though he had seen a vision—not an actuality. Slowly, Therese bent over him, her lips brushed his cheeks. "Poor darling," she whispered softly. "My poor Andre" . . .

THE next day Therese and Andre were married.

At first, the very heaven of Therese's presence enabled Verlaine to carry on his duties without complaint. For a brief interlude their happiness at being together was so all-absorbing that the hardships of the penal colony and their sordid surroundings were forgotten. But in the year that Verlaine had been there alone his nerves had been severely taxed. His problems with the native soldiers and the imprisoned felons were a greater trial than even Therese realized. She tried to be patient, understanding, when he snapped at her because of her ignorance of jungle conditions. Often it was a little thing—such as thoughtlessly leaving a box of candy where the ants could get at it—that sent him into a rage. In every way that she knew, she tried to be a help to him, but there were times when all he wanted was to be left alone—with a bottle of Scotch. In fact, as the days went on, it became his most constant friend.

This, then, was the state of affairs, several months later, when Remy Bandoin unexpectedly arrived at *Lao Bao*.

Remy was shocked at Verlaine's appearance. And yet, in a way, he was glad. Perhaps there would now be a chance for him to win Therese. He had reasoned that by now she must be thoroughly fed up with the jungle and that it would be easy to persuade her to come with him; that is, if he went about it in the right way.

Remy's *way* was slightly left-handed. He began by telling Verlaine that he had made an error in trying to exert influence in Paris to get a transfer.

"You see, some of our dear superiors at Saigon didn't quite like the idea of your taking the matter up with Paris. It was a mistake, Andre, for you to go over their heads."

"A mistake, eh?" Verlaine bit his lip. He had hoped against hope for the transfer. Therese had been so confident.

"Yes—you're to stay on here—indefinitely now."

Remy's words staggered Verlaine. "Stay on?" he asked dazedly. "But Therese—they can't punish *her* like that. They wouldn't dare. She'll die, I tell you. She can't last—she—"

"Don't tell Therese," Remy cautioned him. "At least, not yet."

At this moment Therese burst into the room.

"Remy!" she cried delightedly, giving him both her hands. "What upon earth brought you here?"

"Oh—just popped in for tea as it were."

Therese did not notice that Andre was standing mutely in the doorway. She did not notice when he stumbled blindly from the room, a look of utter hopelessness on his face. She and Remy both talked at once as she begged him for news of the outside world. It was not until the servant announced dinner that she remembered that Andre had disappeared.

In the midst of their conversation, Andre reappeared. With a scowl, he seated himself at the table. Therese kept up a running fire of conversation, trying to keep Remy's eyes on herself, that he might not notice how intoxicated Andre was. In the midst of one of her speeches, Andre cut in gruffly. "Would it be presuming too

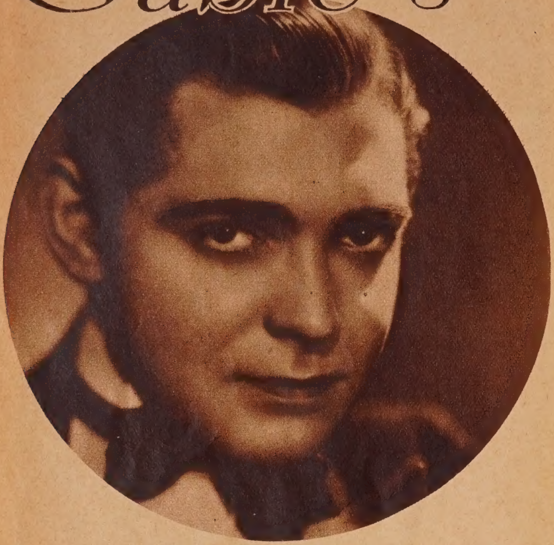
[*Continued on page 57*]

Therese held him off. "Come on, Andre," she managed to smile through her tears. "Heads up! We've got to be good soldiers, both of us!"

Gable's Climb to

Continuing the fasci-
screen's sensa-

By Marcella Burke



After playing numerous "heavies," Clark Gable was switched suddenly to sympathetic rôles opposite Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's three petted stars. Now he is to be starred in his own right

THE STORY THUS FAR:

Clark Gable's mother died when he was a few months old, and he was brought up by a Dutch maiden aunt. In school he was popular and was elected captain of all the athletic teams. He gained early dramatic experience with the Akron Stock Company, donning long beards and playing character rôles. He worked with his father for a time in the Oklahoma oil fields, then trouped for two years with a small stock company, playing every kind of a part from Hamlet to Uncle Tom. When the company went broke, he lumberjacked for a year. Then he met Josephine Dillon, many years his senior, learned voice culture from her, and finally married her.

THE STORY CONTINUES:

JOSEPHINE DILLON trained Gable's voice, washed his shirts, mothered him, was a wife to him. There followed several years in Hollywood. Months of unsuccessful attempts to get steady work on the screen. Too many extras. That's when Clark started to call up Central Casting, saying: "Here's Gable."

Much later, he got a job carrying a spear in *Romeo and Juliet,* starring Jane Cowl. The company traveled up and down the Coast. Clark was a zealous, avid spear-carrier and what-ho man. He never ceased his studying.

Gable left Josephine, his wife, soon after he met Pauline Frederick. It is rumored that the scintillating Miss Frederick fell for Clark with a pretty hard bang. Here was another lady eager to lead and to love. So Gable's footsteps followed hers—unhesitatingly.

He played for thirty-seven weeks in stock down in Houston, Texas, and Josephine was left alone in Hollywood with her memories.

Many people have criticized her for marrying a man so many years younger than herself. Instead, everyone should admire her for her courage. Today she speaks beautifully of her former husband.

As soon as she knew the day had come when she was no longer necessary to Clark, she was resigned. Very quietly she gave him the divorce he asked for. There was no alimony demanded—nothing! Today she lives in a barn back of the house Frank Keenan used to own. She is very poor and very proud—the daughter of a famous judge in Los Angeles. And only a mile away in a luxurious apartment house lives her former husband with his second wife.

After playing in Houston, Clark managed to get to New York. He played there for a year in many different plays.

It was Lillian Albertson, director-producer in Los Angeles, who wired Clark to come West again to play the part of Killer Mears in *The Last Mile.* That was a year and a half ago. He accepted Miss Albertson's offer and flew out by plane. She remembers only too well how awkward he was even at that period in his development. He happens to possess a pair of very large hands and was overwhelmingly self-conscious. He never knew what to do with them. He used to try and sneak them into his pockets during a scene. Miss Albertson would scream, "Clark, take those hands out of there. Don't do a darn thing with them. Let them just hang!"

Clark Gable's most recent appearance on the screen is opposite Joan Crawford in *Possessed,* the picture which proved to be the final step in his sensational climb to stardom

Stardom

nating life story of the
tional new lover

When Gable got his fat contract with Metro, he bought a horse, satisfying a life-long ambition

THE LAST MILE, in more ways than one, was the last mile of hardship for Clark. He made a sensation in this play. But today, when you ask him about his *success,* he looks embarrassed and says, "Don't forget that I hung around Hollywood for a long time without getting any jobs in pictures. My face is the same now that it was then. I haven't changed. And it's all a funny thing the way I happened to catch on, anyway.

"I have been in this theatre racket so long that I know how quickly a guy can go down—a darn sight faster than he goes up. I haven't forgotten yet how many years I spent around Hollywood playing extra parts.

"I got a break in my part as 'Killer Mears.' That was because I was a pretty tough-looking hombre. Pathé had an option on me and I was cast in *The Painted Desert.* The gang at Pathé didn't get hot about me any more than the Warner Brothers bunch had, in New York previous to that. Before I accepted Miss Albertson's offer, Warners had made some tests of me but I didn't arouse their interest for a moment.

"Harry Beaumont remembered my performance in *The Last Mile* and it was through him that I got the chance to play the part in *Dance Fools Dance* with Joan Crawford. That part should have put me in the gunman class. But gangster pictures were just commencing to click. George Hill made *Secret Six* and my characterization was switched around and I became a hero instead of a killer, as originally planned.

"That was my greatest break of all. If they had left me in to play the part as it was originally mapped out, I probably would be back today in stock companies. In *A Free Soul,* playing opposite Norma Shearer as Ace Wolfong, I reached the pivotal point of my career. Until I saw how that picture turned out, I didn't have any too much confidence in myself."

Norma Shearer's productions are costly affairs. Irving Thalberg spares no expenses in making a production which is glamorous. For the first time in his life, Clark was beautifully and flatteringly spotted. The picture proved to be one of the outstanding pictures of 1931, and made Gable's name famous.

His next fling at the wheel of luck came when he was cast to play in *Susan Lenox,* opposite Greta Garbo. Clark said, "Alongside Miss Garbo, I'm nothing. To play opposite her is the chance of a lifetime." And the film became a boxoffice smash.

The final step in Gable's sensational climb to stardom came recently when he finished work opposite Joan Crawford in *Possessed,* the glamorous story of a New York lawyer and his mistress. This picture cinched Clark's popularity—made it a certainty.

So now Gable is to be starred in his own right. The fans demand it. And M-G-M will delay no longer in answering that demand. After a vacation spent "roughing it" in the woods, Gable will go back to work as the star of *China Seas,* a story by Crosbie Garstin.

A SHREWD newspaper editor in Santa Ana happened to notice one day that a *William C. Gable* had applied for a license to marry. He gave his address as the Ravens Apartments in Hollywood. The records [*Continued on page 62*]

Clark Gable had a fine Dutch training as a boy, and he never smoked or drank during his high school days. He has always preferred out-of-door activities of any kind to pretentious social affairs

LOOK OUT FOR PEGGY!

The red-headed Shannon girl is headed for great things!

By Charles Grayson

THAT evening my sister and I were sitting on the floor drinking Rajah's Pegs. A Rajah's Peg has best been described as a sort of whisky and soda—except that in place of whisky you use brandy, and instead of soda you use champagne. Two of them will make you think you are a poached egg, and three will send you out looking for a piece of toast to lie on.

Anyway, it seems that these two Irishmen were on the floor when who should come in but a third. It was Miss Peggy Shannon. She was so weary that she scorned the Rajah's Pegs, for which one must be very weary indeed. She had, it developed, Troubles. Very soon we were given the impression that life for a screen star is scarcely a thing of beauty, much less a joy forever.

In fact, the only ray in the whole dark picture had been contributed that morning by Travis Banton, the costume designer. It seems that Travis had gone on record with the statement that Peggy has just about the swellest hips in all Hollywood. Which proves that Travis is an observant as well as a talented young man.

But there were so many other muggy spots marring the life of that little Winona Shannon of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, who grew up to glory in the *Follies* as Peggy Shannon of New York! Arkansas is right in the middle of the Cyclone Belt, and as a sort of funny looking little kid given to making a great deal of noise, Peggy knew all about cyclones—frightful engines of destruction that would arise suddenly and in a few minutes blaze

[*Continued on page* 64]

Peggy isn't keeping it a secret any longer that she is married to Allan Davis who has been featured in musical comedy

Pretty Peggy Shannon was chosen as a successor to Clara Bow, but, instead of stepping into the shoes of the Brooklyn Bonfire, she has created a unique place for herself and right now is one of the busiest girls in Hollywood

Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 32]

Oh what a difference one little "m" makes.

LaRue The Day

A BARBER and an electrician are having words over the affections of Grace LaRue, one time toast of stage and screen. Both honest artisans are former husbands of the woman in the case.

Bye-Bye Baby

FIRST it was reported that Mary and Doug didn't fancy the idea of being Gramma and Grampa to any potential baby that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., might have in mind. Now, so they say, film execs have put the squelch on the kids' plans for a family. It'd hurt Joan at the box-office, they say. So, for the time, Joan has ceased sewing on tiny garments.

Poor John

POOR Jack Gilbert! Will he ever get straightened out! The latest of his pictures, *West of Broadway*, met with such criticism that close to a hundred G's were spent on re-takes when the film was supposed to be all finished.

Incidentally, Jack and Lupe met in Europe, quite by accident, of course. And each helped the other enjoy the vacation abroad by indicating points of interest here and there.

Side Lights

NOT so very long ago Ann Harding was quoted in an interview as saying she and hubby Harry Bannister paid cash for things and didn't buy until they had the dough in the bank. But just the same an architect who built their love-nest had to serve the papers before his claim for nearly $7,000 was settled.

Fortunes Reversed

AFTER dodging the third bill collector in a half day, Charley Chase of Roach Fame, mopped his brow and remarked, "My name should be turned around the other way until after this depression is over."

Fish Story

STAN LAUREL was out fishing off the barge. A pudgy stranger fishing next to him, walked over to the barge-keeper for some bait. When he returned, he chuckled in Laurel's ear. "Can you beat it? That dumb cluck (indicating the barge-keeper) thinks you're Stan Laurel. Keep it up and we'll have a lot of laughs."

Gridiron Stuff

THE South Bend, Indiana, boys may have showed a lot of *Spirit of Notre Dame,* but they showed none for Hollywood. They didn't like grease paint, eight o'clock calls nor box lunches. On the train, en route home, all-American Quarterback Frank Carrideo mailed a post card to the assistant director, Billie Ryder, saying: "Having a swell vacation, no grease paint, no eight o'clock calls. Food not so hot but beats the box lunches you used to give us."

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HE LOVES A FIGHT!

Meet Warren William, who believes in playing "The Old Army Game"

By Carlisle Jones

It's the fight that interests this modern Stoic, Warren William, more than success or failure because he has learned to meet both of them with a smile and a shrug

WARREN WILLIAM is playing the old army game in Hollywood. It is known variously as "passing the buck" or "letting George do it." George in the latter instance being the studios and "it" being the worrying.

This attitude of watchful waiting while his career is in the balance, due to the long period between the making and the releasing of his first picture, is the natural result of fifteen years of struggle for recognition. Those years, which include two years' service in the American army in the world war, have taught Mr. William patience and have coated him in an armor of indifference to his fate.

Out of his long struggle has come also the unusual ability to detach himself from his own career and to view it impersonally and from a distance. He hopes to succeed in pictures. He likes the work and he enjoys the money that it brings. But his success or his failure on the screen will effect him less than the average newcomer in pictures, because he has previously enjoyed both sensations during his career.

His future is in the hands of film editors, producers and the public. When Warner Brothers release the pictures, *Expensive Women* in which he plays the leading rôle opposite Dolores Costello and *The Honor of the Family* where he occupies the same place of honor opposite Bebe Daniels, everybody will know William's fate on the screen. The privileged few who have already seen these pictures expect William to be an overnight success if not a sensation. But until the final verdict is in, the actor's past is really more interesting than his probable future.

TO BEGIN with, it is suspected that the name Warren William is some kind of a contraction of his real full name, but on this point the gentleman in question sheds no light. William's father was a publisher of a comparatively small but prosperous newspaper and he groomed his handsome son for the job of carrying on that newspaper as a family heritage.

Young William was sent to the Academy of Dramatic Art in New York as a gesture on the father's part, a gesture which was intended to be a cure-all for the almost hopeless case of stage fever which his son had contracted, somehow or other, in the Minnesota prairies.

"It might have worked, too," William says now, with fifteen years of experience behind him, "if it hadn't been for the war.

"As a matter of fact I had finished my dramatic schooling and was hamming it about Brooklyn stock companies at a few dollars a week—some weeks. The war came along just in time to prevent my making the inevitable decision between newspaper work with pork chops and the stage with canned beans. The war really settled it. Sometimes I think it settled everything for me. Since then I have just let nature take her course with my life."

An earlier ambition for William had been marine engineering. With considerable knowledge of the subject, William sought to enlist in whatever branch of the service could use him best. With customary foresight the government put him into the infantry and shipped him to Europe with Minnesota troops. This one incident fixed the stoical mold of William's character.

His attitude since then about any number of things that might be important to his future has been, to use his own words: "Oh, what the h——!"

But it was the army actually that drove him back to the theatre for all time. Once the Armistice was signed William found himself in Southern France faced with the unhappy prospect of a new and distasteful job, that of becoming a member of the military police.

"That was my idea of nothing at all to do," he says. "I was ready to try anything to get out of such an assignment. The Y. M. C. A. had announced try-outs for a show which was being formed to play around that part of France for the amusement of the troops. I tried out."

SO, INSTEAD of arresting soldiers gone A. W. O. L., Sergeant William toured France for four months playing the leading rôle in the melodrama, *Under Cover*. When he returned to New York, he had no objective in view except the offices of producers and stage doors.

William Le Baron, now guiding genius at the Radio Studio, gave William a job with a one night stand company playing in *I Love You*. The company and job blew up suddenly at Flint, Michigan, leaving William not far from home but a long ways from happy. But the army training stood the actor in good stead. He played in Erie, Pennsylvania, in stock and accepted two rôles with Pearl White in motion pictures serials. He got no thrill from seeing himself on the screen, however, even in another picture that was aimed at "epic" rating and in which he played a rôle suggestive of a modern Christ.

Back in New York, William seemed to live a charmed life as far as getting fat parts. But the plays the parts were in were not so charmed. They closed with discouraging regularity. However, New York critics began to take notice of him. One called attention to the fact that he talked like Barrymore. Another discovered that he looked like John Drew, when Drew was younger. But these findings seemed to have no effect on the prompt closing of every play in which he appeared.

Then *Twelve Miles Out* revived William's confidence in himself and in the theatrical business generally but threatened for a time to stamp his handsome features with gangster characteristics in the mind of the public for all time.

In twelve years, Warren William has played in just four successful plays. He was snatched suddenly from the fourth success, *The Vinegar Tree*, when Warner Brothers exercised their option on his services and arranged with his producer to release him with only a week's notice from the New York cast. A flying trip to Hollywood and twelve hours after his arrival there William was deep in the intricasies of a screen love scene with Miss Costello.

Twenty-four hours later he bought a Ford and had it photographed with him in it. He sent the picture to his wife, bidding her come to Hollywood. He was all set to try a new career.

Warren William does look a little like John Barrymore although he is much taller than the famous star. He talks even more like him. He is rather weary of this as a subject of conversation, however. Nine out of every ten interviewers ask about it or mention it. That and the peculiar spelling of his last name, are old subjects to him. But he is polite about them when questioned.

"Life's too short," he says, "and uncertain. If I've learned anything in fifteen years, it's just the old army game of passing the buck and letting 'George' do the worrying."

Royalty In Disguise

ALL the excitement about whether or not William Haines would be resigned by Metro-Goldwyn has been definitely settled now, and Bill has a new contract, but not as a star. This pleases him much better because as a featured player he will get only a small portion of the blame for the failure of any picture, which is better than getting all the blame. Incidentally Bill has dislove to go social and announce the proved the theory that all movie stars identity of visiting nobility. He had as a house guest for a few weeks a plain Mr. Dawson, and although Bill knew who Mr. Dawson was he didn't tell. After his guest departed Hollywood learned by chance that he was Prince Charles of Belgium, and Pickfair was said to be all of a dither because it had missed one of the most important noble Hollywood visitors.

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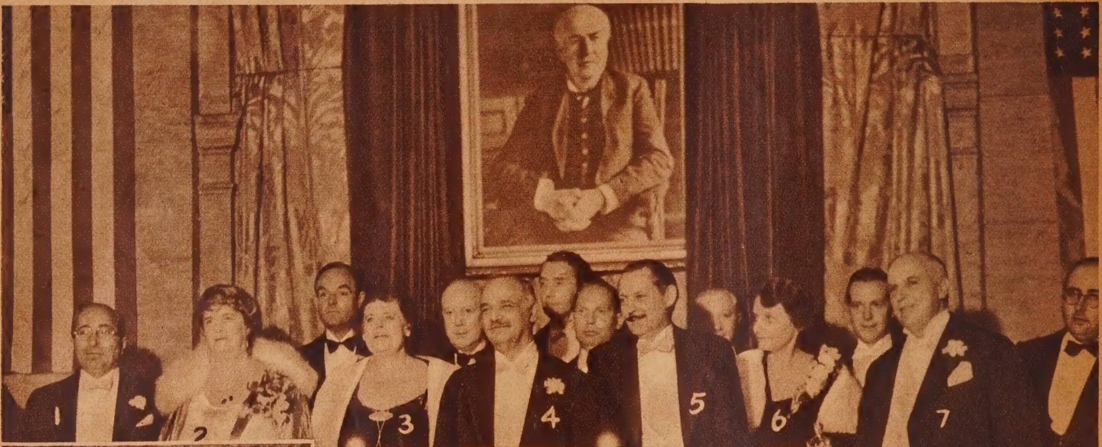
Gary Cooper has ignored his lucrative picture contract and traveled to foreign lands, to be gone several months. Why has he suddenly passed up two starring rôles and endangered his brilliant career by absence from the screen? Now the story is told—

WHY GARY COOPER LEFT HOLLYWOOD
In the March SCREEN BOOK

HOLLYWOOD PAYS HOMAGE



The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences awards for 1931 were made at a brilliant banquet in Los Angeles on November 9. The celebrities are: (1) Louis B. Mayer, (2) Mrs. Dolly Gann, sister of Vice President Curtis, (3) Marie Dressler, who won the actresses' trophy; (4) Vice President Curtis, (5) Lionel Barrymore, who won the actors' trophy; (6) Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, and (7) Governor Rolph

Our clever cameraman has snapped Marie Dressler in her immortal rôle of "Min" in *Min and Bill*, holding the coveted trophy which that character portrayal won her

Marie Dressler is radiant and Lionel Barrymore plainly happy after receiving the statuettes of gold symbolizing the outstanding screen performances of 1931, Marie for *Min and Bill*, and Lionel for *A Free Soul*

Winners of Academy awards for 1931 are honored at gala banquet

TWO old-timers of the screen, Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, have been awarded the gold statuettes of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performances of 1931. Marie received the award for her characterization in *Min and Bill*, and Lionel for his work in *A Free Soul*. Both pictures were produced by M-G-M.

Other Academy winners are:

Best direction—Norman Taurog for *Skippy*.
Best produced picture—Radio Pictures for *Cimarron*.
Best original story—John Monk Saunders for *Dawn Patrol*.
Best adaptation—Howard Estabrook for *Cimarron*.
Best photography—Floyd Crosby for *Tabu*.
Best art direction—Max Ree for *Cimarron*.
Best sound recording—Paramount.

The awards were made in the [*Continued on page* 55]

What Will You Do With $3,000.00 Cash *If I Give it to YOU*?

I WILL PAY $250.00

Just for an Answer to this Question

I am going to give $3,000.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS FORTUNE IF I GIVE IT TO YOU? Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with the $3,000.00—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. Nothing "fancy" is needed—just tell me in plain words what you would do with the $3,000.00.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00

Nothing More for You to Do!

Costs nothing to win, nothing to buy—no selling—no puzzles—$250 Prize given just for an answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me what YOU will do with $3,000.00 if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is $250.00. Just sending an answer qualifies you for an opportunity to win $3,000.00 in final prize distribution. Think what an amazing opportunity—why, many people work hard for a life-time without ever having such a vast amount of money as you may now win.

Think, NOW, How You Would Spend $3,000.00

Would you start a business of your own; would you invest in bonds; would you pay off a mortgage on your home or buy new furniture and clothes? Maybe you would use the money for education. Just think what $3,000.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualify for an opportunity to get your share of over $5,000.00 to be given away. EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH . . . Think what you would do with $3,000.00—write your answer and rush it to me. SEND NO MONEY . . . . Nothing to buy or sell to get big prize for best answer. No "puzzles," "number paths" or "lucky numbers" to win over $3,000.00 cash. BE PROMPT. I will send you $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE.

Hundreds Have Won

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Thompson just won $625. Viola Lauder won $500. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to **"What Will You Do With $3,000.00 If I Give It to You?"** Answers must be postmarked not later than May 15, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

WALTER BRENT, Manager

306-B Relief Building **Cincinnati, Ohio**

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over $5,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,000.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,000 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,000.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the $3,000.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Walter Brent

Use the Coupon or Write Letter With Your Answer

FOR CASH PRIZE

WALTER BRENT, Manager
306-B Relief Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you give me the $3,000.00 prize I will use it as follows

(Write your answer plainly in here, in 20 words): ______

Name......

Address......

Town...... *State*......

THRU THE KEYHOLE

A Hollywood sleuth tells all

By
Charles Crouch

Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio choose the Santa Barbara Biltmore, rendezvous of Hollywood celebrities, for a day's outing

Sylvia Turns Actor

THE biggest laugh in months is the fact that Sylvia, the masseuse, who betwixt and between rubbing the stars into shape has "told all" in print, is going to New York to appear in a play entitled *They Who Get Slapped*. The opus, which will feature Sylvia, is by Edith Ellis who wrote *White Collars,* a hit of some years past. There are a great many Hollywood ladies who will not send Sylvia telegrams of congratulation.

This Lily Toils

LILY DAMITA, who exudes more charm than ever these days, is reported wed to wealthy Stock Broker Sidney Smith, but there are those who say it is all a lie because Smith cannot move his business to California, and Lily wouldn't think of giving up her career to function as a housewife. Ruth (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) Taylor, and Phyllis Haver are among those who have taken up the marriage business in all seriousness, but the guess is that Lily will not, even for a big red apple. However, the Damita-Smith combine were recently guests at the same house-party.

Farrells Entertain

CHARLES FARRELL and Virginia Valli (one of Hollywood's most married—to each other—couples), recently entertained at a buffet supper for some twenty-two leading tennis stars who were playing in the matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Among them, Ellsworth Vines, George Lott, Fred Perry, Sidney Wood, Wilmer Allison, Mrs. Harper and Edith Cross. Among others, Gloria Swanson and her brand new husband, Michael Farmer; Maureen O'Sullivan, Virginia Cherrill, Janet Gaynor, and John McCormick (the singer) and his wife and daughter. The Charles Farrells have obviously become athletic-conscious because they are to have as their house-guest Mickey Cochrane, catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics. Cochrane was a schoolmate of Charlie's at Boston University about eight years ago.

Stars Like Tennis

AND, as a tip to visiting celebrity hounds, there are more stars to be seen gathered at the Los Angeles Tennis Club than at any other one place in town. What's more, those who are not working usually attend the matches there every day.

Bravo For Chaplin

OUR foreign spy tells us that Charlie Chaplin seems to have gone a little mad. It seems that Charlie may be seen sitting peacefully around Juan Le Pain sipping tall, cool looking drinks and gazing meekly into the eyes of his latest lady love, an Hungarian beauty, who, strange to say, is supposed to look exactly like Georgia Hale, Charlie's American girl friend. Charlie goes very vague when anyone asks him when he is going to make another picture. And recently, when he came out of a café in Paris, and stopped within a Parisian structure on a nearby corner, a large throng surrounded the enclosure and shouted "Bravo! Bravo!" It seems that the French movie-fans will stop at nothing.

Please, Mrs. Gable!

THE Clark Gable panic is on. Alice Glazer, who is the ex-Mrs. Barney Glazer, has an apartment in the exclusive Colonial House in Hollywood directly across the hall from the one occupied by Clark and Mrs. Gable. So intent on meeting Mr. Gable is Alice Glazer that she has daily engaged herself in an amiable chat with Mrs. Gable. Thus far, the latter has not invited her to come in.

Censored

THE latest dance from Paris, the Martinique, is about to become a Hollywood rage; but there are those who fear it will not do in public because, since it looks like an advanced "Snake's Hips," the censors would never allow it performed on any dance floor.

All For Marion

THE gayest party this wanderer has ever attended was that which recently welcomed Marion Davies home from Europe. It was given in the French Room at the Ambassador Hotel, and the hosts and hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman), Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn (Frances Howard), Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mankiewitz, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conway (Virginia Bushman), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), John Gilbert, Matt Moore, Lewis Milestone, Aileen Pringle, Hedda Hopper, and Lloyd Pantages. The reception room, and patio, was decorated in the Gold Rush manner, including an old fashioned bar. Girls in dance-hall costume passed cowboy hats and bandannas to the male guests. The guest-list included nearly every star of magnitude in pictures and many Los Angeles and Hollywood society folk. The glittering assemblage danced to music by Gus Arnheim and his famous Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, and a Cuban Rumba Orchestra (especially imported for Lawrence Tibbett's picture, *The Cuban Love Song*), and Patrick and March's well-known orchestra of twenty-two pieces. Impromptu entertainment was provided by Jimmy Durante, famed Broadway star who is in Hollywood to make pictures. Durante sang his famous "So I Ups to Him and He Ups to Me" song. Jessica (Mrs. Richard) Barthelmess got a laugh by dancing with the dummy figure of a Mexican Bandit which lent atmosphere to the Wild West scene.

Many clever features were introduced; among them a special comic newspaper which bore the headline "D-D—D-DAVIES RETURNS" (a little

[*Continued on page* 65]

Hollywood Pays Homage

[*Continued from page* 52]

Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel before a brilliant assemblage of nearly two thousand guests, including Vice President Charles Curtis, Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California, and Will Hays. The winners were selected by ballot of the Academy's membership of more than seven hundred.

Marie Dressler was acclaimed with deafening applause when the statuette was presented to her by Norma Shearer, last year's winner. In concluding her response, Miss Dressler said:

"I feel so proud that I think Mrs. Gann should get up and give me her seat."

Mrs. Dolly Gann, sister and official hostess of Vice President Curtis, who won a battle over Alice Roosevelt Longworth for precedence in Washington society, rose and offered Miss Dressler her seat at the head of the banquet table.

The actor's award was presented to Lionel Barrymore by George Arliss, the 1930 winner. The director's award was presented by William K. Howard.

While M. C. Levee, new president of the Academy, was making his speech, a stir was created in the audience when someone discovered little Jackie Cooper, who had found the proceedings a little too much for him, slumbering peacefully, with his head on Marie Dressler's shoulder.

Winners of the three principle awards in 1929 were:

Best performance (actress)—Mary Pickford for *Coquette.*

Best performance (actor)—Warner Baxter for *In Old Arizona.*

Best direction—Frank Lloyd for *Weary River.*

The 1928 top winners were:

Best performance (actress)—Janet Gaynor for *Seventh Heaven.*

Best performance (actor)—Emil Jannings for *Way Of All Flesh.*

Best direction—Frank Borzage for *Seventh Heaven.*

All Quiet On the Western Front was adjudged the outstanding production in 1930; *The Broadway Melody* in 1929; *Wings* in 1928.

Irene Purcell keeps her casement window open so her dogs, Mike and Sidecar, can come bounding in at will from a runway on the lawn

it's an unthinkable compromise for her

to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine Kotex

WHO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited . . . now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection *is* sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do* know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you *know* you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex gives you—cleanliness you can't get from inferior substitutes. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you *get* Kotex.

Snowy rolls of Kotex absorbent filler feed themselves into glistening machines, where they are carefully cut and shaped into pads.

In hospitals, surrounded by scrupulous sanitation, twenty-four million Kotex pads were used for patients last year, alone.

Never more than 35c now

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

Beauty Hints of the Month

"Daily cleansing with a pure eye-wash," says Sidney Fox, "makes my eyes bright, and regular brushing of my brows and lashes makes a luxurious frame for them"

The secret of having beautiful eyes

By Sidney Fox

—Freulich

"An excellent way to rest the eyes," Sidney explains, "is to dip small pads of gauze in good eye-wash and place one on each eye for several minutes"

YES, the "eyes have it"—or they should, if properly cared for. But are they the windows of the soul? I don't know, because I'm not a poet; just a moving picture actress. Nevertheless, the poetical metaphor may help me to impress on those who are interested, just how important it is to have eyes which sparkle and glow with health.

It doesn't really matter what color one's eyes may be, if they function properly, for the world is beautiful whether seen by blue orbs or brown. Personally, I've always wanted blue eyes; but every blonde I know longs for dark eyes—so the color is merely a matter of taste. Our trouble lies in the fact that we seldom appreciate the fact that except for our eyes we would miss all the really gorgeous things of life. We aren't even careful in keeping these "windows of ourselves" cleansed and spend much more time and attention on washing the windows of our houses and the windshields of our cars.

The reason, no doubt, for this oversight lies in the obvious fact that glass shows the film of dust as it collects, while dust only hurts and doesn't dull the eyes. There are grown persons who never dream of cleansing their eyeballs although, when we were infants, our eyes were tended with exquisite care. To me, it is quite as important as brushing the teeth.

All my life I've given my eyes great care, although the system has been so simple that I hesitate to disclose it lest there be some who think it futile. My only eye-wash consists of a weak solution of salt and water. If I am unfortunate enough to get a cinder or foreign matter in my eye, I use a few drops of boric acid diluted with water to remove the "hurtful" something, and it is also very soothing to eyes that are smarting from wind or sun. I keep a bottle of it prepared, with an eyedropper attached to the cork.

It is easy to wash the eyes with an eye cup filled with salt water if one will place the cup over the eye and then throw the head back as far as it will go. In this position open the eye wide and allow the solution to thoroughly drench the eyeball, rolling it from side to side. It requires about three minutes to give both eyes a bath! Surely anybody can spare that much time for so important a function. Think how long the man at the filling station takes to wipe the windshield of your car!

WHEN I came to Hollywood many people warned me that I would find the lights used in making moving pictures very hard on my eyes. It hasn't bothered me at all because I have excellent vision and, with a very little additional care, there isn't even a slight strain. Sometimes I am very tired after a long day's work on the set, and if I am going out in the evening, I take small pads of gauze, dip them into my eye-wash and place one on each eye. If I'm in a hurry—as I generally am—I put on one pad and continue my toilet. When it has been on for about five minutes, I remove it and put a pad over the other eye. This rests and brightens them in short time.

Eye exercises are always helpful, too. I have several very simple ones, such as rolling the eyes around and around, up and down and from side to side. That relieves any strain after reading or writing; but it is better to consult a good oculist before taking eye exercises. Mine are excellent for *my* eyes, but each individual has a different problem, and it is not wise to exercise the eyes without first having an examination to determine what is best for your special needs.

With regard to caring for eyelashes and eyebrows—here again I find that simple methods are best. In the morning I brush my eyebrows and lashes as regularly as I brush my hair, my teeth and my nails. If I am going to work, I apply a kind of mascara guaranteed not to make the lashes brittle, since it is required for photographing. I have no need of artificial eyelashes, however, as my own are exceptionally long and thick. As for eye-shadow, there are many girls who apply it beautifully and really improve their make-up by it, but then again, I have seen all beauty of eyes lost in a superfluous coloring of eyelids. Girls, therefore, who feel they need artificial means to enlarge or emphasize the color of their eyes should study the art of applying such make-up.

BEFORE retiring at night I first remove my mascara with cold cream and then I always rub a tiny bit of white vaseline on my lashes. This is an excellent habit to form and might be good practice for those who have what are called "weak eyelashes."

Professionally, my eyes are considered a decided photographic asset. If this is true, then I am thrice blessed for I love and can enjoy all the beauties of nature. Then, from a practical standpoint, there's always the satisfaction of knowing that my work, the most exacting on the eyes, need have no fears for me. And last, the personal gratification that my eyes aid me in the only profession I really love—that of a motion picture actress.

Prestige

[*Continued from page* 45]

much," he asked with exaggerated politeness, "if I suggested that you drop this stupid prattle about *Francois?*" (Therese had been reminiscing about her favorite head waiter.)

"Why, no, of course not, dear."

REMY quickly changed the subject. "I had a letter from Felice, just before I left Saigon. She says the opera is the best in years."

"Paris!" Therese sighed. "How I love it this time of year. You go along the boulevards. The weather's just a bit chilly. The leaves on the trees are like pure gold. You turn your face to the wind. It feels so good—*so cool.* And then the lights go up and it's night with music and gaiety and dancing—"

Andre suddenly jumped from his chair and brought his fist down on the table. "Paris!" he snarled. "Stop talking about it, I tell you. Stop it!"

Fear crept into Therese's eyes as she looked at Andre. Remy sat very erect.

"Paris—the boulevards," sneered Andre. "You sit there prattling about the most beautiful city in the world, while I'm here, rotting in this hole, sentenced here for life. You hear me?" he turned to Therese. "*For life.* They've just sentenced me for another year—and when that's up there'll be another and another. Ask him!" he shook a menacing finger at Remy. "Let him give you the sweet news he brought."

Fearfully, Therese looked from Andre

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THE common handkerchief is now known to be an almost unbelievable source of danger during colds.

When you have a cold, thousands of germs are poured into your handkerchief *every time you use it.* These germs are carried to your nose and mouth again and again. They're spread through the air, they contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

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When you have a cold, use Kleenex! These exquisite tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way, yet *cost far less than laundering alone!*

So you use each tissue but once. Then you destroy it. Completely. And destroy germs too. You need never touch a soiled, damp, handkerchief to your face. *Need never wash one*

Price reduced one third!

And now Kleenex costs much less than ever before! The big box, formerly priced at 50c, now costs but 35c, at any drug, drygoods or department store. Never pay more.

At this low price, you'll find Kleenex more useful than ever. Use it for removing face creams, blot up those fine impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. For applying and blending make-up.

KLEENEX *Disposable* **TISSUES**

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Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

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Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

to Remy, as though pleading for a denial of this awful news. Remy nodded his head. With a light in his eyes that made him look almost insane, Andre went on:

"Now—talk about Paris—if you dare." Fiercely, he grabbed the chair and sent it flying across the room, then, staggering drunkenly, he went outside.

In the days that followed, Therese tried to ignore Andre's moroseness; tried, too, to ignore the fact that Remy was making insidious love to her. The time came, however, when she could ignore it no longer. It was the night prior to his departure.

"I'm leaving for my vacation in Paris, very shortly," he told Therese. "It would be nice of you to say you envy me."

"Are you being quite fair, Remy?" she asked without looking up.

He rose from his chair and stood by her side. "I don't want to be fair! I want to rouse you from your lethargy." Can't you see, Therese—you can't stay here."

THERESE arose abruptly. "Your concern is most touching," she said with hauteur. "Thank you for your solicitude. I am sorry that conversationally I am so limited that I can't find words with which to answer you. Will you excuse me? I'm terribly dull this evening. Your friends in Paris will doubtless prove more scintillating."

Remy meekly accepted her reprimand. His only answer was an almost imperceptible shrug as she left the room . . .

In the hallway Therese was intercepted by a servant who handed her a letter. For a moment Therese stared dazedly at the Paris postmark, as though almost afraid to open it. Then, with nervous fingers, she tore it open. As she read, tears of joy trembled on her long lashes and rolled down her cheek.

"My dear daughter," the letter read, "I hasten to send you the enclosed copy of Andre's transfer—at last! This will probably reach you even before Andre hears officially. I know that it will delight you as much as it has pleased me. . . ."

"Remy!" cried Therese. "You were wrong. It's come—Andre's transfer is here!" Her anger of a moment before was forgotten. Eagerly she ran toward Andre's study at the opposite end of the hallway. She burst through the door without knocking. As usual, Andre was communing with a bottle of Scotch. But this time, Therese did not notice.

"Andre!" she burst out joyfully.

"What do you want in here?" he demanded savagely. "What did you come to tell me? That I'm drunk! That I'm going to pieces? That I'm forgetting I'm a white man. *Losing prestige*—as you call it."

Therese's face had gone a deathly white. "Please, Andre, listen to me!" she begged. "This is—" she held out the pages of the letter. Andre ignored them.

"I'm sick of your damned sniveling. I'm sick of your nobility and your silent suffering. Your cringing, begging letters to your father. That's what shut me up here—sentenced me to this hell hole for life." He stood before her, glaring savagely at her, challenging her to answer.

"What I need is someone to help me," Andre ranted. "A wife—*not a saint*. What did you ever come here for? I wish you'd get out of here. Did you hear what I said?" he shouted. "I said *get out*—now—this minute."

Blindly, Therese staggered from the room, her hand against the wall for support.

"Therese—" It was Remy. Therese looked up at him, without seeming to see him. "I'm sorry, Therese, I couldn't help hearing."

"I'm to go," she said dully. "He doesn't want me."

"But you're coming with me," he reassured her. "I'll take you as far as Saigon." She gave no sign that she heard him. "Quick, Therese. Pull yourself together." Remy shook her gently. "We can leave tonight. I'll give orders for them to get the boat ready."

Therese looked at him like one in a trance. His words scarcely penetrated her consciousness but she nodded her head in agreement.

NEITHER Remy nor Therese noticed Nham, Andre's servant, who was standing in the shadow, listening to their talk. . . . The one tradition which Nham knew was that he must protect his master. He understood enough of what had been said to know that this intruder was planning to take his master's wife away. Nham had no scruples. He did not stop to bother his master with anything so inconsequential. Instead, he went immediately to Remy's quarters . . . and waited. Unseen by Remy, he watched him pack . . . followed him to the gate of the compound . . . to the wharf where the native boat lay anchored.

Therese's heart was like a dead stricken thing as she packed for the journey. She was too utterly dazed by Andre's outburst to question it. Only one thing was etched on her memory: He had told her that he didn't want her.

Like a sleepwalker she walked down the path to the wharf. The boat was anchored but there was no sign of Remy. She looked about puzzled, then called softly. There was no answer. More puzzled, she stepped aboard and looked about. A horrified scream escaped her. Remy was on the floor—*dead*.

Afterwards, she never knew how she got off the boat. From nowhere, it seemed, Nham had appeared at her side, piloted her back to the compound. . . .

The next day the news of Captain Remy's murder reached Verlaine.

There is no red tape connected with a court martial in a French penal colony. It was a matter of minutes only for Nham to be sentenced to the guillotine. Stoically, Nham heard the sentence. But before Verlaine could dismiss the court, Therese burst in upon him.

"Andre—you've got to let Nham go," she pleaded.

He stared at her coldly. "This is a courtroom. You were not called to testify at the trial."

"But I say you can't sentence him!" she said vehemently.

"That is for me to decide. Will you please leave."

"No," she cried frantically. "Not until you've heard me. You've got to listen to me."

"*Please—leave—*"

"No! I've come to tell you this: Nham saw me go down to the boat. He followed. He killed Remy—because I was going away with him. That's why. Because Remy was taking me away. He killed for *you—*"

Verlaine was visibly staggered by this information but his voice continued sternly: "That is your story. I've listened to it. It does not, however, alter the fact that Nham killed a white man—and must die for it."

The session was at an end—and Therese had failed to save Nham . . .

DURING all of this, a native sergeant had been an interested listener. For weeks he had been fomenting a revolution among prisoners and soldiers. *Now*, reason told him, would be the opportune time to strike. The sergeant hurried to the prisoners' quarters, stealthily unlocked the chains which held them and quickly circulated liquor, which he had taken the precaution to caché, among them.

Meantime, Therese, desperately unhappy that Nham was to lose his life because of her, hurried to the poor boy with a word of sympathy. With exaggerated politeness, the sentry unlocked the door. At the sight of Therese, the prisoners quickly draped their chains over them, that she might not notice they were unfettered. When she reached the far end of the corridor, however, a low murmur of voices, which increased to a loud crescendo, fell upon her ears. Therese, terrified, looked first at Nham and then back at the other prisoners. Even before Nham snatched up the iron bar that was joined to his fetters she knew that the worst had happened . . .

The events that happened after that were too swift, too breath-taking for her to catalog them. The one thing she was aware of was that, somehow, Nham managed to push her through an open door, into another corridor, just in time to save her from the clutches of a gorilla of a convict. But even there, she was not safe. Suddenly, she and Nham were the focal point for a savage mob . . .

And then, when it seemed certain that both she and Nham would be annihilated by the half-crazed prisoners she had a glimpse of Andre, hurling himself at the outer wall of the mob. In his hand was a riding crop, with which he struck blindly, right and left. He was in uniform . . . a symbol of authority. Automatically, they fell back. But the sergeant had no intention of accepting defeat so easily. With a sardonic smile, he raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet grazed Verlaine's shoulder. He looked about quickly. His eyes fell upon the sergeant. Without hesitation, he walked over to him, ordered him to lower the rifle. To the awe of the other prisoners, the sergeant obeyed. Verlaine then struck him with his riding crop, again and again, until his face was bleeding and he was begging for mercy. The effect upon the prisoners was instantaneous. When Verlaine gave the orders to fall in, he was obeyed.

Afterwards, Therese did not know how it happened, but somehow she had managed to reach Verlaine's side. Together, they watched the tri-color of France as it was run up the flagstaff. Together, they saluted.

It was not until then, that Verlaine began to sag. His hand gripped his arm and he winced with pain.

Therese steadied him. "Steady," she whispered. "Heads up!"

Somehow, in that moment, Therese knew that they had won; that, together, they had carried the white man's prestige; that it had been an emblem to preserve them.

"Always?" She looked up at Andre. For a moment their glances locked.

"Always!" he repeated after her.

Write a Name Here for this Movie Actress ____________

WIN $750.00 CASH

Here is a movie actress in need of a name. Give her yours, or any other name you think of, it may mean $750.00 in cash to you.

THIS extraordinary announcement has attracted the attention of representatives of leading magazines and newspapers throughout the country and we are sure it will interest you because your suggestion may be the name wanted. This means you may be richer by $750.00 cash if you mail it to us at once.

$250.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

Bear in mind only one name must be submitted by each contestant. If the name we choose has been submitted by a number of people, everyone submitting that name will receive $500.00, and all winners whose name has been mailed within three days after this announcement is read, will receive an extra $250.00, or $750.00 in all. Send your name at once; be in time for the promptness prize, and you will be notified immediately the approximate time of the prize award. Please remember any name may be the winner, so help this beautiful little Hollywood girl by sending your name today. All entries must be sent to the Publicity Director's office.

©HMPCO 1931

This movie actress, whom you have probably seen on the screen of your favorite motion picture theatre, is the beautiful Helen Mann. Like most of the stars, she prefers to use a name other than her own, and we have decided to help her obtain it by giving $750.00 in cash to the person who is quick in sending us the most suitable name.

Now what shall we name this beautiful and coming star? Most any name may win. It may be your very own, a name of a friend or relative, or a coined name made up by you. Just make it easy to pronounce, and easy to remember. But send it right away, or you may be late for the promptness prize.

Take a pen or pencil right now and fill in your suggestion for a name at the top of this announcement, tear it out and mail to us with your name and address. There is absolutely nothing else to do to win this big cash prize of $750.00.

E. A. WILLIAMS, Pub. Director, Studio 103, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, California

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Where movie fans express their frank opinions

Stands By Joan

Milton, Florida.

THOSE who adore Joan Bennett will be even more enthusiastic if they can be proud possessors of her picture posed with her little daughter, Adrienne. I don't think Joan Bennett or any other star will lose popularity because they are mothers.

Sally Griffin.

One Of Thousands!

Los Angeles, Calif.

I HAVE been waiting most impatiently for some enterprising producer to give Alice White a contract. Why the "thumbs down" attitude? I have been fortunate to have met Alice at a première. She is the tiniest, most utterly adorable young person I have ever seen. She was *more* than kind to me. Please keep on rooting for Alice, won't you?

Ruth Cocklin.

Mother Speaks

St. Louis, Mo.

JOAN BENNETT lose popularity because the magazine print pictures of her baby? Perish the thought! Why, if the stars only knew it, that's the greatest publicity in the world—and the best. Have Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Costello, Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll and others suffered at the box office because their children were publicized. No! Let's have more stories about the children and home life of the stars.

Mrs. Martha Haisley.

Slams Garbo!

Chicago, Ill.

I LIKED your November issue for the reason that there were no stories about Greta Garbo. It's tiring to read about her in each and every magazine—so much so that I haven't been buying any movie publications lately. I do hope this isn't to be another publicity magazine for that inanimate, stupid looking person!

Dorothy De Long.

He's Neither

Peoria, Ill.

WE HAVE had quite a discussion on whether Harpo Marx is deaf and dumb or whether he just portrays the part in pictures. Any information you can contribute to help clear up the argument will certainly be appreciated.

Drug Store Boys.

Admires Film Mothers

Daytona Beach, Fla.

IF I had any say, there would be a monthly magazine devoted to children of the stars, telling us of their daily lives.

Isn't little Adrienne Fox Bennett a darling? Such a sweet name, and what a perfect miniature of Joan. She ought to be very proud. I'd always thought the Bennett sisters were high-hat, but they aren't. They are everything that is fine and proud. Joan and little Adrienne have the honor page of my own personal movie album. One of her loyal admirers.

Jane H. Usher.

Thanks, Marian

Miami, Fla.

I HAVE just completed my first reading of SCREEN BOOK, and I will say that it is the "Baby Wampas" of movie magazines for this year. It is so full of spicy news of the stars. Your "Screen Tabloid" is particularly fascinating and easy to read, especially because it is easy to locate the stars in which one is most interested. I'm very glad that I discovered your publication, and you may be sure that you have a new fan in the writer hereof.

Marion Horton.

Two months ago SCREEN BOOK asked its readers this question: "Will Joan Bennett's popularity as a romantic heroine be affected when the public knows that she has a little daughter, Adrienne, by an early marriage? The result has been a deluge of letters from her loyal fans, a few of which we proudly include in this month's Mail Box

All For Sally

Louisville, Ky.

I SAW Sally Eilers last evening in *Bad Girl* and acclaim her as one of our best actresses. She certainly portrayed a beautiful, interesting rôle in this picture. May every good fortune and happiness be Sally's, and may we see her again soon. Please publish a picture and story about her soon. Thanks.

Helen Allison.

More About Greta

Port Chester, N. Y.

THE magnificent Garbo demonstrates again in *Susan Lenox* that she is the screen's first actress. The beautiful poem by B. W. in the December issue could only be inspired by so lovely a star as Greta. More power to the incomparable one!

N. A. Museus.

Watch For It!

San Francisco, Calif.

ONE thing I would like to see in SCREEN BOOK is a nice long story about Phillips Holmes, with some new pictures of him. Phil is a knockout!

Margie Williams.

Still Laughing

San Diego, Calif.

A MOVIE comedian has at last struck my funny bone. Until I saw Jimmie Durante they all left me cold, but since I saw him in *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* I can't quit laughing. He's chased the blues away for good as far as I'm concerned and I'm scanning every inch of your book to find out when I'll get to see him again. Hope it's soon.

John Morrison.

Congratulations For Crusaders

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY HAT is off to the crusaders against crime who produced *The Star Witness* and *Five Star Final.* They are the kind of pictures that wake people up to the things that are actually

happening in our country in a way newspapers can not do. My only wish after I had seen those pictures was that I had millions of dollars at my disposal to strike out to fight the gangsters until everyone was behind the bars and to crush every scandal sheet and unscrupulous tabloid.

Mrs. J. L. Martin.

Cheers Tallulah

New Orleans, La.

'RAH for Tallulah Bankhead. She has the best points of all the popular stars and an incomparable individuality. She has the clean-cut speech and femininity of Constance Bennett, the languorous eyes of Dietrich, the mysterious allure of Garbo which makes her create an impression without uttering a word, and the unquestioned talent of Ruth Chatterton. Besides that she has that cultured something which shines forth from no other screen actress.

Sarah Lee Andre.

Two Men Found

Battle Creek, Mich.

OH, I just found two men I'd like to see more of. I wish the fans would "discover" them the way they discovered Clark Gable. The men are Robert Williams and Ralf Harolde. They are both so natural they make any part in which they are cast, and I hope we'll see them both in leading rôles before long.

Marjorie Ames.

Don't Cry, Mickey!

Ogden, Utah.

I WISH little Mickey Mouse would fall in the ink-well and never come up. I wish every animated cartoon would turn somersaults off the screen and stay off. When I go to see a good movie I have to waste time on these silly little features and listen to inane sound effects and get in such a bad humor I can't enjoy the picture.

H. F. Jackson.

Feel Better, Mickey?

Richmond, Va.

AS SUGAR to my cereal and cheese to my apple pie is the introduction of a Mickey Mouse feature to a highly dramatic picture. No program is quite complete without a scene of Mickey skipping down the lane with Minnie Mouse. As for my children—they don't say "We're going to the movies." They say, "We're going to see Mickey Mouse."

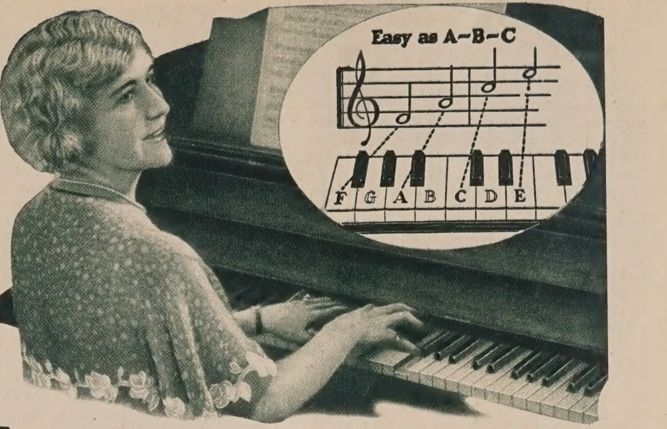
Mrs. Jack Collins.

Getting Funnier

Reno, Nevada.

HOLLYWOOD must be getting all the good gag writers in the world all of a sudden. There was a time when the essence of funniness, according to motion picture directors, was throwing something soft and squashy, but with the talkies the lines are funny. I think Butterworth is a wow and his lines in *Sideshow* were side-splitters. Charlotte Greenwood's lines always sound just like her and William Haines' gags are the best ever.

Mary Cassel.



Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice — tabooed monotonous scales—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher?

If hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

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And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in your own home hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note.*

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The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music *yourself!*

The ability to play offers you a definite escape from monotony—helps you meet people—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument enjoys an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds chums—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "standby" for their later years.

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Gable's Climb to Stardom

[*Continued from page* 47]

showed that he was divorced and this was his second marriage. William Gable was his father and Adeline Hershelman his mother. He gave his age as thirty. He gave his future wife's name as Ria Langham, her former address as 148 E. 81st Street, New York City. A divorcée, this was to be her third marriage. Her father was George Franklin and her mother Annie Pulford. Her age was put down as forty-one. Again, Clark Gable was married to a woman a great deal older than himself. They applied for this license on June 13th and early in the morning on June 19th, when the doors of the courthouse had just opened, William C. Gable and Ria Langham, accompanied by Joseph Sherman, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity director, and a Miss Aea Haswell walked into Judge Morrison's chamber and were married immediately.

The present Mrs. Gable was very much put out when a news story appeared in the morning papers before she came back to Santa Ana to be married. To the contented-looking reporters she raved, "Must you publish this?" When they told her it was already in print, greater indignation was registered and Clark spent most of his time consoling her. Unfortunately, the photographer arrived two minutes after the wedding party had left, so there are no photographic records of this memorable occasion.

The thing which amused the newspapermen at this particular time was the fact that Gable had given his name as William C. Gable, and, when questioned, said he was Clark Gable's brother. Also one can notice in the photostatic copy of the license that the address given was Ravens Apartments. A little diligent sleuthing on the part of a reporter disclosed the fact that it was the Ravens*wood* Apartments at 570 N. Rossmore, Hollywood.

IT IS also rumored that the present Mrs. Gable was residing in this same enormous apartment house. Since she had been seen dining with our hero at various times, naturally she too was questioned. She maintained vehemently that it couldn't be Clark Gable who had applied for a license since he was already married.

The plot now thickened to such an extent that a romance was felt to be firmly established between these two. Investigating still further, it was discovered that the lady who was to marry Gable was the same wealthy Mrs. G. Franklin Langham who had been residing at 148 E. 81st Street, New York City.

More or less in a spot by this time, the man of the hour, Gable, admitted that it was he who had signed the application for marriage as William C. Gable on June 13th, 1931.

The women in Gable's life? There have been plenty. All kinds. And, as you look back over his life, you are startled to discover that women have been the ones who have helped swing Gable up to where he is today. First there was the aunt who for seventeen years taught Gable all she knew about the fine things in life; then Josephine Dillon, his teacher and guide; and the present Mrs. Gable, whose wealth and beautiful home in New York helped to give the ambitious young actor an entirely different contact from any he had experienced before. Pauline Frederick, with whom he is rumored to have had a romantic interlude. Jane Cowl, whose gracious encouragement helped him when he was the what-ho boy in her *Romeo and Juliet.*

Lillian Albertson, who acted inadvertently in the scheme of Gable's career. If it had not been for her offer, it is doubtful whether Gable would have ever returned to Hollywood. Lillian, too, told him many more things to do and what not to do. And what a lucky break for him that he was given those "naturals," the opportunity to play opposite Metro's three petted stars, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford.

Up from the ash-can pops Buster, the vagabond dog, while Buster Keaton throws protective arms about his gentleman dog, Elmer. Then Buster, who is really the star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dog pictures, laughs aloud because Keaton did not see through his disguise

I FOUND Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife, in her shabby little studio barn. She told me that in all of her career she had never known a pupil who had such a great integrity. That nothing in the world would make Clark see people or talk to people when he was studying a part. And it was a gracious thing for her to say that if today Clark becomes a little more self-centered it should be understandable, for it will be the fault of those who have loved him in the past.

Each one who has touched his life emotionally, starting with his beloved little aunt, has made Clark the center of her world. *Now,* the whole world is insistently centering Clark in the middle of its mad scope.

"Clark has always known what he wanted and his chief interest is in getting just that particular thing. He has no other desire than to be a great actor. He has always wanted to be the best and the finest in his line. He has never stopped studying. Each day is filled with electrifying new angles. Clark has been so intense upon *grabbing hold* that he could never be bothered with petty things.

"He used to take me down on Main Street and Los Angeles Street, dragging me from one queer place to another. He would follow a drunk, sometimes for two hours at a time, watching everything he did, studying the man. We even went out to the County Hospital, into the psychopathic ward, and into the places where dope addicts are. Clark dissected them just as a great physician dissects a body. He has gone into some exclusive homes of the socially prominent, bored to death at being there, but watching every minute the things that the people did.

"He was always less interested in social affairs than anything else. For instance, he would rather take a picnic hamper with a steak or chops and other food down to the beach, build a fire and cook the food himself. That is his idea of a good time. He prefers it to all the Embassy Clubs in the world."

FIVE years ago Clark managed to save enough money to buy an old second-hand car for $50.00. After he had driven it for ten thousand miles he sold it for the same amount he had paid for it. He had even covered the seat with some old black leather taken out of a chair. He had practically re-made the body and the engine. There is a thrifty Dutchman for you.

The artistic side of Clark Gable is an impetuous one. The other side is close-mouthed—a trait inherited from his father.

Gable is a paradoxical man, who touches the keys of a piano lightly and beautifully. Two hours later he is apt to be on the floor of a garage, covered with grease, tearing a car to pieces.

About four years ago there was a place called the Red Shirt Garage down on Wilton and Hollywood Boulevard. When friends wanted to find him, they went there first of all. The man is mad about automobiles. He has made but three extravagant gestures since his fat contract with Metro. The first is his

When Charles Butterworth told this elegant man of his crush on a blonde chorine and met silence he thought the fellow was high-hat but when His Highness ignored a cigarette Charles discovered he had been talking to a clothes dummy in a costume factory

great, black, shining roadster, the second is his riding horse, and the other an elaborate and extensive wardrobe. He has satisfied a life-long ambition in owning his own horse, and now he wants to learn polo.

People who know him intimately say he never quarrels or loses his temper. He himself says, "The Irish may quarrel, but a Dutchman never does."

An amusing side of him is this. When Clark is playing a rôle, on stage or screen, he becomes that personality and he never steps outside of the character even when he has gone home at night. During the period that he played Sergeant Quirt in *What Price Glory*, it was one long string of profanity from morning to night. When he was the unforgettable reporter in *Chicago*, he remained consistently the cocky, gum-chewing, tough newspaper guy. He never by any chance became himself until the curtain came down for the last time.

CLARK likes chocolate caramels and always has a box of them around. Due to the fine Dutch training he had as a boy, he never smoked or drank during the process of growing up. He had never even tasted coffee until two years ago. He used to go to Sunday School in the Lutheran Church with his hair slicked rebelliously back and his best suit of clothes on.

It isn't Gable's fault that the girls get breathless when he goes past. He kind of likes it, though, and grins when Wally Beery kids him. Gable can take a man's gaff and grin about it.

The garage men who know him light their pipes and say, "He's a swell guy." And the electricians on the set would give anyone the bums' rush if they thought Gable wasn't getting the right break.

This tough guy Gable, the ruthless lover who topples dainty ladies into hysterical heaps at his feet, is sentimental.

He has had his romances and plenty of them. His gray eyes widen when he says, "If I've been happy some place at some time in my life with a charming person I couldn't go back to that place again with anyone else—I'd be embarrassed. I'd feel like an intruder."

So he isn't as tough as you might suspect.

NOW Clark lives in a luxurious suite of rooms at one of Hollywood's most expensive apartment houses. He has, to all outward appearances, everything a man could want—wealth, fame and happiness. But does he give himself credit for all this? Not Clark Gable! He is actually embarrassed at finding himself a celebrity. He hasn't any illusions of grandeur. His hat is still the same size it used to be in the days when he wore shoe leather thin tramping from studio to studio in search of work.

That's why on première night you can find this new public idol, grinning happily, signing autograph books by the hundred, and trying hard despite this new-found fame to remain the man his friends knew and admired in less prosperous days.

Luck, Clark believes, is the reason for his success. But no amount of studio planning will pack theatres for picture after picture, unless the star really has something. No crafty deception on the part of a studio can regulate the number of letters that come to a star each day—and it is no exaggeration to say that only two stars, Valentino and Garbo, have ever received more. It can't really be explained—the reason for this man's success. One can only say that he is Clark Gable, the man of the hour—a star the public really wants—a man's man, and a woman's ideal.

"Well, here's Gable, folks." And you're going to have to see a lot of him in the future, for he's hitched his career to the stars and nothing is going to stop him this time.

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Look Out For Peggy!

[*Continued from page* 48]

a path of death and ruined hopes . . .

And after a few months in Hollywood Peg was willing to believe that she had entered another cyclone belt. Only in this one the fury was not formed by a tall, green and black column of angry wind. It was made up of the veiled, maddening whispers of gossiping tongues— bitter as acid and malicious as only the small, jealous, idle talk of the screen colony sometimes can be.

I like to think of Peg as she was just before entering the Follies, a slim little fifteen-year-old girl with long ropes of red hair hanging down her back, gazing at the unfolding miracles of Manhattan for the first time. She had just arrived from Pine Bluff, and she was so green that she shamed the White House lawn. Then the canny Flo saw her.

The Shannons, headed by Mother, featuring Peg and including the baby sister, had arrived in New York in full flight from the menaces of the Cyclone Belt. They left behind them a huge, comfortable fourteen-room house of nineteenth century vintage, set in a square block of yard and surrounded by trees. This was rife with dogs and cats and the kids of Pine Bluff, whooping all day under the leadership of Peggy, the loudest whooper of them all. (Except during cyclones.)

This facility for making noise Peggy carried over to the period when, with her hair combed neatly into braids, she entered the local high school and began to give the young gentry of the opposing sex that gone feeling under the left ribs. She played the violin and the piano in the school orchestra, swooped about as a member of the girl's basketball team, and began to realize that she could have almost anything she wanted from a boy by turning upon him the full battery of her eyes, while smiling slowly and saying "Please" in a voice which later was to make sound experts purr contentedly in their monitor houses.

But all this was too easy. Peggy didn't know exactly what she wanted, but it was something outside the confines of Pine Bluff—where people called you Winona, and a cyclone might at any moment destroy the work of years, and where she knew everything about everybody. Life was a pretty dull business . . . until one night the family went forty miles across the prairie to see a production of *The Garden of Allah.*

And there it was! Then little Winona Shannon knew what she wanted, and for weeks thereafter she acted out every part she could remember in the play. Her school work suffered, but she didn't care. It was an actress that she wanted to be—an actress! And when Madge Evans came to town with a line of hats she was promoting, her wish got so large that it actually hurt.

BUT still there remained no way of escape from Pine Bluff, pleasant as it was with its parties and picnics and sociables, and with vacations in Georgia or Mississippi. And none presented itself until just after Peggy graduated from high school. A form of tragedy came to the family, and her mother bundled up baby Carolyn, took Peg by the hand, and bought three tickets for New York.

They found an apartment, and Peggy (no more Winona) was thrilled to discover that the girl next door was a secretary in the Ziegfeld offices. She invited Peg backstage to watch a rehearsal of the Follies—warning her to be careful and not get in anybody's way, or to draw attention to herself. Useless advice. In the huge bevy of polished young women, the red-headed child with the magnolia complexion and the mammoth eyes and the little down South dress was about as inconspicuous as a searchlight. Passing her, one of Mr. Ziegfeld's young men stumbled over a cable and nearly broke his neck.

"Hey!" he cried. "What's this?" And then: "Oh, Mr. Ziegfeld, will you come here a moment, please?"

Mr. Ziegfeld came, and looked . . . and do you remember that beautiful red-haired child who decorated the Follies of four seasons ago? That was the little girl from Pine Bluff after Mr. Ziegfeld got through glorifying her—and one who subsequently became one of the brightest graduates of that famous school.

The next season Peggy was an even more spectacular member of Earl Carrol's Vanities. She was, in fact, so darned good to look at that Earl got the idea she could act as well. He gave her a place in a show he was producing called *What Anne Brought Home.* Peggy was pretty bad. Rather, pretty—and bad.

But she had found what she was looking for—her medium. She went to work, studying, concentrating on developing herself as an actress. And develop she did. It began to look as though the time were past when her working clothes were a set of scanties and a rope of beads, topped by a glad smile. But it wasn't over—yet.

For while the show world immediately recognized that here was the material for a fine and capable young actress, that same fine and capable young actress kept failing to get into a show that would run. And meanwhile there was a mother and young sister to support.

Peggy worked. She had to keep working. She filled in-between dramatic engagements with all sorts of jobs. She did musicals and modeled. She worked in night clubs and posed for fashion advertisements. And as new shows came up, she would look over her slender funds and decide whether or not she could risk four weeks rehearsal without pay—only to find that she was in another flop. But she always gambled for the big chance. And always lost.

OUT of fifteen plays that she signed for, her longest run was for six weeks! But she didn't cave in before this awful run of bad luck. She would laugh, and look for something else. Her feet were on the road she felt she was destined to travel. It was only a matter of time, of fighting the good fight—And sure enough the bright day came.

Paramount was conducting a search for new screen material. Peggy, then being featured in *Napi*, with Ernest Truex, was spotted, and a chance in pictures offered her.

Now it's screen history how Peg took the other red-head's place in *The Secret Call,* and scored so conclusively that she was jumped from it to *Silence* to

The Road to Reno to *Touchdown* to *Second Chances*, so quickly as to make her think that maybe she had been grabbed by a cyclone, after all!

Screen acting is hard work. In fact it runs a close second to iron puddling, horse breaking and log rolling. Peggy, tired as the most driven wage slave by this constant procession of rôles, ordinarily drops into bed at night so exhausted that she found it necessary to buy a huge alarm clock to awaken her in the morning. But Hollywood didn't give any consideration there. It merely saw that the newcomer wasn't playing as the other girls play. (Most of whom are continually "between pictures.") And a cruel and relentless series of rumors sprung up—

While all the while Peggy was being nothing more nor less than faithful to young Allan Davis, lately featured in the musical comedy, *You Said It*—and her husband for the past three years!

One of the ancient Hollywood traditions is that a film player, particularly a new one, should not be too open about admitting that he has a legal mate. The fans might not approve, 'tis said. Thus Peggy was advised, and consequently no mention was made of Allan, busy with his show in the East, upon her arrival. But now Peggy can see no logical reason why she should remain silent any longer.

"All that I gained was to be the center of a host of absurd stories. And now that Allan's show has closed and he is able to be with me here, I'm the happiest person in the world. We've gone through so much together! Show business is a hard one at best—and we've been broke, and on top of the world. We've been without food—and had banquets. It's been a struggle, but a marvelous one.

"NATURALLY we've had our emotional troubles. But we've fought them down. After all, there is only one kind of love—and that's the giving kind, and the forgiving. A mother doesn't abandon her child just because of a mistake. Neither should married folk. Otherwise it isn't love that they've been having, but something else . . . sex attraction, companionship—something, perhaps, but not love—

"And love is what there is between Mr. and Mrs. Allan Davis!"

And that, I'll have *you* know, is the kind of a girl this is: five feet, five and with a figure to make the male angels cry out in their sleep, red-haired and blue-eyed and regular. She plays the radio constantly, and thinks Bing Crosby is grand. She reads and writes French easily, and has kept her violin and piano ability. She is totally unconcerned about the appearance of her clothes, for the most part. So much so that her kid sister says: "Peggy, people will think you are Miss Shannon's *maid*!"

She likes biscuits and fried chicken and emeralds and velvet and tailored clothes and sunsets and fast driving and solitude. She is superstitious; a trait probably bred into her by the colored mammies who were her nurses. She always makes wishes, looking at the new moon over her left shoulder.

Once when she was a little girl she wished to grow up and be pretty and famous and to have people love her . . . and if all wishes came as true as that one has, some of the rest of us better give up Rajah's Pegs and start being superstitious, too!

Thru The Keyhole

[*Continued from page* 54]

jibe at Marion's habit of stuttering from time to time). The party had been publicized so widely in advance that the Ambassador Hotel resembled the scene of a Hollywood opening, and the police had to be called out to handle the crowds which gathered to watch the stars arrive. Marion looked radiant in a simple French frock of pure white, and she wore two bracelets of diamonds and rubies. And so opened the Hollywood social season.

Gandhi's Namesake

MARION, by the way, brought a dachshund back from Europe. They are the smart brand this season. And she has named him Gandhi. By close inspection we do not wonder because, strangely enough, he really resembles Mahatma, except of course that he cannot operate a spinning wheel.

Another Queer People?

VICKI BAUM of Germany, whose *Grand Hotel* was last season's dramatic sensation on Broadway, has left Hollywood. But rumor has it that Metro-Goldwyn will make *Grand Hotel* an all-star super special with Greta Garbo, Jack Gilbert, Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore in the cast. Then, Miss Baum is planning a novel about Hollywood which will make several of our local celebrities froth at the mouth. And, in gathering atmosphere she has visited what is politely called a house of ill-repute (believe it or not), a gambling boat, anchored along our Pacific Coast, the jail, the cafes, and of course the wrestling and boxing matches.

Hollywood Romances

THE Carmen Pantages and John Considine romance is on the rocks again according to the wagging tongues about town. Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a little cool and not accepting invitations to the same parties. Joan seen at the Beach Club with Hope (New York stage and society) Williams. Greta Nissen appears to admire James Rennie. And at Marion Davies' party Ina Claire asked to sit at the same table with John Gilbert, but since she left very early we take it they did not get on so well. The "mysterious blonde" seen dancing at the Ambassador with Hugh Trevor was none other than his ex-wife. Mrs. Rudy Vallée (née Fay Webb) is back in town without Rudy.

No Powder Puffs

IT'S a break for the women to have a new screen idol at whom the boy friend can not hurl such epithets as "Pink powder puffs." In Clark Gable they have a real man's man. He just went—and not in style—for a two weeks hunting trip to Utah.

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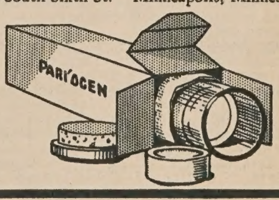

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Hollywood Prodigals

[*Continued from page* 41]

"and live on just what you make in pictures."

It wasn't so long before Hugh was playing western leads. And all this time he had, right here in Hollywood, an uncle who could have made a star out of him, with no questions asked. But William LeBaron was like the rest of the Thomas family. He didn't want Hugh to be an actor. During Hugh's trying months in pictures, he never went to his uncle for help, nor did he use his name to influence other producers to give him a chance.

Even after he reached the top, it was not Uncle Bill who gave him his Radio Picture's contract. Mr. LeBaron says, "He obtained it in spite of me, rather than because of me."

When he at last proved that he was no disgrace to his family, that family wanted him to change his name back to Thomas. Hugh wanted to also, but that uncle producer said, "No, you built up a name for yourself without help. Stick to it, my boy."

LUPE VELEZ was such an unruly tomboy that she was sent to a convent in San Antonio, Texas, to learn to be a lady. Lupe didn't want to be a lady. She sang naughty songs which she made up. She danced "hot-cha-cha" dances when the sisters were not looking. She even ran away from school. And no matter how severely she was punished, she went right on being a wild, defiant little tempest.

Her people decided there was nothing to do but let her alone. They did just about that until she came to Hollywood and landed a contract. She was not looked upon as such a bad girl here in this magic city, but she was regarded as a bit "fast," and still is by the people of her native Mexico.

But Lupe is as forgiving as she is wild. "They meant to be kind," she said, and then promptly sent for her entire family. She is particularly kind to her mother, who smiles with pride, instead of blushing with shame, whenever her daughter's name is mentioned.

And Senora Villalobos is sincere in her pride, because, as she explains, "Lupe was never bad. It was only that she wanted to direct attention to herself that she acted bad."

Richard Arlen was another youth who was not looked upon with pride by his home town of St. Paul, Minnesota. He was considered a wild scapegrace to whom no good could come. No one seemed to understand his moods, and, when they didn't, he would go out and get into mischief. Most of the scandal was caused by his constant association with a much older woman. There was a bond of sympathy between the young boy and this lady which scandalmongers liked to call an "affair."

To add to this, he left St. Thomas College to enter the World War as a flyer. Flying in those days was considered at best a hazardous game of chance. Young Sylvanus Mattimore, as he was then known, received no co-operation in his idea. He fooled them all. He went to Canada and enlisted and became a member of the Royal Flying Corps.

Rather than go back to the town of unpleasant memories, where he felt he wasn't wanted, he drifted to Hollywood. After much hard luck he made good. That same quality that the home folks thought he lacked, was what made him

Most of the daring juveniles of the screen have joined Slim Summerville's strong man act. Reading left to right this Herculean team includes Ben Alexander, Slim himself, Russell Gleason, Lew Ayres, Billy Bakewell, and Walter Rodgers

When a hotel manager *made a road map*

THIS guest was leaving early in the morning for the South. And he didn't know the road. During the evening, the manager himself made a road map for the guest. Did the guest appreciate it? He wrote back and said he never made a wrong turn.

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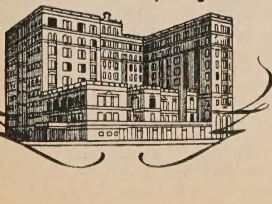

stick through the hungry days of early picture making.

And now! St. Paul proudly tells you that Richard Arlen once lived there!

RICHARD GRACE, who isn't an actor yet, but who soon will be, was a judge's son. His father was a very dignified judge and expected his children to respect his views and wishes. Two of the three boys did. The other was Dick. No amount of punishment could make Dick stop fighting, or stop trying stunts to show off in front of the other kids.

He was smart enough in school and his father tried to make him a lawyer. The idea progressed until war was declared and Dick insisted upon joining the army. His father, ever patriotic, was pleased. But, did his son join as an infantryman? Not on your life. It wasn't spectacular enough. He joined the air force.

After the war was over and Dick was home, a big banquet was spread in his honor at the state capital, Bismark, North Dakota. Everyone who amounted to anything in the state was there, to honor Judge Grace, as well as his flying son.

They laid the red velvet carpet from the train to the car that carried him to the banquet hall. He asked to be excused until he washed up a bit. He forgot to appear at the banquet.

As if that wasn't disgrace enough, he went out barnstorming with an air circus instead of going back to study law. And finally he wound up in Hollywood as a stunt man. News of his daring reached home and although others applauded him, his father looked upon him as a fool and a disgrace to the Grace name.

Then suddenly Dick calmed down and decided to write a book. He told his father about it. "If you do that, son," his father said, "it will wipe out all the disappointment I have felt in you."

The book was completed. It was dedicated to his father, but with a tear in his eye, Dick says, "Perhaps it's just as well he never lived to know what the book was about."

Perhaps the blackest sheep of all was Joan Crawford. It seems from the time Joan was born until the last few years, she was always in trouble, always getting talked about. If it wasn't for dancing too much, it was for running away from home or spending too much money.

Joan was ambitious and had a great desire to be noticed. Her people were poor and the family name didn't bring her any recognition. She gained it by doing silly little things, unbecoming a "nice" girl.

Then, when she found her purpose was being misunderstood, she defied them all—family, friends and teachers—and did just as she pleased, even to running away from home with a show.

When she came to Hollywood, she again made the mistake of thinking she had to be seen night after night dancing at a different place with a different man or she wouldn't be known as popular.

This went on in spite of advice from those who loved her until she herself was old enough to see the folly of it. Today she is one of the screen's real ladies and stands at the top of the list of *Black Sheep who are White Haired Children Now.*

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Movie Mad Man

[*Continued from page* 34]

the straws at a soda fountain when he had an inspiration.

"I've got an idea!" he said. "I hope it works out. Quiet, now!"

THE Fairbanks brow kneaded into furrows through sheer concentration. He took a bit of straw, a quarter of an inch long, and painstakingly slipped it over a prong of a fork. Fascinated, I watched as he slipped other bits over the prong. When the first prong was completely covered, the tension broke and we breathed freely again.

When all the prongs were covered, Doug grinned that magnificent grin of his. "Now *that's* an achievement!" he boasted.

A walk across the Warner Brothers-First National lot with Doug is a running vaudeville performance.

"I heard what you said about me the other day!" he says to a junior executive. "You're going to answer to me for those lies."

"Why—why—" the man sputters. Then Doug's laugh reveals that it's all in fun.

"Hello, Binkenheimer!" he greets someone else. "Oh, darn it—I forgot that your name is Blankenhooser."

"My name is Newman," says the man stiffly.

Again the young laughter. He sneaks up behind a crowd and makes lionesque sounds. He yells greetings to a friend a block away.

And always he is borrowing cigarettes. His pockets may be full—but still he borrows more cigarettes. "It's just a habit of mine," he grins.

Soberly he takes out his automatic lighter—and borrows a match with which to light it. "If it ever worked automatically, I'd throw it away," he says. "I've tried to light the darned thing with a burning cigarette—but the inventor had the foresight to guard against that. It can't be done."

"HAVE you always been this way?"

"Well—I was hardly into my teens before I became curious about the lot of down-and-outers. I decided I had to find out for myself.

"I put on my oldest clothes and went panhandling. I got enough for several cups of coffee. Then I went to a park and slept on a bench, covered with newspapers. A cop woke me up at dawn, and told me to beat it. It was swell.

"And ever since I've been an easy mark for guys that want a few dimes for a meal.

"I don't mind it if people now and then call me a nut. I believe in being natural. In fact, I think it's a good idea to be natural. It's conducive to complete self-development. Especially it's good for anyone who is trying to express himself in some field of art."

And a natural, lovable human being Doug Fairbanks is. He sits in a chair on his haunches. Instantly he brings out the naturalness in you. Whatever you may be—waitress or diplomat, schoolgirl or financier—you feel at ease with Doug, because he's at ease with you.

This madcap youth is not that and nothing else. His burning-bright, restless blue eyes see all there is to see. His thin, aesthetic face fairly shimmers with the medley of thoughts that live in his eager mind.

With all his bantering, he is no shallow optimist. You sense that Fairbanks has known tragedy and suffering, that he knows life is a heart-breakingly difficult proposition, at times cruel beyond endurance.

THIS youth, who is an embodiment of bright laughter at times, is a morose and thoughtful person.

"It's those moods which have given me a reputation for being high-hat," he explains. "People seem to think that I haven't any right to go off by myself and be quiet and introspective.

"I know myself horribly well. I have about as many faults as anyone could have and still live.

"It's my sense of humor that saves me. I'm an admirer of man's sense of humor. Animals, birds, fish—they all eat and sleep and reproduce and a hundred other things we do. But they haven't our sense of humor. It is man's most rare and precious trait.

"I'm acutely conscious of how short life is. And I want to get a lot out of it. I'm hungry for life and more life, for varied experience and knowledge.

"I resent sleep. I hate it. I rarely sleep more than six hours, and sometimes four. I don't know what may be back of death—and since there may be nothing, I've got to crowd into my life everything there is."

Yes, Doug is a serious man as well as the fool he says he is. You could travel many miles before meeting anyone who could discuss with greater sanity and freshness the problems of nations or the nature of art. His head is in the sky—but his feet are on the ground.

Doug is warmly real and decent. You should hear the intonation with which he says "my father" and "my wife" to know how much he loves and admires each of them. He laughs at rumors that he and Joan will separate. "Two weeks after we were married," he says, "people were saying that we were to have a baby. Four weeks later, that we were to be divorced. Since then, rumors have become more and more absurd."

THIS youth, who is the most promising of Hollywood's younger talent, began his artistic self-expression at the age of nine. A caricature he did of Raymond Hitchcock was used in the actor's advertising for years. His mother, Beth Sully, divorced wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., took him to Paris for study of art.

Today he has definite standing as poet and actor, as sculptor and fictionist, as caricaturist and essayist. His studio contract calls for his authoring and advisory service as well as his thespian skill, with provision made for possible use of his services as a director. It is no exaggeration to say that America is artistically richer for its possession of this talented youngster.

. . . You'll have to excuse me. The city's street-lighting department just phoned to ask a favor. They want me to check on whether the street light at the corner is burning.

. . . I just returned, thoroughly soaked by the rain. Wait till I get hold of Doug Fairbanks!

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Garbo's Strange Plot

[*Continued from page* 23]

whom it is believed she truly loved, never spoke of her to others with more than casual reference. Even when their love faded and died (if indeed it has, altogether), he never revealed, even to his intimates, the girl whom he must know better than any other man in Hollywood. Considering the freedom with which John has seen fit to discuss Ina Claire, the ex-Mrs. Gilbert, this fact would serve to indicate that Garbo did indeed lay the spell of silence upon him.

While the nearest Garbo ever came to discussing her side of the romance was when she declared, "Many things have been written about my friendship with Mr. Gilbert, but it is only a friendship. I will never marry. My work absorbs me. But I think that Jack Gilbert is one of the finest men I have ever known. He is a real gentleman. He is a great artist. He lifts me up and carries me along with him. It is not scenes I am doing—I am living."

Other men have laid their hearts at Garbo's feet. One, a childhood sweetheart, came from distant Sweden to press his suit. Like the others, he went away to live with his memories of her, but he did not talk.

EARLY in her American career Greta said, "Interviews, how I hate them! When I get to be a big star I will never give another."

And since the death of Maurice Stiller, Garbo has never spoken a word for publication. In spite of this fact, millions of words of conjecture, analysis, and supposition have been written about her. Everyone who has at any time so much as touched the hem of her gown has been interviewed about her. Her directors, her leading men, members of her supporting casts, extras who create atmosphere on her sets, the cameraman who photographs her, her servants, and even her corner groceryman have been opportuned for even the most trivial bits of information.

Fifi Dorsay and Lilyan Tashman, once accepted by Garbo as friends, were cast into the outer darkness for giving out interviews on her and once two servants, discharged by Garbo, sought revenge (and cash) by talking, but their revelations were so uninspired as to be meaningless and the enigma of Garbo remained unsolved.

Even a quarrel with the star seems not to release the thrall from the spell. During the making of *Inspiration*, Garbo and Clarence Brown, her director in five previous pictures, disagreed most violently. In the first heat of his resentment, Brown did let slip a few unguarded statements and the word went the rounds.

"Get to Clarence Brown. He is ready to talk about Garbo."

Like vultures to the feast, the gossip hounds and chatter writers swooped down, but the spell had been given time to work. Brown's lips were sealed, not by fear of consequences, not by orders of the studio but by the effects of this mysterious taboo. He stared at the news hounds coldly.

"Miss Garbo and I are on the best of terms. If we had a little misunderstanding over certain bits of business, what star and director, working in the

[*Continued on page* 73]

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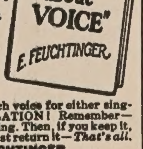

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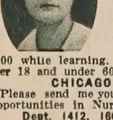

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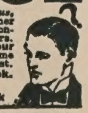

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An Ex-Secretary Tells on Gloria Swanson

[*Continued from page* 22]

spots here and there, but with all the possibilities in the world. He loved her and he devoted all his time and thought for a while to making her a finished masterpiece. She loved Somborn and did her best to live up to his dreams of her.

It was during this period that de Mille saw her—radiant and promising—and offered her the greatest opportunity of her career. It was sometime during this period, too, that she met Marshall Neilan, one of the greatest showmen in the picture business. They became good friends.

But Somborn was the reigning element in Gloria Swanson's heart. She married him and, almost in humility, became the mother of his child—a lovely daughter who will always keep the memory of Somborn fresh in her heart, for she always has, and still does, love Gloria II with the love of the tiger for her young.

GLORIA and Somborn slowly drifted apart. Somborn became more concerned with his own advancement than Gloria's, and Gloria became more interested in someone else—someone whose nature was marvelously adapted to her own.

Gloria *took* from Somborn a new position in life, a new knowledge of the correct thing to do at the correct time—sophistication, in short. Somborn, at first, also took charge of Gloria's studio affairs. He drew up and approved her contracts—always to her best advantage. He insured her position in pictures. He was a very clever businessman as well as an experienced *bon vivant*. It is difficult to say which of his gifts to Gloria was the most valuable. The sophistication and social grace that she took from him undoubtedly paved the way to her great success. The firm knowledge of business that he gave her enabled her to make the most of that success when it was within her grasp.

Gloria *gave* Somborn the baby daughter he has always been privileged to see. She *gave* him a luxurious home and complete freedom from financial cares during the time they were together.

"I loved him. I thought he was the most wonderful man in the world," she once exclaimed to me as we sat long into the night talking about her affairs. That, incidentally, was one of Gloria's most harmful habits—she would talk all night if only someone would listen. She would slip into a negligée, loosen her hair and, with a little-girl expression of wonder and curiosity, begin on some insignificant discussion. Something important would flash into her mind, and the subject would veer—but the discussion would always continue. She loved to puzzle over the mysteries of life, and before one knew what had happened, she would carry on and on into so many interesting theories that time was forgotten until dawn brought a reminder that a night's sleep had been lost.

It took a man like Marshall Neilan to appreciate this almost eerie side of Gloria's nature. He was just Irish enough to understand her interest in the supernatural—for Gloria believes that her fate is marked out for her by the stars or some other irresistible force that is a mystery to her. Her faith gives her a calm reliance in her undertakings. That reliance was vitally necessary to her in the hectic days that ensued after her romance with Mickey Neilan began to ripen.

Her career and her happiness were to be threatened by a series of dangers. Her life became a continuous round of battles.

[*To Be Continued*]

EDITOR'S NOTE—Read, in the final installment of this fascinating story, how Gloria Swanson, faced by the greatest ordeals of her life, won through to greater fame and success than she had ever dreamed of finding. Read how the love of Marshall Neilan changed her perspective—and how she sacrificed that love for the sake of her career. The concluding chapter will appear in the next issue.

The Stars' Hopes for 1932

[*Continued from page* 25]

hitherto impenetrable places, and to keep the thrill of a kid having adventures.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.—I'll be satisfied if Joan and I can see any small, bright part of Europe this year—or even next. Of course I'm a little older and more sophisticated than dad.

KAY FRANCIS—I'm only one person out of more than a hundred million in the United States, but on behalf of all of us I would like to see the depression end.

SIDNEY FOX—To make more real friends and keep those I have.

CLARK GABLE—I want to learn to play polo. I always have wanted to. But up to now I seldom have had enough money to look at a polo horse, much less own one. I'll swell out my chest more with one of those white suits on than if you'd tell me I'm the screen's greatest . . . well, greatest anything . . .

GRETA GARBO— (That's just what we thought!)

WILLIAM HAINES—To continue hunting for interesting antiques, but not to become one, cinematically speaking.

PHILLIPS HOLMES—To be a good host and have a nice home, so that people will say, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Holmes."

BUSTER KEATON—To become a magazine interviewer for just long enough to interview Greta Garbo for The Family Journal.

EVELYN KNAPP—I want what every human being is looking for: a break. But not the sort of break I got when I fell off that cliff and broke almost every bone in my body. Gosh!

IVAN LEBEDEFF—I want to be able to occasionally not wear a monocle, without being in danger of catching cold.

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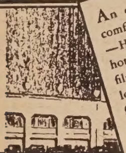

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THE LADY FROM MONTE CARLO
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DOROTHY LEE—I hope the gay people of the world win out over the long-hairs, in 1932 and forever. I think that the financial depression might disappear if the greedy and gloomy—they are one and the same—could be put down.

WINNIE LIGHTNER—I want to be happy! What else is there?

DAVID MANNERS—I want to be myself, and more others to be themselves. I'd like to see more picture producers and directors concerned with essentials than with asking me to blondine my dark brown hair in order to play a part. I had to do that recently—and then the producers postponed making the picture! Is that or is that not irony? I want the picture profession and the general public to believe, in 1932, that an actor does not do any acting through his hair.

MARIAN MARSH—I want to do as well in 1932 as I did in 1931.

JOEL MCCREA—I want to see more little-known and humble people get big parts on the screen; and "big shots" who take themselves seriously tumbled into the dust from whence they sprang.

MARILYN MILLER—I want Prosperity to be a more democratic fellow and be a pal to everyone instead of being so darned exclusive.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—All I ask is a mountain cabin in the high Sierras.

CHESTER MORRIS—All I want are screen stories that shake the four quarters of the globe, a hundred million dollars, and the ability to keep a straight face at a motion picture première when I see what I see. Right now, old man, can I borrow a match?

RAMON NOVARRO—When I was seventeen I left Durango, Mexico, my home town. I never returned. Now I have a nostalgia. I want to go back and see those old streets and houses—in 1932.

WILLIAM POWELL—Security of investments, at least of the principal; intelligent pictures; movement, change, freedom from boredom; intellectual alertness; deliver me, O Lord, from stagnation; I want old friends; new friends; fine sentiments; tolerance.

BUDDY ROGERS—Any kind of success—on the stage or screen, over the radio, or conducting a hotel jazz orchestra.

"CHIC" SALE—I've been sick. Now I'm better. I want good health in 1932 more than anything else. That's worth everything. The rest will take care of itself. You see, I can be serious.

PEGGY SHANNON—To keep on trying, and always to wonder who is lucky and who is deserving; to have friends, and be one.

BARBARA STANWYCK—I hope horses will stop sitting on me. Two hundred pound actors, ditto. In 1932, and ever afterward.

POLLY WALTERS—At least one big part in one big picture, just to find out what it's like.

WARREN WILLIAM—A forty-five foot yawl.

BERT WHEELER—To be funnier than Bob Woolsey.

ROBERT WOOLSEY—To be funnier than Bert Wheeler on the screen. But may he seem the funnier whenever we are caught red-handed taking ourselves seriously.

The stars have spoken. They have asked 1932 for some special boon or another—or they have hidden their hopes behind laughs.

And now—the rest of us will sit back and see what happens.

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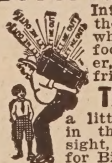

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How About Harlow?

[*Continued from page 33*]

instead, for she prefers coffee. There were delicious little toasted cheese sandwiches and other tempting things, but Jean declined them. Toying with too many calories has been the screen Waterloo of so many girls, and she isn't taking any chances!

PICTURE her in flannel beach trousers of brightest marine blue with saucy nautical buttons in the proper places. Trousers that hug her slender waist tightly and outline her graceful hips, then bell out, sailor fashion, about the ankles. Her blouse is of blue also, a gentian silk shirt, short of sleeves and open at the neck, disclosing the long line of slender throat which is one of Jean's great beauties. Slim, delicate, almost fragile, she fairly radiates that potent something they call sex appeal, without laying any apparent stress upon it.

"Do you always wear blue the exact shade of your eyes?" I remarked, taking another of the *petit fours.* "Clever girl."

"Oh, no. Only for lounging about the house like this. On the street I wear black almost always. And in the evening—white. Rarely any color."

And still, I insist she is a very clever girl. For what better frame for her platinum blonde loveliness than the flattering severity of black or white? It is a combination much used by Frenchwomen, sartorially the cleverest of them all.

Before her astounding leap into fame with *Hell's Angels,* Jean was playing in a Christie Comedy and getting about one hundred dollars a week. In two years her salary has risen to twenty times that amount. Not bad, for a girl just out of her teens.

THE story of how Jean got into that history-making leading woman's rôle in *Hell's Angels* is interesting, as told by the heroine herself.

"I was working on the Christie lot and I just happened to see Ben Lyon, who played one of the brothers in *Hell's Angels,* you know. Ben and I had been in a picture together and he said: 'They're making a lot of tests for a girl to play the lead. Why don't you try for the part, Jean?' But I only laughed. It seemed so impossible."

But Ben Lyon arranged for the test and worked with Jean when it was taken. "And then I didn't hear anything more for a couple of weeks," Jean went on, "until one night the studio called up and told me I was the new leading lady."

And it all began on that day, about three years ago, when Jean walked on the Fox lot with a girl friend who had an appointment for a gown fitting. A studio official noticed the striking blonde beauty of the visitor and she was asked to take a test. But Jean refused. She wasn't interested in a screen test, thank you. Then a little later, to win a bet, she went after her first part. Just a "bit," it was. And, getting a taste for this new and fascinating profession, there followed extra work and occasional small parts.

"When they asked me what name I wanted to use, I said: 'Jean Harlow.' It was the only one I could think of at the moment. My mother's maiden name, and I've always liked it. So that's how I became Jean Harlow."

JEAN lives with her mother and stepfather, a delightful French gentleman. They call her "*Bebé,*" that delicious Gallic diminutive which is so much sweeter than its English equivalent. Their house is of grey stone, having about it something of the character and flavor of a chateau in France, even though it happens to be in Beverly Hills. Set on a rounded knoll terraced with velvet lawn and gay with flowers, it overlooks a country club and in the distance the glistening white towers of the City of the Angels. There are rustling poplars, whispering together in the soft breeze from the nearby Pacific. And inside the house, the feeling of a place lived in by happy and harmonious people.

That is Jean's home and it suits her well. For in her veins there is French blood, inherited from her charming and devoted mother. In fact, Jean herself might be the reincarnation of some lovely lady of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, perhaps. With her platinum hair, so like the silvery wigs worn by the beauties of that day, and the little black beauty patch she always wears upon her rounded left cheek. Some say the little black patch is a mole, but it isn't.

"I put it on myself," Jean explained, "why, I wouldn't feel dressed without my beauty spot!"

WHEN she talks about her ambitions, what she really wants and hopes to do, Jean becomes very earnest, fixing one witht a serious, direct look.

"Most of all, I want to be a fine actress," she said eagerly. "Oh, I have a lot to learn, I realize that. But I'm willing to work as hard as necessary. I want to play honest-to-goodness girls and I think they are going to give me a chance to do it."

On the days when she is working, Jean gets up very early and is always on the set promptly at the appointed time. On her free days, she likes to ride, or swim, or play tennis or best of all, take the dog for a long walk. She doesn't go to many large Hollywood parties but likes her few intimates a lot. She reads a good deal and loves the theatre. To her, Jane Cowl and Eva Le Gallienne are shining lights, and she thinks Lynne Fontaine and Alfred Lunt are marvellous.

When we parted that afternoon, Jean walked with me down the steps to my car and the puppy bounded happily along ahead of us, eager to be up and away. The last I saw of Jean was a slim figure in blue trousers and silk shirt, being dragged along the quiet road by an eager dog on a leash. The late afternoon sun was glinting on the famous and extraordinarily beautiful platinum hair which has perhaps contributed so largely to the Harlow success. But don't forget that under that pale gold hair, there are brains and a determination to keep right on moving to the very top of the ladder.

"I'm only just beginning this career of mine," Jean had said, her firm little chin upraised. "I'm going to do big things!"

before
after

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Garbo's Strange Plot

[*Continued from page 69*]

interests of art, do not? A bitter quarrel? Don't be absurd."

Ralph Wheelright has been the press agent on nearly every Garbo picture. It is his business to see that publicity goes out about the star and her productions. Ordinarily Ralph is great "copy." His fund of information and his anecdotes about M-G-M stars have helped many a writer over a rough spot but if you want to prove to yourself that even a press agent can be mute, ask him for intimate, personal thngs about Garbo.

"Sure, I'd tell you if I knew," insists Ralph, "but I don't. She never says, 'Don't print that' or 'this is in confidence' as some stars do but in some things you respect her confidence, even if she doesn't ask. A spell? Oh, I don't know about that but she does do things to you, all right."

Even the agony of unrequited love has not sufficed to break the enchantment. Gavin Gordon built his entire screen career around the ambition to play opposite Garbo. At last she listened and he was given the rôle opposite her in *Romance*. There is no question but that this boy worshipped the star. Not returning his love, she banished him when the picture was completed. In desperation he begged to be allowed a part, even as an extra, in her next picture. Even this was refused and he left the studio a heartbroken boy. Interviewers approached him. No doubt Gordon longed to talk, to pour out his dreams of her, but stronger than love, stronger than the pain of a broken heart, the spell kept him silent.

WILLIAM DANIELS has been cameraman on fifteen Garbo pictures. Cornered on the lot, we asked him to break down and tell all.

"Sure," said Bill, "here's a good one. You remember that monkey Garbo used in *Inspiration*? Well, the first time she picked it up, the monk sank his teeth to the bone in her finger. Now most stars would have thrown a fit, demanded that it be killed and held up production for hours. Did Garbo do anything like that? Not much. She turned the monk up, gave it a little spank and said, 'You little deffil,' and went on with the scene."

And there is a cameraman's idea of revealing the great Garbo to us. Don't think that a man smart enough to be head cameraman on Garbo's pictures hasn't observed and listened, but he is like all the others. The monkey story is his shield and buckler. He tells that and the inquisitive one has to be satisfied.

A thousand explanations of Garbo have been advanced. It has been said that her silence and her mystery are the result of a campaign planned by a canny publicity department and that she refuses to see people because she realizes her own limitations.

You may not agree that Garbo keeps the secret of her true personality locked in the breasts of those who could reveal it by some subtle, mysterious spell. But if the charm of Garbo is sufficiently potent to enslave millions who know only her photographic image, who can say what magic it is not capable of working upon those who come in contact with the real Garbo?

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Luck and a Lady

[*Continued from page 27*]

was to attain another of her ambitions. Being a rather tall and lithe girl, with black hair to boot, stage directors couldn't see her as the heroine who wins the nice man.

"There are all kinds of leading ladies, but good women 'heavies' are rare," one stage director told her. "So you're going to be a 'heavy.'"

THEN there's the matter of romance. Her early marriage, as has been related, went on the rocks. Miss Francis simply went to work and kept at work, and then romance bobbed up again. So, a few months ago, she married Kenneth MacKenna, an actor and director, and they are getting along swimmingly—or maybe it should be boatingly. For both have a fondness for sailing, and they have a small craft which they sail on the Pacific whenever their work allows.

Which brings the subject up to Miss Francis' as yet unrealized ambition. She wants to travel.

"I've always been on the go," she explained. "I happened to be born in Oklahoma because my father went there to buy polo ponies. Before I was a year old the family moved to Santa Barbara, California. Then it was Los Angeles and Denver and New York and points adjacent, and Europe, and then various American cities where I played in shows.

"Now I've been in Hollywood nearly three years. Believe me, I'm going to stay here as long as they'll have me.

"But then, some day I'll retire, and I've got everything planned out for then. My husband owns a farm at Cape Cod. We'll have a boat, and every once in a while we'll ship it across the Atlantic and wander around the Mediterranean. And there'll be a Paris apartment—not a great big one, but a tiny one, just large enough. And of course we'll be in New York part of the time."

There has been just one break in her luck. A short time ago she became involved in a three-cornered fight, just outside the studio gate. The other participants were canine. A police dog, having adverse designs on Miss Francis' terrier, launched hostilities without a declaration of war. Miss Francis went down in the melée, her bag opening and spilling its contents. When peace was restored, her wedding ring and a valuable wrist watch were missing. The ring turned up a few days later, but the watch is still gone.

However, the relation of these distressing incidents had no more than been concluded when Miss Francis' luck was given an opportunity to display what it really could do.

She ordered vanilla ice cream for dessert. The waitress returned and in tragic tones reported that there was no vanilla ice cream. Something had happened. It was all melted. Those at the table gazed at each other in amazement. What? No vanilla ice cream at the great Paramount Studio? Was the depression really as bad as all that?

Just as Miss Francis was cruelly reminded that for once she seemed to be out of luck, the waitress returned.

"The ice cream man just came," she announced.

Miss Francis dipped a spoon into a dish of vanilla ice cream. "You see," she remarked airily. "My luck!"

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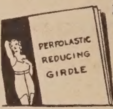

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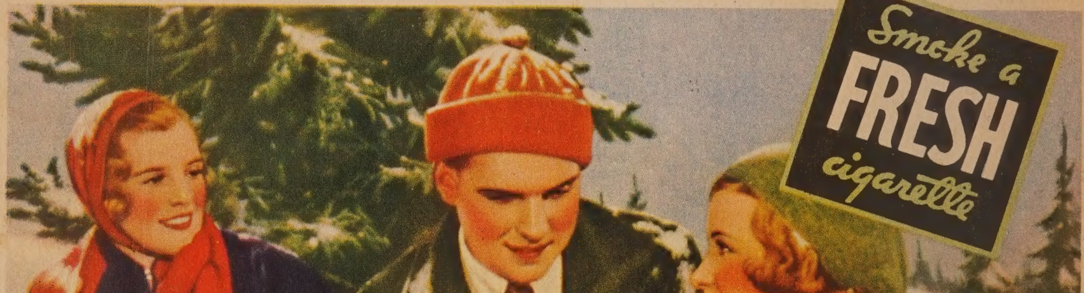

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Magazine

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AAA. **THE DOVE**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio's comeback as a dance hall heroine in a modernized old classic.

AAAA. **EMMA**—(M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in her greatest picture. You'll laugh and cry.

AA. **FALSE MADONNA**—(Paramount)—Interesting entertainment with Kay Francis as the lady crook.

AAA. **HIS WOMAN**—(Paramount) — Heavy drama and fast action in this film with a nautical background. Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert pleasing.

AAA. **HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY**—(Paramount)—Which means more? A wife and children, or a mistress and love? Clive Brook decides.

AAAA. **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney, strolls off with high honors in this grim prison drama.

AAAA. **MATA HARI**—(M-G-M)—Greta Garbo has the best rôle of her career as a German spy. Ramón Novarro and Lionel Barrymore support.

AA. **MEN IN HER LIFE**—(Columbia)—Lois Moran falls in love with a blackmail artist, but is saved and wed by the husky Charlie Bickford.

AA. **NICE WOMEN**—(Universal)—Sirupy story of love versus money. Sidney Fox worth seeing.

AAAA. **PRIVATE LIVES**—(M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in picturization of Noel Coward's brilliant love and divorce comedy.

AAA. **PAPA LOVES MAMMA**—(Universal)—Amusing slapstick comedy with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

A. **RACING YOUTH**—(Universal)—Mediocre racing thriller. Slim Summerville saves it.

AAA. **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich makes war on men's hearts. Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna Mae Wong in the cast.

AA. **SAFE IN HELL**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill does well in a sordid drama of the South.

AA. **STEPPING SISTERS**—(Fox) — Louise Dresser as an old-time, socially ambitious burlesque queen. Good comedy.

AAAA. **SOOKY**—(Paramount)—Jackie Coo and Robert Coogan duplicate their **Skippy** triumph. That mean little Searles kid still hangs around.

AA. **SUICIDE FLEET**—(RKO-Pathé)—Unbelievable war thriller, made interesting by fine work of Jimmie Gleason and Robert Armstrong.

AAA. **TAXI**—(First National)—James Cagney, as the fightingest man you ever saw, does his bit in a taxicab war. Loretta Young, George E. Stone and Ray Cooke.

AAA. **UNDER EIGHTEEN**—(Warner Brothers)—Marian Marsh decides to go wrong but changes her mind, because she prefers Regis Toomey to the bold bad Mr. Warren William.

AA. **WORKING GIRLS** — (Paramount) — Judith Wood walks away with honors in this big city comedy drama. Buddy Rogers, Stuart Erwin, Paul Lukas and Dorothy Hall in the the cast.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald in a rollicking comedy drama, her best to date. Victor McLaglen in the male lead.

AAA. **THE AGE FOR LOVE**—(Howard Hughes)—Billie Dove in modern drama dealing with the problems of a business girl who tries to be a dutiful wife.

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—(Warner Brothers)—George Arliss in the cast is enough to recommend this fine historical drama.

AAA. **AMBASSADOR BILL**—(Fox)—Clever comedy. Will Rogers as a wisecracking statesman.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—Grim screen version of Theodore Dreiser's great novel. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in leading rôles.

AAA. **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN**—(Radio)—Highly colored drama of modern youth. Cast includes Arline Judge, Eric Linden, and Rochelle Hudson.

AAA. **AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS**—(United Artists)—Spectacular travelogue with Doug skipping all over the globe.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH** — (United Artists) — Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

AAA. **BAD COMPANY**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ricardo Cortez in gangster thriller.

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers as the girl who loved too well. James Dunn and Mina Gombell are outstanding.

AA. **THE BELOVED BACHELOR**—(Paramount)—Familiar story of the girl who falls

Richard Cromwell, Marie Dressler and Purnell Pratt in one of the comic situations from *Emma*, hailed as one of the finest pictures ever produced

Loretta Young and James Cagney find themselves in difficulties. A scene from *Taxi*, which deals with hardboiled, rough-and-tumble taxicab wars

in love with her guardian. Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. THE BLACK CAMEL—(Fox)—Good "Charlie Chan" mystery play with Warner Oland as the sleuth.

AAA. BLONDE CRAZY—(Warner Brothers)—Swiftly moving crook story with James Cagney and Joan Blondell as expert fleecers.

AAA. BODY AND SOUL—(Fox)—An aviation drama affording Charles Farrell his best rôle since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. BORN TO LOVE—(Radio-Pathé)—Fair war picture with Constance Bennett the mother of a nameless child.

AA. BOUGHT—(Warner Brothers)—Constance Bennett wronged again. Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett look good.

AAA. THE BRAT—(Fox)—A street gamin breaks into society in the person of Sally O'Neil, who gives a fine performance.

AAA. BROADMINDED—(Warner Brothers)—More of Joe E. Brown's crazy capers.

AA. BUSINESS AND PLEASURE—(Fox)—Will Rogers fans will like this, although not up to his previous standard.

AAAA. CANINE CAPERS—(Educational)—A doggy short reel with fast Whippet race finish. Class A entertainment.

AAA. CAUGHT—(Paramount)—Fine performance by Louise Dresser, cast as "Calamity Jane," saves this one from mediocrity.

AA. CAUGHT PLASTERED—(Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee. Amusing to those who appreciate their type of comedy.

AAAA. THE CHAMP—(M-G-M)—Great story of father and son love, superbly acted by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

AAA. CHANCES—(First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell stage a love triangle against a war background.

AAA. CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—(Fox)—Warner Oland in the old murder mystery hokum. Will chase thrills up and down your spine.

AAAA. CIMARRON—(Radio Pictures)—Richard Dix in Edna Ferber's great pioneer saga.

AAAA. CITY STREETS—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in excellent gangster melodrama.

AAA. COCK OF THE AIR—(United Artists)—Risqué air comedy teaming gorgeous Billie Dove and Chester Morris.

AA. COMPROMISED—(First National)—Triangle situation with Rose Hobart, Ben Lyon and little Dickie Moore. Interesting.

AA. CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—(Paramount)—Flaming youth again. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster do what they can with a weak plot.

AA. THE CONQUERING HORDE—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen in cowboy thriller.

AA. CONSOLATION MARRIAGE—(Radio)—Passable marriage farce with Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien.

AAA. CORSAIR—(United Artists)—Chester Morris, a football hero, turns hi-jacker because of Alison Loyd (Thelma Todd), and who wouldn't?

AAA. THE CRIMINAL CODE—(Columbia)—Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes make this stern prison drama worth seeing.

AAA. THE CUBAN LOVE SONG—(M-G-M)—Weep and laugh with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez in this fine musical romance.

AAAA. DADDY LONG LEGS—(Fox)—Sugar-coated Cinderella romance between Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. Recommended for women and children.

AAA. A DANGEROUS AFFAIR—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves teamed this time in a mystery thriller.

AA. DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—(Paramount)—Anna May Wong in sinister drama that is almost too sinister. Unconvincing.

AAA. DAYBREAK—(M-G-M)—Highly colorful romance starring Ramón Novarro.

AAA. DEVOTION—(Pathé)—Ann Harding becomes an ugly duckling for love's sake. Leslie Howard is the reason. Weepy.

AAAA. DIRIGIBLE—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves stage a thrilling race to the south pole. Worth seeing.

AAA. DOORWAY TO HELL—(Warner Brothers)—Lew Ayres as a gangster who doesn't want to be.

AAAA. FIVE STAR FINAL—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson is a great hit in this top-notch newspaper drama.

AAA. FLYING HIGH—(M-G-M)—Hilarious monkey business with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood manufacturing rapid-fire laughs.

AAAA. A FREE SOUL—(M-G-M)—Powerful plot—Clark Gable, Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore. Great entertainment.

AA. FALSE MADONNA—(Paramount)—Kay Francis, lady crook, tries to rob a blind boy by impersonating his long-lost mother. You know the finish, but it's pretty fair.

AAA. FRANKENSTEIN—(Universal)—Harrowing drama of the man who creates a monster from dead bodies. People with strong hearts can stand it.

AAA. THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM—(United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are three slick gold-diggers who dig deep and often. A comedy hit.

AAAA. THE GUARDSMAN—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt disguises himself and becomes the lover of his own wife, Lynn Fontanne. Superlative entertainment.

AAAA. GUILTY HANDS—(M-G-M)—Concerning the question of a man to take justice in his own hands and commit murder to protect his loved ones. Lionel Barrymore is the problem.

AAA. HIS WOMAN—(Paramount)—A woman of the streets helps her man bring up an outcast baby. Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert together for the first time.

A. HEARTBREAK—(Fox)—Punk war drama. Charlie Farrell miscast.

AAAA. HELL DIVERS—(M-G-M)—Great picture packed with action, thrills and humor. Superb acting by Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau.

AAA. HER MAJESTY, LOVE—(First National)—Tuneful musical comedy with Ben Lyon and Marilyn Miller.

[*Continued on page* 12]

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Hollywood MOTHERS

By Hal Howe

Jack Oakie owes a great part of his success to the canny advice of his mother. On one occasion her counsel saved him great financial loss in a Hollywood bank failure

Leon Janney's business manager is none other than his mother, a tiny, but dynamic, go-getter who has devoted her every thought to the screen career of her talented son

Presenting those remarkable women who have guided their children to stardom

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Hollywood Mothers" is the first of a series of fascinating articles to be presented in SCREEN BOOK in co-operation with SCREEN SNAPSHOTS, the two-reel featurette produced by Columbia Pictures. Each month the subject matter published in this magazine will be filmed by SCREEN SNAPSHOTS and released throughout the world. Be sure to contact the manager of your favorite theatre and arrange for the showing of these unusually interesting pictures after reading your copy of SCREEN BOOK.

The mother of Constance Cummings was once a famous light opera star, but with the birth of her daughter, she gave up all thought of her own future and fought to give Constance a career

HOLLYWOOD mothers are very like the "little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead." When they are good they are very, very good but when they are bad, they are horrid.

But we will not consider the latter, with their slave-driving ambition to push forward their sons and daughters at any cost. We are only concerned with the many mothers of Hollywood who have wisely guided, not driven, their kiddies to fame and fortune.

Take Harriette Krauth, for instance—

With her husband, Leo, and their four children, she spent many happy years in Trinidad, British West Indies. Mrs. Krauth and all four of her children were born there—her husband in Karlsruh, Germany, of French and German parents.

But circumstances lifted them off the beautiful island and carried them to the eastern coast of the United States.

They pined for their home until Leo Krauth visited California. Here he found an ideal spot—the same gloriously even climate that they had loved in Trinidad.

Then, too, Leo and Harriette Krauth knew they had four very talented children in Jeanne, George, Eddie and Violet, so, with far-seeing judgment they planned a career in pictures for them.

Four years ago, they came to Hollywood and for two years the children attended school. Then Leo Krauth died, leaving his wife and kiddies with an abiding purpose—to carve their future in the film capital, as he had planned.

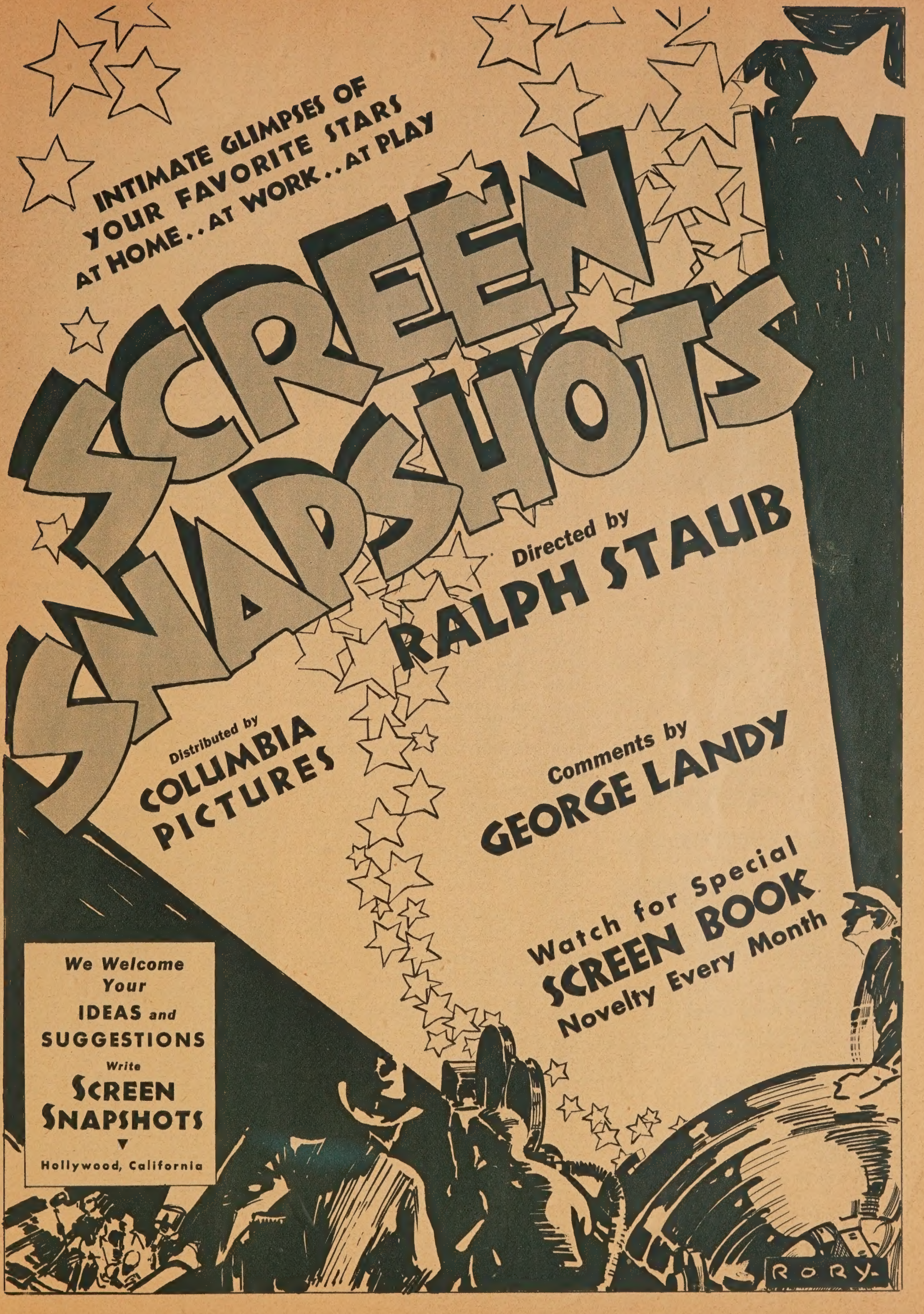
So Harriette Krauth has carried on. She is tall and dark—and possesses dignity and poise. There is a quiet strength in all that she does. During the past two years all her children have progressed along the lines laid out.

But to her youngest daughter, Violet, has come the greatest fame. As Marian Marsh, she has been starred, and her future looks bright. She is not only beautiful but a talented actress.

FLORENCE MACKAILL and Mary Oakie, mother of the inimitable Jack, are great pals. And it is Jack who always escorts them to openings and social functions.

Ralph Staub, producer of *Screen Snapshots,* caught them with his camera as all three were

[*Continued on page* 60]


INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF
YOUR FAVORITE STARS
AT HOME..AT WORK..AT PLAY
SCREEN
SNAPSHOTS
Directed by
RALPH STAUB
Distributed by
COLUMBIA
PICTURES
Comments by
GEORGE LANDY
Watch for Special
SCREEN BOOK
Novelty Every Month
We Welcome
Your
IDEAS and
SUGGESTIONS
Write
SCREEN
SNAPSHOTS
▼
Hollywood, California
RORY

The Screen In Review

[*Continued from page 9*]

Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in a highly dramatic moment from *The Man I Killed*, a war story that packs a real punch

AAAA. **HONOR OF THE FAMILY**—(First National)—Bebe Daniels scores heavily as a glamorous adventuress.

A. **A HOUSE DIVIDED**—(Universal)—Walter Huston in a brutal characterization. Helen Chandler does well in an ineffective rôle.

AA. **HUSH MONEY**—(Fox)—Joan Bennett steps from gangland into society and a blackmail plot.

AAAA. **INSPIRATION** — (M-G-M) — Garbo great as usual in the rôle of a self-sacrificing courtesan and artists' model.

A. **LAW AND ORDER**—(Universal)—Tedious western drama. Walter Huston the only bright spot.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National)—Eddie Robinson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are great in this exciting gangland drama.

AAA. **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—(First National)—Joe Brown neglects to exploit his big mouth in this story of a batty botany student who discovers he is a great athlete.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS** — (Warner Brothers)—Grotesque story of Imperial Russia with John Barrymore, Marian Marsh and Charles Butterworth.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION**—(M-G-M)—Naughty story with Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell as lovers.

AAAA. **MERELY MARY ANN**—(Fox)—More of the whimsical romance of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE** — (Warner Brothers)—Based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. George Arliss is the whole show.

AAAA. **MONKEY BUSINESS**—(Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers in another laugh riot, plus the exquisite beauty of Thelma Todd and Ruth Hall.

AAA. **MY SIN**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead gets off to a better start in her second film, the story of a cabaret girl's reformation. Fredric March does the reforming.

AAA. **THE NEW WALLINGFORD**—(M-G-M)—William Haines redeems himself with the powerful assistance of "Schnozzle" Durante, the comedy genius.

AAA. **OUTPOSTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION**—(Educational)—A picturesque short feature filmed in color, showing native costumes around the Legion posts in Morocco.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor revives screen musical comedies with a bang. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors.

AAA. **PENROD AND SAM**—(First National)—Child life comedy with Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan.

AAA. **PLATINUM BLONDE**—(M-G-M)—Clever newspaper story featuring the late Robert Williams and Jean Harlow.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—Richard Dix as the hero in a bank swindle.

AAA. **OVER THE HILL**—(Fox)—Sobby but interesting. James Dunn saves his mother, Mae Marsh, from the poorhouse, and weds Sally Eilers.

AAAA. **POSSESSED** — (M-G-M) — A "kept woman" falls in love with her "keeper." Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY**—(Warner Brothers)—James Cagney gives a fine performance in gruesome gangland story.

AA. **RICH MAN'S FOLLY**—(Paramount)—George Bancroft, money-mad tycoon, succumbs to the charm of love. Frances Dee and Robert Ames are involved.

AAA. **THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell stays coolly sophisticated in a tropical setting, and wins Doris Kenyon from a perspiring husband.

AA. **SAFE IN HELL**—(First National)—Another street-walker theme. Dorothy Mackaill and Nina Mae McKinney score.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Gripping gangster picture that gives a bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign. Paul Muni is excellent as the big shot gangster, and is ably supported by Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon in exciting drama.

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(M-G-M)—Wallace Beery displays some fancy gunplay. Jean Harlow vamps.

AA. **SIDE SHOW**—(Warner Brothers)—Disappointing, although Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth grab a few laughs as circus performers.

AAAA. **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET**—(M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, stage favorite, is a great hit in the rôle of a mother who sacrifices everything for her son. Lewis Stone is outstanding.

AAAA. **SKIPPY** — (Paramount) — A "kid" classic with Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searle.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward Robinson and James Cagney in a whirlwind story of big time gambling.

AAA. **SOB SISTER** — (Fox) — Newspaper thriller with James Dunn and Linda Watkins.

AAA. **THE SPIDER**—(Fox)—Edmund Lowe makes a big hit as hypnotist in spell-binding murder mystery.

AAAA. **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME**—(Universal)—A fine tribute to the late Knute Rockne, with Lew Ayres and former Irish stars furnishing genuine gridiron thrills.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers)—Chic Sales and Walter Huston offer an out-of-the-rut gangster picture.

AAAA. **STREET SCENE**—(Sam Goldwyn)—Powerful picturization of the famous Elmer Rice play. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are featured.

AAA. **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—(Universal)—Sophisticated preachment on modern morals. Sidney Fox, Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt finds the solution to a puzzling mystery.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX**—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo sparkle in a sombre drama.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Brothers)—John Barrymore at his best in an odd characterization.

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES**—(Pathé)—Slick race-track stuff. Eddie Quillan, Lew Cody and James Gleason.

AAA. **SURRENDER**—(Fox)—Three men fall in love with one girl. Features Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy and David Kirkland.

AAA. **TORCHY PASSES THE BUCK**—(Educational)—Ray Cooke scores again as the office boy. First rate comedy.

AAAA. **TOUCHDOWN** — (Paramount) — At last! A football picture in which the hero does not score in the last minute of play. Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon and Jack Oakie share the honors.

AAA. **TWENTY-FOUR HOURS** — (Paramount)—Clive Brook and Miriam Hopkins make things interesting in this underworld drama.

AAA. **TWENTY GRAND**—(Universal)—Deals with the part gamblers play in the life of a girl. Mae Clarke and Ricardo Cortez.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN**—(United Artists)—Fantastic romance with Ronald Colman as a gentleman crook.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—Grim war drama. Pathetic romance between Mae Clarke, a girl of the streets, and Kent Douglass, a returned soldier.

AA. **WEST OF BROADWAY**—(M-G-M)—John Gilbert as a cad who imbibes too freely. Gwen Lee steals the show.

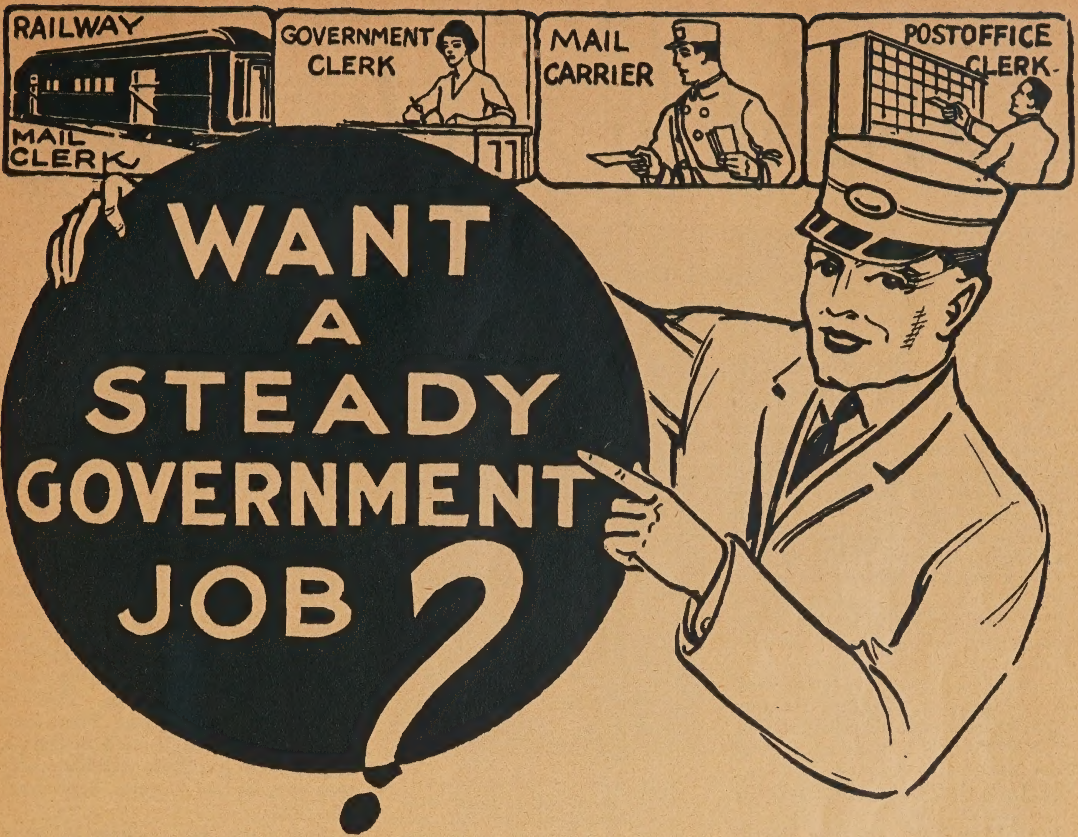
AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—Triangle of domestic woe with Eleanor Boardman doing the suffering.

AAA. **THE YELLOW TICKET**—(Fox)—A beautiful woman turns prostitute to escape Russia. Fine performances by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore.

AA. **WICKED**—(Fox)—Drab drama in which Elissa Landi shoots a policeman and wages war with Irene Rich who has adopted her child.

AAA. **X MARKS THE SPOT**—(Educational)—Sally Blane, Lew Cody and Mary Nolan in a thrill-a-minute story of a newspaperman's fight against gangland.

Detectives give Jean Harlow the once-over in the "shadow box." Jean is a mean lady crook in *Beast of the City*



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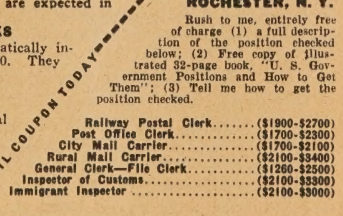

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Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

NOW that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has made its annual awards for the best performances, the best direction, and the best of everything else, we thought we'd like to know the ten best money-making pictures of the year. After all, the box-office *is* the yardstick of the industry and the *one* thing that really determines picture cycles.

Not having the exact figures (there's a Hays' Organization ruling against their release), I list the pro-productions alphabetically:

1. *An American Tragedy*, with Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes.
2. *Cimarron*, starring Richard Dix.
3. *City Lights*, starring Charlie Chaplin.
4. *The Common Law*, starring Constance Bennett.
5. *A Free Soul*, starring Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore.
6. *Little Caesar*, starring Edward G. Robinson.
7. *Monkey Business*, starring the Four Marx Brothers.
8. *The Public Enemy*, with James Cagney.
9. *Reaching for the Moon*, starring Douglas Fairbanks.
10. *Trader Horn*, with Harry Carey and Edwina Booth.

In the short subject field, the Andy Clyde comedies, the Mickey Mouse animated cartoons and the Our Gang two-reelers lead the list of money-makers.

Jackie Cooper, whose amazing versatility in difficult rôles has made many people question his age, wishes to inform the world most emphatically that he's "just a kid"

A Regular

DURING Richard Arlen's recent visit to Gotham to make personal appearances with *Touchdown*—which, by the way, is a smash hit—I had the pleasure of chatting with him on several occasions, and I want to tell all and sundry that he is one of the real persons of Hollywood—or any other place, for that matter. There's nothing artificial about him—no airs, no capital "I" stuff. He still wears the same size hat that he did when he landed his first screen rôle.

Meeting the press in New York is one of the hardest ordeals stars have to go through. They realize they are being scrutinized; every move, each word, is being stored away in the critics' minds for possible use. Many stars, striving for approval, start to act. And that spoils everything.

But Dick Arlen? No, he doesn't act. He carries himself as if he were in his own living-room, surrounded by his most intimate friends. The result is that everyone likes him.

By Way Of Report

MANY persons, not having anything better to do, have raised some doubt as to whether Jackie Cooper, that versatile child star, is a young boy or an adult midget. Their remarks come under the heading of pernicious gossip. For the benefit of the Doubting Thomases, I put down little Jackie's birthdate, copied from his birth certificate. He was born in Los Angeles, September 16, 1925.

And if you don't believe it, write the Los Angeles Department of Records.

Wedding Wagers

NOW that Connie Bennett has tripped it to the altar with Henri (just call me Hank), the Marquis de la Falaise, Hollywood's red-blooded gamboleers are wagering their weekly pay checks on the outcome of the marriage. Many of the self-admitted know-it-alls are offering odds that the connubial bliss will not survive the first year. Without pretending to know, we feel that this time it's the real thing. Uh-huh . . . love! This is Connie's third adventure in matrimony and Hanks' second, so they should know the symptoms by now.

Gloria Wins The Race

AND the same goes for Gloria Swanson, who had marched to the altar three times before her recent jaunt with handsome Michael Farmer. Nevertheless, we're still wondering why she didn't wait until her divorce from the Marquis became final before saying "I do" to Mike. Lots of meanies insist that she wanted to get the jump on Connie and Henri, and it's a well known fact that some people will go to any length to "put the burn on" someone else.

H. Frederick Gardener

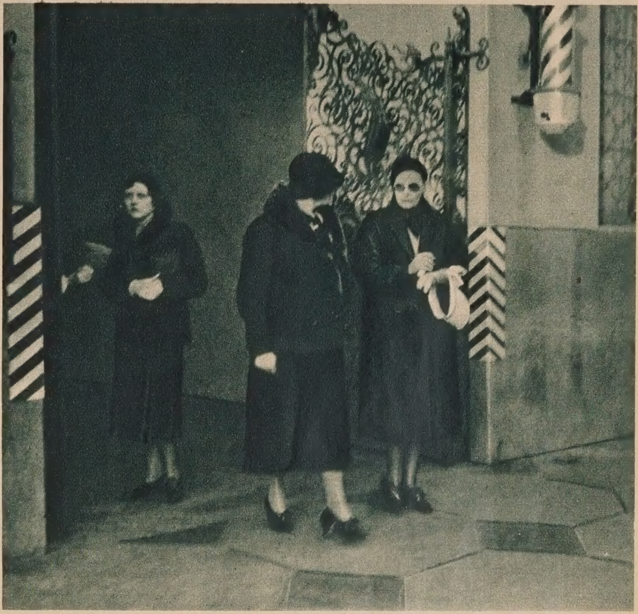
Sleuthing Cameraman Shoots Garbo!

Hardboiled Chauffeur Nearly Captures Photographer

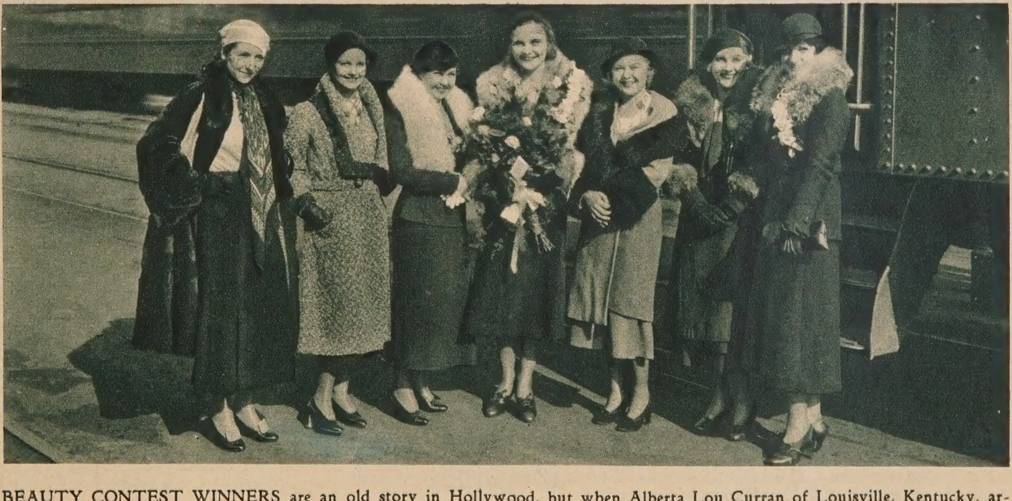
It is hard to believe that in this modern world, over-run with news sleuths, any famous person can live in complete oblivion. But Garbo has been doing that for several years, despite the fact that she is continually haunted by curious admirers.

Never, since Greta retired to seclusion, has she been photographed outside the studio—until one of Hollywood's vagabond photographers, spied her entering the Baine Studio Building, in which SCREEN BOOK has its western offices. Promptly, the cameraman took up his vigil. Two hours later, Greta emerged and was promptly caught in the camera trap.

Her husky chauffeur, seeing his mistress thus unsuspectingly victimized, leaped from the car with murder in his eyes. Too late, however, for the photographer took to his heels down Hollywood Boulevard, joyfully bearing his scoop for SCREEN BOOK readers.



CAPTURED AT LAST by the camera! Accompanied by a woman companion, Greta Garbo emerges from a visit to her tailor, completely disguised, but unmistakably the glamorous one in person



BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS are an old story in Hollywood, but when Alberta Lou Curran of Louisville, Kentucky, arrived, bearing the official title of Miss SCREEN PLAY for 1931, she was given a royal welcome by a delegation of movie folk. From left to right: Sandra Arleaux, Rochelle Hudson, Gertrude Short, Miss Curran, Mary Carlisle, Judith Wood, and Helen Specht, chaperone

DEATH THWARTS ROBERT AMES' ROMANCE

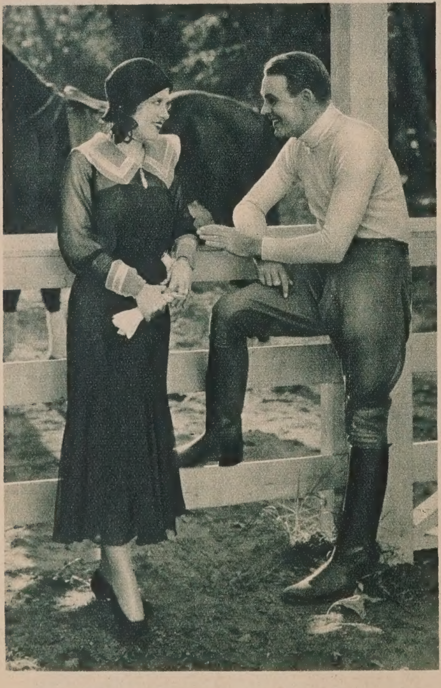
Tragedy Stalks Two of Ina Claire's Leading Men

Whenever death comes to the cast of a play, it strikes not once, but twice—that is an old legend of the theatrical world which comes true again in the death of Robert Ames and Robert Williams, who played opposite Ina Claire in *Rebound.* The sudden death of Williams from peritonitis recently came as a shock to Hollywood, and the passing of Robert Ames a few weeks later created a double tragedy.

Thus rudely did Fate interrupt the beautiful romance between Ina Claire and Robert Ames, who, at the time of the tragedy, were eagerly planning a picture in which they again would appear together. Ames, wed four times, and Miss Claire, ex-mate of John Gilbert, were looking to the climax of a happy love affair. But death, no respecter of human hearts, denied them this joy.

No less sorrowful was the fate of Robert Williams, who, after a great struggle had just come into his own as a near star by virtue of a fine performance in *Platinum Blonde.* Always superstitious, Hollywood folk sense that *Rebound* is a jinx picture, and suspect that this tragedy is not the last.

WHEN INA CLAIRE drank a toast to Robert Williams and Robert Ames in *Rebound,* she never suspected that a few months later, two of Hollywood's finest actors would meet death



THE MANY ADMIRERS of Robert Ames, whose death occurred in a New York hotel under mysterious circumstances, will see him for the last time on the screen with Ruth Chatterton in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*

YEARS OF CONSTANT EFFORT finally gained Robert Williams success in a perfect performance opposite Jean Harlow in *Platinum Blonde.* Then, on the threshold of great fame, he was snatched suddenly into the hereafter

PRINCE ENTERTAINS CHARLIE CHAPLIN

—*Acme Photo*

THE CLOWN AND CROWN PRINCE ruled together for the first time on the occasion of an ice carnival at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, England. From left to right in the royal party are: Lady Milbanke, Charlie Chaplin, The Prince of Wales, and The Duchess of Sutherland

CLARA BOW MARRIES—MAY GIVE UP CAREER

Plans For "It" Girl's Film Comeback Are Again Upset

Mrs. Rex Bell, ex-Brooklyn Bonfire and ex-exponent of flaming sex appeal on the flicker screen, may chuck her motion picture career overboard and settle down to a life of connubial bliss, according to Hollywood authorities who claim to be "in the know."

Clara, who startled Filmtown by eloping to wed her faithful boy friend, Rex Bell, recently, was to have been starred by an independent producer in an outdoor melodrama, but plans for the production were indefinitely deferred when the producer and the author failed to agree on terms. Consequently, Miss Bow's reported return to the talkies is decidedly "up in the air."

Meanwhile, Clara, admitting that her marriage has made her the "happiest girl in the world," is showing far more interest in the development of Rex Bell's Nevada cattle ranch than she is in her cinematic affairs. She neither denies nor affirms the rumors that she will permanently retire.

—*Wide World Photo*

CLARA BOW and Rex Bell, now Mr. and Mrs., are devoting most of their attention to the improvement of their Nevada cattle ranch and it is reported that Clara may willingly abandon her plans for a screen comeback

TOM MIX WINS HARD BATTLE FOR LIFE

ANOTHER COWBOY who insists that he'll die with his boots on when the time comes is Tom Mix, who is now recovering from what seemed to be an impossible battle for life following an appendicitis operation

Famous Western Star Stages Grim Rally to Recover

Tom Mix, greatest cowboy of them all, has won the toughest battle of his rugged life. He is recovering now in Hollywood Hospital after fighting for his life against the deadly peritonitis which set in following an operation for ruptured appendix. Robert Williams, youthful screen actor, had succumbed to the same affliction two weeks before.

"You can't kill a cowboy with anything like peritonitis," said Tom with a faint smile when visitors were allowed to see him. "It takes strong stuff to put a broncho-buster out of business."

Tom said that the good wishes of film fans who wrote him hundreds of letters and telegrams of hope and cheer brought him successfully past the crisis.

"It won't be long now," said Tom, "before Tony and I take the trail again, and join each other in a horse laugh for the doctors."

It is expected that Mix's first Universal picture, *Destry Rides Again*, will resume production early in February, with five others to follow.

Bebe Sends Suitor to Asylum

—*Wide World Photo*

HARD-HEARTED? No, Bebe Daniels was forced to take legal action through Dr. T. C. Tillman, lunacy commissioner, recently, to protect herself against the insistent attentions of Albert Holland, who tormented the star with telephone calls, letters and attempts to enter her apartment. The commissioner ordered the unwelcome suitor back to his asylum; now Bebe is annoyed no more

Mon Cheri!! How Fifi Can Kiss!

—*Acme Photo*

FIFI CLINCHED ENTHUSIASTICALLY with Terrance Ray, her fiancé, on arriving in Hollywood via airplane from Akron, Ohio, where she concluded a vaudeville tour. A few days later she announced the termination of their engagement

TRAVEL BUG BITES HOLLYWOOD STARS

—International

OFF ON A HOLIDAY! Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., step from the train in New York's Grand Central Station, eager to do the big city before being called back to work

Movie Favorites Busy Circling the Globe

Hollywood is a barren place these days, whenever the studios are not running to full capacity, for the stars seem no longer content to bask overlong in their back yards. Seeing the world seems all the rage, and movie folk take long jaunts in spite of how terrible they believe their passport pictures to be.

It's a dull day for fans in London, Paris and other large cities of Europe when some Hollywood actor or actress fails to show up. There just isn't any explanation for the sudden wholesale comings and goings, except that transportation is cheaper than ever, and it is now possible for anyone to see the world first—America can be viewed from one end to the other in the newsreels at one's leisure.

Just a few of the commutors to and from all corners of the globe during the past few months are: John Gilbert, Lupe Velez, Fifi Dorsay, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. deMille, Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, Wheeler and Woolsey, Gary Cooper, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Billie Dove, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, and Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli.

—Acme Photo

HELLO EVERYBODY! Lupe Velez, the Mexican whirlwind, as she appeared on arriving in New York from Europe, wild to get back to Hollywood. John Gilbert, news sleuths said, was also a passenger

—Wide World Photo

ROYALTY ARRIVES in Hollywood in the persons of Elissa Landi and her mother, The Countess Zanardi Landi of England. Elissa is back to follow up her success in the studios, and "mamma" is making her first trip just to see how it's done

—Wide World Photo

GANGSTER AND MOLL—So arrivals in New York thought when they saw Marilyn Miller and Edward G. Robinson staging a sham battle in the Grand Central Station. They are theatrical friends of long standing

—International

GOODBYE AMERICA! Lil Dagover, after completing her first picture, *The Woman from Monte Carlo*, skipped for home *und Vaterland* to fulfill a stage engagement. Cheer up, the gracious new star will soon be back!

WHAT HAS COST

Clara Bow has now found happiness with Rex Bell but it may well be that her other romances have ruined her screen career. Clara paid for love in disasterous headlines and scandal

Dolores Costello would not trade her new-found bliss for stardom, but the fact remains that she sacrificed thousands of dollars a week to become Mrs. John Barrymore

To Ricardo Cortez, romance and tragedy come hand-in-hand. He abandoned the screen to help care for his ill-fated wife, Alma Rubens, and regained his position with great difficulty

Revealing the fabulous prices paid for romance by many Hollywood celebrities

STARS are glamorous, successful human beings.

Stars are reckless . . . adventurous. Gypsies of Fame. Beauty is their "Open Sesame" to all forbidden pastures. Romance follows in their wake as surely as day follows the night.

All history has come to us through ROMANCE. The love affairs of kings and queens have furnished us endless interesting anecdotes with unforgettable color.

Today new, romantic history is being made. The love affairs of Hollywood are more interesting than most historical ones. We know these people. We can see them and hear them.

The most tragic and the most unselfish love affairs take place before our eyes. And what terrific prices these stars have paid for their love affairs.

They have paid with death, with loss of position; in many instances the price has been so great a sacrifice that one dares not, in good taste, even mention the sad, true facts.

And love is supposed to be our heritage.

Going back to the days when Douglas Fairbanks fell in love with Mary Pickford. Both of them were married . . . to other people at the time. Those things happen, even to you and to me. Mary, a devout Catholic, was Mrs. Owen Moore. Beth Fairbanks was the mother of young Doug, Jr.

The way for happiness seemed too twisted, too dangerous for them to tread. At this time Mary was the idol of the American people. And Douglas was already jumping from one peak of popularity to another.

Falling in love, for them, was not exactly a safe thing. But can one stem these unexpected passions? Not easily.

Mary Pickford lived in Reno under an assumed name. Immediately after her divorce was granted she married Douglas. By doing this, they put themselves in a hazardous place. They could have been slain by the press. They risked their futures, their careers, the esteem of their friends for their great and lasting love.

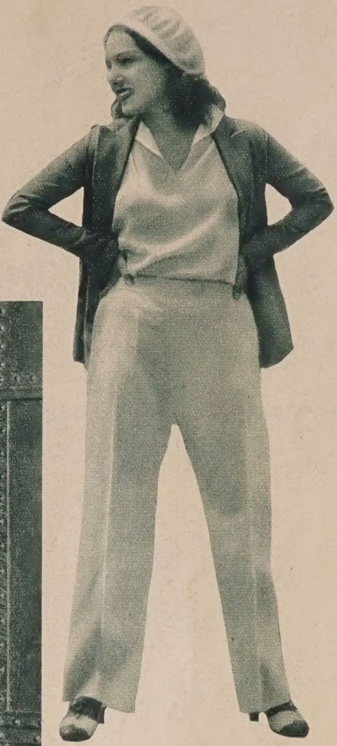
Fortunately, their romance ripened before the world had spotlighted Hollywood to the extent it has today.

LOVE THE STARS

By Marcella Burke

Rudolph Valentino, the screen's greatest lover, broke his very advantageous contract with Paramount after Natacha Rambova, his wife, interfered with his work there

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford dared the divorce courts to find happiness with one another. Hollywood was not in the limelight then and they paid no penalty



Unquestionably, Lupe Velez' career on the screen has been jeopardized by her much-publicized love for Gary Cooper. She frequently neglected brilliant opportunities because of her romance

Mary's divorce in Reno didn't kick up much of a rumpus. Think what would occur if the same thing should happen now!

Stars have become "news." The press wires click stardust from Hollywood today as regularly as one breathes. Falling in love in Hollywood is about as dangerous a pastime as falling down a glacier . . . you do it at your own risk.

LOOK at poor Charlie Chaplin. How heavily he has paid for his romantic quests! With heartache, with remorse, with a million or two dollars.

After his two-day-old son had died, Chaplin's last spark of love for Mildred Harris flashed out of existence. A divorce followed.

Charlie's romance with Pola Negri cost him plenty of notoriety and agitation. It was told in shrieking headlines the world over. If there had been a great love there, it died. There were too many people looking on, too many curious, thoughtless outsiders.

Later there was a short, flaming romance with Lita Grey, accompanied by an avalanche of scandal told in innuendo. Chaplin married her and she bore him two sons. A few months later, that episode was over. Don't think for a moment that Charlie didn't pay and pay heavily for this romance. It cost him an enormous settlement of nearly a million dollars, and a terrific blow to his pride.

Lita and Charlie were two unfortunate people, having their souls and their intimacies bared to a morbidly curious world.

Sentiment? Bah! The press kicks that into the dust. They never spared Charlie a hurt. Insinuations, sly remarks concerning his most private life.

The custody of his two sons was given to Lita. Charlie Chaplin was left alone again—an empty handed, sorrowful little man. Is that not a price to be paid for love?

And how sadly we recall the beautiful Barbara La Marr. What a tragic monument is her epitaph to love.

A divinely beautiful woman, always in love with someone. Always loving recklessly, passionately. Caring more for her romantic conquests than her career. Her work forgotten in the face of unruled passions.

If Barbara had taken better care of herself, there is no doubt but that she would have prolonged her life. Death was her penalty. A too swift vengeance for having loved life and love so fiercely.

Dolores Del Rio has never known life without love in it. Love never came to Dolores with empty hands.

With the death of her husband, [*Continued on page 73*]

MARLENE DIETRICH

The calm lady whose steadfast blue eyes mask the smouldering fires of a thousand different moods comes to the screen again in Shanghai Express, *with Warner Oland, Clive Brook and Anna May Wong.*

—Richee

HEARTBROKEN

The strange story of the reason for Sylvia Sidney's great success as a dramatic actress

By
Jack Jamison

A super-sensitive nature has made Sylvia Sidney's heart and brain more delicately tuned than that of the average human

THE rise to stardom of Sylvia Sidney was caused by something which has had no parallel in all the history of Hollywood.

Rapid rises to the heights are, in themselves, rare enough. The studios take a young woman who looks promising. They "try her on the dog"—that is, they give her a part in a picture to see if the public is going to say "Yes" or "No" to her. Then, the public continuing to say "Yes," there begins a long, slow process of building, with good parts in good pictures, with advertising, with publicity. After four years or so, everything turning out as it should, and the luck of both the studio and the player holding fair, the player is introduced as a star. And then, and not until then, can the studio and the player really cash in, in dollars and in fame . . . This is the customary process. It is such slow, cautious handling that has made Joan Crawford, that has made Janet Gaynor, for two examples.

But how rare are the ones who zoom to stardom overnight! Oh, there are flashes-in-the-pan without number; but how unusual it is for an actor or an actress to achieve enduring stardom in a short space of time! Sylvia Sidney did it. But she has done still more!

Ask yourself why you like Sylvia Sidney. And what do you find?

With Gene Raymond in *Ladies of the Big House*, Sylvia again scores a triumph—fruit of the strange complex that has haunted her through life

You find that *you don't know why you like her.* You haven't the slightest idea why. She eludes classification. That is just the point. All you know is that you do like her, very much indeed. But she is baffling. She escapes you. "She's a wonderful actress," we say, vaguely, trying to explain our admiration and liking for her. Of course she is. So is Ruth Chatterton a wonderful actress. But Sylvia Sidney's appeal lies in something beyond professional skill!

Solve this riddle and you solve the mystery of how such a young girl—for Sylvia, without stretching the point, is still almost a baby—can achieve the stunning dramatic triumphs that she has achieved. For it is a mystery, and no mistake! How can a young girl, limited in experience of life as all youth must be limited, by the very scarceness of the years she has spent living it—how can she portray the noblest, the most devastating, the deepest, the most heart-breaking human emotions on the screen, with absolute perfection?

The mystery is not to be taken lightly. It is a broken heart!

Have you ever had your heart broken? Well—once, perhaps. Would you like it to happen again? No! It nearly killed you, the one time. Well, now, can you imagine a person who has had her heart broken twenty times? You think it is impossible; no one could live through it! It is not impossible. Sylvia has known that horrible feeling of utter loss, of desolation, not once but twenty times—a hundred times! That feeling of despair, when all the world is black, when there is nothing to live for . . .

Last week, in a cheap and gloomy hotel room, a man killed himself. He left a note telling why he did it. The note, printed in the newspaper, said

[*Continued on page 68*]

Wedding Bells

How La Marquise de la Falaise—better known as Constance Bennett—sought a secret wedding

By Alyce Curtis

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, better known in Hollywood as "Hank," were married in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice in Beverly Hills. It was one of the most notable marital events the film colony has ever known. True, famous stars have wed noblemen ere now, but never before has a romance been so colorful or so widely discussed.

While six hundred lillies-of-the-valley were being wired for the bridal bouquet of the eldest Bennett child and twenty orchids were being placed with poetical care next to the lilies-of-the-valley, all Hollywood quivered with excitement.

The Sunday morning *Examiner* had unexpectedly carried a banner line stating that Constance was to wed her titled French lover that same day. Many people disbelieved the announcement because reports had been circulated for days that the nuptials would not take place until after the completion of Connie's new picture, *Lady With A Past.*

Connie, you see, had gone high-hat with the press—decidedly high-hat. The press which helped to create her wealth and fame was being shabbily treated. The press was told to run along and mind its business—but Connie happened to be its business, so it couldn't obey the imperial request.

Connie is a shrewd little lorelei who has always gotten exactly what she wanted.

Her front-page qualifications have been the joy of city editors. Whenever there was a drought in the news world the Bennett family has provided copy. Spectacular, incredible, amusing Connie has been particularly dependable news.

The Bennetts are all front-page victims. Just why Connie should feel, at the time of her recent marriage, that she should be entitled to sudden privacy is an enigma.

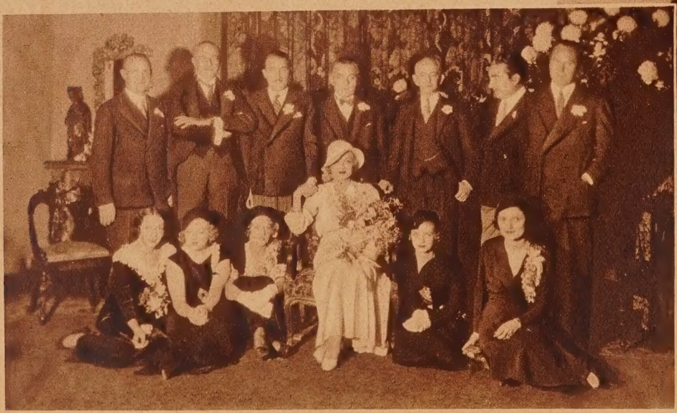
The Saturday preceding the great occasion it was my privilege to lunch with Richard Bennett, Constance's father.

By way of a little social bombshell I asked listlessly, "When is Connie being married?"

"How in h— should I know?" he retaliated amiably enough while he ordered caviar and tomato salad and barley soup.

"I haven't heard a word about her plans. I don't even

Constance Bennett was so anxious to keep her wedding plans from the newspapers that even her father was not permitted to share the secret until the actual wedding day. After a brief honeymoon, she returned to the studio to complete her next picture, *Lady With a Past*



In this wedding picture are: (standing) Neil McCarthy, Henri Didot, the French consul in Los Angeles; Henri de la Falaise, the bridegroom; Richard Bennett, Judge Lewis R. Works, who performed the ceremony; George Fitzmaurice and Gene Markey; (seated) Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Marion Davies, Eileen Percy, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett and Barbara Bennett Downey

for Connie

The newspaper photographers were forced to wait—not so patiently—outside the Fitzmaurice home during the ceremony

The Marquis and Connie on their honeymoon, watching a polo game between the Mexican army officers and an American team

know whether Joan has come back from New York yet or not."

There was a slight pause while beautiful sentiment twisted his lips into the caricature of a smile. "Funny thing—Connie doesn't let me know about her wedding. I can't understand it. My kids never call me unless they want something. Why, I gave those three girls the world for their finger bowl."

SUNDAY Morning, November 22, I talked to Richard Bennett down in his beautiful Santa Monica home. Strangely enough, no one in the household had seen the morning papers. They hadn't read the story about the wedding which was to take place late that afternoon. I called it to Dick Bennett's attention.

"That must be why we are invited up to Fitzmaurice's for dinner tonight," he said in amazement. "I have called Connie's house three times and the servants say she isn't home."

And then, an interesting thing happened. About half-past three in the afternoon, Connie called her father up and said, "Daddy, I want you to give me away. I'm going to be married at five o'clock."

Needless to say, the entire Bennett household saw to it that Mr. Bennett arrived at Fitzmaurice's on time. Flawlessly groomed in gray trousers, black morning coat and silk hat, with a gardenia for his boutonnaire, he arrived a bit breathlessly but punctually.

"Oh, Daddy," exclaimed Connie, "how sweet of you to be properly dressed for my wedding." She beamed ecstatically and the head of the Bennett family was completely happy.

Monsieur Didot, the French consul, was Henri's best man, and Eileen Percy, matron-of-honor. Marion Davies, Luella Parsons and Doctor Henry Martin, Edwin Schallert, Joan and Barbara Bennett, Gene Markey and, of course the George Fitzmaurice's, were present.

The room was beautifully decorated—a mass of white lilies, tuberoses and chrysanthemums. There was a twelve piece orchestra which played the familiar wedding music while Constance made her entrance in a turquois blue afternoon dress, very chic and very simple. Her hat was of the same color. She wore an exquisite necklace of pearls. Her wedding bouquet was superb.

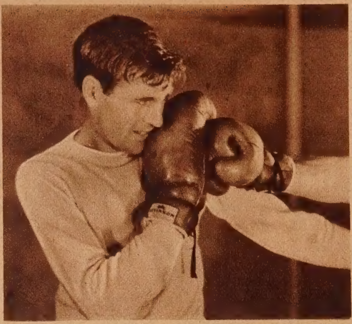
Judge Works performed the ceremony with quiet dignity. The Marquis was visibly nervous, a little white, a little shaky. Connie blushed deeply, to the enjoyment of her friends, who had not hoped to see the cool young lady become agitated upon the occasion of her third marriage.

Afterwards, Connie explained to her father, rather breathlessly, that she had stayed all night with the Fitzmaurice's. That her reason for not being married in his home was because she knew that the newspaper people would bombard him with a barrage of questions.

[*Continued on page* 69]

REAL CHAMPS

Wallace Beery did some real socking in *The Champ,* and Jackie Cooper will lick anybody who says he didn't



Gary Cooper is a man's man. His great fight with the brawny William Boyd in *The Spoilers* proved that

Regis Toomey was a nationally famous sprinter in his college days, and can still give dash records a scare

Are Hollywood actors hot-house flowers? Here's the red-blooded answer!

YOU have probably seen Wally Beery's new picture, *The Champ.* If you have seen it, you'll remember its thrilling prizefight scenes. And, dollars to doughnuts, you will have wondered where in Hollywood Wally learned how to sock like your favorite prizefighter!

Rest your bones and I'll tell you, if you'll listen for a moment to a conversation I overheard in the theatre the other night when I saw the picture.

A couple of husky college fellows were doing the talking. Said one of them, "You can't tell me that those fight scenes aren't faked. Beery may look rough and tough, but I'll bet he's really as pale pink as all the rest of these movie heroes. Say, there isn't an actor in Hollywood who could stand up and trade swats with a real man."

Well, dear reader, you've heard that before—perhaps you've said it. A lot of people think movie actors are pretty pale people. Doubles do all their he-men stunts, you hear. Is that so? Well, just for fun, here's the real low-down on *The Champ.*

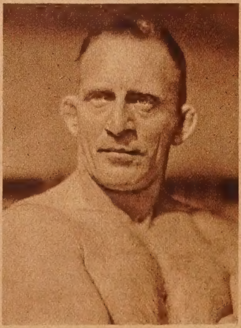
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hired a former big-time fighter to be Wally's little playmate in the picture. Wally had never done any boxing in his life, and he knew that his lack of experience would show on the screen. "But," he said, "give me a few days with a trainer and I'll guarantee you a real scrap." That sounded fair enough to the director, and Wally was given a leave of absence. In a few days he came back to work, his boxing-instructor following with a nice pair of black eyes. "Mr. Beery is ready," said the instructor. "He learned all I know in two days and licked me on the third. Take a look at these lamps."

Those fight scenes were real. They had to pull Wally off every time the bell sounded, and they had to pry his professional opponent off the floor with a putty knife when the fight was over. And Wally, whooping with joy, announced to the assembled crew: "Wow! This is more fun than flying. From now on I'm Dempsey's rival."

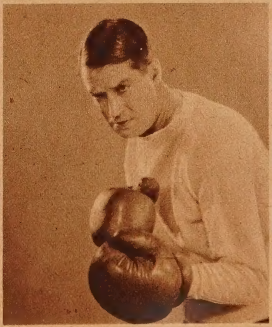
So you can give three rousing bronx cheers to any talkative college fellers you hear yelling "Fake!" at Wally Beery.

Let's get this matter of sissified actors settled once and for all.

Phillips Holmes skiis, rides, swims, and is generally known as one of the motion picture colony's most proficient all-around athletes



Carl Johnson, trainer at the Hollywood Athletic Club can vouch that your movie heroes are sturdy



Take away the smile, give Maurice Chevalier a pair of boxing gloves, and then run for cover!

Besides being an experienced aviator, Ben Lyon has sparred with many of the country's best-known boxers

# of THE MOVIES

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is proficient at a good many sports. At polo he's a hard rider and a mean man to deal with

George O'Brien is a former champion light-heavyweight boxer of the navy. Look at those mountains of muscles!

Frank Carideo, famed Irish quaterback, runs interference for Lew Ayres, who proved to be a natural player

By Jack Jamison

Cast your eyes on Victor McLaglen. Do they hire a gorilla to play his strong-arm scenes? They do not! No offense intended, Mr. McLaglen is a pretty good gorilla himself. Not only did he at one time hold a boxing championship in Canada, but he has also fought a no-decision bout with the mighty Jack Johnson himself. Which, you must admit, is something.

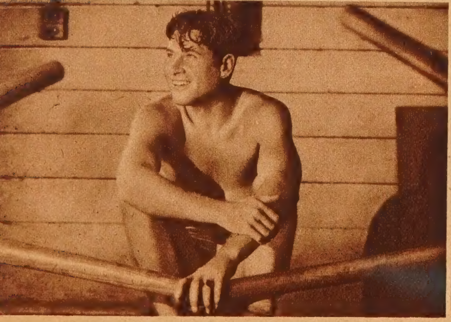
Don't think, though, that only the "heavies" in pictures are rough and tough. Not so! Look at Ben Lyon, who reminds sweet old ladies of Sonny Boy. The sweet old ladies should talk to Ben's trainer, Nate Scott. Nate, himself a former boxing champion, says that if Ben cared to he could become a professional fighter with as good a chance as anyone now in the ring to win the welterweight championship—and that, mind you, when Ben is already a crack flyer, swimmer, and wrestler!

A while back, Ben was working out in a gymnasium along with a hard looking gent who happened to be a professional fighter—a top-notcher, although Ben didn't know that. This fighter, a surly brute and a well-known "grandstander," bellowed for a sparring partner until Ben finally said that he'd try it himself. After the first round a crowd had gathered to watch, and the pug decided it was time to polish "the pretty boy" off. He began slugging, getting madder every minute that Ben stood up, until finally he was throwing everything he had at the young star. Ben saw what was happening, but did he quit? He turned loose his own guns! The professional wanted a knockout and got it. Ben Lyon himself picked his slumbering opponent up off the mat and carried him to a shower, after counting him out for the fourth time!

SO WHEN you come to Hollywood looking for a fight, don't, if you value your health, pick Ben Lyon. Years of training with Nate Slott, and boxing experience with such fighters as Mickey Walker, have made Ben a pretty dangerous gentleman to rile—as several Hollywood "tough guys" have found out.

Nearly all of the male stars work constantly with trainers. Dick Kline, official trainer at Paramount, says, "I should think the public would realize that the stars need to keep physically fit even more than other people. With their long hours of work, under boiling sun-arcs on air-tight stages, the stars would have one nervous breakdown after another if they didn't build up their bodies to meet such conditions. It's an absolute necessity. Many of the men I train are former athletes, and have always kept in trim.

[*Continued on page* 70]



Richard Arlen was an outstanding crew man and a stellar football player back in his school days, and still punishes the rowing machine severely

Clive Brook, the polished screen gentleman, is declared to be the most perfect physically of any man in Hollywood

And there's Vic McLaglen—hard as nails—who once fought a no-decision bout with the mighty Jack Johnson. He has lived through many colorful adventures

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

—*Johnson*

Your Aunt Beverly is "that way" about cute Geneva Mitchel, who helps make Mack Sennett comedies so grand. Gen' says she taught her parrott how to "Keep Cursable"

WELL, the silly season is here again. Everyone's picking the best this, the best that, and, of course, the Best Ten Pictures. Before Aunt Beverly marches in the mad parade, she'd like to make a little bet that the film chosen as finest by the nation's critics does not receive a clear majority of votes cast. Which goes to show that it's anybody's game. So if you don't like mine—pick your own.

1. *The Public Enemy.*
2. *Cimarron.*
3. *The Front Page.*
4. *Skippy.*
5. *Little Caesar.*
6. *Five Star Final.*
7. *Street Scene.*
8. *The Blue Angel.*
9. *Min and Bill.*
10. *Touchdown.*

Special mention for the German *Zwei Herzen im Drie-Viertal Takt*; the French *Le Million*; and that pictorial delight, *Tabu*. And while we're ducking those rocks, you'll note the complete omission of the *Sin and Succeed* series starring that redoubtable trio of for-cinematic-poses ruined ladies, Garbo, Bennett and Shearer.

Mouths of Babes

OUR old pal Josef von Sternberg—he and his haircut and his cane—are putting on that Ritz these days. He and the glamorous Mar-lay-na make a sort of triumphal parade of their luncheon stroll, looking neither to right, nor left, and marching and eating in silence.

That's why, in the clatter of the studio lunch room, little Bobby Coogan spoke up and said: "Oh, Ma, look, it's Harpo Marx!"

Doubtless Mrs. Coogan said: "Don't point, dear, we all know who you mean."

Lost and Found

A NEW squire seemed to be making a big hit with a certain glamorous screen star who used to grace the theatre, and she listened attentively to his whispered sweet nothings until they attended a recent party together.

When it came time to leave, he couldn't be found, so she departed alone and in a tantrum. Next morning the hostess was surprised by a knock at the door and the entrance of the boy friend who asked what had happened. He'd just curled up in the bottom of a car in the garage the night before to sleep it

Why, fans who write to Aunt Beverly want to know, isn't Anita Page being given more and better parts? She has everything the public wants. Auntie is downright worried and peeved—she'll keep on beefing, until—

Hollywood's champion brothers are Lionel and John Barrymore, who appear together for the first time in *Arsene Lupin*. The Barrymores are so famous, 'tis said they have spotlights parked all over their mansions —just to feel at home

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

off. And it took that much sleeping. Now all bets are off between them.

Incidentally, the girl herself didn't do so well. She mistook the host for the bartender. And did he have fun carrying out the deception and telling her how pediculous she was in her last picture! She wanted to have him fired, but couldn't find the host to complain.

Taxi, Taxi!

WITH John Hertz, the big taxi-cowboy from Chicago, now a power in Paramount, perhaps the pictures are going for a ride. Anyhow, there'll be fewer kicks about chewing-gum parked under Paramount theatre chairs now that William Wrigley is one of the boys.

The Hollywood Hen

IT SOUNDS like a barnyard around the studios these days. You know, "cut-cut-cut"—and another egg is laid. They plan to chop star salaries anywhere from twenty per cent up. And, while it's scarcely in the nature of things to feel sorry that John Barrymore, for instance, will receive a measly $125,000 a picture instead of $175,000, it's a mystery just how they expect to get away with it. There are contracts, you see.

A big shot recently said in Aunt Beverly's hearing: "Well, we've got the directors buffaloed, and we'll get those blankety-blank actors yet!" An attitude which explains why Hollywood is just one big, happy family with Conrad Nagel leading the cheers.

Picks Up Gloria's Hanky

BELIEVE it or not, that was the tabloid head on a story telling of Constance's wedding to the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, formerly Hank Swanson. But, goodness, what an event it was!

50,000,001 Frenchmen

GLORIA has Constance Bennett left at the post. She beat Connie to the matrimonial hurdle, and now, 'tis said, she's baby-bound. If the rumor is true, her baby's first birthday will be spent in France. Maybe Gloria, having lost one Frenchman, has determined to get another, even though his daddy's Irish.

Justifiable

A DAVENPORT, IOWA, motion picture exhibitor was attacked by his wife with an axe. She suffers from "nerves" he says. But it's probably from looking at inferior films.

The Studio Cat

MAKEUP men can be mean, too. One, referring to a certain star, put his hand on his hip to remark: "She has the skin you love to re-touch."

Razzing A Rumor

NO MATTER what you hear, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are in love again—or yet—with one another. Doubtless they've had their misunderstandings, like all married kids, but their affection is sufficient to stand the strain. Now if it were "the old folks"—well—we'd reserve decision.

Stop Press! ! !

IF GARBO really does go home—it will be as a bride!

Don't ask questions!

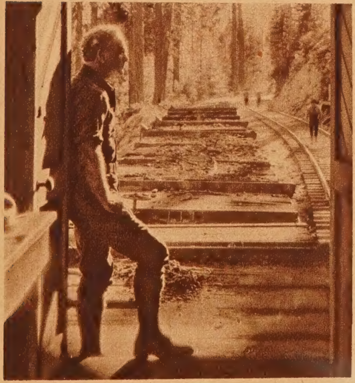
Aunt Beverly's as excited as you are!

We're on the trail!

Shhhh!

"Garden of Friendship"

VICTOR McLAGLEN has started a new idea in having all his pals plant a tree or flower in a portion of his Flintridge estate. It worked out beautifully



There aren't any more consistently successful he-men in Hollywood than Bill Boyd. He has been heroing his way through pictures for several years now—*Bad Timber* being his latest—getting more and more popular all the time

Why Miriam Hopkins! Your old Aunt Beverly will scold plenty if you catch cold posing for double exposure pictures. Movie girls didn't do that back in Theda Bara's time, but they weren't half so charming as you—we'll have to concede that

Between scenes on the current production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Ramón Novarro pops into Bob Montgomery's dressing room for a chat. We won't tell you what they're smoking—but you'd walk a mile for one

What a pet! Wynne Gibson makes friends with a Jaguar cub brought to Hollywood by a South American explorer. Wynne says he's cute now, but she couldn't be hired to do this trick three months hence

until El Brendel contributed a raspberry bush, and Eddie Lowe showed up with a pansy.

Something Should Be Done

DIXIE LEE is setting a very bad precedent by imitating her husband, Bing Crosby, in a Vitaphone picture. My word, old dear, just imagine if Mrs. Chevalier imitated Maurice, and Mrs. Barrymore imitated John, and Mrs. Brown imitated Joe! Arise husbands!

Fireman Save My Child!

FOR no reason at all, except that he used to play with matches as a kiddie, Warner Baxter has been chosen chief of the Malibu Fire Department. He has a new shield and a new helmet. At the last fire he burned his hat and someone copped the badge.

Horses, Horses

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL owns her own horse, instead of home. The equine's name is "Diamond," and after her morning canter, Marguerite agrees that it's a rough "Diamond." And speaking of horses, Helen Morgan went horseback riding recently and couldn't sing for a week. Get it? Or don't you know Helen sings sitting on a piano?

Sunday Best

HOMER RODEHEAVER, Billy Sunday's booming baritone, recently took a fling at film business by going on a tour of Porto Rico with cameramen and equipment. He was going to show a travelogue. But, as it turned out, the film was threaded into the cameras the wrong way—and "Rodey" drew a blank when the film was developed. Now he figures that Sunday's best.

Foxy Fairbanks

AND while we're gossiping about travel pictures, it took Doug Fairbanks to think up a novelty idea that set him back just $80,000 and will pay, and pay, and pay. Doug's film *Around the World in Eighty Minutes* is such a success that the other producers are scheming to repeat on it with their most popular stars, like Will Rogers, as drawing cards. Meantime, Doug's new adventures are delayed by war conditions in the East.

Animal Lovers

SELF-APPOINTED snoopers have caused the cancellation of a contract calling for six of the dog comedies that have been such fun. Although the S. P. C. A. supervised the making of the films and was satisfied there wasn't the slightest cruelty, the buttinskis weren't satisfied. So now the dogs are minus the excellent care and fine food they received as movie stars.

"The Great Mouthpiece"

WHY in the world they changed the title of Gene Fowler's story is beyond us. But maybe Gene is going to do a brand new one for John Barrymore. In any event the film heralded as *State's Attorney*, is a Fowler piece about the colorful career of William J. (Bill) Fallon, the dashing criminal attorney whose life was drama from beginning to end. It should be a great picture. But we still like the original title best.

Rio In Rio

PERHAPS they thought that title *The Dove* might be construed to refer to the vice squad gentleman who bore that name. Anyhow, they've changed the title of the Dolores Del Rio film to *The Girl of the Rio*. Isn't that rio-l Grande?

Now It's de Milleski

THE old master, Cecil B. de Mille, is back from an extended tour of Russia, and is full of enthusiasm over the country. So much so, in fact, that we wouldn't be surprised to learn of his return as a steppe-son of the Soviet to make an epic in the fine new studios outside of Moscow.

The Greatest Celebrities of Hollywood turn out to honor the triumph

Jackie Cooper takes his bow on the opening night of *The Champ*—a modest little tyke

Into the spotlight comes Lionel Barrymore, 1931's finest actor, escorting Irene Fenwick, his wife

Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante points his nose, and Norma Shearer signs on the dotted line

Sauce For Goose

WHEN Rex Ingram chooses to direct pictures, "the little woman" is his star. And when Rex wants to act, "the little woman" directs. You haven't forgotten, have you, that Mrs. Ingram is Alice Terry. The couple has been enjoying life on the Riviera for years, making pictures when the spirit moves 'em.

Hard Rock Miner

HOLLYWOOD'S alleged millionaire kid, young Howard Hughes, named his Caddo Company from the parish of Caddo, Louisiana. The corporation used to be the Caddo Rock Drill Bit Co., but now it's the Caddo Co., Inc., and is chartered to manufacture mining machinery and motion pictures. There's gold in both mines and movies, apparently. But the gossip is that in Hughes' case its the same dough—taken from the mining business and dumped into films. The young man recently borrowed a half-million, so they say.

Raw, Raw, Raw

WHEN Jean Harlow's picture, *Platinum Blonde*, played New Haven, the Yale seekers after knowledge swiped all the lobby stills of Miss Harlow, leaving the lobby bare as Jean herself.

One Night Stand

JAMES CAGNEY, playing personal appearances, decided to do one in a small town, in which he wasn't billed, but had friends. He wired the theatre's manager: "PLAYING YOUR THEATRE TOMORROW. HAVE STAGE MANAGER, CARPENTER, PROPERTY MAN, CHIEF ELECTRICIAN AND COMPLETE CREW ON HAND FOR REHEARSAL." The answer came: "OKAY HE'LL BE HERE."

P. S.—He Got The Gal

THERE'S a New Yorker in Hollywood who manages to keep a couple of jumps ahead of the local Lotharios. Rushing a new beauty, he called at her hotel this particular morning with a fine bunch of posies, and asked a bell-hop to take 'em to her.

"Gee," exclaimed the boy, "that's the fifth bunch of flowers she's had this morning from five different guys and none of 'em left their names!"

"So," reflected the wise-guy, "well, that being the case, just tell her these are from me—the same fellow who sent the other four bouquets!"

Author! Author!

"THE only way you'll get that play on the stage," a theatrical man told Norman Krasna, "is if they tear it up and use it for a snow storm!" But Norman, a former Hollywood press-agent, got *Louder Please* on Broadway, and now has three film companies bidding for the screen rights.

A Lot Of Bull

THEY say the one and only Bull Montana was offered $300 a week for pictures, and refused the offer, saying he'd get $1,000 a month or nothing. Bull's wife recently divorced him, claiming he made faces at her. The judge wanted to know how she could tell.

Speakeasy Note

A COUPLA Hollywood enemies encountered one another in one of Manhattan's speakies. The one who was the tightest stormed over to the other:

"Now you dirty so-and-so, you scoundrel, you cheap, two-timing four flusher . . . .," and as he kept it up, the whole jernt was listening. Finally he paused, and the cleverer, or soberer, guy chimed in:

"Yes, yes, go on, what else did you say to him?"

B. Rogers Sued!

FOOLED ya! It's not Buddy, but the kid brother, Bh, who is being sued—and for divorce at that. Yes, sir, Bud-

Director Mel Brown has accomplished a strange feat in training pets—his dog and cat are as chummy as two old maids at a keyhole

Jackie Cooper shares with Wallace Beery in "The Champ"

Nils Asther arrives with the Duncan sisters. He is wed to Vivian, on the left

Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons scratch the pen in Jimmie Durante's autograph book

Introducing Rosco Ates, the dean of stutterers, and his daughter, Dorothy (what-a-name!) Darling dy's sister-in-law says Charles R's brother is just a play-boy.

Twice In Same Place

WHEN Dorothy Hall, latest of the Paramount stars, arrived in New York for a home town vacation, a whole mob of friends went down to the depot to meet her. They flocked around the "Century" exit. But meantime Dorothy had arrived on the "Advance Century," and was met by no one.

Finally one of the greeters spotted Dorothy, and sneaking away, told her of the situation. "You can't disappoint a crowd that gets up before breakfast to meet you," he said. So Dorothy slipped back behind the bars, and made a proper entrance from the "Century." And she didn't tell the story until an hour later, when the gang was having breakfast at Marie Saxon's home.

Football Film

WHEN the newsreel cameras shoot a football battle, they use enough film for three features. Cameras are spotted all over the lot so that thrilling bits of action can't be missed. But of $800 worth of negative, about ten bucks worth is finally shown. And that slow motion stuff which shows the plays so clearly, frequently consumes 10,000 feet of film all by its lonesome.

Propaganda

THE funny part about the censoring of the Russian films for propaganda is that every American picture dealing with Army, Navy, Marines and other U. S. items must be submitted to Washington for an okay. And, if the various protagonists aren't shown as heroes, that okay is not forthcoming. A dandy Marine film has been shelved because one of the sea soldiers in the picture was a baddie, and Washington frowned.

Clap Hands

ONE of the boys made use of the "applause card" nonsense at previews to put himself in the starring class. Unfortunately, he couldn't hold the job when he got it. The idea was simple. He just packed the house with pals and every applause card at the preview of his picture contained a rave for the actor, then in a minor rôle. So impressed were the master minds, that they immediately billed him as a star. With his first starring vehicle—came the dawn.

Mary Lets It Grow

AS PICKFORD grows so grow the girls! And Mary's hair will be long again in her next picture, so you boys might as well get used to the "awkward stage," when a gal's bob looks straggly. Maybe it's all a conspiracy on the part of the hair-pin and net manufacturers!

Pola Makes Good

POLA NEGRI, having passed all the arduous screen tests and mike exams to which she submitted to prove the sincerity of her come-back effort, has definitely clicked with her first new picture, *A Woman Commands.* She has a new contract calling for $3,500—an increase of $500 weekly over the original figure. But still not as much as the $7,000 she used to receive in the stillies.

—Ray Jones

The thrill of a lifetime! Babe Ruth, now making a baseball picture, organizes a sand lot game for two of his young admirers

Frank—And Ernest

RICHARD ARLEN and Regis Toomey made a trip East following their hit in *Touchdown*, and a boy-friend thought they should see New York's famous 30,000 speakeasies. The first was "Tony's," and when the boys were introduced to the proprietor he remarked that he had just seen *Touchdown.* Naturally they asked how he liked it, waiting in bored expectancy of the usual compliments.

"Gee!" was the astonishing exclamation, "Jack Oakie was great!"

—Hyman Fink

The Baby Wampas Stars have been wined, dined and entertained at a great rate, but none of the excitement equaled the affair at which their horoscopes were read by a mysterious talking mummy. From left to right, the ladies are: Joan Blondell, Frances Dee, Barbara Weeks, Anita Louise, Marian Marsh, Marion Schilling, Rochelle Hudson and Karen Morley

Her Last Press Notice

POOR Lya De Putti! Both camera coasts were grief-stricken at her passing. She was so gay, so reckless, so care-free. She had placed her life in jeopardy a hundred times in 'planes, on fractious horses, in all sorts of stunts. In the end, a bone imbedded in her throat brought death.

Not since Valentino have such throngs turned out to honor a departed idol. And a veritable flood of printers' ink kept an anxious public informed of every change in her condition. Although Lya hadn't made a picture in three years, the fans hadn't forgotten her. She'd like to know that they remained steadfast. Maybe she does know. Hail, Lya, and farewell! May your gallant soul find peace.

Is Monte Blue?

NOT by a durned sight! The lanky star has been devoting some time and attention to the mike, and is all set to step into the talkies as great a star as he was in the silent days. Little Mary Philbin is another who figures she has mastered dat ol' davil microphone, and she'll do a come-back soon. More power to both of 'em.

Paging Anita

AUNT BEVERLY still can't understand why Anita Page doesn't get those well-deserved breaks. If they figure her as just one more blonde they're all wrong. She has lots of what it takes. But the umpchays don't seem to see it. Besides beauty, Anita has brains and she's quick on the trigger, too. For instance, get her definition of Hollywood as a place where they don't "no" anything!

WHEN STARS DINE

The film folks have their café rendezvous

—*Wide World*

Dinner hour finds Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay entertaining a friend at the Ambassador Hotel, which is a place where film satellites gather

—*Lippman*

Joan Blondell is one person in The Green Room who helps herself to two deserts without blinking an eye, because her musical feet promptly dance off the excess poundage

—*Wide World*

Lady June Inverclyde and Evelyn Brent are frequently seen together at the Embassy Club, one of the most popular and exclusive eating places patronized by the stars

—*Grimes*

Joan Crawford, who is really quite a systematic person, always lunches at the same table on the porch of the studio commissary and dotes on using a spoon for every course

Billie Dove has changed miraculously in the last few years. Formerly rather apathetic, she is now a creature of infinite sparkle and zest. She is also one of Hollywood's most promising stars

BILLIE WORKS A MIRACLE

An intimate glimpse of the new Billie Dove

By June Woodard

THINGS have been happening to Billie Dove—she is completely changed—hardly recognizable as the Billie Hollywood once knew. Scientists contend that every human life unfolds in seven-year cycles. It is too bad the cycle couldn't have been shortened in Billie's case.

Seven years ago, Billie Dove used to frequent the Santa Monica Swimming Club. She used to appear rather early in the morning, with a couple of books tucked under her arm. The house boy would arrange cushions and huge parasols for her comfort and then leave her sitting there alone. In those days even the red bathing suits Billie wore failed to lend her animation.

She was a beautiful, pensive lady. She seemed listless . . . always looking out across the sea. Never saying anything, never moving.

Different handsome men who swam at that club used to watch la Dove covertly for hours on end. They were all enthusiastic about her beauty—but not very intrigued with her apathetic qualities.

Men usually become enthusiastic when they suspect there is a hidden fire smoldering some place. They didn't suspect Billie of any warmth whatsoever.

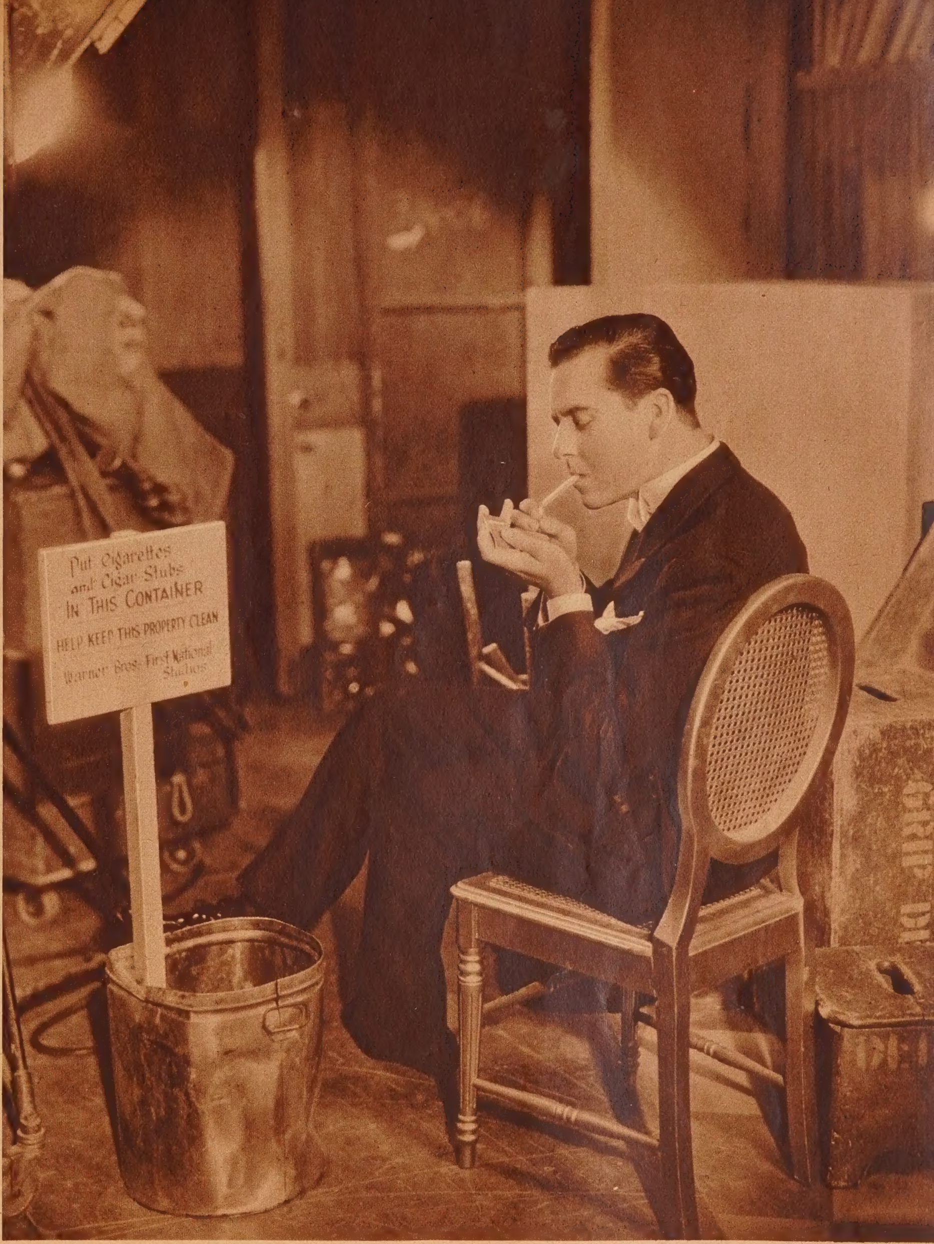
That was seven years ago. Much has happened meanwhile. Billie Dove was then Mrs. Irvin Willat. The divorce courts changed that for her, but there was not much of a furore when she started to circulate in her regained state of single blessedness.

There hadn't been much stardust clinging to Billie's beautiful skirts at that time. She was lovely to look upon but she was not judged a great actress and she was lacking in personal glamor.

Today, Billie Dove is radiant. She is, at times, in appearance at least, a refined edition of Irene Bordoni. In her wake are glamorous legends about chinchilla wraps, luxurious enough to smother age-old royalty in; screens beside her bed with dozens of real orchids intertwined to make a daily pattern of beauty; private, gigantic planes which Billie pilots herself; white yachts which weigh anchor at her slightest whim; and last but not least, numerous suitors. And who has not heard of her now famous famous romance with Howard (millionaire) Hughes.

That old line of poetry, ". . . the world, a ruby for your finger ring," is just about true these days where Billie is concerned.

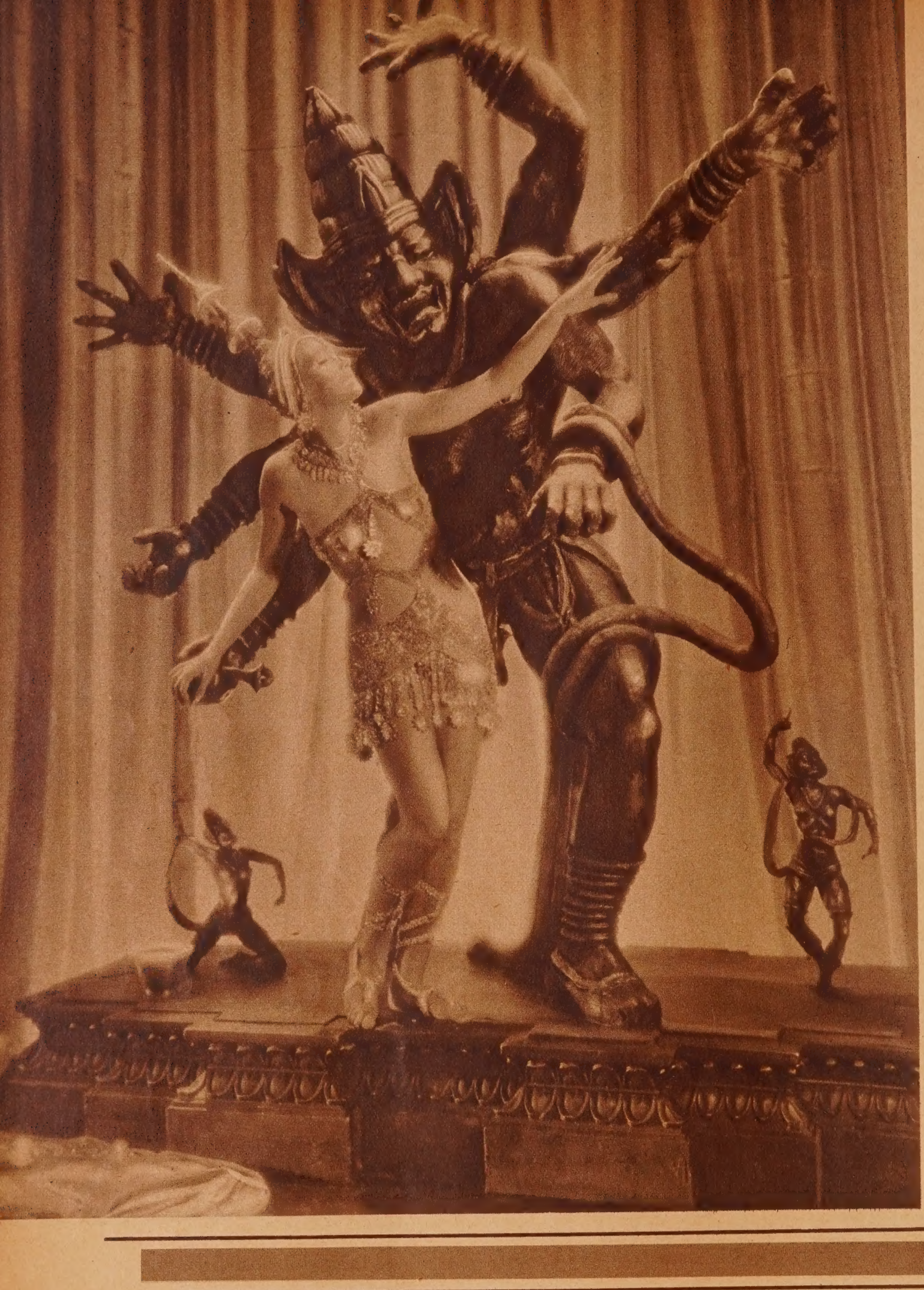
Undoubtedly due to the fact that Howard Hughes is madly in love with Billie Dove, her Caddo contract is a most generous one. It calls for the production of something like five pictures in two years. Two have already been [*Continued on page* 58]


Put Cigarettes
and Cigar Stubs
IN THIS CONTAINER
HELP KEEP THIS PROPERTY CLEAN
Warner Bros. First National
Studios

BEN LYON

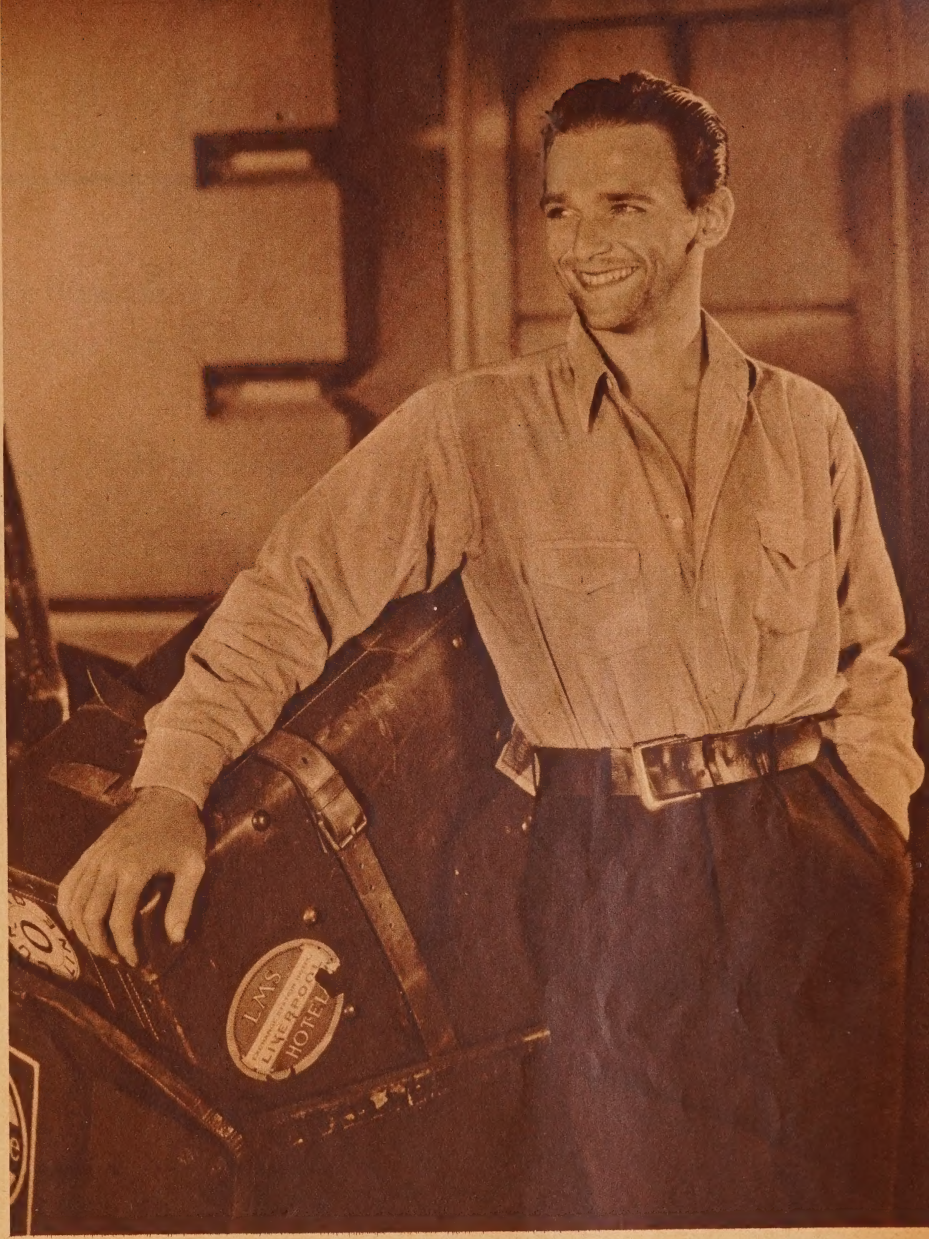
—*Irving Lippman*

A dependable leading man who never fails to uphold his part of the picture is Ben Lyon, who, having finished "Her Majesty, Love" with Marilyn Miller, has begun "Lady With A Past", in which he appears again with Constance Bennett. His part is of a clean young man who does not admire the checkered, though manufactured-in-Paris, past of a girl whom he believed to be above such things. He is even living his new screen rôle between scenes, so he does his cigarette smoking beside one of Warner Brothers-First National's "Help keep this property clean" signs



A strangely fascinating picture is "Mata Hari" in which Greta Garbo is co-starred with Ramón Novarro. That famous spy, Mata Hari, who took the side of the Central Powers during the World War, had in her mysterious ancestry a strain of the Oriental blood of the Javanese combined with the Occidental. One of the high spots of the picture is this awesome scene in which Garbo, in the glittering garb and exotic head-dress of a temple dancing girl, performs the weird ceremonial dance before the grotesque six-armed goddess of the Javanese, known as Kali

GRETA GARBO



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

—Irving Lippman

Fate has fixed it so that girls named Joan play important parts in the life of young Douglas Fairbanks. Not only has he been happily married to one—Joan Crawford—for nearly three years, but in his current picture, "Union Depot," in which he is handed the most suitable rôle of his screen career, his leading lady is Joan Blondell. Doug Junior is the smiling juggler of baggage in a great depot in this picture, and incidentally accomplishes his heart's desire by being allowed to go tieless and unshaven most of the time. The picture will be released in the near future

BABES IN

Screen celebrities con-
of the dual career

THE birth rate in Hollywood is the lowest in the United States. The stars are not going in for families. In the first place, they haven't time. In the second place, only a star knows the impossibility of depending upon a future—a stabilized future.

These luminous, shadowy people realize only too well that shadows are more prevalent than sunlight, financially speaking, in the actor's life.

They don't have babies for at least one very vital reason. It isn't because they aren't able to. It isn't because they don't want them. It's because of *fear*.

I've talked to so many, many people concerning the birth rate in Hollywood and always, in the end, they have told me the same things. To begin with, an actor's life is a precarious, haphazard thing. Every actress is straining to her utmost to keep her place. Younger, fresher, newer personalities are constantly pressing forward, replacing the old, familiar faces.

It's all very well, when checking back through the life stories of people we know so well today, to discover, for instance, that the four Marx brothers never had a chance to play baseball when they were kids because dimly lighted back stages were not very good baseball diamonds.

And you find out that Joan Blondell's cradle was an old battered wardrobe trunk. The only way that her round infant eyes knew that day time was divided from night time, was by the dimming down of the footlights.

There is little Helen Chandler, wistful, almost tremulous in her eagerness over success. When Helen should have been tugging dolls around in her baby arms, she was learning her lines from the plays which have since brought her fame.

"If you want success," says Ruth Chatterton, "there never seems to be time to stop. There never seems to be a year one can place aside and say, 'I shall have a baby now.'"

And one after the other has told me very seriously and most pathetically, "What a bum trick it would be to bring a kid into the world when we aren't sure at all about *tomorrow*."

TOMORROW and that well known *rainy day* which theatrical people talk about—those two days which frighten them! Fear, woven through tomorrow, is the thing which definitely lowers the birth rate among professional people.

At first I tried to believe that there were literally hundreds of babies frolicking around the gardens of Hollywood stars, but I know there are not.

There are about 154,000 people in the population of this cinematic city. Out of this number the figures startle one. There are 17,521 extras; there are 6,000 featured players; and there are only 31 stars. The most careful investigation proves the amazing fact that just 150 babies have been born into the professional world in Hollywood.

—*Hurrell*

To Joan Crawford, the combining of a career with motherhood is a serious affair in which success or failure lies entirely in the temperament of the individual

—*Bachrach*

Dolores Del Rio frankly admits that as much as she would like to have a child, she feels that absence from the screen would mean sacrificing her career

HOLLYWOOD

fess what they think of actress and mother

By Marcella Burke

Eddie Cantor heads the list with five children.

Harold Lloyd has three.

Will Rogers has three.

Joe E. Brown has three.

All of the other star parents, as you check down the list, have one child—in rare instances, two.

Walter Huston has one; Lawrence Tibbet, two; Marlene Dietrich, one; Norma Shearer, one; Joan Bennett, one; Doris Kenyon, one; Leatrice Joy, one; Conrad Nagel, one; Jack Mulhall, one; ZaSu Pitts, one; Dolores Costello and John Barrymore, one; Gloria Swanson, one; Charlie Chaplin, two; Nancy Carroll, one; Lil Dagover, one; Irene Rich, two.

It was Herbert Spencer who advanced the theory about birth rates being less in creative periods of the world, although modern science doesn't agree. Spencer says, "As a necessity of evolution, fertility diminishes with that intellectual and moral development of the race, which is comprised within the meaning of the word civilization.

"In ancient Greece and Rome, in the middle ages, the creative artists contributed far less than the lower classes to the perpetuation of the race."

"The decline of the birth rate is never due to increased poverty.

"A lowered birth rate down through the ages is the direct result of the greater desire for luxury."

When people crave luxury they are entering a period of self-indulgence, and self-indulgence goes hand in hand with selfishness.

I talked to Dolores Del Rio one day in hope of getting her honest opinion upon this subject. She was delightfully frank. "I want a baby very much—nothing would make Cedric and me happier, but first I must feel that my career is rounded out. I would like a year more in pictures and two on the stage, then there will be time to think of babies. I can understand why actresses do not have more children. It is fear of two kinds. You see from the very beginning of an actress's life, her physical appearance has to be, naturally, the keynote of her success. There is always that fear that she might lose whatever beauty she has, in giving birth to a child. Of course," added Dolores, "with the exquisite care and great obstetricians we have today there is no such thing happening. Look at Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson, for instance—they are more beautiful than ever since they became mothers.

"I am afraid we are pretty selfish without meaning to be. To have a baby means a year out of one's life. That is a very long time, in which one can easily lose her place. Popularity dies out so quickly." [*Continued on page 67*]

Dolores Costello chose to renounce the screen for the rôle of motherhood, and when she looks at little Dolores Barrymore, the sacrifice seems more than worthwhile

—Ufa

The work of mothering little Maria has not robbed Marlene Dietrich of her screen glamor, nor has the more important part of *mutter* suffered from the career

The Woman from

How a courageous wife sacrificed her happiness to restore her husband's military laurels

SLOWLY the cruiser *LaFayette* steamed into the port of Toulon. Among the officers and men there was that tense excitement which attends the bringing of a ship to anchor; an excitement that was doubly acute because of rumors of war. Perhaps this would be the last shore leave in many months. Perhaps—

In the glass enclosed navigating room stood Captain Corlaix. He was a typical French naval officer whose life had been devoted to the service of his country. His face was stern and his manner crisp and businesslike as he addressed his fellow officers.

"I am sorry, Messieurs. There can be no shore leave for anyone. We may be at war—even now."

Disappointment clouded the faces of the commissioned officers. All had cherished plans for celebrations in the port of Toulon.

"I'm asking Madame Corlaix to dine aboard ship," the Captain continued, "Suppose we make it an event. You, too, invite your friends. We'll have a special dinner and I'll order the quarter-deck cleared for dancing. I would like one of you to go ashore to tell my wife.

"I'd be delighted, Sir," volunteered Captain Brambourg, the executive officer.

The Commandant darted a quick glance of suspicion at Brambourg. It was obvious that he did not wholly trust him—at least with his wife. "You may be needed here," he said curtly. "I'll send D'Artelles."

There was considerable irony in this, though Corlaix was unaware of it. D'Artelles had known—and loved—Madame Corlaix before she became the Captain's wife. *He still loved her*. The very thought of seeing her again caused his pulse to quicken. There was nothing in D'Artelles' mask-like countenance, however, as he saluted Corlaix and took the note which he had written to his wife, to suggest the tumult of emotions which suddenly raged within him.

COULD Corlaix have seen the expression which crept into his wife's eyes as she greeted D'Artelles, could he have witnessed her confusion, he might have doubted the wisdom of sending the handsome young lieutenant with the message.

"Why—Monsieur D'Artelles—" A crimson flush mounted her cheeks and the expression in her eyes was that of one who is not quite sure of her emotions.

D'Artelles bowed respectfully. "Your husband sent me--with this." He handed her the note.

"Oh—you are here *officially* then?" she said, relieved.

"I would not have come otherwise, Madame."

There was a moment of silence. Absent-mindedly, Madame Corlaix tore open the note. A frown furrowed her brow as she read its contents. She looked away from D'Artelles toward the harbor.

"I hope you are not annoyed with me, Madame," he said. "You see, I was ordered to come."

"Oh, it isn't that," she hastened to assure him. "It's just that I had been counting the hours until I would see my husband. And now he says that he can't come home. Naturally, I'm disappointed."

"But he's very anxious to see you," D'Artelles assured her.

"Yes—he asks me to come aboard ship tonight." She carefully avoided meeting D'Artelles' eyes.

"Surely you won't refuse to go—because of me?" he questioned.

She shrugged. "It might be—well, somewhat embarrassing. Don't you think?"

"I shall see that it isn't."

Her confusion of a few moments before had vanished. "I think we understand

Monte Carlo

Fictionized by

Grace Mack

Lotti turned scornfully from Captain Brambourg and almost collided with D'Artelles who snapped to attention as she smiled at him and said, "Monsieur D'Artelles—will you please take me to the forward deck?"

THE CAST

Lotti Corlaix—	LIL DAGOVER
Capt. Corlaix—	WALTER HUSTON
Lt. D'Artelles—	WARREN WILLIAM
Capt. Brambourg—	JOHN WRAY
Le Duc—	GEORGE E. STONE
Commdr. Morbraz—	ROBERT WARWICK
Chief Engineer—	BEN HENDRICKS, JR.
The Dowager—	MAUDE EBURNE
The President—	FREDERICK BURTON
Capt. Vergesson—	JOHN RUTHERFORD
The Pilot—	FRANK LEIGH
Capt. Kurkuff—	FRANCIS MCDONALD

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Based on the story by Claude Farrere and Lucien Nepoty Directed by Michael Curtiz Adapted to the screen by Harvey Thew

Before she could answer, there was a sharp rap at the door. D'Artelles rushed Lotti over to the berth and drew the curtains in front of her, after cautioning her to make no sound unless he called

each other," she said with meaning. "Please tell my husband I'll come." She extended her hand cordially and pretended not to notice that D'Artelles' hand trembled as it touched hers.

He turned to go.

"Is there any more news?" she asked. "Is it to be—war, do you think?"

D'Artelles shrugged. "You know as much as we. There may be something definite from Paris by the time you come aboard tonight."

And war was closer at that moment than either of them guessed. . . .

WHEN Lotti Corlaix arrived aboard the cruiser that evening it was again D'Artelles, and not her husband, who greeted her. Captain Corlaix was in conference with the four flag officers. He was giving them the secret code—the signals by which to recognize friendly ships in case of war.

"We question unidentified ships with the code letters V. S. A friendly ship will reply with four lights arranged vertically —so." He made some marks on the paper in front of him. "Then we question them a second time with the letters B. M. The second reply is four lights arranged in a square—so. Please commit this to memory, gentlemen."

Brambourg was the first to leave the Captain's cabin. He hurried to the side deck where he discovered Madame Corlaix and D'Artelles standing by a sideboard, about to drink a cocktail. He did not wait for an invitation to join them.

"Ah, Madame—this is a pleasure." And then, as though noticing D'Artelles for the first time, he added: "Have the Captain's gig moored to the starboard booms." It was obviously an excuse to get rid of the Lieutenant.

D'Artelles frowned. "I have already given orders to that effect, sir."

"Then see that it's been done," Bambourg said sternly, and picking up the glass that D'Artelles had set down, he lifted it toward Lotti.

"To a delightful reunion—of old friends, Madame."

"Friends?" she questioned.

"Of course," he said confidently, drinking the cocktail.

"The same old Brambourg, aren't you?" she said acidly, "Riding over everybody who gets in your way."

"And why not? That's how I got these." He pointed to the stripes on his sleeve. "Women have always admired me, Madame, for getting what I want—no matter how I get it."

A sarcastic smile curved Lotti's lips. To Brambourg's amazement she put her cocktail down, untasted, turned her back on him and walked away. For a moment he watched her, moving down the passage toward the Captain's quarters.

CAPTAIN CORLAIX was concluding another earnest conference.

"— and stand by in case of a direct message from Paris." And to the Engineer Officer: "Set your regular watches and keep the fires banked, so that we can shove off at a moment's notice. That's all."

The officers saluted and departed. The Captain stuffed some papers into the drawer of his desk and hurried toward the passage door. Lotti was waiting, outside.

"Lotti!" he rushed toward her and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, my dear—it's so good to see you." She looked up at him adoringly. "I thought I was never going to get to you."

"Duty, my dear. Duty and red tape." He led her into his cabin. "At a time like this a little neglect might spell disaster."

"I suppose so. But then you never neglect anything, do you?"

"Nothing—except you," he said fondly. "It worries me that I can't see you oftener, my dear. And if you could know how much I think about you and long for you—how I worry about you."

"Worry?" she asked, playfully.

"Yes. You, who have always had so much excitement and gaiety in your life, I often find myself wondering how you manage to amuse yourself."

"Oh, I get along all right. There are always things to do."

"— and people to see?" he questioned uneasily.

"Of course."

"You see—a great many?"

Lotti was quick to detect his meaning. Gently, she laid her hand on his arm. "What's the matter, Fred? You act like you had something on your mind."

"Sometimes I curse myself for taking you away from your beloved Vienna, for even thinking I could give you happiness—"

"Don't be foolish, dear. You've given me more than I've ever had—you've given me your name—your love. Out of *nothing* you've made me *something*—"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, over and over.

"You're the finest, bravest officer in all France, and I'm proud to be your wife." Her arms stole about his neck and for a few moments the imminence of war was forgotten in the rapture of their kisses. And then:

"Aren't we to have any time alone—together?" she asked softly.

"Of course—"

"Please—can't you come home for just one night," she pleaded.

"Impossible, my dear. I'm expecting important orders from Paris at any moment—"

"Then—can't I stay here tonight?" she looked up at him seductively, desire written in her eyes.

The Captain shook his head. "You know that I'd lose my commission if I permitted a woman to stay aboard." And then, as though reading for the first time the language of her eyes, he added: "As soon as the guests begin to thin out, we'll—we'll meet down here—just the two of us." Captain Corlaix was awkward when it came to matters of love.

Just outside the door, Officer Dagorne saluted the Captain.

"Engineer's reports, Sir. I was instructed to wait for your signature." He stood at attention.

"Can't they wait dear?" Lotti pleaded.

"I'm afraid not. I must sign them at once. But it will take only a moment. You run along. I'll join you before the first dance is over."

THOROUGHLY annoyed, Lotti strolled slowly down the passageway. This thing of duty—*before pleasure*—was not to her liking. Well, one thing was certain. She would not join the dancers until her husband came. Impatiently, she paced the deck, waiting for him. At the sound of footsteps, she turned. But it was Brambourg and not her husband.

"Ah, madame—luck is with us," he spoke in a low voice.

Ignoring her frown of annoyance, he fell into step with her, and tried to draw her into conversation.

"You see, wise people arrange their luck to suit themselves," he told her.

"Oh—so your meeting me here is an arrangement? You have chosen an awkward spot." She darted a glance toward the Captain's closed door.

"Dangerous, you think?" He looked at her with meaning. "But a little danger merely adds spice to romance. Isn't that so?"

"So you are in a romantic mood, Monsieur?" Lotti bantered.

"Of course. And so are you, Madame. I saw it in your eyes when you first came aboard." And then he added, insinuatingly: "It reminded me of the first time I saw you—in Monte Carlo. . . . You were standing before the roulette table—the most beautiful creature in the Casino. All eyes watched you—and so did mine."

"You have a keen memory, Monsieur," she spoke acidly.

"And you find it interesting. Don't you? He leaned closer to her in a manner which suggested that he knew a great deal about the past of the Captain's wife. "I am still as infatuated with you now, Madame, as I was then. For months, I've been waiting—scheming—for a night like this."

There was no doubting his meaning but Lotti pretended to be dumb. "Why—I don't understand."

"That would sound all right from a school girl—but not from you. Don't think that I am so blind that I cannot see that you are trying to console yourself by repeating that he is a great sailor—a great man. But that does not mean that he makes you a good husband. What good to you—is a husband twice your age? What right has he to expect that a ravishing creature like you should give up her life—to him."

"So you're offering yourself as [*Continued on page* 62]

"You're the finest, bravest officer in all France, and I'm proud to be your wife." Her arms stole around his neck and Captain Corlaix forgot the imminence of war in the rapture of their kisses

AN EX-SECRETARY

Revelations in the life and loves of Gloria Swanson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In a preceding installment Gloria Swanson's ex-secretary told of the beginning of Gloria's climb to fame, of her marriages to Wallace Beery and to Henry Somborn, and what each romance did for her. Through the eyes of the secretary an intimate glimpse of the private life of Gloria was given, telling about her baby—and why her marriages failed.*

THE STORY CONTINUES:

INVINCIBLE courage in the face of difficulties has always characterized the success of Gloria Swanson. There have been times when luck has not been with her and the course she thought wise has had near-disaster at the end of the trail. An example of this was when Gloria thought it wise to renounce a Paramount contract which was to pay her $22,500 a week for five years. This was a peak salary at the time and lesser screen lights gasped when Gloria tossed it aside.

Paramount was dressing her up in clothes befitting a Siamese princess and in each picture she made her wardrobe become more splendid. But, in the meantime, her acting became merely incidental. Dynamic Gloria rebelled. She wanted to make people laugh and cry. She had made good in comedy rôles and had dramatic ability. So, instead of signing a sure contract, she gambled and became an associate producer with United Artists.

The choice of Gloria's pictures was unfortunate at first and receipts merely trickled in. Then came the ill-fated *Queen Kelly* on which much time and money were lavished. It proved a major disaster. Gloria and Erich von Stroheim, the director, quarrelled and the picture suffered. It would have damaged Gloria's career had it been released, so, courageously, she assumed the loss and ordered the picture shelved.

In the ratio that unsuccessful pictures pushed Gloria's finances down to low ebb, her glorious courage rose—and in the end triumphed. While Hollywood was predicting her financial collapse, Gloria produced *Sadie Thompson*—a sensation. It marked a new peak in her career. It crowded theatres over the country and once more Gloria Swanson scaled the heights because determination never failed her in the lowlands.

All through the turbulent career of Gloria, the faithful friend who never failed to encourage and guide her was Marshall Neilan. Between these two there has always been a bond of intense admiration.

It was more or less of a soul in confusion that Gloria Swanson brought to Marshall Neilan. Marshall, (I don't think Gloria ever called him by any other name), had a sweetness of character, combined with sophistication and wit that came close to winning Gloria from her career, from any thought of herself alone. He was a great showman and he encouraged Gloria to wear some of the flashy costumes that typified her later de Mille days. He tried to give her more confidence

—*Graphic Arts*

The Marquis de la Falaise appealed to Gloria's romantic soul, but with her over-shadowing fame, the marriage had little chance for success

In her early pictures Gloria Swanson was noted for her gorgeous gowns and elaborate coiffures, but later she proved herself a talented actress

TELLS ON GLORIA

By Dorothy B. Daniels

Gloria Swanson's great charm for men lies in the fact that she has such a remarkable understanding of them. Here she is striking a comical pose with Charlie Chaplin, which rivals the Napoleonic one of that comedian

in herself, but Gloria was wise, too. She had faith in herself, but she realized that there was such a thing as carrying Neilan's sense of showmanship too far.

PEOPLE tell of the terrible things she wore in public, of the bad taste she displayed. That was Neilan's idea—to be talked about—to be noticed. But Gloria saw further for herself. She accepted Neilan's suggestions just so far as they benefited her, but no further. The really great thing he did for Gloria was to overcome, to a great extent, the naturally shy disposition that she possessed. He made her understand that it is good for an actress to be talked about. He helped her overcome her fear of the public.

—*Acme*

When Michael Farmer and Gloria left for the West Coast, Clifton Webb (right) was one of the few people who knew they were married

Gloria admired Marshall because he wouldn't accept gifts from her as other men had. Yet at the same time she wanted to "boss" him a little, almost as all women want to dominate the man they love, as there is no doubt but that these two did love each other at one time. But Neilan had an independent streak in him, too.

Although Gloria had literally everything that she wanted, she set her heart, one year, on a Rolls-Royce automobile. She gently hinted that Marshall give it to her for her approaching birthday anniversary. But she didn't get it. Marshall presented her with a gift fully as valuable, but Gloria was disappointed.

"He's a mean old mud-turtle," Gloria pouted, at the same time admiring the gift that Neilan had chosen. "I wanted him to do it my way for once." She wasn't angry—just disappointed at Neilan's stubborn stand.

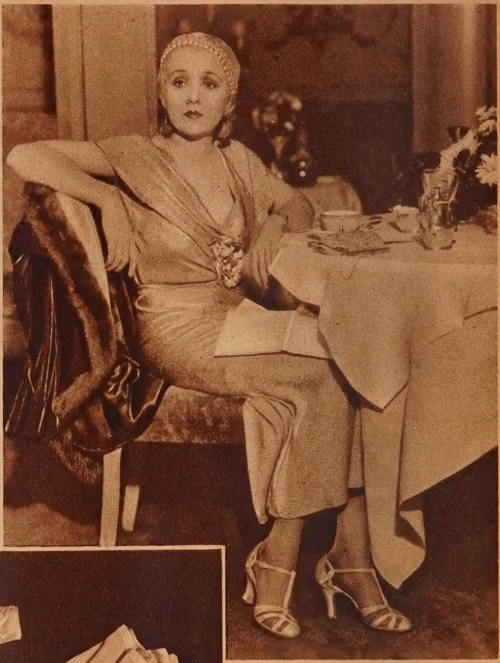
It was about this time that Gloria gave one of her lavish parties at Six Corners, her Beverly Hills home. It was a gala affair; the house was brilliantly lighted; and the most prominent people of the film colony were there. Gloria was sublimely happy—the owner of a beautiful home, the mother of a lovely daughter, one of the most popular actresses in her profession. Marshall Neilan attended the party. Drinks were served—little harmless flirtations were carried on—also flirtations that were not harmless.

Betty Compson and Walter Morosco, then in love with each other, finally left the party, quarrelling violently. A young actor made a great fuss over Gloria. Marshall resented it for a time, first just a little, then more and more until in the wee sma' hours of the night he finally invited the actor outside where they staged a free-for-all fight. The actor was thoroughly chastised and sent home, but in the meantime Neilan's eye had been cut by glass from his broken spectacles, and a doctor was sent for to give him emergency treatment. What a fuss Gloria made over him! No words of praise were too much.

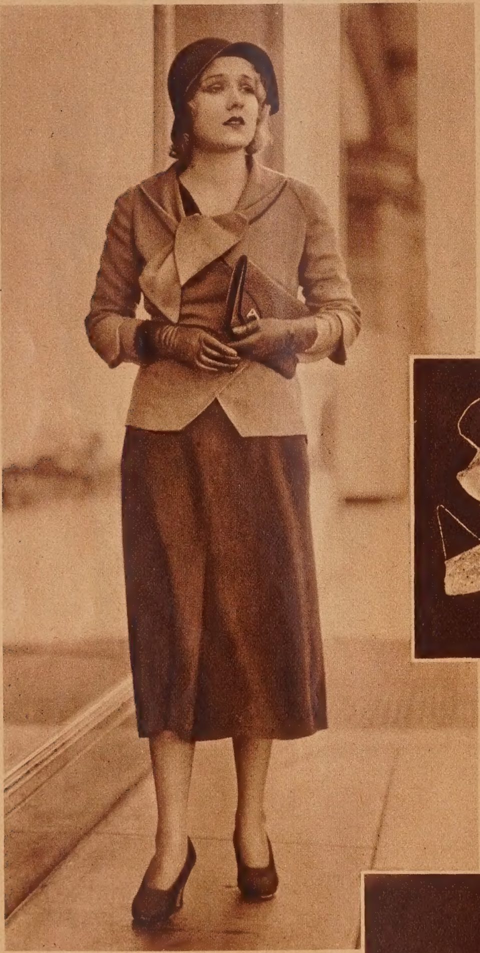
[*Continued on page* 66]

ANITA'S BUDGET FASHIONS

Showing how to be modish if the income is limited



Anita Page finds a simple dress of silver lamé which cost only $25.00, the ideal thing for supper hour dates. The metallic cap at $10.00, silver sandals at $15.00, and a velvet jacket costing $25.00, complete the costume at a total expenditure of $75.00



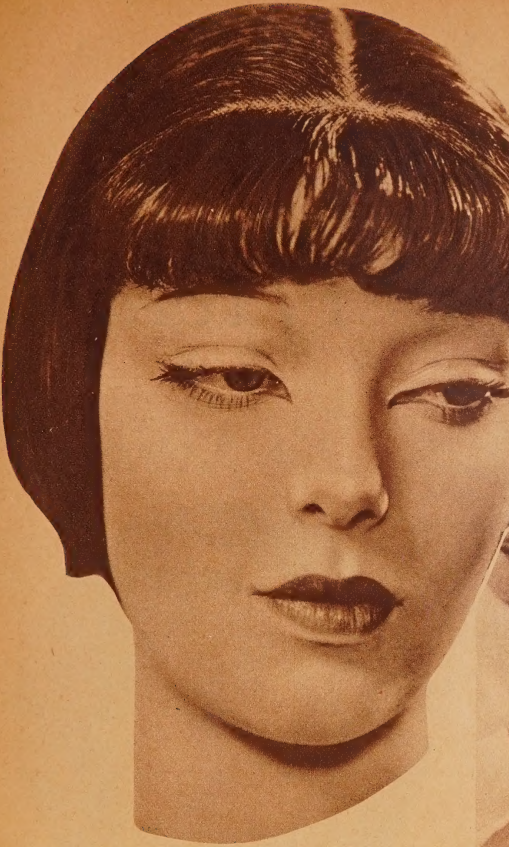
By watching her budget, Anita Page has managed this complete outfit for $65.90. The dress cost just $35.00; the hat was $10.00; purse, $5.00; suede pumps, $10.00; gloves, $3.95; and stockings, $1.95

Under her smoothly fitted gown Anita wears flat crêpe step-ins and bandeau trimmed in ecru lace, priced at $5.95. The white satin evening bag incrusted with pearls and brilliants was $7.50

Left: Here is a close-up of the flat bag Anita carries with her street ensemble, and the brown wrist-length gloves she wears. Her lingerie for this suit consists of a pair of short white-striped bloomers of non-running silk, and a bandeau of the same material, costing only $1.50

LORETTA GOES CHINESE

Revealing the magic of a master makeup artist



Loretta Young, one of the most typical American girls in Hollywood, has been converted into an Oriental miss for her rôle opposite Edward G. Robinson in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*

Perc Westmore, make-up magician, changes Loretta's facial characteristics by his deft application of greasepaint and powder

Westmore lines Loretta's eyes for length and accentuates the almond shape obtained by using transparent binders

By Jewel Smith

"I CANNOT play that rôle," Loretta Young spoke in finality and started toward the closed door of the casting office.

The five words were a brief echo of the thoughts which had been milling through Loretta's head for the last thirty minutes—minutes in which explanations had been made that Anna May Wong was unobtainable for the rôle opposite Edward G. Robinson in *The Honorable Mr. Wong*, and that she, Loretta Young, must go Chinese for production's sake.

"But can't you see it's absurd?" Loretta had remonstrated. "With my round eyes, blond hair, oval face, and cheek bones that are by no means high—well, it's just absurd, that's all!"

Now there was just one person in all of Warners-First National Studios who could and did change Loretta's mind. That was Perc Westmore, master make-up artist—better known on the lot as the "Mug Arteest." Perc generally manages to burst into any "conference" at just the crucial moment. In this case, he bumped smack into Loretta as she was leaving the casting office.

"What's the matter, Baby?" he greeted her. Loretta proceeded to explain with the help of the several confab-ees.

"Can't look Chinese, eh?" Perc said. "Come on, Baby—we'll see whether you can or not." And the meeting was called to adjournment as Loretta was led to the make-up room.

There she remained for five hours, being studied by the "Mug Arteest" under super-critical lights, and then slowly but artfully turned into a little Chinese girl.

I'm going to take you into that famous make-up room at Warners, where John Barrymore became *Svengali* and Edward G. Robinson, *Mr. Wong*. We're going to watch Loretta's transformation from a fair-skinned, blue-eyed blonde, into a yellow-skinned, slant-eyed China gal.

THE first thing Perc did was to comb her hair back from her face, pin it tightly to her head, and strap it down with gauze. That was done for two reasons—for the fitting of the specially made wig, and to have it well out of the way during the operations to follow.

The next step was the most difficult of all. Loretta's big, round eyes had to be given the

[*Continued on page 65*]

Beauty Hints of the Month

By
Perc Westmore

Fifi Dorsay has jet black hair and dark hazel eyes. Since she is more olive complexioned than the light brunette or "brownette" type, she cannily selects a deep brunette powder and a foundation cream that emphasizes those tones

Note how perfectly Constance Bennett's eyebrows circle her eyes and add to their beauty

Loretta Young is a light brunette, therefore she selects powders and foundation creams that have a rosy tinge with a brown pigment

This month our famous make-up artist discusses the use of powder and rouge

A LOT of poets like Keats and Shelley and Lord Byron, have used up perfectly good adjectives in describing milady's beauty after nightfall, but I haven't found one that mentions milady's beauty when she first arises in the morning.

What Shelley and Keats neglected in their poetry, now falls to the lot of the hairdresser and beauty specialist. The beauty specialist has to go the poet one better. He must not only vision milady in the early morning hours, he must originate special beauty treatments to help her to appear more beautiful than she would be without them.

If you think that the removal of makeup before retiring at night is important, spelled with a capital I, you "ain't thought nothin' yet!"

If removing the makeup at night is important, putting it on in the morning is just as important—in fact, it has the edge over the night process.

The first thing to think about when you get up in the morning isn't "Brrrrrr! It's cold!" Or: "What a swell morning!" Or: "Gosh, What a head!" Not at all! The first thing to think about when you rise is: "How am I going to make my face seem more beautiful than ever."

That is the thought you should bear in mind, because if you do keep it in mind, you are making a long stride toward loveliness. From this thought, it is only a moment until you are getting ready to put on the makeup.

The preparation of a base for the powder and makeup is the initial step in getting ready for the day. This calls for a powder base.

Powder bases may either be an especially prepared cream or an astringent.

The astringent may be used if your face is very oily. If your skin is not oily, however, the cream is best as it softens the skin and causes the powder to cling more readily.

IT USED to be the custom to use a thin smear of cold cream as a powder base. It's a custom now as passé as corset covers.

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GARY RUNS AWAY

Revealing the real reason why Gary Cooper turned his back on Hollywood

By Lynn C. Doyle

Neither women nor money had anything to do with Gary's act of desertion. This article gives the true story as told to an intimate friend

—Wide World Photo

WHEN Gary Cooper said goodbye to Hollywood—*and failed to return*—the collective tongues of the film capital's whispering chorus started wagging in a big way. And because his super-headlined romance with Lupe Velez was reported to have hit the rocks and the little Mexican dynamo was quoted as saying, "I am tired of Garee. I gave heem the air," this was seized upon as the answer.

To those of us who know Gary—and Lupe, too—and know the circumstances under which Lupe learned that Gary had left for Europe, this was somewhat amusing. And as Lupe continued to talk, and Gary continued to say nothing, we could not help but wonder if he was following Abraham Lincoln's advice to the effect that it's better to keep still and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

But Hollywood is a place where it takes very little fact to make several pounds of fiction and, according to the stories that were told, Gary was supposed to be practically *hors de combat* with a badly-damaged heart.

Then news trickled back from New York that Gary was going places with Tallulah Bankhead. This didn't sound like a broken heart. But then, Hollywood hearts, as everybody knows, have a way of healing quickly. And, just when the gossip-mongers had Tallulah all nicely card-indexed as Gary's New Romance, Gary up and left for Africa; turned his back on what promised him one of the juiciest rôles of his career, *The Miracle Man*, and left it for Chester Morris to play.

Then the question, *"Why did Gary Cooper leave Hollywood?"* started all over. "There's more to this than meets the eye," it was said. New versions, cut out of whole cloth, were circulated.

Now the real truth of the matter is simply this:

Gary had made eight pictures in a year, all of them overlapping, with no chance for vacation. During the making of these pictures he was subjected to extremes of temperature, from the intense cold and snow of the high Sierras where for days he worked in snow and ice, to the burning heat of the desert. Gary is not essentially an actor. He knows it. When talkies became the vogue and he had to compete with experienced stage actors it was a considerable strain. He had difficulty memorizing lines. And then there was that insidious microphone fright which attacked so many actors.

During the making of *City Streets* he suffered a complete breakdown. He was given a two weeks leave. He went to Arizona. But two weeks is a short time in which to balance a health account that has become overdrawn. When he returned to the studio he asked for a longer vacation. He was told that he could have time off after he had completed *I Take This Woman.*

GARY has never been noted for his loquacity. When he completed this latter picture he sent a wire to Lupe, who was out on a vaudeville tour, saying merely: "I'm leaving for Europe." In the words of the old song, "He didn't say when and he didn't say why." Well, you know how women are. They always want reasons. Lupe long-distanced Gary's house and then the studio. In fact, the telephone wires simpled sizzled with what Lupe had to say—but Gary was already on his way. Then it was that Lupe announced to the world: *"I gave heem the air!"*

During the making of *Morocco*, Gary had become obsessed with a desire to see Algiers. That was his first port of call. He then visited the islands of the Mediterranean and Italy.

"The thing which constantly surprised me," Gary wrote me, "was to discover that I was well-known in those out of the way ports. At Capri and at Naples I was almost mobbed by a bunch of kids who saw me on the street and recognized me."

Knowing Gary's fondness for

[*Continued on page* 61]

THRU THE KEYHOLE

A Hollywood sleuth tells all

By Charles W. Crouch

Ramón Novarro and Edmund Goulding with the new Mrs. Goulding, better known as Marjorie Moss, the dancer, at the Goulding wedding

HEDDA HOPPER, who always has the liveliest anecdote at the tip of her tongue, tells the latest Hollywood rumor: Jackie Cooper, the boy-wonder star of *Skippy*, who now draws the neat sum of $1,500 every seven days, is, so the rumor has it, not a child at all but a midget forty years old; his mother is really his wife and his grandmother is his mother!

Beach Star

THERE are many who wonder why some producer doesn't discover Jean Roamer, the handsome lifeguard at Malibu Beach. To be sure, the ladies have done so, for he is the most popular figure on the beach and rules supreme during the day while the majority of Malibu men are in town on business. Which only bears out the old proverb having to do with "While the cat's away—"

Another de Mille

AGNES (daughter of William) de Mille, who as a dance artist is as good as anyone in America, has gone to New York to produce a revue. The little de Mille, who has a Gish-like personality, has set about cornering financial backing, talent, sketches and music with a manner efficient enough to make Earl Carrol or Papa Ziegfeld sit up and take notice. The point of resemblance stops there, however, for Agnes de Mille's revue will be strictly artistic, and she has Ruth Draper's manager for her best pal and severest critic on the venture.

Nude Cult

PAGE the reformers quick like a fox! California has a nude cult (How Awful). It's at the Malibu, and all the babies of the famous bathe there *au naturel*. Is there no shame left in the world?

Stupid Prank

A CERTAIN group of Hollywood actors have, through their entire career in pictures, given the motion picture industry a very bad name. They recently added to their list of stupid pranks one of the most disgusting of the lot. A mutual friend of theirs died in San Diego, and they were pallbearers at the funeral. But they couldn't have been very good pallbearers because they were so intoxicated that those in charge were forced to employ others to hold up not only the casket, but the pallbearers as well.

Hero

JACK (I-Want-To-Come-Back) Dempsey is the hero of Reno (Noisy Town), Nevada. His picture may be seen in bars, dancehalls, and gambling dens. There is a good word for Jack on the lips of taxi drivers, barkeeps, croupiers and townspeople. He is the Duke Kohanamoku of Reno, and the only person for whom those in charge will lift the gambling limit. And the Mata Hari of Reno says that Clara Bow is paying off that $4,000 promisory note she is said to have signed in a gambling establishment there.

Confidence

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE recently announced, in New York, that she would like to meet Carl Laemmle, Jr. Once she meets him, according to the modern Circe, she feels sure he will sign her to a long term contract. There are those who wonder if the canny young Laemmle would sell Universal to buy Peggy more rocks.

Bite For Gary

LUPE (Chili Sauce) Velez appears to bear out the theory that Latins are hot stuff. It would seem that before Gary Cooper fled Hollywood for the peaceful calm of the Old World, Lupe cornered him in a tailoring establishment and bit him. With Gary away, the Mexican star turned her eyes upon Lawrence Tibbett, then upon Winfield Sheehan, acting head of Fox Films. The present Lupe victim is Jack Gilbert.

Sales Talk

SALLY (*Bad Girl*) Eilers, who began her screen career as an extra in Marion Davies' *The Red Mill*, went into a gown shop not long ago, and for the first time in her career since she has become known, passed unrecognized. The persistent saleslady, intent on making a sale, said: "Oh, but you really should buy this dress. It's the latest thing. We've just sold one to Sally Eilers."

Tip for Tourists

THE Embassy Club Roof has become the popular rendezous of Hollywood society (both film and civil). The attractive decorations have been designed, with originality and good taste, by Harold Grieve, husband of Jetta Goudal. The roof represents an outdoor garden with the orchestra (a good one) on a dais beneath a huge beach umbrella. The other night the roof was the scene of a merry party for Pola Negri given by Ernest Lubitsch, and among the guests were Lothar Mendes and Lady Invercylde (whom Mendes will marry as soon as Milady's divorce is final); Evelyn Brent and Ona Munson.

Fisherman

WILLIAM (Buster) Collier, Jr., has become our most persistent fisherman. Buster's first try at deep-sea fishing off Santa Monica netted him a 250-pound swordfish. Since that time he's had no luck but says he will keep up that fishing spirit until he has caught the largest swordfish in California waters. The most recent Collier vs. swordfish expedition included such fishing enthusiasts as Buck (son of Senator) Coe, Marie Prevost, and Lloyd Pantages.

Story-Teller

AILEEN PRINGLE, famous for gatherings at which she is the only woman, recently entertained several celebrated gentlemen and kept them amused with her stories. Among those present were Sammy (son of Ethel Barrymore) Colt, and Robert (English actor) Newton.

Gay Party

LEILA HYAMS, who has a new beach home at Malibu which was decorated by none other than William Haines, recently entertained with one of the gayest parties on record. Among the guests were John Gilbert, Marjorie King, Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge, Marie Prevost, Buster Collier, Skeets and Pauline Gallagher, Fredric March and his wife Florence Eldridge, and William Haines. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, of New York musical comedy fame, entertained the guests for hours and hours.

Token

MARILYN MILLER was recently paid court by a young man about Hollywood who has gone down the social chute with startling rapidity. The young man, who has a way with the ladies and who has been devoted to a prominent novelist's wife, two screen stars, and the owner of a smart apartment house, gave Marilyn a ring. He insisted that she accept it and wear it as a token of his admiration, and to cherish it always because it had belonged to his mother. A short time later Marilyn discovered that her admirer had been asked by one of his friends to sell the ring for him. So Marilyn not only sent the ring on its way but the admirer as well.

—*Fink*

George Barnes (cameraman), Joan Blondell and Director Alfred E. Green emerge from the Warner Brothers theatre, enthusiastically discussing the success of *Union Depot*, in which Joan appears with Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Where movie fans express their frank opinions

More Money

St. Paul, Minnesota.

I HAVE been reading in the papers about Glark Gable's salary troubles, and it seems to me he is right. People clamor for his pictures and anxiously await each new release. Why, then, should his salary be so much less than that of stars who stir only a slight ripple when their names appear in electrics at a local theatre? It isn't fair even if he does have a contract calling for less than he wants. Shout out, Gable fans.

Peggy Larson.

Dangerous Women

Boston, Mass.

IN DECEMBER *Screen Play* you had a story about Hollywood's dangerous women. The article said they were Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, and Barbara La Marr. I don't agree with this. Men, as a rule, think Garbo is affected; Marlene has been thrust upon us; Constance Bennett is too emaciated to have sex appeal; Jean Harlow is too obvious; and Barbara La Marr is only a dim memory to young fans. Let me name the women I pick as Hollywood's five most dangerous—Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, and Gloria Swanson.

Olive Parker.

Goodbye Gang

Omaha, Nebraska.

THIS is just a fervent hope that *Scarface* really and truly ends all gang pictures. If it doesn't, all audiences should open a gang war in the first theatre that shows that type of picture. Smashed-in faces and tawdry "molls" aren't anything worth looking at and machine guns get on the nerves of picture-goers.

Belle Morgan.

Incomparable

Flagstaff, Ariz.

AT LAST Tallulah Bankhead is getting a good break. I saw *The Cheat* and must admit here is a picture worthy of the rare charm, finished acting ability, and great beauty of the glorious Tallulah. She is so utterly unaffected in her culture, that she deserves the best pictures to be had.

Mark Whitney.

Likes Latins

Apalachicola, Fla.

WHY don't we hear more about Ramón Novarro? He should be more in demand than any actor I know, but he does not get enough stories in Screen Book. I am also interested in little Conchita Montenegro. I certainly did enjoy her in *Never the Twain Shall Meet.*

Claudia Alford.

Some Whys

Lueti, Ohio.

I WONDER:

Why we must be bored with Helen Chandler's voice.

Why, at $30,000 a week, Constance Bennett doesn't exert herself a little and act instead of continually posing.

Why Nancy Carroll ever got into any picture.

Why Ruth Chatterton isn't cast in better pictures.

Why Fredric March is not in pictures that show him off to better advantage.

Why Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are not co-starred in more pictures.

Why Robert Montgomery doesn't lend his sparkling wit to more pictures.

The S. O. S. Girls' Club.

—*Dyar*

Here's a choice picture for everyone who wonders about the love affairs of that rising young star, Jackie Cooper. He's taking time off from the making of *Sooky* to give his "Mother, dearest," an affectionate kiss

About a Genius

New York.

IT HAS been my good fortune to have witnessed a performance of John Barrymore in *The Mad Genius.* Anything more superb and artistic would be difficult to reproduce. The beautiful resonant voice, the glowing, fiery eyes, the graceful gestures—all are marks of a genius.

One should pray for the long life of these Barrymores. Each and every one is entitled to the sobriquet of "The Royal Family of the Stage and Screen" as they are all distinguished and polished artists.

Betty Beryl.

More Men

Clinton, Iowa.

DO MOVIE magazines think that fans never get tired looking at pictures of women? Personally I'd like to see some portraits of men as well as lots of pictures of men in the magazine. After all, you know, women are interested in men.

Doris Gluck.

Wants Old Favorites

Vedado, Hawaiia, Cuba.

I APPRECIATED the portrait of "Queen Mary" in December Screen Book, and from looking at it, I'll wager she will make fifty more pictures. We also want to see again that wistful face of Lillian Gish. Why doesn't she make a real comeback? Sweet pictures are coming back again and she is just the right type to play in them. I expect to see more films of Mae Murray, Colleen Moore, Charlie Chaplin, Corinne Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, the Talmadges, and that darling little comédienne, Dorothy Gish.

Angel Oyarzun.

Cheers

Buffalo, N. Y.

CHEERS for Clark Gable. He's the most fascinating man on the screen. He was so wonderful in *A Free Soul* and *Susan Lenox,* now I'd like to see him in *The Sheik.*

And I'm so glad adorable little Clara Bow is coming back. Let's see a lot of her in the future.

S. Meyers.

Lauds Dolores

Minneapolis, Minn.

I AM not writing this because I am a Dolores Costello fan, but because I can't help but applaud Miss Costello's acting. I give Screen Book credit for recognizing her acting. Hasn't there been enough harping about Garbo, Dietrich, Bennett, and Swanson? Let us recognize the true beauty put before us. Dolores was superb in her latest picture. Here's hoping she doesn't leave us.

K. Cummings.

Thanks Aunt Beverly

Bethany, Okla.

I WANT to thank Aunt Beverly very much for writing that article about Alice White in January Screen Book. I would like to see her make pictures such as *Bad Girl*, *Sob Sister*, etc.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to see George O'Brien make Harold Bell Wright's *When a Man's a Man* and Janet Gaynor make Gene Stratton Porter's *Girl of the Limberlost*?

Donald Beaver.

What's the Fuss?

San Diego, Calif.

WHAT'S all this fuss that you read in all movie magazines from the fans? They don't like this one or that one. The feminine stars who try to copy Greta Garbo are criticized. My point of view is the stars have a right to dress or fix themselves the way they want to, not the way others want them to.

I like them all, but my favorite is Marjorie Beebe. She is a riot, and I should like to see her in a feature-length picture.

Sally Duncan.

Why Not Serials?

Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU know there are still hundreds of movie fans who would like to see the return of the good old serials—made up in modern fashion. Children now are missing out on a big treat. I wish some producers would give us serials of the type made by Ruth Roland, Pearl White, William Farnum, and other stars a few years back.

Lillian Conrad.

Likes Fathers

Preston Park, N. J.

I DO not think any of the actresses will lose popularity because they are mothers. Personally I think they have twice the charm. Also, the screen fathers. When I heard John Boles had ten years of married life to his credit he went up in my estimation as did Robert Montgomery, Chester Morris and Johnny Mack Brown when I heard that they were fathers.

Alison Brown.

Gary's Foreign Fan

Port of Spain, Trinidad

SCREEN BOOK always has been my favorite, but I'm disappointed not to see more in it about Gary Cooper. His pictures over here are hailed with great enthusiasm. Please give us a large portrait suitable for framing.

Amelia Gomez.

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Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland

By Hal Howe

LAWRENCE TIBBETT sang in a New York church choir for five dollars a Sunday while waiting for the opportunity which finally resulted in his successful début with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company.

Nils Asther once managed an antique shop in Stockholm, Sweden.

When Marie Dressler was six, she seemed destined to be a wallflower, for she was such an ugly duckling that she was left unnoticed on all occasions. Then she discovered that making funny faces and taking trick falls attracted attention. Her efforts were so successful that she became a star before she was twenty.

Ramón Novarro was a bus boy in a New York City café, an usher in a Los Angeles theatre, and a piano teacher before he won a chance on the screen.

Norma Shearer and Neil Hamilton used to pose for fifty cents an hour for commercial photographers—they often posed together.

Polly Moran won a beauty contest at eighteen and, for reward, received a chance on the stage.

Slim Summerville was nine when he began searching for his father who had mysteriously disappeared several years before. The trail eventually led him to Gary, Oklahoma, where he was rescued from actual starvation by a kindly railroad man, who loaned the boy his meal ticket. Slim looked at the name on the card and read, "T. E. Summerville." He had found his dad.

Rose Hobart, the child of Belgian parents, could not speak a word of English until she was six years old.

Andy Clyde's whiskers are his own, and, according to contract, they must not be shaved off without the written consent of Mack Sennett, his employer.

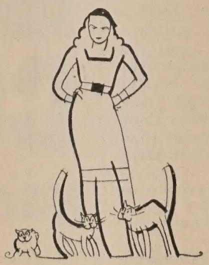
Claudia Dell once saved a child from drowning at Atlantic City and was presented with a medal in token of her feat.

At the close of the World War, Clive Brook, suffering from shell shock, lost his memory for several days. He was found, in the dead of night, standing on his old regimental drill field shouting orders to an imaginary company of soldiers.

Buster Keaton was only three hours old when he made his initial bow to a theatre audience. His father, a vaudeville star, carried him on the stage and presented him to "his public" on the night of his birth.

Numa, a lion owned by Charles Gay, worked almost daily in motion pictures for eight years, and during that time earned for his owner a total of more than eighty thousand dollars!

Whenever Richard Arlen's mother sees a picture in which "Dickie" is killed, wounded or hurt, she immediately wires or telephones to make sure he is all right.



Greta Garbo loves cats. She has three generations of them which she has raised herself

Ruth Chatterton and her mother lived for many months on ten dollars a week. Her family had lost all its money and she haunted New York's theatrical offices for nearly a year before being given a part. During that time, she allowed herself only twenty cents a day for food.

Joe E. Brown once was a third baseman with the New York Yankee baseball team.

George Bancroft is one of the few enlisted men who have secured appointments to Annapolis. The appointment came to him as an award of merit while he was a petty officer aboard the U. S. S. Oregon. When his battleship went aground off the Fuchu Lighthouse, he dived beneath the vessel at great personal risk to report the extent of the damage.

J. Farrell MacDonald, one of the screen's most famous character actors, was a noted civil engineer before seeking a career on the screen.

The fact that his elder brother was a physician led Richard Dix to think that he should follow in his footsteps. However, on witnessing his first operation, Richard fainted and abandoned his plans for a medical career.

Fatty Arbuckle and Sid Grauman, two of Hollywood's most noted jokesters, once made a wager that they could steal the lobby rug from a large Los Angeles hotel. They hired two actors to stage a fake murder in a room adjoining the lobby, and, when all the hotel employes and guests ran to the scene of the shooting, calmly rolled up the rug and walked out with it unchallenged.

Beauty Hints of the Month

[*Continued from page* 50]

There's a reason, too. Women who used the cold cream soon discovered that dry rouge dissolved in the cream and became moist rouge, refusing to spread across the cheeks and give a natural glow.

They soon found that the cream also caused the face powder to coat and to gather in funny little blotches.

They began to complain to the stores that sold cosmetics and, of course, it didn't take the complaints long to get back to the manufacturers of creams. Foundation cream was born about that time.

Foundation cream is a heavy cream that is manufactured in various skin tones, created to match the natural color of your skin. It is without the oils that caused the original cold cream trouble and it sinks into the skin in a very unobtrusive manner.

Since this cream has the double advantage of offering a smooth background for powder and of being the same color as the skin, it is generally popular with women.

You don't need much of it. Just a bit on the tip of the finger, rubbed carefully into the skin. That's enough.

The important thing is that it should harmonize with your own natural coloring. If you're a blonde, you don't need the brown tone of the brunette cream; you need the peaches and cream effect of the blonde shade—and vice versa.

After the skin has been treated with this background or foundation cream, comes the time to powder the cheeks. Powder the cheeks gently with face-powder. This fills in all pores and acts as a naturalizer and background for the rouge.

Then you are ready for the rouge. Dry rouge is best. It goes on better and blends more easily.

There are two ways to rouge, depending upon the contour of your face. If you have a round face, you should apply the rouge in a triangular manner, starting from the high cheek bone and continuing to the cheek itself, then downward in a semi-diagonal manner toward the jaw bone. If your face is long, better rouge in a circular manner. It gives a round appearance to a long face.

Your rouge must be selected with the same basic pigment colors as your foundation cream, a statement that goes for the face powder, too. The idea is to match all your makeup colors to your own natural skin tints, all of them being variations of that tint.

For instance, the light blonde by nature has a very fair skin. Her face powder should be of the finest and lightest quality with a faint glow such as accompanies blonde complexions The light brunette also has a clear skin, but with a more rosy brownish tint. The dark brunette has more brown pigment in the skin. Their powders and rouges should be selected on this basis.

IF THAT is done, you will not seem powdered and painted, as many women do, but you will seem to possess a beautiful, natural color.

[*Continued on page* 71]

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.	The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.	The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.	The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.	The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.	The Constant Spring

Billie Works a Miracle

[*Continued from page* 34]

made, *The Age For Love* and *Cock of the Air*.

Billie Dove is going in heavily for farce, light farce. She is being slightly risqué.

JUST recently I sat in an enormous drawing room, filled with the fragrance of narcissus. I watched firelight and listened to the wind leaping around the corner of the house. Then Billie Dove appeared. She wore light green velvet pajamas with a blouse of delectable violet colored velvet.

Champagne cocktails appeared and while I watched the bubbles disappearing, I marvelled at Billie. What a metamorphosis. She is all animation. Her eyes never stop laughing. She reflects color and is color.

Her head is held high and she walks across the room with a lithe grace that only comes with perfect mental poise, with a consciousness that to be young is to be alive.

She can never settle down to talk until she has turned on all the electrical musical contrivances in the house. First the radio snaps into action at the touch of her pomegranate-red finger tip, next the grand piano does a gay fandango and settles down to an hour of music.

And do we talk about her romance? We do not, emphatically not. We talk about flying and house parties up at the divine Hearst ranch, San Simion, and about some imaginary fleeting troubles belonging to someone else. And Billie glows with sympathy, with interest. She offers solutions generously. Her eyes stop laughing for the first time and she admits she, too, has suffered.

"What one must do is *play*," she said seriously. "By that I mean do things. Be happy. It's the only way.

"There is no one explanation for happiness—for my happiness, at least," Billie said thoughtfully.

"This thing of playing, and of being in love and having a career . . . it tends to complete happiness. When a girl has a career that is of interest to the man she loves, it is ideal.

"People who are creative are usually brilliant. Contact with successful people is inspirational. You can't be among them without attempting to be on your own toes, mentally.

"For instance, up at Mr. Hearst's ranch every minute is inspirational. World-famous writers, political figures, actors and Mr. Hearst . . . can't you imagine the stimulating effects of listening to such people discuss any subject?

"AND now, people have the air to play in. That is the greatest adventure of all. Howard doesn't want me to fly, unless with him. But I've been solo flying for several months now. My plane is a little beauty—a Fairchild sport model.

"When I am making a picture I never fly. The only time I ever sneaked off and flew without letting Howard know was the day before we started to make *Cock of the Air*. That was exciting. Unknown to me, but not to my pilot, the right tire had gone flat.

"I had made six pretty nice landings and wanted to make one more before dark. The pilot put his hands up back of his head, which is the signal for me to go ahead and do what I think best. You know how thrilled *that* makes you feel. I was pretty cocky. I circled around a few times, then started to come down.

"Just a few feet above the ground the pilot suddenly grabbed hold of the controls without giving me any signal. He landed us on the left side and one wing. Afterwards, when he explained, I realized the danger I had been in. I didn't know the right tire was flat. If I had tried to make a normal landing we would have ground-looped and cracked-up.

"That taught me a lesson. No more sneak flights."

Billie laughed delightedly. Never for one moment had she felt a twinge of

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Lew Cody

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fear. Only laughter over the escape and the thrill of the adventure.

Billie Dove is in love with life and in love with Howard Hughes. Perhaps I should have put that the other way around. In love with Howard, consequently in love with life.

Billie emphasizes the importance of being happy. She emphasizes the importance of WORK . . . and of PLAY and of LOVE.

And when the conversation swerved to the more personal subject of her romance with Howard Hughes, Billie's grey eyes darkened. At the suggestion that all of her friends were rejoicing over their recent reconciliation, her eyes grew even darker.

Almost reproachfully she said, "Has either one of us ever discussed the other?"

And then, impulsively, "You see, during those months when I wasn't seeing much of Howard, we were still friends. I used to have dinner with him occasionally."

SOMEWHERE, far away, a telephone bell interrupted us. It rang out above the unexpected duet the radio and the piano were carrying on shamelessly. The maid announced.

"Mr. Hughes, madame."

There was a graceful apology and Billie left the room for the first time since we had started our chat.

I thought back to last summer when Howard had his beautiful yacht anchored in Santa Barbara Bay. There was dancing, music. Perhaps thirty people were aboard. Howard was a princely host. No one was overlooked.

When the gayety was at its height, I happened to look up and aft. I could see that tall slender young man standing quite alone. He remained there for some minutes, motionless, looking out across that dark sea. A half hour later I couldn't resist asking a ridiculous question.

"Are you happy?"

And I waved my hand in the direction of the laughter, the music and the guests.

Howard looked down at me very solemnly,

"Hell no, I've never been so unhappy in my life."

But that was last summer when Howard was on his boat feeling alone with fifty people . . . and Billie Dove was in her enormous Malibu Beach house, being utterly miserable in spite of her fascinating house guests.

Now things have changed. A lovers' quarrel has been forgotten. Everyone is happy. Everyone is working and playing and remaining in love. And Billie reassures you with laughing eyes that love motivates all beauty in this life.

"By the time seven more years have passed and the famous little mills of the gods have ground out more stardust, what then?" I asked Billie, as she came back into the drawing room.

Her only answer was an amused shrug of the shoulder, a very lovely shoulder. But I had the answer. You would have had one too if you had been in my place.

If Billie keeps up her present joyous pace, we will all be singing idiotically, hopefully,

"Oh, for the wings of a Dove."

An air-minded Dove.

"LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before," came the reply. *"Seems nice enough* but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. *She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two!* Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. *Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."*

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

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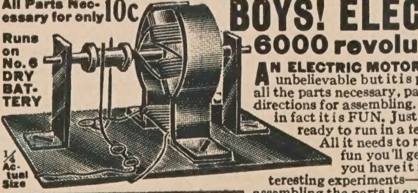

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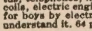

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Hollywood Mothers

[*Continued from page* 10]

attending the Hollywood première of *Alexander Hamilton.* They were about to cross "the bridge of sighs," which carries the clientele into the Warner Brothers Uptown Theatre.

Florence Mackaill, with her ever ready humor, referred to the pretentious carry-all as "the bridge of thighs"—a comment that has traveled all over the globe by now.

Since a horoscope and a gypsy fortune teller predicted that her little daughter would one day achieve great fame, Florence has never faltered in her efforts to make the prognostication come true.

She has been Dorothy's silent partner during the march to stellar honors. Dorothy has shared with her mother all the material gain and all the glory.

For years, Florence Mackaill lived in India, the daughter of an officer in the Indian Service. She came to Hull (England) and soon married. She is Scotch, Irish and Yorkshire-English and her brogue is a delight. A son, two years older than Dorothy, lives in Australia and his mother receives a weekly letter with the regularity of sunrise.

Her comments on people and life are original and full of homely philosophy. Recently, in discussing why certain young people were attracted to each other though apparently unsuited, said:

"You cannot account for young folks falling in love. It can't be reasoned. Love is not orthodox—it is spontaneous combustion."

She says that Mary Oakie is a marvelous woman whose appreciation of the funny things of life make her "a great person."

Jack comes by his personality and his charm honestly. At first glance, however, his mother's aristocratic face framed with white hair would suggest that she was very reserved.

Years of school work have probably taught her to school her expression but when with friends she is animated and the life of the party.

Her husband died when Jack and her daughter were very young and she has had to play the rôle of both mother and father.

At one time she was Superintendent of Schools of Sedalia, Mo., and among her pupils were Al Rockett, Fox producer, and Eugene Pallette. Since her arrival in Hollywood, to keep house for Jack, they call on her often.

To her, Jack is the greatest screen attraction of all, "the best of them," and she keeps a scrap book for him.

Every night on his return home from the studio she greets him with: "Look what's in the papers today."

She is also his most sage counsel. Not long ago, word came to her that a bank in which Jack had his savings was about to go on the rocks. With Jack and a hand bag, she arrived at the institution the following morning, shortly after ten o'clock.

There were many arguments against the withdrawal of the account but she stood firm. She would not take a check for the amount but insisted on good old coin of the realm. With the bag filled to overflowing she and Jack made a dignified exit.

Less than two hours later, the bank closed down with hundreds of depositors clamoring at the doors.

ALVINE LYON, mother of Ben, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and she has never lost her soft southern accent. Her eyes are blue, like her son's. She has a son and two daughters older than the screenite.

She is a woman of force and character and has always worked to the end that her son, Ben, should shine among men. She fostered all his early ambitions.

When the *Screen Snapshot* crew arrived at Ben's Santa Monica home to photograph him with his mother, an airplane hovered overhead. What looked like smoke seemed to fly off-stern.

Mrs. Lyon explained Ben had been called to officiate in the disposal of the ashes of a police officer who had been killed by a gangster. As a lieutenant in U. S. Army Air Corps Reserve, he had been assigned to fly the Chief of Police of Los Angeles to a spot over the Pacific, where the official would then throw, as we just witnessed, the ashes from the urn. She assured us Ben would return shortly.

Mrs. Lyon was asked if she felt any fear for her aviator son.

"None whatever," she said, with firmness and finality, "he is a fine flyer and knows what to do in case anything goes wrong."

Ben returned. "Hello, Mother," he kissed her.

"Hello, Son, was the weather choppy?"

"No, honey, nice day to fly."

Simply that and nothing more except that he took her over to the fence that encloses his property and then pointing oceanward, described for her his flight from the Army Airport in Long Beach to Santa Monica.

THE mother of Leon Janney is very little taller than her son. She is the dynamo behind the lad—has always managed his screen career.

In manner, she is abrupt and business like but that is only the face that she presents to a business world which would otherwise most probably get the best of the situation.

In reality she is a tender and sweet mother who would much rather someone else could handle the business end of things so that she might concentrate on Leon purely in a maternal sense.

The same situation applies with Anita Louise and her mother, Junior Durkin and his.

Here are two attractive young women with children to whom nature has likewise been kind.

Each, had they not taken motherhood as a career, might have gone far along artistic lines. But with motherhood paramount, they have worked so that these kiddies might accomplish what they let pass by.

Consider also the mother of Constance Cummings—

When she and Constance attended the opening of *The Criminal Code*, they found Connie's name emblazoned in ELECTRICS over the theatre.

Her mother was thrilled—ecstatic—it was the big moment of her life.

"Why, Mother," Connie protested, "don't go on so—it's splendid and all that but—"

Her mother interrupted— "Well, my dear, if you had waited as I have, twenty years for just this, you'd be crazy, too."

Which tells you all you need to know about Mrs. Cummings' place in her daughter's life.

In appearance, she is not unlike Ann Harding with say about ten years added. She is blonde and vivacious.

She declared that there could be nothing interesting about her. But we probed and probed to learn that she was once one of our best comic opera lights. She sang in light opera at the Castle Square in New York and in other big cities.

The young prima donna then gave up a promising career to marry, was widowed when Constance and her brother were tiny tads and again took up singing to support them.

But with Connie's career once under way she gave up all to further her daughter's objective.

She has been amply repaid, for Constance is one of our most promising young actresses—she will carry on where her mother left off.

JUST as we are going to press, word comes from that rambling photographer-producer, Ralph Staub, that he has added two more stars and their mothers to the feature to be shown co-incidently with this article's publication.

They are Dolores Del Rio and her mater—Evalyn Knapp and her's. It is too late for us to describe them here. You will have to judge for yourself when you see *Hollywood Mothers,* in *Screen Snapshots.*

Next month we may present for you *Hollywood Fathers,* or then, again, we might present still another subject, *The Newlyweds of Hollywood.*

It all depends on how Ye Scribe and Ye Producer, Ralph Staub, can gather together the stellar lights under the titles given. But one of them we will get and present next month, and the other a month later.

Gary Runs Away

[*Continued from page* 51]

children as I do, I can well imagine that he got a big kick out of it.

In Rome he was invited to be the guest of Count and Countess Frosso at the *Villa Madama,* which is one of the most beautiful palaces in Italy. The Countess, who was formerly a Miss Taylor, was desirous that he meet her brother when he returned to New York.

Somewhat to Gary's surprise, when he landed in New York, Bertram Taylor was at the pier to greet him. He insisted that Gary must be his house guest. Taylor, Gary learned, was planning a semi-scientific expedition to the Kenya colony in East Africa. He suggested that Gary come with them.

"I'd like to," replied Gary, "but there's no chance of my getting away. I've got to start on another picture immediately."

By the time he had completed *His Woman,* with Claudette Colbert, however, he realized that he was in no condition to return to the strenuous routine of picture making. Consequently, he applied to Mr. Lasky for a six months leave of absence in order to completely regain his health. It was granted. He went up to the Adirondacks for a rest. A week later he was summoned back to the studio for re-takes and was informed that he was to do *The Miracle Man.*

This was a complete surprise to him. He knew it was a great story. Still he was reluctant to do it. He wrote me that he realized that if he played it well, it would bring him new success as well as personal gratification, but if he did not do it well it would be much worse for him (professionally) than if he had not attempted it. The powers that be tried to persuade him.

"But I do not feel that I am physically fit to give the rôle what it demands," he told them.

They insisted that he think it over and let them know the following week. But the following week Gary was on the high seas, en route to Africa.

FEW Hollywood actors, I believe, would have been courageous enough to go against the wishes of a powerful organization like Paramount. It was not, however, a rebel act on Gary's part. He appreciates what Paramount has done for him. For that reason, he has turned a deaf ear on the marvelous offers that have come to him from other companies, figuring that he was doing the square thing to stick to the company that took a gamble on him in the first place.

I happen to know that Gary Cooper regards health as the most important thing in life. It was pounded into him at college by Prof. J. P. Ryan, with whom good health was an obsession. Every morning of the world Prof. Ryan demanded of his pupils: *"What is the greatest thing in life?"* And woe be to the pupil who failed to give "Health" as the answer. I doubt if any one of his pupils has ever forgotten his daily lectures on health.

This expedition to Africa offers not only an interesting experience but an opportunity to fully regain his health. The expedition, as said before, is being made in the interest of science and cameras are being taken to record the findings. They go first to Naples, then to Cairo, where they charter a boat to take them up the Nile, three thousand miles, to Narobi. The altitude at Narobi is eight thousand feet above sea level and the climate is desert-like—warm during the day and cool at night. They will spend three months there.

And what, Hollywood wonders, will be Gary's status at Paramount on his return?

Chester Morris has been borrowed for six months to star in stories that had been lined up for Gary. Does this mean that on Gary's return he will be shoved into *featured* rôles, rather than starring rôles? Personally, I think not. Gary has always played fair with Paramount and I believe that they, in turn, will play fair with him.

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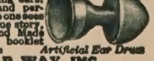

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The Woman from Monte Carlo

[*Continued from page* 45]

a consolation?" she asked sarcastically.

"I am." He spoke with the confidence of one who expected the offer to be accepted. Indeed, he seemed extremely surprised when Lotti said in a low voice:

"I have no desire to create a scene, Monsieur; but please remember this—now and always: I love my husband." Lotti turned scornfully from Captain Brambourg and almost collided with Lieut. D'Artelles who snapped to attention as she smiled at him and said, "Monsieur D'Artelles—will you take me to the forward deck?"

D'Artelles quickly offered his arm.

SCARCELY were they out of earshot when Corlaix came on deck. He spoke to Brambourg.

"You're not dancing?"

"No," replied Brambourg. "I was waiting for a word with you." He hesitated. "I wanted some advice."

Corlaix asked him to proceed. "It's about a man—my brother, in fact—who has a wife *with a history*." He paused to watch the effect of his words upon Corlaix. "She started in by being a very devoted wife—but you see my brother's duties kept him away from home for long periods, and the young wife—well, she soon realized that other younger men could offer her much more than he."

"And what did she do?" asked Corlaix coldly.

Brambourg gave an expressive shrug. "The natural thing. There was a young chap—attractive to women, I believe. They saw a great deal of one another. And—well, you can guess the rest."

Corlaix darted a suspicious glance at Brambourg who was looking down at his cigarette.

"What do you want me to do about this?" questioned Corlaix.

"Advise me. Should I tell — my brother?"

"Your brother would doubtless turn over in his grave!" Brambourg tried to speak but Corlaix went on. "Do you think I'm a fool, Brambourg? It happens I know your family connections. You have no brother! You faked the lie as a means of telling me that I'm an old idiot with a young wife—who's having an affair with someone else!"

"But why would I do that?" asked Brambourg, offended.

"Because you'd like to hurt me if you could. You've always hated me. I can't discipline you for that. But if ever I hear you mention Madame Corlaix's name, I'll break you, Brambourg, as God is my judge, *I'll break you*." Choking with rage, he turned on his heel, and strode toward the deck.

IT WAS some time later when Corlaix managed to whisper to Lotti: "Meet me in my cabin, after this dance."

Eagerly, she hurried below. She was in high spirits. The entire evening had been but a prelude—to this. She went into the bedroom, hastily surveyed herself in the mirror, dabbed at her nose with a powderpuff, and then rang for a boy to bring champagne.

Meantime, Captain Corlaix, hurrying along the passageway, was surprised to hear a bugle call.

"What's that?" he called to an Ensign.

"The Admiral is coming aboard, sir. Monsieur Brambourg sent me to inform you."

Nearly an hour had elapsed when Lotti heard a knock on the door.

"Come in, darling," she called. She had stretched herself out on the bed and had turned off the lights, leaving the room in darkness except the light from the outer room.

"I beg pardon, Madame."

Lotti jumped up, startled, as she heard D'Artelles voice. Quickly, she snapped on the lights. Her face was livid with anger.

"Again—it is you!"

"I'm sorry, Madame. Again it is orders."

"Where is my husband?" she demanded.

"The Captain will be detained indefinitely with the Admiral. He sends his regrets."

"Regrets!" she cried indignantly. "That's all I hear. Does he expect me to sit here all night while he gossips with Admirals?"

"He's placed the gig at your disposal, Madame, to take you ashore."

"And you're to escort me, I suppose?"

D'Artelles nodded. Lotti flew off into a torrent of German. "Am I a wife or not?" she raged. "He sends for me to come aboard because he has no time to come home. Then he comes in for a moment to say he's sorry I'm having a lonely time. Very well," she said, suddenly quieting down. "I'll go." She took her wrap and started for the door, D'Artelles following. They walked along the passageway, on which opened the officers' staterooms. Lotti was muttering in German, more to herself than to D'Artelles. Suddenly she stopped and faced him. "*Can he?*" she demanded.

"I don't understand, Madame."

"I said he can't blame me for anything I do. Every woman has a right to her man, hasn't she"

"I think so, Madame," he replied. "Especially a woman like you."

"Then what's the use of being a woman like me—" Her voice was raised in anger.

They were in front of D'Artelles stateroom. Quietly he opened the door and led her inside. She turned and looked at him questioningly, thinking he had brought her into his cabin to keep her from making a show of herself. For a moment they faced each other in silence. Then suddenly D'Artelles was telling her of his love, how he had tried to leave the ship, tried to run away and never see her again, but had found it impossible.

"—I'd sacrifice duty—anything—to be allowed to make you happy," he concluded hoarsely.

Before either of them realized it, they were in each other's arms, clinging on to each other in a passionate embrace. . . . The voice of Captain Corlaix, outside the door, brought them back to earth.

"D'Artelles—Are you there?"

FOR the space of a couple of heartbeats, Lotti and D'Artelles faced each other dazedly. He reached over and snapped off the light, leaving the room dimly lit by the faint beam of light which filtered through the porthole. For a moment there was no sound. And then they heard Corlaix's footsteps moving along the passageway. They heard him speak to an orderly. "Find Monsieur D'Artelles and have him report to me on the quarter deck."

Cautiously D'Artelles opened the door, and, motioning to Lotti to keep silent, he slipped out quietly, closed the door, locked it, and followed Corlaix. . . .

The Commandant was standing by the rail, looking off toward the shore lights, when D'Artelles approached him and saluted.

"I was looking for you," said Corlaix. "Did you give my message to Madame Corlaix?"

"Yes, sir."

Corlaix then questioned D'Artelles as to whether Madame had seemed disappointed; whether she had left any message for him.

"I'm afraid she had a pretty thin evening," said Corlaix thoughtfully. "For that matter she leads a rather thin life."

D'Artelles, knowing that Lotti, just inside the porthole, could hear every word that was said, tried to cut short the conversation but the Captain was in a confidential mood.

"It was a crime when I married her," Corlaix went on. "I thought I was doing something fine—giving her a new and better life—the respect and honor of my name and rank, and all that. All the time I knew I was marrying her because I was madly in love with her."

"She must have felt the same," ventured D'Artelles. "She married you, sir."

"Oh, she respects me. While I—heaven help me—I love her *as a lover—*"

His speech was interrupted by an orderly who informed him that the officers were waiting in his quarters.

LOTTI had gained control of herself when D'Artelles returned to the cabin. A look of understanding passed between them. There was only one thing to do. Somehow—someway—Lotti must be taken ashore. The Captain must never know of that passionate moment when they had been in each others arms. They held a whispered consultation and then D'Artelles hurried out, agreeing to signal to her through the porthole when the coast was clear.

But they had waited too long. Scarcely was he on deck when he heard a sound that caused the blood to freeze in his veins. It was the anchor chain, winding up, running up through the hawse pipes with a deafening roar.

With a gasp of dismay D'Artelles ran toward the bridge. A group of officers was gathered about Corlaix.

"Gentlemen, this is probably the most serious moment in our lives," he was saying. *"War has been declared!"* His statement was followed by tense silence. "Wartime regulations are in force. All lights will be extinguished. There will be no communications with the shore."

D'Artelles left the group, unnoticed, and returned to Lotti. She was aghast. "But I must get off!" she said, hysterically.

"There's no way," he told her. "Only by Captain's orders can the ship be stopped."

"But I'll go to him and explain—"

He shook his head. "And break his heart?"

Before she could answer there was a sharp rap at the door. D'Artelles rushed Lotti over to the berth, and drew the curtains in front of her, cautioning her to make no sound unless he called.

The visitor, however, proved to be Le Duc, one of D'Artelles' staunchest friends. He explained the situation to him and Le Duc agreed to help and protect them in every way he could.

Scarcely had Le Duc left the cabin when there was another knock. Lotti was seated on the edge of the berth, smoking.

"D'Artelles!" It was Brambourg's voice.

Lotti hastily concealed herself behind the curtains of the berth, quickly ashing her cigarette and thoughtlessly laying it on one of the wall pipes near the door. D'Artelles quietly opened the door.

"It took you a long time to answer my knock," Brambourg looked at D'Artelles with suspicion.

"I—must have dozed off."

TO D'ARTELLES' annoyance, Brambourg started to inspect the cabin and finally asked for a drink.

"What a peculiar brandy," he said when D'Artelles had poured him a drink. He picked up the bottle and carefully examined the label. "I get such a peculiar fragrance of perfume. Is it Coty—or Guerlain?"

D'Artelles quickly picked up a bar of soap from the washstand and held it under Brambourg's nose. "Isn't this it?"

The soap had a decided fragrance but Brambourg was skeptical. He paced about the room, sniffing. The perfume was obviously coming from the bed. He was just starting for the door when the cabin was suddenly illuminated with a series of dim, flickering flashes from outside the porthole, caused by the Morse signals in blinker lights from the mast. Both men turned quickly to look at the porthole.

Outside it was pitch dark, except for two lights, which flickered in the inky blackness. Suddenly, four lights blazed out in the form of a square.

"What does it mean?" demanded D'Artelles.

"It's a code signal," replied Brambourg. "Code of recognition."

"But the ship—is it friend or enemy?"

"Friend. They answered the code correctly.

On the bridge Corlaix and his officers were watching the signals intently. The signals were correct; but the ship was not slowing down. Corlaix ordered the range finder to give her speed.

"Twenty-one, point five, Sir."

"Good Lord! Is she trying to ram us?"

Back in the cabin, D'Artelles was trying to get rid of Brambourg. And just as he was about to go he discovered Lotti's cigarette. It was still smouldering. D'Artelles tried, ineffectually, to make excuses; but the telltale lipstick on the cigarette told its own story, and confirmed Brambourg's suspicion. He made a dive for the berth. D'Artelles grabbed him and pulled him back; ordered him to get out.

"Do you realize that you're laying hands on a superior officer?" he demanded.

But D'Artelles was too desperate to

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care. In a moment the two men were in a clinch, Brambourg trying to get near enough the curtains to jerk them aside, and D'Artelles determined to prevent it. There was the sound of a bugle . . . and feet running along the passage . . . but the two men in the cabin paid no attention. Brambourg had succeeded in throwing D'Artelles and was just about to reach for the curtain when there was the sound of a terriffic explosion which threw both men off their feet. The lights went out. Outside, all was confusion. There were shouts of "Torpedo!" and voices crying the order, "Battle Stations."

D'Artelles' cabin was partially demolished. *But the curtain surrounding the berth was still in place.* The two men picked themselves up. Brambourg dashed to the door. It was jammed and he got it open with difficulty. . . .

The listing of the ship left no room for doubt that it was sinking. Somehow, D'Artelles managed to get Lotti out of the twisted wreckage that had pinned her in the berth.

Le Duc burst into the cabin, looking for D'Artelles. He was given orders to look after Lotti—take care of her. D'Artelles ran out on deck. There was another terriffic explosion, and D'Artelles was shot the length of the deck.

"Engine room flooded, Sir." . . . "We're sinking!" . . . "Shall I sound 'abandon ship', Sir." . . . "Not until we've sunk them! Keep firing. . . ." Orders screeched above the confusion. Explosion followed explosion. And finally came the order, "Abandon ship!"

AS A result of the sinking of the *LaFayette*, a court martial was ordered for Captain Corlaix. The accusation was "criminal negligence" in allowing the enemy to get close enough to torpedo them. Corlaix' contention was that he had been given a friendly signal. It seemed strange, however, that no one else could be found who had observed the signal lights.

Corlaix was utterly crushed at the accusation. If he was convicted it meant that his lifetime of service to the navy would go for naught. He would be put out of the service—*disgraced.*

Lotti tried to comfort him. She dared not tell him that she had been on the ship at the time of the explosion.

"Would it mean so much to you—the loss of your stripes?"

"It would mean *everything*, my dear," he said sadly. "You see, I've spent my whole life at sea. Days—nights—weeks of routine duty; wind, sun and storm. And very little reward, except the honors we pile up slowly for our old age." He talked on, reminiscing sadly about his life at sea.

"Fred—suppose I could tell you—" she began, impulsively deciding to confess to him.

He stopped her. "There's only one thing you can tell me, my dear—and that is, that you love me."

"Does that also mean so much to you."

He caught her hand and gripped it. "That means *more* than everything."

"Then—I love you." She bent over and kissed him on the forehead. . . .

Prior to the court martial, Morbraz, the Judge Advocate, who was a friend of Corlaix, questioned him. "How many of your officers knew the code?"

"Four. All were lost except Brambourg."

"I've already talked with Brambourg," said Morbraz. "He says he saw nothing."

"That's right. I had sent him below, just before it happened.

"Still, it seems queer that he couldn't have seen through a porthole. A good officer is always watchful when he's on duty. Tell me, Corlaix," he said after a moment's thought, "did Brambourg have any sort of quarrel with you?"

"Yes," Corlaix admitted, "he did. But he is an officer. He would tell the truth in spite of that. . . ."

ON THE day of the court martial, however, it became evident that Brambourg had no intention of telling the truth.

Corlaix' testimony had been taken. Various others had likewise testified. None but Corlaix had seen the friendly lights. Brambourg was called to the stand. On cross question, he testified that he had gone to D'Artelles' cabin.

"And where were you when the torpedo struck?" he was asked.

"In the starboard passage," Brambourg lied.

"That would be about how long after you left D'Artelles' cabin?"

"About two minutes."

"Then you must have been in the cabin when the signals were shown."

"Yes—if they *were* shown."

As the cross questioning proceeded Brambourg became annoyed. He was considerably more annoyed when he looked up and saw D'Artelles being helped into the court room. D'Artelles had been badly injured in the explosion and had been in a hospital, delirious, ever since the accident.

Brambourg was excused and Lieut. D'Artelles put on the stand. He branded Brambourg's testimony as a lie.

"We were both in my cabin when the signal lights flashed," insisted D'Artelles. "We both saw them through the porthole."

A little gasp came from the crowded room. Lotti half rose from her chair. Brambourg was indignant. "He doesn't know what he's saying," he told the court. "He's been out of his head—raving—ever since the battle. It's ridiculous to accept his testimony.

"I do know what I'm talking about—and so does Monsieur Brambourg," said D'Artelles quietly.

"You say you were in your room," Brambourg turned on him. "Was there anyone else with you?"

D'Artelles hesitated, confused. "No," he said finally.

"Then you can't prove it," Brambourg sneered.

"No—I can't prove it," D'Artelles spoke slowly. "But I swear that Monsieur Brambourg stood behind me and told me that the answering lights were the recognition signal of a friendly ship."

Brambourg indignantly protested being impeached by a man who was known to have been delirious for days. The President was inclined to agree with Brambourg and ordered D'Artelles' testimony to be disregarded.

LOTTI saw her husband slump in his chair. It was the end for him. She was the only one who could save him. For a moment she sat staring, her fingers gripping the chair. The court room was being cleared. Suddenly, she jumped to her feet.

"Monsieur; Monsieur le President!" she spoke excitedly.

She immediately became the focal point for all eyes.

"Lieut. D'Artelles told the truth," she said tensely. "He was there, just as he said, and Monsieur Brambourg described the signals to him."

There was an amazed gasp from the court and the spectators.

"How do you know this, Madame?" questioned the President.

"I—heard him," she said in a low voice.

"*You* heard him, Lotti?" Corlaix half rose to his feet.

"I was in D'Artelles' cabin," she went on excitedly. "I remained behind—when the others went ashore. The ship started. I was trapped. Brambourg came in. I hid behind the curtains—" In short, staccato sentences she explained what had happened.

"Is this true, Monsieur D'Artelles?" demanded the President.

D'Artelles admitted that it was. The President turned to Brambourg.

"I ask of you—is it true that Madame Corlaix was in D'Artelles cabin?"

"It is."

"And yet, you testified that you did not see those lights. You dared to impeach the Commandant's honor?"

"I knew that if I told the truth—if I testified to what I saw—that I would injure the Commandant's honor far more," replied Brambourg in oily tones.

"Explain yourself."

"I did not wish to say that when I entered the cabin at eleven o'clock at night, when all the guests had left the ship, and we were proceeding to Bizerte at full speed—that the wife of the Commandant was hidden in the bed of—"

"You lie, you swine—" cut in D'Artelles.

"I saw Madame Corlaix, partly clad, reclining across the bed—"

But Brambourg never finished the sentence. D'Artelles drew a pistol and fired. Brambourg dropped to the floor. . . .

In the confusion that followed, when officers were taking D'Artelles away, under arrest, he begged for just one minute.

"I must tell him the truth—he must know. . . . Captain Corlaix," he begged, "there is something more you should know—"

But the Commandant ignored the plea. His face was a grim mask. "I've heard enough," he said in a low voice.

D'Artelles turned to Lotti. "Madame—what can I say? I only meant to—"

"I know. You meant to help," she said gently. "And you did help. You saved what is dearest in life to him—*his reputation as an officer*. The rest he will forget. Thank you—and goodbye."

Tears filled her eyes as she watched the officers lead him away. . . .

Friends crowded around Corlaix, congratulating him. A little timidly, Lotti, joined the others. For a split second his eyes rested upon her. She might have been a woman he had never seen before. And with mouth grimly set, he turned his back on her and walked toward the door.

She called to him, her arms outstretched. But Corlaix ignored her. Silently he walked into the outer room—and closed the door behind him.

Lotti stared dazedly at the closed door. And then slowly, dejectedly, she turned and walked out of the room—alone.

Loretta Goes Chinese

[*Continued from page* 49]

Oriental slant. In order to do that, Westmore cut several strips of fish skin, each three inches long and a half inch wide. One end, he painted with spirit gum and very carefully placed on Loretta's face, from the outside point of her eye to the roots of her hair. On the free end of the fish skin he put a double piece of adhesive tape, through which a strong thread was run. These threads, long enough to tie together, were gently pulled until the proper slant of the eye was obtained, and then tied securely at the back of Loretta's head. There was not the tiniest wrinkle to tell the secret.

The eyes were then very carefully lined to accentuate the almond shape. Her eyebrows, left their natural shape, were darkened slightly, and Loretta began to take on the appearance of a very "Chinesey" gal.

A characteristic of the Oriental is the flat area between the eye-lashes and eye-brows. This was acquired with the use of a light grease paint, which removed the little crease, and gave Loretta perfect Oriental eyes.

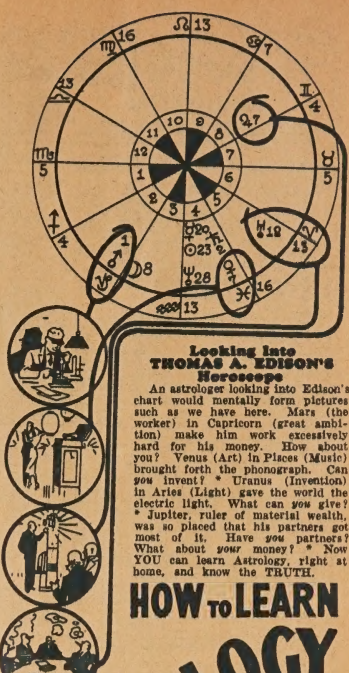
The next step was the grease-paint job. A lighter base is used for the highlights in order to make high cheekbones, and a darker base for the sallow cheeks. A heavy frontal bone was developed through the application of the grease-paint base. The forehead was made broad by the placing of a thin artificial skin over a very small portion of the hair at the sides of the temples. The bridge of her nose was made to appear concave by the use of dark paint.

After all this was accomplished, Perc applied a plentiful coat of dark powder. A still darker powder was then put over the sallow places, and a lighter one over the highlights. The eyes and brows were slightly retouched, and the full lips, following the natural line, were made up with a very dark lip-stick.

Loretta's eye-lashes were then darkened slightly, and a few artificial ones dipped into spirit gum and placed with tweezers among her own.

THE final step was the wig, which weighed only one and three quarters ounces. It was placed over Loretta's blonde curls—and presto—she had metamorphosed into one of the most attractive little Chinese girls in existence. In fact, she wore one of the most perfect make-up jobs ever done on the Warner-First National lot—or any other lot for that matter.

There seems to be no doubt but that Loretta has given the greatest performance of her young career in this picture, regardless of the suffering she was forced to endure. For, like a true artist, she learned to love the part she refused to play.



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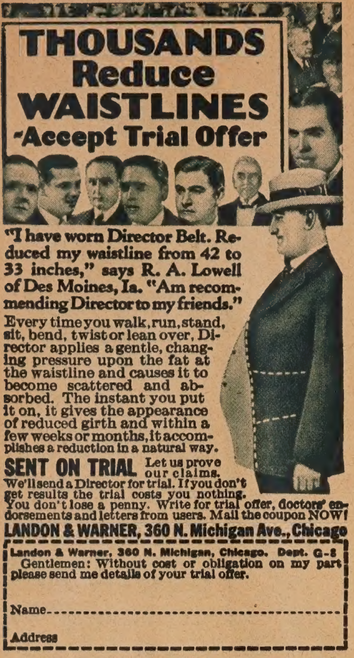
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An Ex-Secretary Tells on Gloria

[*Continued from page* 47]

But the next afternoon she asked him to do a small favor for her on his way to the office and he refused. Such was the hectic way of their love!

Time went along and Gloria gradually tired of Neilan's autocratic tendencies. Neilan hurt her, too, many times. During one of their most romantic episodes she went to the theatre, incognito, with a girl friend, and almost the first thing that she noticed was Marshall, in a prominent seat, with another famous actress. It hurt Gloria deeply.

THEY were simply two dominant personalities. Neither was willing to completely sacrifice a career for the other. Marshall was Marshall Neilan, one of the greatest of the Hollywood directors. Gloria was Gloria Swanson, the great actress. It is true that Marshall helped Gloria time after time, and she was sincerely grateful, but she couldn't give up her fame as an actress to be merely a woman by the side of the man she loved.

It is said that Marshall was responsible for Gloria's first trip to Europe. That he advised her to get away from Hollywood for a time, to break the spell of monotony that the semi-tropical climate of Southern California casts on one who has lived there for a number of years. Also, he knew that travel would give Gloria a broader aspect.

Although Gloria's contract called for a trip to Europe every year (an idea of Somborn's when the contract was drawn up), she was hesitant about actually undertaking the trip. It was her nature to be cautious. It was one of the most important steps of her life, however, when she finally decided to go abroad, for, almost from the time she left Hollywood, she entered one new and broadening experience after another.

On the boat for Southampton, Gloria met Miguel, grandson of a king. Miguel was an intimate of the European courts, something entirely new in the experience of a mere "movie" actress who had never been further east than Chicago. Once again the spirit of love cast its spell over Gloria. Miguel, too, became helpless in its wake. It was a marvelous trip over—the moon was never more beautiful. Gloria and love were henchmen again.

Miguel and Gloria saw Paris together and where Somborn had once taught Gloria the correct thing to *do* at the correct time, Miguel taught Gloria the correct thing to *wear* at the correct time.

Gloria came back to California with a new confidence in herself. She began to think about the future in a serious way. She was in love with Miguel but very dubious regarding their chances for happiness together.

GLORIA took from her love of Miguel a new understanding of old-world culture combined with new-world smartness. It was from her association with Miguel that she acquired her first interest in art—her first feeling for modernistic things.

Gloria gave Miguel an entrée to American business life. She is fundamentally a good business woman and is canny and efficient when necessary. Miguel was rich in nothing except family tradition. Gloria coached him in finance. Although he planned to come on to California eventually, Miguel stayed in New York after Gloria returned to California and took the American agency for a foreign automobile. It was just a job but Gloria did her best to give him a large and successful clientele. She sent him names of prominent people she knew, and she sent actual customers to him when possible. But evidently Miguel wasn't meant to play any more of a rôle in the love life of Gloria Swanson, for slowly but surely they drifted apart.

Gloria has a gift for creating an atmosphere of love about herself. She is like the princess of a fairy tale, and most of the men whom she has circulated among in business or even socially, have believed themselves in love with her. She early learned the art of getting her own way. But she is impulsive and generous at the same time, which saves her from ever seeming calloused or mercenary. Real, honest-to-goodness tears have won her the verdict in many a business argument.

ONE day, I was hurrying across the old Lasky lot on Vine Street in Hollywood. Gloria was in conference with Jesse Lasky and Charles Eyton. I didn't expect her out for some time, but, as I passed the door leading to the production offices, I saw Gloria emerge from her conference. Her eyes were swollen; her lashes were glistening with tears; her nose was red. I rushed to her and tried to console her. For a while she was bent with grief. Then, as we neared her dressing-room, quite a distance from the business offices, she turned to me with a smile of victory.

"Don't worry about *me*," she exclaimed. "They are the ones that need the sympathy. *I* got just what *I* wanted, even if I will have to swallow a couple of Aspirins to clear my head up."

The odds would be on Gloria in any deal involving a man. Yet, still conforming to her ethical principles, she is

—*Fink*

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford, looking more youthful than ever, make their appearance at a Hollywood first night anxious to reciprocate a favor. She will lunch with them, chatter and flatter them to their own satisfaction, invite them to her parties and help their careers when she can.

The world pretty well knows the love life of Gloria during the last few years—the Marquis de la Falaise and her comeback into talking pictures. It is only a conjecture, but her tremendous advancement during the time she was abroad and following her marriage to the Marquis makes one very suspicious that love continued playing its part in her life away as well as at home. Then, after the Marquis stepped out of her life, one heard linked with her name the names of Owen Moore and Gene Markey.

But love is never long in coming the way of Gloria, for in the procession came young Michael Farmer. It was another romance which ripened on shipboard, and they were married shortly after they returned from France in the summer of 1931. The marriage ceremony took place at Elmsford, N. Y., but the Farmers found that it was not legal in California where Gloria's final decree from the Marquis would not be valid until November. Consequently they denied it when questioned and kept the whole affair a secret until their second wedding in Yuma, Arizona, performed immediately upon recognition of Gloria's divorce.

The gay young Farmer will give Gloria something that was lacking in the life lessons from Beery, the business lessons from Somborn, and the social lessons from the Marquis. He will give her a lightness that she has never had time for in the hurrying of her career. Always before has been such intensity that carefree gaiety scarcely got a foothold. Perhaps this will be a permanent love for Gloria.

"Love, your spell has cast it's radiance everywhere" was even the title of the song that made Gloria's new and gifted personality so popular in her first talking picture. Love! Love! Love! Love and Gloria—one and the same.

"Love is really a matter of the right pulsation of the heart," Gloria tried to explain to me one time. "I've been places that I thought were wonderfully beautiful when I was in love—then, I've gone back again and I couldn't possibly find all the beauty that I'd once associated with the place. It was all in my heart, you see, as is everything beautiful that is real and true."

Gloria Swanson thoroughly understands love, and to understand love the way she does means that she is literally a part of it and what more beautiful mission in life than to be a herald of such a Divine message? For Gloria has not only inspired love in the hearts of the men she has loved, and in many of her friends, but she has created love in its many aspects in the hearts of her audiences. I am sure that many a lonely soul has come away from a Swanson picture with a new feeling of hope inspired by the vitality and atmosphere of love created by Gloria on the screen.

What greater mission in life could anyone ask than to pour into a world empty of beauty and the warmth of love, in many instances, a great appreciation of the fullness of life through love personified?

Babes In Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 41]

Then Dolores laughed, saying, "Truly, I would not want to have a baby and then turn it over to nurses. I would be very jealous. I know so well what would happen. I would want every minute to hold my own baby—Cedric's baby—in my arms. I would never be the sort of mother who could be put aside. The years pass too quickly for me to want to lose the hours I could spend with my own baby."

AND Joan Crawford said that the success or failure of combining motherhood with a career depends entirely upon the individual woman. "There are some women who are emotionally and mentally capable of dividing their time and interests between two careers. The more intense a woman is, the more completely she loses herself in one direction. If the career is more important than motherhood, then the child suffers. It takes a well-balanced person to combine an artistic, creative life with that of a totally different nature—a domestic one."

Marie Dressler insisted with profound wisdom, that motherhood today is the greatest of all careers and the most overdone. "I believe that an intelligent, physically well woman is perfectly capable of having outside interests which will make her a more interesting and efficient mother."

It was Eddie Cantor who attributed the low birth rate in Hollywood to this: "People don't stay married long enough in Hollywood to have a family."

While John P. Medbury explained it this way: "People work all day, and stay up all night—what chance is there for babies?"

Claudette Colbert is working in New York. Norman Foster, her husband, is under contract to make pictures in California. This may be a modern age, but it isn't modern enough to bring parenthood to these two charming folks living three thousand miles apart.

Something ought to be done to remedy this situation. It should be taken up by the state officials. If fame comes to a divine soul like Clark Gable, or Greta Garbo, or Joan Crawford, there should be a law demanding that these people reproduce their own kind. With a 1932 understanding of eugenics, psychology and the sub-conscious, the ideal child would be born into the cinematic world to carry on the pattern started by its illustrious parent.

As it is today, the birth rate has dropped off disastrously, not only in Hollywood but in the entire world, especially since the war, and if we must be perfectly literal and produce more statistics, we will have to admit that it is not Hollywood, but France, where the birth rate is lowest.

In France it is so serious that some authorities believe the race is down and out. In Hollywood, it is equally serious, because some people are afraid the race *won't* die out.

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Heartbroken

[*Continued from page 23*]

only: "People laughed at me." The tragedy, the bitterness of it! All of us have been laughed at, at one time or another. It wasn't fun, but we shrugged and forgot it. But here is a man who killed himself because of it. Laughter broke his heart. What is merely unpleasant to us, to him spelt death! There are people like that, who feel things more keenly than the rest of us. Sylvia Sidney is one of them.

IT SHOWED, in her, when she was a tiny child. The other little girls liked to play ring-around-the-rosy and tag. Sylvia couldn't bear to join in their games. That is not an exaggeration. She *could not bear to.* Ring-around-the-rosy she thought silly. It was agony for her to go through the ridiculous motions of the game. Not to be able to play with other children! We may chuckle at that, looking back upon it, and say that it wasn't a very big heartbreak! But if we chuckle, we have forgotten our own childhood. Those things loom large to a child. And to a child as sensitive as Sylvia they are plain horror.

And, naturally, as a result of such sensitiveness, other children thought she was strange; "a little cuckoo," Sylvia puts it. "It followed me as I grew up," she says. "My parents did not understand me, but they were sweet, and gentle, and kind, and they decided I might suffer less if I went to a boarding school, instead of to the public schools. I suffered even more in boarding school."

"When I left boarding school and went back to the public schools it made matters worse, because I was three grades ahead of the others as a result of my special schooling. They were still reading about moo-cows when I was reading about the big lion. Again I was set apart from the other children; shut off from them, different from them! It was plain torture. It may look funny, now, but it wasn't funny to a child." Not to a child with the divine gift—or the divine curse, whichever way you look at it—of a supersensitized nature!

AS SYLVIA passed from childhood into girlhood, matters grew more unbearable. Adolescence, the dawn of womanhood, is a trying time for all girls. Sylvia, her nervous system strung as taut as a piano-wire, felt everything ten times as keenly as a normal girl. The others commenced to go to parties and dances with boys. Sylvia stayed at home. She never went out with a boy until she was sixteen years old! Boys, men, terrified her. It was the same thing all over again, you see. All young girls are a bit frightened when they first come into contact with the other sex. With Sylvia the fright reached the point of nightmarish horror.

"Once a cousin of mine kissed me," she says, looking back into the past with half-closed eyes. "It was just a friendly little kiss, and he was a relative. But I slapped his face with all my might. I wanted to kill him, I guess. I never spoke to him for more than a year afterwards. Not two weeks, or six weeks, but a whole year! It meant that much to me!

"All that the other girls could talk about was dancing. I wouldn't even dance with my father. When we had company, he used to ask me to dance with him. I hung my head and blushed. I couldn't bear to. I was shy." It was shyness. But, again, it was a super-shyness, felt twenty times as keenly as a regular, normal young human animal of sixteen would feel it. Everything about Sylvia is multiplied, magnified.

Sylvia left high school, in New York, to join the Theatre Guild School. Young as she was, she knew that there was no work in the world for her but acting. At the Theatre Guild, she thought, she would act. Instead, they put her to work carrying props and painting scenery. Again, heartbreak; more understandable, this time. The disappointment would have saddened anyone. But with Sylvia, as usual, it built up to the point where it could not be endured. She revolted. The revolt was a mild enough one, Heaven knows. All she did was go out riding with a boy friend in his car—she was at last beginning to have men friends.

The next morning, at the school, she was met with stony stares. "We hear you went out riding last night," they said.

This young lady has accomplished the seemingly impossible. There are two of her. When she's working for Sam Goldwyn at United Artists Studios, she's Betty Gable; in Educational comedies, she's known as Frances Dean

"Yes."

"How do you expect to be on the stage in time, in the morning, when you stay out half the night?"

"But I am on time."

"Never mind that. We don't think you're the sort of girl we want here. You'd better pack your things and leave."

It was stupid, brutal injustice. Anyone would have been hurt by it. Sylvia was more than just hurt. Her heart was broken . . . shattered. . . .

She put the school behind her, and began to hunt work on the professional stage in New York. She journeyed wearily from manager to agent, from agent to manager. She waited, waited, waited, on hard chairs, only to hear the invariable, "Nothing today. Come back next week." She went home, with her feet hot and sore, and came back the next day. For four months, this went on.

THEN the miracle happened. She was chosen for the lead in a play called *The Challenge of Youth.* In one scene she had to jump over a baluster. She jumped, and tore the ligaments in her side. She didn't care. What was pain, when she was really acting at last? The play opened, after wearying rehearsals, at New London, and then moved to Washington. In Washington it flopped. Days ahead, the other members of the cast knew. They did not tell Sylvia. Her first play, to fail! They respected her sensitiveness. At last her mother told her, on the play's last night . . . Heartbreak!

Again the hunt for a job. A month and a half it lasted this time. Heartbreaks came a dozen times a day. Then, at last, Sylvia heard that a producer, putting on a play named *The Squall,* was dissatisfied with one of his actresses. She went to him and asked to try out for the part. "I hear you're looking for a girl," she said.

"Yeah, but I'm looking for a girl who's a blonde."

"But if I'm better than the girl who's playing the part now, isn't it worth buying me a blonde wig?" she asked.

"Oh, all right. Come on back stage and read the part for me." Back stage a dozen other girls were waiting. Sylvia thought her chances were hopeless. She read the part, and got the job.

But the heartbreak is still there, just under the surface. Sylvia has suffered too much ever to forget it—or ever to forget that there are others suffering in the world. Suffering has matured her.

So, the next time you see her play on the screen a part which demands wisdom, maturity, and sympathy far beyond her years—the next time you see her play a part like this, and play it with a dramatic power which makes it more real than real itself—you will understand how she does it. A broken heart is Sylvia's secret.

Wedding Bells for Connie

[*Continued from page* 25]

"And Daddy," Connie smiled up at her father, "I knew perfectly well that if you didn't know my plans, you couldn't tell anyone anything about them, and I knew that whatever engagement you had, you would break it to come to me."

A few minutes later Henri took his beautiful bride to her home where he left her while he was driven to his home.

"That is rare delicacy," said Mr. Bennett, when he heard about it, and no one contested his remark.

Half an hour before the reception and the informal wedding supper, Connie and Henri reappeared at the Fitzmaurices'.

About thirty-five close friends were invited. It was all very gay and very lovely. Every detail had been beautifully executed by Diana and George Fitzmaurice. It was so informal that it might have been any fashionable Sunday night supper party in Beverly Hills.

Connie and Diana admitted that they had both been hideously nervous all day long. In a vain attempt to quiet their nerves they kept taking baths. They gave up trying to count them after the ninth.

And what a campaign of secrecy had been carried out! Not one newspaper man was allowed on the premises. Not one of the battery of ten or twenty photographers was permitted to use his camera. The florist who decorated the house was instructed not to bring outside help for fear the news would leak out inadvertently. The caterers were sworn to secrecy. The guests were put upon their honor to repeat to no one the fact that they had been invited. The Pathé publicity office denied all knowledge of when and where and how.

Edward H. Griffith, who was directing Constance in *Lady With a Past,* proved himself a true and trusted friend, for he looked every one in the eye and denied knowing anything.

Elsa Schallert, the wife of Edwin Schallert, dramatic critic, was, for some reason, one of those whom Constance took into her confidence before the wedding. Of course, Eileen Percy, who accompanied Constance and the Marquis when they went to get their license, knew all about it. In spite of all the "hush campaign" there wasn't so much secrecy after all. Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and the titled French bridegroom were and are "hot copy."

When Richard Bennett was queried by the press *en passant* as to what message he had for the waiting world, his Irish wit stood him in good stead when he replied, "I have no message. My message was when I gave those three girls to the world."

It was around midnight, two hours after the bride and groom had departed, when Angela and Richard Bennett, were entering their beautiful Italian car, that a new recruit in the press ranks spoke up and asked, "Have you nothing to say about your daughter's marriage?"

While the chauffeur tucked a chinchilla lap robe solicitously around Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, the reporters heard a chuckle as Connie's father said, "I don't know what it's all about, but it serves her right. Besides, France must live."

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Real Champs of the Movies

[*Continued from page 27*]

The others are my particular job. I have handled my end of the job pretty well, but the good results I have achieved have depended upon the stars' coöperation; and, believe me, they work!

"Gary Cooper, for instance. There's not an ounce of fat on him, and he has the long wiry muscles of an ace broncobuster. When I box with Gary I stay in close and try to tie up his arms. Gary is no scientific boxer, maybe, but he has a punch like a mule's.

"And Dick Arlen. He was a great oarsman in college, of course, and he can still give the rowing-machine an awful beating. I started him boxing a couple of years ago, and now—why, I was telling him just the other day that if he ever tired of acting he could get in at the top of the prizefight pile! And that's straight goods. Dick is one of the cleverest boxers I have ever seen.

"Paul Lukas is an example of a real athlete. Few people know that Paul was an amateur champion wrestler in the Olympic Games, a few years back. He not only has a string of wrestling titles, but he also was undefeated as a fencer when he left Hungary.

In Kline's opinion, the Paramount star with the best physique is Clive Brook. "Buddy Rogers was built pretty nicely when he first came to me, and since then he has added three inches to his chest and shoulders. The Rogers physique is pretty close to perfect, nowadays," he says. "But my choice of an actor who is absolutely perfect physically is Clive Brook. Through constant exercise at weight-lifting he has developed the body of a great athlete, while his other favorite exercise of rope-skipping has given him the muscular control of a dancer."

And, may we pause here for a moment to ask Clive Brook fans if they have ever seen anyone who can "fill out" a dress suit quite as Clive does it? A million feminine sighs answer in the negative.

THE stars *must* keep in excellent trim, you see. A business man sells radios or sofas or gasoline. A star sells himself—his personality. And if he gets sick, it shows on the screen. Ramón Novarro doesn't get that lithe, race-horse look from munching chocolates! Neil Hamilton works every day with a trainer, and, into the bargain takes twenty mile walks up mountains. Bob Montgomery is a good amateur boxer, and a tennis expert. They *have* to keep fit.

Although the stars train so seriously, a lot of funny things happen while they're doing it. Here's the story of how a well-known feature player did *not* become a champion handball player!

Stuart Erwin is the gent. "Stu" you know best for his famous dead-pan characterizations, in which he goes around with a sort of eternally surprised expression on his face. Well, onlookers at Stu's first handball game saw that expression when it wasn't put on!

Not knowing just how hard and fast a handball is, Stu was not up on his toes when the ball was served, and stood waiting for it with his feet planted like those of a baseball catcher. It's too bad he didn't have a catcher's mask on, too, because when the little ball came zipping back off the wall he caught it, without moving a muscle, right smack on the end of his nose! And that's not all! For a full minute Stu registered pained surprise, then picked up the ball with a growl and slammed it in disgust at the wall of the court. Wham! And back came the ball again in a hurry, to bury itself neatly in the middle of Stu's *avoirdupois*!

Well, work was over that day for everyone who saw or heard about it! The entire studio acquired a bad case of weeping hysterics!

And they say these days that Stu is really an excellent boxer—in fact much too good for anyone to risk asking him why he never joins the other stars in a rousing good game of handball!

OVER at the Hollywood Athletic Club, on Sunset Boulevard, Carl Johnson, former national amateur champion, gives a class in wrestling. In the class, among others, are Lew Ayres, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Edmund Lowe, Phillips Holmes, William Haines, Ben Lyon, and Buddy Rogers—and, as you might expect—Paul Lukas, who sometimes instructs his instructor! Says Carl Johnson, "It takes a lot of training to make a wrestler. But I've never seen anyone train so conscientiously as these boys do in my class. Why, within a few months they have built up muscles most of us don't know we own! And if you want to watch some good amateur wrestling, you ought to see Lew Ayres or Buddy Rogers matched with Paul Lukas! That's real wrestling; not the bull-fighting you see at most professional matches nowadays!"

Carl Johnson's enthusiasm is more evidence of how harmless and lily-like these acting gentlemen are—not! The life of a trainer, in Hollywood, is a pretty tough one. Ask Carl. Ask Dick Kline. Or ask Haydon Phythian, former U. S. C. football player, who runs a gymnasium at the Beverly Hills Hotel and calls himself "the man who trains the stars."

"My first client," Haydon is fond of telling the story, "was George O'Brien. I didn't know who he was, at the time, and put on the gloves believing that I had a beginner to deal with. Let me tell you, that workout was all mine! I wish I had known I was going to box the former champion light-heavyweight of the navy! I would have let him punch the bag instead of me! What a wallop!"

George O'Brien, by the way, has one of the strangest superstitions in Hollywood. His costume for the gym is a sweat-shirt that looks like the upper half of a Ziegfeld chorine's costume—a few torn ribbons, you know? But his trunks are considerably worse. He wore them in high school, and will neither change them nor wash them. "Bad luck," he says, solemnly. "The last time I washed these trunks I lost a basketball game for my high school team. Never again! I'd be sure to break a leg or something."

The worst of it all is that George is entirely too husky a bruiser for anyone to try to remove his pet trunks forcibly!

Beauty Hints of the Month

[*Continued from page* 57]

People will say: "What an attractive girl! She has a lovely skin." They won't notice a slightly irregular nose, or eyes that are a bit too small. The general effect will be beautiful; the victory completely in your hands. . . .

To get back to rouging . . . after you have blended the rouge, you must powder again. This time powder the entire face heavily, dusting it on thick. Then take a face powder brush and brush off the surplus powder, thereby removing all traces of the "whiteness" that often betrays the carelessly powdered face.

I once knew a woman who pooh-poohed the face powder brush, saying: "I've always powdered without a brush. I can continue without it."

"Young lady, you've *never* powdered if you haven't used a brush," I told her. I saw her again months later. She said she was using a face powder brush.

"And you were right, Perc," she declared. "I *never* had powdered before."

The face powder brush is the secret of real beauty, because it smooths the face powder into the skin so that the skin-shine is gone but the natural appearance remains.

Try it sometime. You can't help but notice the difference it makes in the appearance of your skin.

However be sure that you get the proper type of powder-brush which is as soft as a downy powder-puff and could never irritate. It is sanitary, too, for it takes only a moment to wash it out in soap and water after it has been used, and it comes out as fluffy and fresh as new.

After the face has been powdered and brushed you are ready for the eyebrows. The brows need attention and care, just as much as any other part of the face. Brows should circle the eyes, the width of an eye above them. They act as a background for the eyes and when properly spaced cause the eye to seem larger.

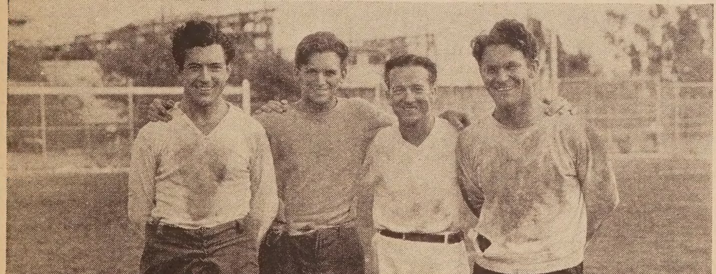
If your brows are too closely set together, pluck out the offending hairs. This goes for the remainder of the brow; if it is shaggy and reaches strange points in the center, pull out the hairs that cause the irregularity—but please do not pull the brows too thin!

Nothing is more artificial looking than tiny hairline eyebrows such as some women wear. If you really want to appear lovely and charming, the loveliness must not be overemphasized. It is much better to underdo than to overdo, when you are putting on makeup. Please keep that in mind.

Pluck the brows so that they seem well cared for and evenly spaced. To overdo it is to create an effect as jarring as would a patent medicine advertisement attached to a Rembrandt.

With the most popular new hair dresser featuring brushed-off-the-fore head effects, eyebrows come into greater prominence than ever, and attractive ones are essential to the well-groomed person. Great individuality can be obtained by shaping them in line with facial characteristics, thus eliminating that artificial, set appearance.

—and by this time you have an excellent start toward morning beauty. Now that we have discussed foundation creams and eyebrow grooming, we will next take up the proper method of applying mascara to the eyes and of centering the face by proper use of makeup. Next month we will consider these features of makeup.



The stars have football teams of their own, and play some pretty rough games. Here is a fast backfield combination—Johnny Mack Brown, a former college star; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jack Mulhall and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams

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• PROOF •

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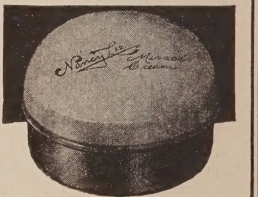
Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.



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What Love Has Cost the Stars

[*Continued from page* 21]

Jaime Del Rio, in Paris, Dolores was in a precarious position. Vicious, untrue stories were printed, intimating that Jaime had died from a broken heart. At that particular time this talented, exquisite girl from Mexico was standing on the threshold of a great career.

Edwin Carewe, her director and discoverer, was in love with Dolores. Backbiting attacks started. Hollywood is cruel. Dolores was, in a way, an outsider. She was in a spot, a most unhappy one.

And what happened? She broke away from Carewe. She went her way quietly, her heart very sad, for she could not tell people that Jaime Del Rio was the best friend that she had in the world—that his death had torn her heart into a chaos of suffering.

Dolores is proud, defiant and very honest. If Carewe's love for her could bring about such a situation, better to end it. Besides, Dolores was devoted to, but not in love with, her benefactor.

MAURITZ STILLER, the director, found and loved Greta Garbo. Because of him, because of his mad devotion to her, Garbo came to America.

The stories which circulated a year later were probably all too true. Greta and John Gilbert were romancing. Perhaps, it hurt Stiller, hurt him to such an extent that he gave up Greta and sailed back to his native country, and there, shortly afterwards, died.

Rudolph Valentino loved several women. His wife, Natacha Rambova, whom he adored when they first married, caused him plenty of trouble. When Paramount let her out after she assertedly had wrecked the production of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Valentino rebelled. Very much infatuated at the time with his exotic young wife, he didn't stop to consider the consequences. He broke away from Paramount.

A foolish move, a desperate one, that certainly did not help his career, but do lovers ever reason?

Lupe Velez loved her Gary to such a degree of madness that it jeopardized both of them. Lupe cared more for Gary than her screen work. Nothing else mattered. Often she turned down flattering professional opportunity because they would have separated her from the man she adored.

Marguerite Clark, at the zenith point of her career, walked down from her starry height to marry a man from New Orleans. And immediately her name became a memory. Today you can find little Marguerite, once one of the most popular stars in the country, living quietly and luxuriously in an old southern house in New Orleans.

Her rightful heritage of fame she gave away gladly for the man she loved.

Phyllis Haver, about four years ago, was being rapidly acknowledged as one of the most popular and delightful stars. Her work in *Chicago* and *Society Scandal* was amazingly clever. She was *there*—at the top of the ladder.

What did she do?

After years of struggle for just this recognition, Phyllis snapped her dainty fingers at it all, married and abruptly gave up her life-work to devote herself entirely to her husband.

Florence Vidor quietly closed her make-up box, forgot the world of talking shadows, and married Jascha Heifitz. His love was so great a thing that Florence Vidor, the actress, ceased to be.

Dolores Costello cared nothing for her screen work after she had fallen in love with John Barrymore. She had been earning thousands of dollars a week, but she recklessly sacrificed it all for love.

ONE of the saddest stories in Hollywood today is that of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez.

Ricardo married Alma when she was probably one of the most beautiful women in all of Hollywood. Her's was a dark beauty . . . gardenia petalled. But tragedy walked hand in hand with Ric's great happiness. Alma suffered from a great disease. Her husband gave up his work, everything, to go away with Alma in order to help her fight that terrible illness.

There followed several sad years, a losing battle from the beginning. Meanwhile, Hollywood had practically forgotten Ricardo. Other young actors took his place. After Alma's death, he had another fearful battle to wage for recognition in his own world—which had forgotten.

Today Cortez has the saddest eyes I have ever seen. His love is still unshaken, even though death intervened. For the few months of bliss he had with Alma he has paid deeply. The depths of suffering have drawn new lines on Ricardo's face and in his heart.

There are only a handful of people who know that Tom Mix calmly shot a two million dollar contract into the air when he discovered that Victoria, his wife, had no intention of following him to South America.

Tom had been offered by the Argentine government two million dollars to be a guiding spirit in bringing back the golden days of the Gauchos. Tom got as far as New York. He inadvertently learned from friends that Victoria loathed the idea of leaving America. At that time he was so desperately in love with his blonde wife that he chucked the whole contract. He wasn't to be reasoned with. If Vic stayed in America, overboard with the two million!

And to eliminate the poor little redheaded kid, Clara Bow, from the annals of these romantic figures would not be fair. Clara's emotional flights have been front page copy too long.

One of the first ghastly hurts which tore her faith to pieces came when Mrs. William Earle Pearson demanded a huge money settlement, $150,000, for the affections of her husband. It was a scandal, spelled in headlines that came near ruining Clara's career. It left her stunned and hurt. Clara managed to settle for $30,000. When one loves, the thought of such things happening is a remote unreality.

The Clara Bow-Harry Richman romance became a dangerous factor. More front page headlines. Mocking, tangled, silly statements. Too many by this time. Clara was paying heavily for her romantic interludes with her career and her health. It makes one shudder to think of the battles Clara has fought in return for a few hours of happiness. One

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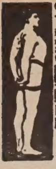

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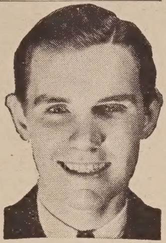

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would think that the word LOVE would throw Clara into a state of hysteria. But it hasn't. She has loved Rex Bell for the past two years.

Rex squared his shoulders when Clara's world fell about her pathetic young shoulders. He has stood by. He has brought her back to health. His love weathered the ugly, tortuous months of scandal.

Clara and Rex have just married and I think the whole world wishes them everlasting happiness.

If MARLENE DIETRICH does not love Josef von Sternberg, she is forfeiting many things for a purely platonic relationship. It has not been a glad path for Marlene since she first came to America, proclaimed the discovery of von Sternberg.

A suit against her was filed by Riza Royce von Sternberg, for alienating the affections of Joe von Sternberg. The American and foreign papers discussed the affair sensationally. That's a game that's only fun when you are very young.

Beautiful Ina Claire has paid deeply for what little romance she has ever experienced. When her romance with Jack Gilbert crashed, the world had little knowledge of the pain Ina suffered. Her pride . . . and what ridiculous mad pride she had . . . was deeply hurt. Money did not enter into the wreckage. Ina didn't ask for it and didn't want it. She had lost something much more valuable. Something fine and beautifully defiant was crushed into the dust of an existence where only pain seemed to survive.

The next time that love filled Ina's days with laughter and gaiety was when the lovable Bobbie Ames became infatuated with her. There followed several months of beautiful companionship. Bobbie's and Ina's wit kept everyone in gales of mirth. This romance came at a time when Ina needed it sadly. It helped her through.

And then came the tragic announcement of Bobbie Ames' death in New York. He died alone, after having called Ina from New York. Love never leaves one completely bereft though. If one has love, one has lived . . . and that is beauty.

And Bobbie Ames, long before he knew Ina Claire, had had a tumultous romantic career. He was married four times. First to a Bronx girl in 1911. She bore him a son and a daughter. His second wife was Frances Goodrich, the actress. They were divorced in 1922. His third wife was Vivienne Segal, a prima donna. She abrogated her marriage with Ames in 1926. Meanwhile, Helen Lambert, a night club hostess in New York, sued Bobbie Ames for $200,000 breach of promise. She charged him with having wooed and won her with a promise to marry. All of this was just before his elopement with Muriel Oakes, a society girl. Muriel Ames divorced Bobby just last year on the grounds of cruelty and habitual intoxication.

Lya de Putti flashed before the American public in a German picture called *Variety*. Her beauty and her intense sincerity captivated a responsive public. But no sooner did Lya's face haunt one's imagination than she disappeared like a wraith. The stories are that for the past six years she was desperately in love with a wealthy New York man. This love superseded her career. She must have felt that she was sacrificing nothing and gaining everything. Death came to her while she was still beautifully in love and while she was still young and exquisite to look upon.

These stars whose love affairs glisten from a distance are actually what I called them in the first place, GYPSIES OF FAME. They take what they want where they find it. There follow days and nights of carnival, of feasting, of loving. There are serious moments too. There are children born. . . .

But with the understanding that only gypsies have, they pay so dearly for every moment of happiness snatched from life. They pay the debts they have incurred from out of their very heartbeats, but they still hold their heads high and there is the shining golden thread woven throughout their days for they have dared to love and to lose.

—Fink

A trio of Hollywood's prize beauties make their bow at the Mayfair. From left to right: Joan Marsh, Mary Philbin and Carmen Pantages, of theatrical family fame

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16

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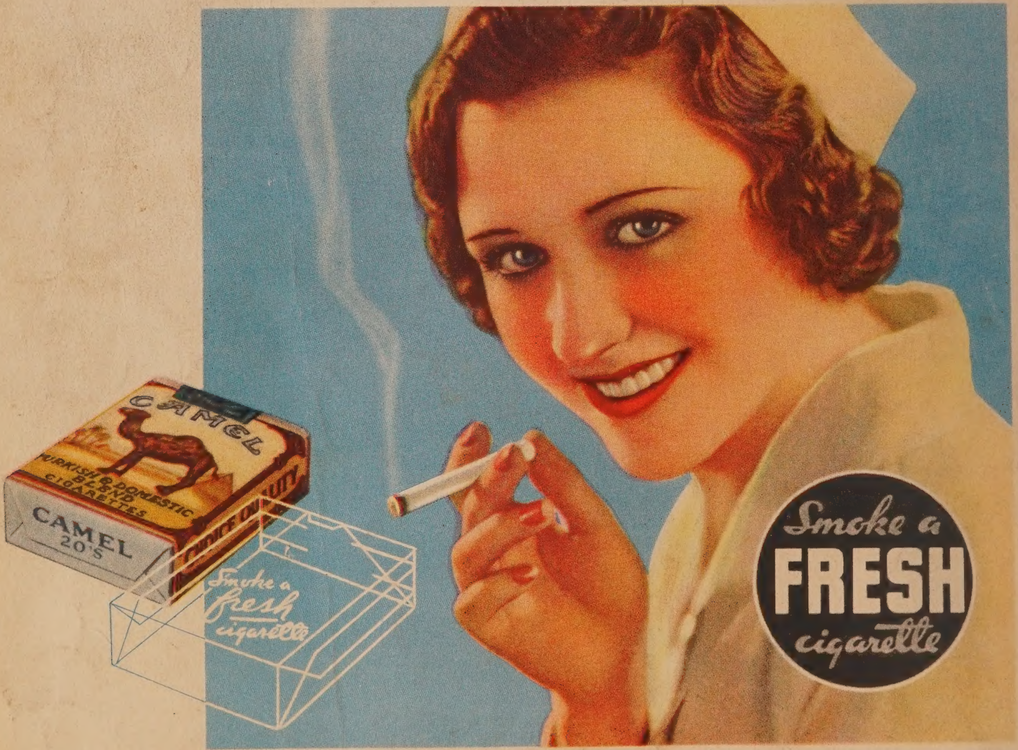

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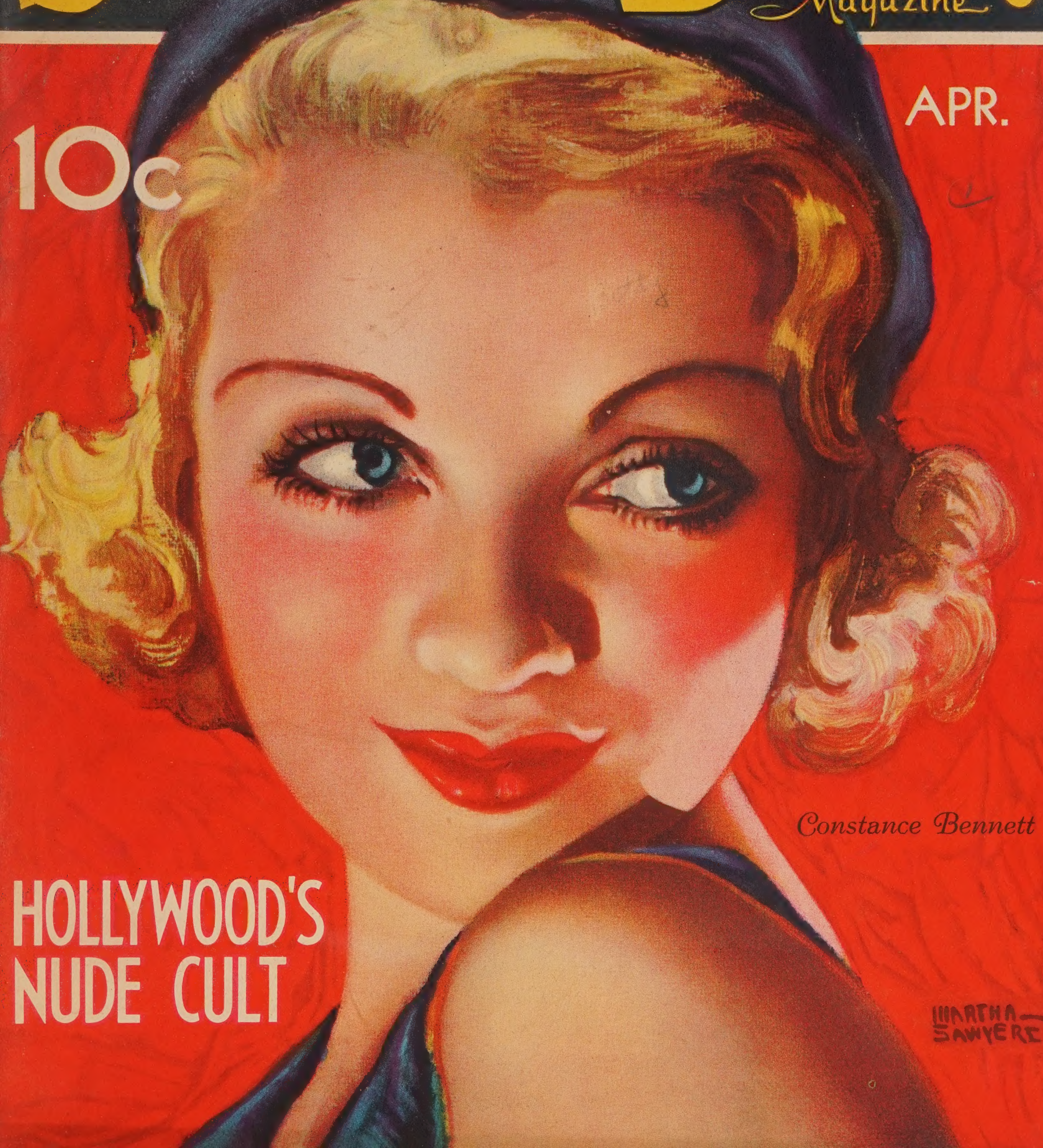
MARTHA SAWYERS

Constance Bennett

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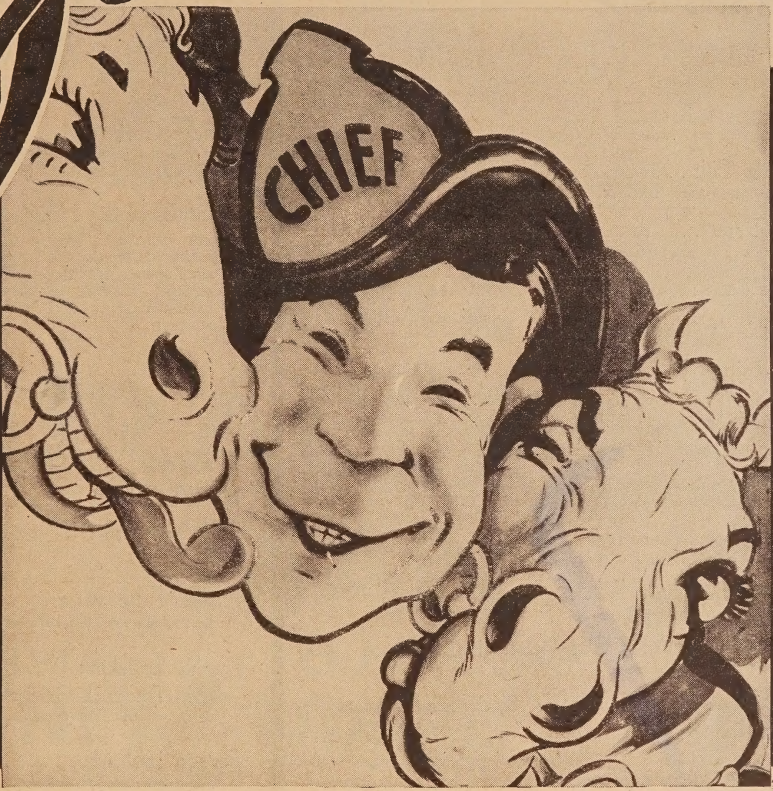

You saw him "HOLD EVERYTHING" and "SIT TIGHT" —"GOING WILD" at "TOP SPEED"— so you don't need to be "BROAD MINDED" to agree that the "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD" in a Bigger Way than ever

IN

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Wildly hilarious fun with the Napoleon of Nonsense as the fire laddie who plays baseball and blondes— strictly as side line . . . Don't miss the screen's foremost funster in the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw . . . Laugh your way to happiness with Joe E. Brown

with
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Directed by LLOYD BACON

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Screen Book Magazine

APRIL, 1932
Vol. VIII No. 3

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Capt. ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

H. FREDERICK GARDENER, Executive Editor

MARCELLA BURKE, Western Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Assistant Editor

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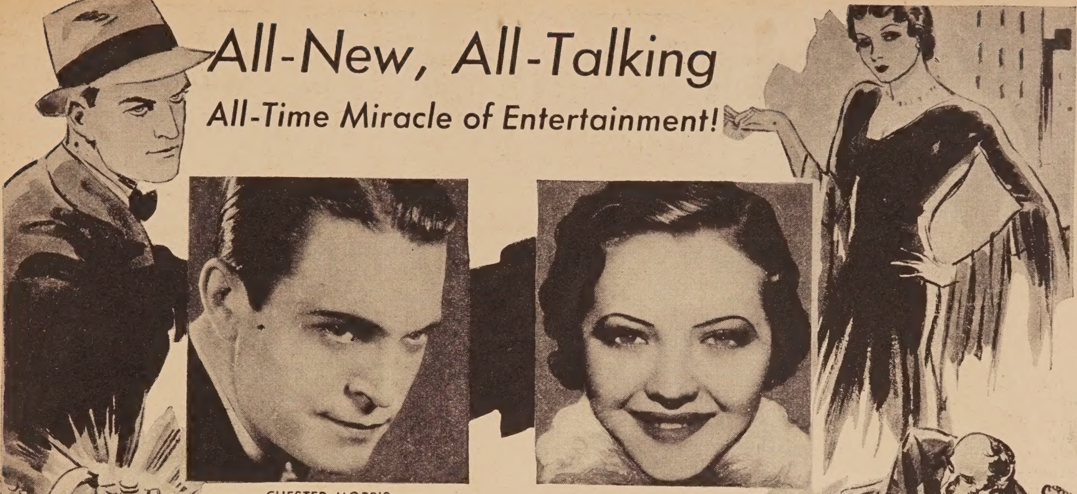
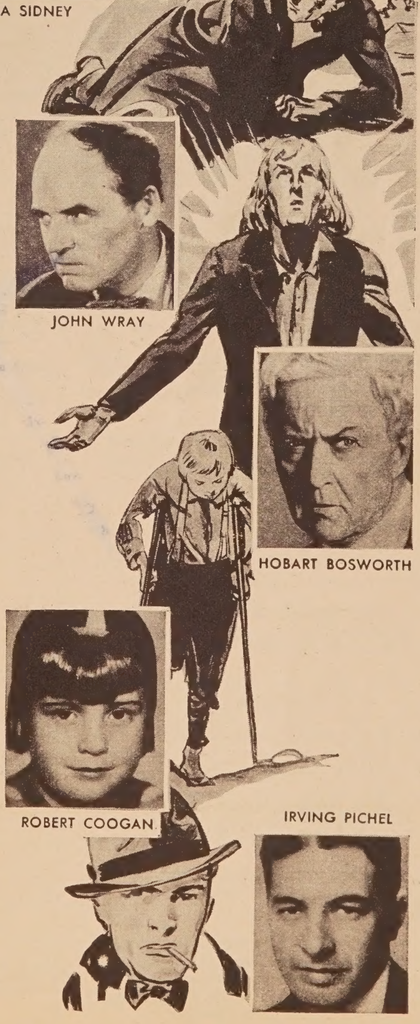


CHESTER MORRIS

SYLVIA SIDNEY

THE MIRACLE MAN



JOHN WRAY

HOBART BOSWORTH

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The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking *masterpiece!* With a master cast! *Sylvia Sidney*, wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! *Chester Morris*, dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! *And* Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It's a Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*

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Paramount Pictures

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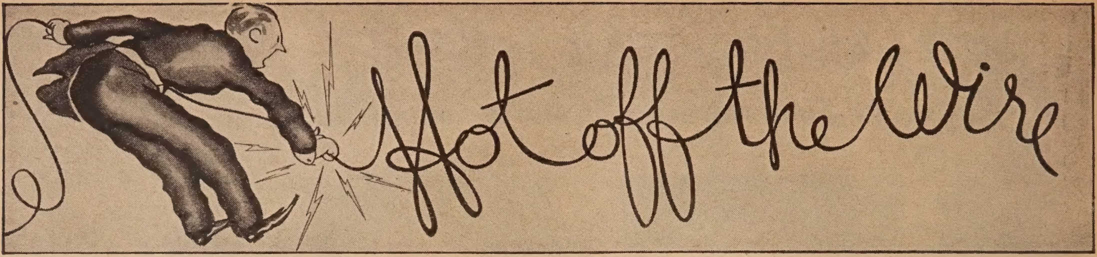

Last Minute News About Hollywood Favorites

Jeanette MacDonald plans around-the-world concert tour after she finishes *Love Me Tonight* with Maurice Chevalier in April. And that's not all—it may be a honeymoon! Meanwhile, Jeanette will play opposite Robert Montgomery in *The Truth Game* and possibly play the title rôle in *Red Headed Woman.*

The four dizzy Marx Brothers land in Hollywood and send the studio into hysterics with their gags while waiting to begin work on their next picture.

Mary Pickford, America's one-time sweetheart, begins preparations for a new picture, her first in more than a year. It is *Happy Ending,* an original story by Frances Marion, the writer who helped her to stardom years ago.

Claudia Dell gets lead opposite Tom Mix in *Destry Rides Again,* now in production following the Western star's illness.

Marlene Dietrich to pack her duds and scram for Germany as soon as she finishes *An Entirely Different Woman.* She'll be back again.

The fast-stepping team of James Cagney and Joan Blondell going strong in their new co-starring picture, *Saturday's Children.*

Rumor from Paris—that Gloria Swanson and Fourth Hubby Mike Farmer, now enjoying an extended honeymoon, are expecting an heir.

John Gilbert denies he and Ina Claire will be remarried. They are often seen together.

Clara Bow may go honeymooning soon in the South Seas with Rex Bell after their "secret" wedding. Screen comeback unlikely in the future. She and husband turn down offer to appear in Ringling Brothers Circus.

Jean Harlow knocking 'em dead in the East with personal appearances on the Loew Circuit.

Wheeler and Woolsey preparing to hop off to the Orient and give their Far Eastern fans a treat.

Estelle Taylor recovering from injuries sustained in auto accident. She had to lie motionless on her back for a month while the broken vertebra in her spine healed.

Charles Bickford turns independent producer. *Smash Up* and *Tent Show* are his first two purchases for film production.

Fredric March and Claudette Colbert to be teamed for third time in vehicle titled *Fire of Spring.*

Linda Watkins weds Gabriel L. Hess, attorney for the film boards of trade, in Chicago civil ceremony and leaves for honeymoon in Canada.

Ernst Lubitsch, who was accorded raves by New York critics on *The Man I Killed,* in huddle with Paramount which will likely make him an associate producer.

Hollywood visited by heavy snowfall. And it wasn't cotton and gypsum either. The real thing, begad!

New York note—Leslie Howard deluged with film offers after his great success in the Broadway show, *The Animal Kingdom.* Two months ago Hollywood criticised him as being "too English."

Hits of the Month

***Screen Book* recommends that you place these top-notch pictures on your "must see" list.**

ARSENE LUPIN
(John and Lionel Barrymore)

DANCE TEAM
(Sally Eilers and James Dunn)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS
(Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook)

THE HATCHET MAN
(Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young)

LADY WITH A PAST
(Constance Bennett and David Manners)

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE
(Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox)

THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER
(Buster Keaton, Polly Moran, Irene Purcell)

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS
(Clark Gable and Marion Davies)

For a complete guide to current screen offerings, turn to page fifty-two.

Business not so hot for extras these days. Jobs down to about 500 daily average. There are about 18,000 extras in town, remember. Better stay away.

Laurence Olivier playing opposite Ann Harding in *Westward Passage,* picturization of Margaret Ayer Barnes' best-selling novel.

Jackie Cooper starts four weeks of Eastern stage appearances at $7,500 per. He had previously turned down $6,500. That lad gets what he wants, no maybe!

Whoopee! Una Merkel grabs honor of being Movieland's first bride of 1932. The lucky man is Ronald L. Burla, a Los Angeles aviation engineer. Good luck, Una!

"The first twenty days are the hardest!" sighs Marie Prevost as she carries on with her rigid diet to bring back that girlish figure. Marie aims to sacrifice twenty pounds by living on liquid for three weeks. As a safeguard against ill effects, she is conducting her reducing campaign in the Hollywood Hospital.

Little Dickie Moore to be starred in *From Rags to Riches,* which Wesley Barry made as a silent several years ago.

Reginald Denny given hospital treatment for spinal injuries received when he was thrown from his horse during a polo game.

Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke and Boris Karloff head impressive cast for *Night Club,* a special production.

"It is merely a matter of incompatibility," says Mrs. Bert Wheeler (Bernice Speer), in announcing that she will file suit to divorce her comedian husband. The two have moved to separate establishments and the Mrs. retains custody of three-year-old Patricia.

Joan Blondell's first starring picture is to be *Miss Pinkerton of Scotland Yard,* an adaptation of Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest mystery novel.

Jackie Cooper plays guide to Kermit Roosevelt on the M-G-M lot, asking hundreds of questions about Kermit's illustrious father, Theodore Roosevelt.

Last Call! Offer to be withdrawn!

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10 Exquisite Toiletries

that would cost you at least $8.50 if bought separately

The famous Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package which has amazed and delighted hundreds of thousands of women in recent months is about to be withdrawn from the market.

This is the last time this offer will be made in the columns of this magazine. In order to get these ten store-size Milaire beauty preparations for 99 cents and postage, you must clip the coupon immediately, fill it in properly, and mail it to us without delay.

Remember! These are not sample-size packages. They are all full-size packages—exactly the same size and exactly the same fine quality as you would expect to find in your favorite store at the suggested retail prices listed in this advertisement. But instead of paying $8.50 as you would if you bought each item separately, you get all ten of these exquisite preparations for only 99 cents and postage, provided you fill in and mail the coupon before this offer expires.

Let us remind you that hundreds of thousands of these Milaire Treatment and Make-up Packages have been sold in the last year . . . and that women from all over America have voluntarily written us, expressing their amazement and delight at the truly remarkable bargain this Treatment and Make-up Package represents.

All This for 99 cents plus postage

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Evening Shade. An exquisite powder, delightfully perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Box Milaire Complexion Powder—Special Blend—Daylight Shade. This Special Blend has been prepared especially for daytime use. It is delicately perfumed and exceedingly adhesive.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Cleansing Cream—a beautiful, snowy white cream which literally melts into the skin, cleansing every pore of dirt and foreign matter, keeping the skin soft, firm and youthful. Daintily perfumed with Jasmine odor.

$1.00 Jar Milaire Waterproof Creme Rouge—a special blending of colors that harmonizes with any complexion. It is very adhesive, not affected by moisture and very economical. Comes in an attractive package convenient for your purse.

$1.00 Milaire Skin Tonic and Freshener—In addition to its tonic effect, this splendid preparation is a mild astringent, which reduces the size of enlarged pores, refines, refreshes the skin. Essential when cleansing face and neck with cleansing cream.

75c Milaire Frost Balm—Lavender. This Milaire preparation will soften, bleach and beautify your hands as nothing else can. It is splendid for rough or chapped hands or face. You will be particularly impressed by its heavy, creamy consistency. Note great improvement after second application.

75c Bottle Milaire Brilliantine. In reality this is more than a Brilliantine. It is actually a permanent wave oil. You can use it freely after getting your permanent wave. It will help to keep your wave in longer and add loveliness to your hair. You should always use a little after shampooing the hair, as it imparts a beautiful lustre to the hair, gives it life and elasticity and prevents it from becoming brittle. Perfumed with Jasmine odor.

75c Milaire Cocoanut Oil Shampoo—a great cleanser which leaves the hair and scalp free from excess oil and dandruff. Free from any superfluous alkalies—neutral and harmless to the hair.

75c Bottle Milaire Bath Crystals—make your bath a real delight because they stimulate the skin and impart a delightful odor to the body and room. You will be charmed by the beauty of this package and the refreshing Geranium leaf odor.

50c Bottle Milaire Liquid Nail Enamel—Imparts a beautiful, transparent, waterproof finish to the nails. Contains just enough rose coloring to give the nails that beautiful blush tint they should have. One application lasts a week or 10 days. Will not crack or peel.

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For One Milaire Make-up Set

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Send me one Milaire Treatment and Make-up Package, containing the 10 regular store-size Milaire Beauty Preparations, as described in this advertisement. I will pay the postman only 99 cents plus postage upon delivery.

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SCREEN BOOK, April, 1932

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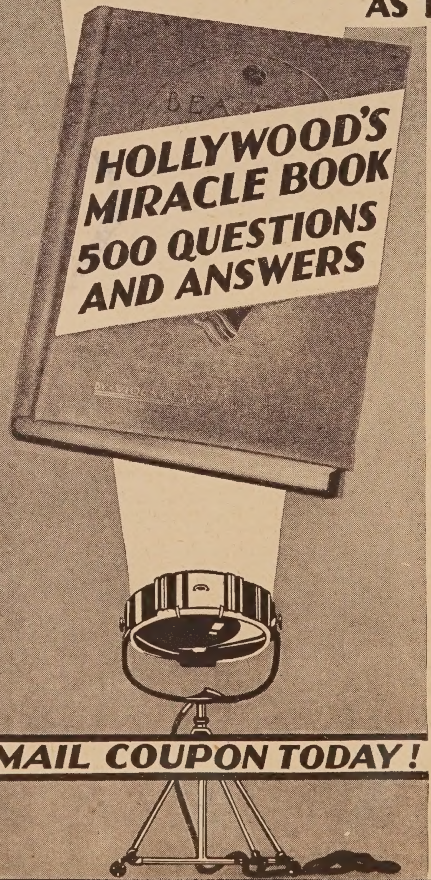

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to give this Hollywood girl a STAGE NAME!

Here is a movie actress in need of a name. Give her yours, or any other name you think of, it may mean $750 in cash to you.

THIS extraordinary announcement has attracted the attention of representatives of leading magazines and newspapers throughout the country and we are sure it will interest you because your suggestion may be the name wanted. This means you can be richer by $750.00 cash if you mail it to us at once.

This movie actress, whom you have probably seen on the screen of your favorite motion picture theatre, is the beautiful Helen Mann. Like most of the stars, she prefers to use a name other than her own, and we have decided to help her obtain it by giving $750.00 in cash to the person who is quick in sending us the most suitable name.

Now what shall we name this beautiful and coming star? Most any name may win. It may be your very own, a name of a friend or relative, or a coined name made up by you.

Just make it easy to pronounce, and easy to remember. But send it right away, or you may be late for the promptness prize. Take a pen or pencil right now and fill in your suggestion for a name in the coupon below, tear it out and mail to us with your name and address. There is absolutely nothing else to do to win this big cash prize of $750.00.

$250.00 EXTRA for Promptness

Bear in mind only one name must be submitted by each contestant. If the name we choose has been submitted by a number of people, everyone submitting that name will receive $500.00, and all winners whose name has been mailed within three days after the announcement is read, will receive an extra $250.00, or $750.00 in all. Send your name at once; be in time for the promptness prize, and you will be notified immediately the approximate time of the prize award. Please remember any name may be the winner, so help this beautiful little Hollywood girl by sending your name today. All entries must be sent to the Publicity Director's office.

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Studio 500
1023 N. Sycamore Ave., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

E. A. WILLIAMS, Publicity Director,
Studio 500, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave.,
Hollywood, Calif.

I suggest the following stage name for Miss Mann:

....

My Name is..

Address ....

TIBBETT WEDS AGAIN!

And his first wife nods in approval

When Grace Tibbett found her husband was in love with another woman, without any show of jealousy, she secured a Reno divorce and plenty of alimony

By

Jack Grant

Editor's Note:

Watch this page in each issue of SCREEN BOOK *for the most unusual news story of the month as recounted by Hollywood's top-notch reporters.*

Although June Burgard and Lawrence Tibbett were both married to someone else when they met, it was instantaneous love, and as soon as they secured freedom through divorce, they married

WHEN Lawrence Tibbett and Mrs. June Burgard were quietly married in New York, all Hollywood began gossiping as Hollywood always gossips. "Why, my dear, did you know?"—"Of all things!"—"What will Grace do?" Someone always wanted to know what Grace would do.

Much of this sudden interest in Grace Tibbett's reaction to the marriage of her former husband is based upon common knowledge of the terms of their property settlement when divorced. Hollywood remembered that their beautiful home in Beverly Hills remained community property to be occupied by Grace for six months, then Lawrence for six months. How was this to work out, now that Lawrence had remarried? How could a man take his new wife to the home in which he once lived with another? And how could a first wife return to the house she once ruled supreme after the tenancy of her successor? How—everyone wondered—how?

What Really Happened

If Hollywood had known but half of the real story of Lawrence Tibbett's divorce and subsequent marriage, it would have had more important things to talk about. The house and who was to occupy it is of minor import to the whole story. And Hollywood did not know or suspect a half of it.

The divorce of Lawrence and Grace Tibbett was long rumored. It was no secret that they were not happy together. Grace is an intense person; Lawrence a happy-go-lucky chap. Responsibilities are borne lightly on his broad shoulders. He is the sort of a fellow who will never grow up. The eternal boy.

Grace is executive. She was his business manager, his mentor, the driving force behind his great talent. Many of their friends are sincere in the belief that Grace Tibbett made Lawrence what he is today.

But once Lawrence achieved the success for which he was destined, Grace, it seemed, continued to hold the whip hand. Her tact apparently was not what it might have been.

She sometimes allowed unpleasant scenes to occur in public places. People close to the Tibbetts at home accuse her of nagging.

What provocations Grace had for her outbursts is not a question for debate here. Say she had ample provocation. Say she had none at all. I have no knowledge of the matter.

That was before Lawrence sang in San Francisco some three years ago. There he met Mrs. Jessie Marston Burgard, daughter of Edgar L. Marston, the wealthy banker.

I shall have to resort to the [*Continued on opposite page*]

language of romantic novels to describe their first meeting. It was a pure case of love at first sight. They felt themselves drawn together by a power greater than they could control. Both were married and probably they fought valiant fights against this tremendous attraction. It was no passing infatuation, but a great and honorable love.

Grace also met Mrs. Burgard. She found her to be a woman of enormous personal charm, of fine intelligence and breeding. She undoubtedly knew—as women intuitively know—that June Burgard was attracted by Lawrence. Yet Grace displayed no jealousy.

A Generous Wife

In fact jealousy never entered the subsequent close relationship of the two women. June was a frequent visitor at the Tibbetts' home in Beverly Hills. She met Lawrence's mother, sister and others of the family. Grace had a photograph of June beautifully framed for a present to Lawrence.

It is not known how long the love of June and Lawrence remained undisclosed. From very intimate friends, I learn that it has been an open secret for over a year. Unquestionably Grace has been aware at least that long of her husband's deep affection for another woman. Still she displayed no jealousy.

Perhaps she felt that, in June Burgard, Lawrence had found a worthy love. Perhaps she was reconciled to the quite apparent incompatibility of her own life with him. Perhaps—but there may be a hundred perhaps. Why look for a motive? The fact is Grace made a perfectly grand gesture.

She went to Reno and there obtained a divorce. People have called her mercenary in the financial settlement she asked. She held up her divorce at the last moment and called Lawrence by long distance to assure herself of a four hundred dollar a month alimony for life, to be paid whether or not she remarried. She took another settlement that amounts to an overwriting on everything Lawrence earns. And why shouldn't she if it is true that she helped so much in advancing him professionally?

The camera catches Richard Arlen swinging around the corner on an early morning jaunt, just for the exercise

Soon after Grace was granted the divorce, June followed her to Reno. She too obtained a decree. A few months elapsed, then she became Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett in a simple civil ceremony in New York.

Heartbreak Drama

They were married in the apartment of June's brother with only a few friends in attendance. The news dispatches mentioned all of the wedding guests save one, a woman.

Could that woman have been Grace Tibbett? It is known that she was in New York at the time. Lawrence and June would have invited her had they known where she was. And Grace would have accepted the invitation.

She has been quoted as saying, "If Lawrence marries again, I could pick no better wife for him than June."

That's the sort of person Grace Tibbett is. Author of a beautiful gesture.

Lawrence and Grace are still sincere friends. They have one great, common interest—their two fine sons. The moulding of the youngsters' careers is still a vital part of their lives, and evidence that here, at least, is one broken Hollywood marriage that is not entirely a failure.

Top this, Mr. Novelist, for a dramatic romance.

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EXPOSING OUR SCREEN VILLAINS

—Freulich

Bela Lugosi, who created *Dracula* on the screen, lives quietly in his hill-top home, content to romp with his dogs and browse through his library

The cinema's fiendish ones are Hollywood's model citizens

By Hal Howe

Editor's Note—"Screen Villains Lead Double Lives" is the second of a series of twelve articles to be published in SCREEN BOOK *and to be shown simultaneously on the screen of your neighborhood theater by SCREEN SNAPSHOTS, Ralph Staub, director, Columbia Pictures, distributors. Ask your local exhibitor to make sure you see these intimate glimpses of the stars in their off-stage moments.*

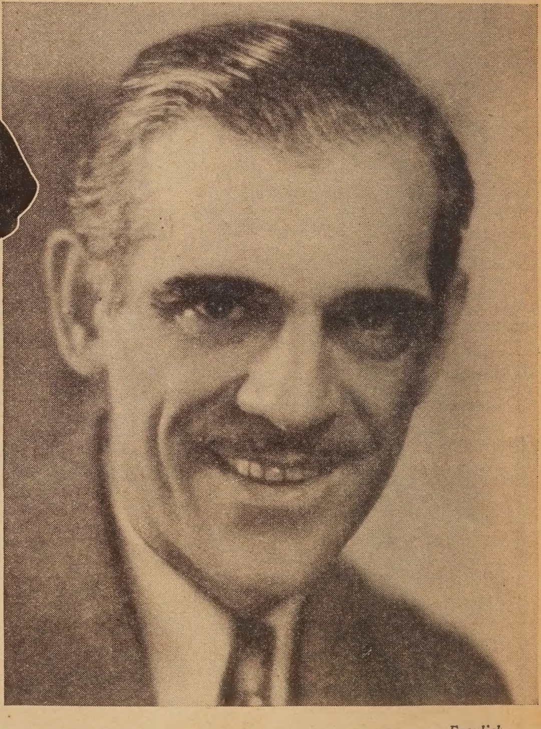
FIENDISH villains on the screen become charming friends when shorn of their professional scowls. For instance, there's that fellow, Bela Lugosi.

We follow winding roads around the hills of Hollywood to reach Castle Dracula. And when we have gone as high as anyone would want to go we make a right turn around a bend and a drop of several hundred feet greets our dizzy eyes. After a sharp left turn away from this disconcerting view, Castle Dracula rears up in front.

As I parked my car one could have cut the atmosphere with a knife, so deadly quiet was everything. But I was sent to beard the VAMPIRE in his den and meant to go through with it.

Just as I gave the knocker a fling, a long eerie wail reached my ears. It was prolonged—weird, coming to a final crescendo with a demonical howl. I knew that Dracula assuming the form of a wolf was on the other side of the door waiting for me—a new and choice morsel for his blood lust.

Before I could retreat the door opened and he was upon me. His fangs reached for my throat.



—Freulich

A mild-mannered man off-screen is Boris Karloff who sent cold chills down the back of a nation by his never-to-be-forgotten portrayal of the hideous monster in *Frankenstein*

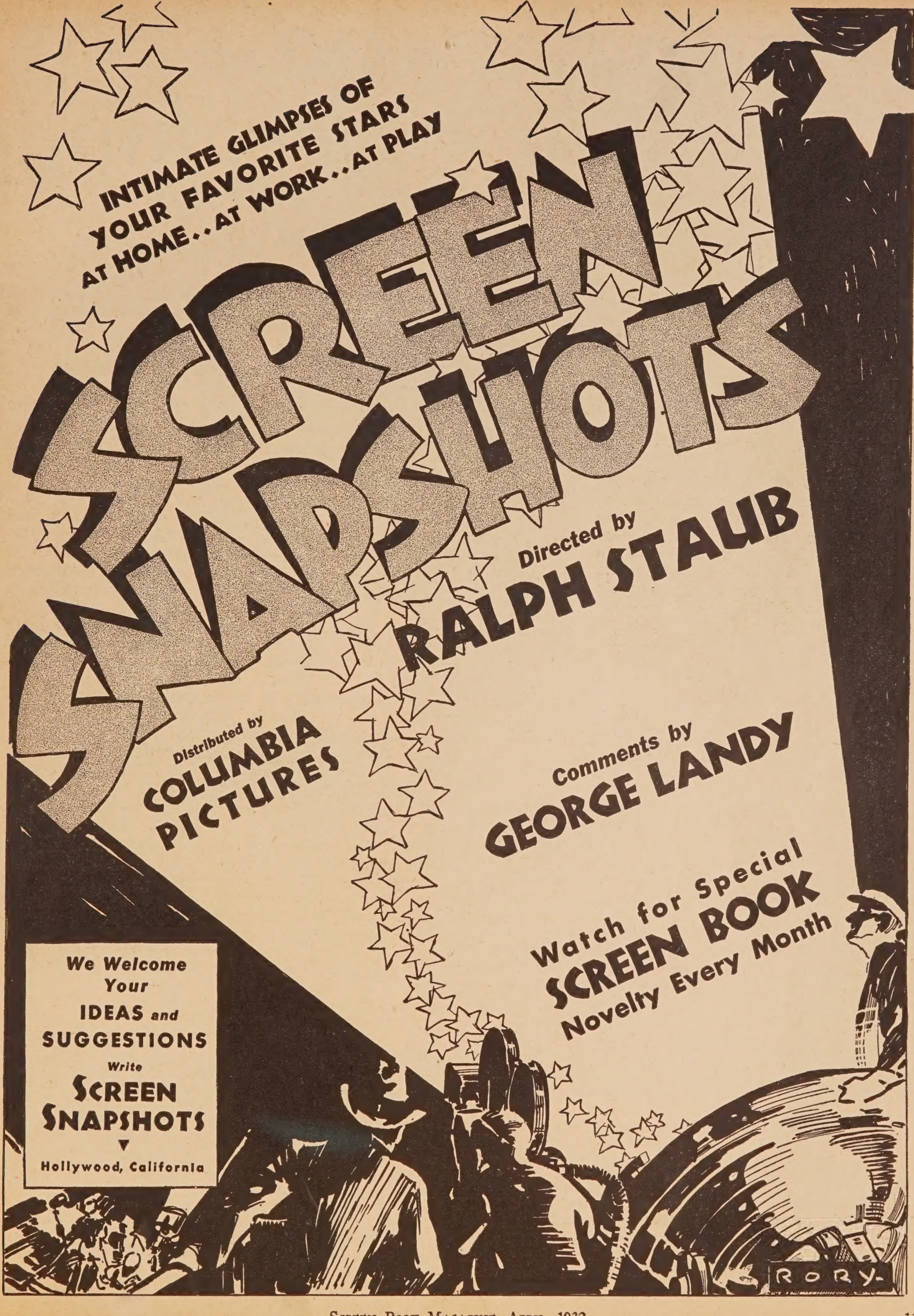
"Dracula, silly dog, down—down—down—do you hear me. Sorry but the pup loves visitors."

As pretty a huskie dog as I have ever seen nearly swept me off my feet with his wagging tail, as he turned to face his master, Bela Lugosi, the original *Dracula.*

Lugosi's home reflects the fine mind of this great Hungarian actor. Every piece of furniture has been made under his own eye and from his own design.

His living room is illuminated by windows reaching from floor to ceiling and reveal a gorgeous view on either side—hills and valleys undulating with nothing to obstruct the perfect view. The walls

[*Continued on page* 56]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RORY

Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

RUTH CHATTERTON'S screen career hangs precariously in the balance just now. The success or failure of *The Rich Are Always With Us*, her first picture for Warner Brothers, will tell the story. If it is a smash hit, Ruth is safe for the time being. If it is a flop, she is through as a star of first degree brilliance.

The irony of it is that Chatterton *is* a great actress—undoubtedly one of the greatest that Hollywood ever has known. Her talent is certainly no less today than it was when she made *Sarah and Son*. She is merely the victim of a long series of unsuitable stories. Even a Bernhardt would have been a net loss in a melodrama as artificial and unconvincing as *The Magnificent Lie*.

Ruth Chatterton, a great actress whose popularity has waned because of a long run of weak stories, faces the crucial moment of her screen career with the release of her first Warner Brothers picture, *The Rich Are Always With Us*

The Story Rules

NO MATTER how great the star, his fate depends almost entirely on the stories that he is assigned. And there are pitifully few screen stories of real merit.

New York counts it a banner year when ten successful stage plays are presented. There have never been more than thirty novels, ideally suited for screen adaptation, published in one year. And yet, motion picture producers face the necessity of grinding out approximately 500 pictures annually. Naturally the great majority of them are bound to be pretty mediocre affairs.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer seems to have a knack of tying up the best screen vehicles, and as a result, their stars are box-office sensations. Witness the long succession of smash hits made by Norma Shearer; *Divorcée, Let Us Be Gay, Strangers May Kiss, A Free Soul* and *Private Lives*. Without discounting Norma's ability in the least, it is only fair to give most of the credit for her great popularity to Irving Thalberg, one of the industry's master minds.

A Master Showman

THALBERG is not only a shrewd business man, he is also a great organizer and, above all else, an instinctive dramatic genius. He has an uncanny ability to feel the public pulse and forecast what type of picture will be popular.

They tell me that he asks everyone, no matter how important, to leave his office at the end of each working hour. Then he spends five minutes in deep thought, summing up the studio situation.

Watch Chaplin

HOLLYWOOD is expectantly awaiting the return of Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin, who has been posing as a social dilettante in European social centers for nearly a year.

Charlie, for all his display of temperament, likes to work. He is a keen observer of life and owes his phenomenal success to that faculty, for all his comedies are merely sketches of life drawn with exaggerated over-bold strokes.

He has seen much during his sojourn abroad and undoubtedly the germ of a great comedy is festering in his mind. When it reaches a head, he will rush back to work and the picture moguls will wait breathlessly for the result.

Thanks, Mr. Lewis

SINCLAIR LEWIS started the new year right by taking a slap back at Theodore Dreiser—not the kind of a slap he got from Theodore last spring, but surely a full measure of retaliation. And at the same time he threw a generous bouquet at the motion picture industry. When he saw the picturization of his famous novel, *Arrowsmith*, he was so deeply moved that he saw it three more times. He thanked the producers for their superb film version of his novel and added that "authors who criticize movie handling of their novels must be afflicted with a God complex."

A Director's Triumph

WITH all due apologies to Fredric March, whose performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a masterpiece, I think that picture, more than any other produced since talkies arrived, is a director's triumph.

Rouben Mamoulian's freak photographic angles and unique methods of emphasizing dramatic situations will be copied by all of his brother megaphone-wielders. And that is the greatest of Hollywood tributes.

H. Frederick Gardener

Richard Dix Fined For Tax Evasion

Film Celebrity Pays $58,502 to Cover Shortage

It was all the fault of his expert consultant, said Richard Dix when hailed into court to face charges of income tax evasion. He pleaded guilty and paid $58,502 in back taxes plus interest and a fine of $500.

"I employed an income tax adviser to make my returns," said Dix. "He assured me I was entitled to deductions on sums of money which I advanced to certain relatives. He prepared the returns and I signed them without any idea that I was violating the law. When I learned there was a deficiency I posted a check with government officials for $110,000 to cover the shortage."

The government had charged Dix with evading payment of $25,477 in 1926 and $33,025 in 1927 and 1928. According to federal investigators, Dix earned $241,827 in 1927 and $305,075 in 1928.

Stricken Beauty Lives Up To Stage Tradition

—*International*

PLATINUM-HAIRED Jean Harlow proved herself a real trouper when she insisted upon making her scheduled appearances in a Pittsburgh theatre despite an acute attack of intestinal "flu." Here she is seen being carried to the edge of the stage by her stepfather, Marino Bello

—*Wide World*

JACK BRUNNING, income tax expert, brought Richard Dix bad news when he showed him a summons to appear in U. S. District Court to answer charges of income tax evasion. Brunning himself was responsible for the whole mess, said Dix, because the consultant gave him bad advice

MARION DAVIES BOMB PLOT BARED!

—Acme

HERE ARE TWO detectives, displaying the gift box containing a bomb which might have robbed Hollywood of one of its most beloved stars

Star Narrowly Misses Death in Gift Outrage

An attempt to kill Marion Davies was frustrated when an infernal machine sent her through the mail was discovered before she received it. There was a key sealed onto the box with wax and when this was touched the package began to smoke. Fortunately the package was rushed from the Davies home before it had time to explode. Detectives said the bomb was powerful enough to kill anyone standing within fifty feet had it exploded. Miss Davies expressed total ignorance as to who might have sent the deadly gift. Police felt certain it was the work of a fanatic.

GLORIA HONEYMOONS IN FRENCH CAPITAL

Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer, sailed for Europe under an alias, but no one could possibly mistake their identity on board ship and when they reached Paris they were given a rousing reception. Now they are honeymooning in their Paris apartment and are renewing acquaintances in the glamorous French capital. Farmer, although an Irishman by birth, is French at heart and Gloria too has a great love for Paris. They probably will remain abroad for several months. Rumors are being circulated that they are awaiting the arrival of an heir.

-Wide World

ABOVE: GLORIA SWANSON and her new husband, Michael Farmer, enjoy a quiet tête-a-tête, free from the public gaze, in the private bar of their luxurious Paris apartment where they are spending an extended honeymoon

—Keystone

LEFT: GLORIA SWANSON and Michael Farmer, rested after their ocean voyage on the Bremen, greet dear old gay Paree enthusiastically upon their arrival at the St. Lazare station on the boat train from Cherbourg

APE MONSTER TERRORIZES STUDIO

A REIGN OF TERROR was created in Universal City when a ferocious gorilla ran amuck on the lot. Petite Sidney Fox was miraculously saved from the clutches of the killer when the gallant director called "cut." You'll see it all in the new horror film, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*

OAKIE GOES HI-HAT

—Acme

ALAS! What is Hollywood coming to? Our old pal Jack Oakie, whom we could always depend upon to show up almost everywhere in a sweat shirt, has succumbed to the silly tuxedo fad. But Joan Marsh doesn't seem to mind

NORMA SHEARER GETS CITIZENSHIP PAPERS

—Wide World

NORMA SHEARER played a dramatic rôle in real life when she relinquished her rights as a Canadian subject and became an American citizen. She said she wanted to show her appreciation to the country which has accorded her screen fame. Here she is shown as she signed the final naturalization papers for B. B. Hansen, deputy Federal Court clerk in Los Angeles

WHEELER AND WOOLSEY CONVICTED

Famous Comedy Stars Pay Fine For Speeding

Robert Woolsey (right) proved himself a star witness in the case of Wheeler and Woolsey vs. the State of California when the famous comedians were summoned to Judge Alfred Paonessa's court on a charge of exceeding the speed laws. "Yes, your honor," Woolsey testified shamelessly, "I'm afraid he was speeding." Whereupon his pal Bert Wheeler paid and paid! When the boys arrived at the Radio Pictures Studio two hours late for a scene in *Girl Crazy*, of which they are the stars, the director was tearing his hair. "We're just crazy over cops," said the boys as they went to work.

BERT WHEELER, Judge Alfred Paonessa, Robert Woolsey and the officer who captured the two movie culprits and brought them to justice

DUNCAN SISTERS FILE BANKRUPTCY!

The famous Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, were broke but happy—and smartly dressed, by the way—when they appeared in a Los Angeles court to file bankruptcy. No jewelry—no bank account—no automobile—almost no cash—such was the picture of their financial condition drawn by the two sisters of Topsy and Eva fame at the hearing before Federal Referee Rupert B. Turnbull. "But we've got jobs, and we're both working just as hard as we know how," the sisters declared. Vivian should worry about money—she's the wife of Nils Asther, screen player!

Vivian and Rosetta Duncan

John Gilbert Rejected!

When a film star offers to work in a picture without one cent of pay—that's news! Believe it or not, John Gilbert did that very thing. So badly did he want the rôle of the baron in *Grand Hotel* that he offered his services absolutely gratis. He figured that playing again with Garbo would help reëstablish his popularity. But Fate is unkind—John Barrymore got the assignment! *Grand Hotel*, now in production, looms as the biggest picture of the year. In the cast are: Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Tully Marshall.

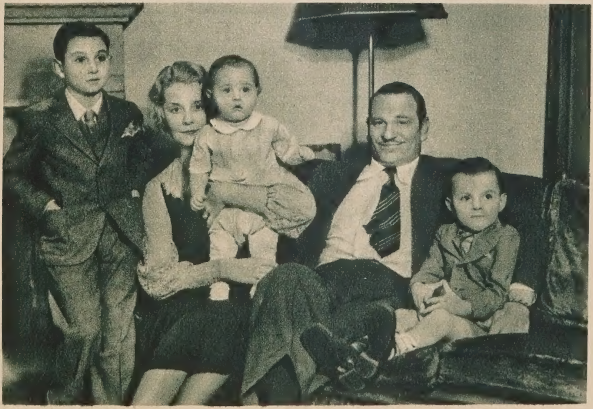
GRETA GARBO COMES OUT OF HIDING

Glamorous One Gives Interview in Chicago

It took a police reporter to make Garbo talk! When the Glamorous Sphynx of the flicker films stepped off the train in Chicago she was accosted menacingly by diminutive Buddy McHugh, star police reporter for the *Chicago American*. Garbo was about to strap him with the large leather belt she carried in her hand when she noticed the evil look in his eye and the suspicious bulge in his overcoat pocket. A gangster! Buddy meant business, she could see that. He was going to get an interview, or else—. So Garbo relented and answered all his questions—and was Buddy pleased! Then Garbo shut up like a clam and left Chicago. No more of this gangster stuff for her. Now back in Hollywood, she has retired once more to her shroud of seclusion, emerging only to make scenes for *Grand Hotel.*

"YOU CAN'T fool me, I know you're Greta Garbo," said this news photographer. "Give us a little picture, will you huh?" But the great Garbo only lengthened her athletic strides through Central Park, New York. She was sad. She had concealed her identity successfully for several days under an assumed name at the St. Moritz, but now the news sleuths had found her out. Cruel world! Was there no privacy? "Go away, bad cameraman! I tank I go home"

Bad Man Adopts Family



WALLACE BEERY took three children into his home recently when their mother, an aunt of Mrs. Beery's, died. Wally is going to raise all three of them and legally adopt the little girl. Left to right: George Priester, Mrs. Beery, Carol Ann Priester, Wallace Beery and William Priester

HOLLYWOOD'S

When the stars go undress parade, there's a reason. This unusual article tells why

CAN it be that the nude cult craze, currently sweeping Europe, has found favor in Hollywood? Casual visitors to the beaches frequented by the film colony might be led to believe so. For, judging by the brevity of bathing suits in vogue during these winter months, it seems Hollywood stars are determined to find their places in the sun.

Of course, according to orthodox nudists, Hollywood is overdressed. The men hereabouts, although nude to the waist, do wear trunks, and the costumes for ladies, although backless and almost completely waistless, are nonetheless costumes. This, sniffs Nudism, is not the purely ascetic altogether.

In the privacy of its own back-yards or roof-tops, however, Hollywood drops all raiment. The community has reverted to the cult of sun worshippers, not as faddists, but because the prime requisite of its professional life is appearance—which means health.

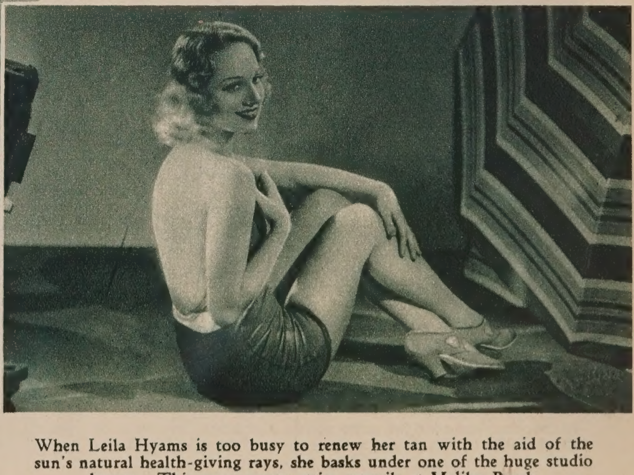
Nor is seeking the sun for health's sake a particularly new trend in Hollywood. Stars, interested in maintaining youth, vitality and well being, have long since recognized the value of sun bathing. It is only that the men have this year invited comparison to the pure nudists by leaving the tops of their bathing suits on a hook in the bath house.

It is about the methods and manners by which the male members of the film fraternity keep fit that this article concerns itself. I have no desire to follow the footsteps of that other reporter who, trespassing in her garden, snapped all-too-intimate pictures of Garbo asleep in the sun. Discussion of feminine ways to health, I leave to wiser—or more foolhardy—men. However, it is a fact that almost every feminine celebrity in the screen colony has become an ardent sunbather. Garbo started it—others followed suit. And there can be no doubt that the fad builds health.

When such apparently robust screen heroes as Gary Cooper and Edmund Lowe succumb to nervous breakdowns, it is time to look into the question of physical fitness among the ranks of Filmdom's leading men. Overwork was blamed in both instances and long vacations were ordered. Eddie has just returned from his period of rest in Europe and Gary has gone to Africa to find complete relaxation for the next six months.

Lowe has made eight pictures in the last year. He was

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., bakes in the hot California sun hour after hour on his idle days. His scanty costume is universally advocated by the masculine stars of Cinemaland

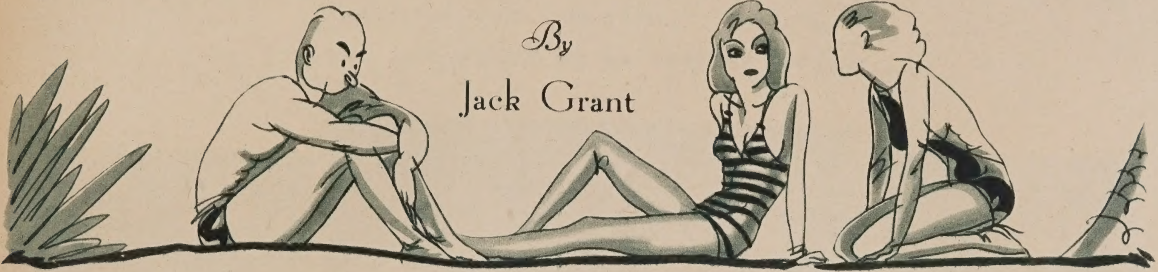


When Leila Hyams is too busy to renew her tan with the aid of the sun's natural health-giving rays, she basks under one of the huge studio lamps. This same scanty attire prevails at Malibu Beach

NUDE CULT

By

Jack Grant



physically unable to assume his scheduled rôle in a ninth and was therefore compelled to obtain a release from his Fox contract.

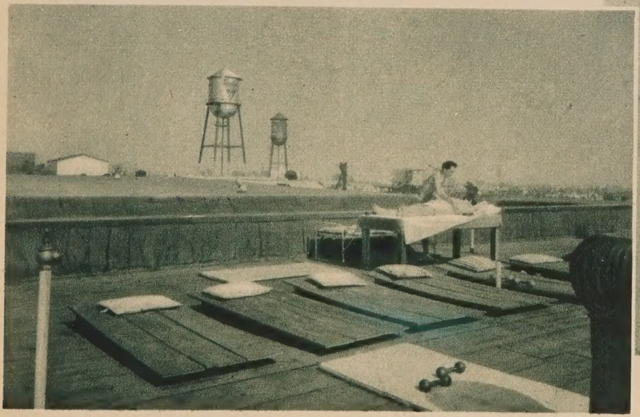
Eight pictures in twelve months may not sound like too much work for a husky like Ed Lowe. Take my word, however, that it is. Lowe is a star and every star has a multitude of things about which to worry. How he is to play his part is a minor concern and those who think only of acting a rôle do not remain stars very long.

MENTAL alacrity, as any doctor will tell you, is akin to physical health. Which is why nearly every man in pictures follows some line of sport—usually some recreation which will take him into the sun with a minimum of clothing. There are those like Douglas Fairbanks who train as do prize fighters and are always in tip-top form. Others take less strenuous workouts.

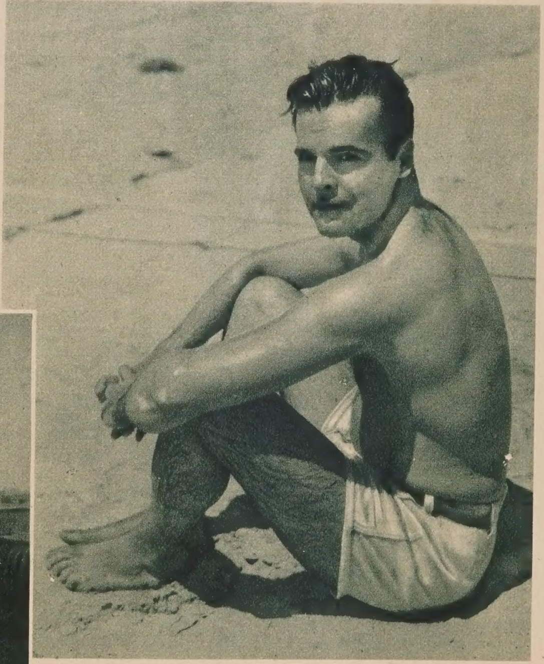
Robert Montgomery is an excellent example of a not too athletic star. Yet, every Sunday morning he has a two-hour horseback canter before breakfast. In the forenoon he plays at least eighteen holes of golf and another two hours or more are devoted to tennis in the afternoon. That is his regular Sunday program and has been every since he has been in California. Of course, when not in production on a picture, Bob also rides or plays during the week.

In production or between pictures, George O'Brien's program is the same. He rises every morning between five and six o'clock for a swim in the ocean—clad only in trunks, of course. Then follows a cold shower and brisk rub down. Then a few snappy sets of tennis—also in trunks. Oftimes, by the way, his mother is his opponent. George follows through with road work, a mile or so up the beach and back, and, if he has time, finishes off with a round at the punching bag and skipping rope. All this, mind you, before breakfast. With such training, George might be a prize fighter instead of an actor. And is it efficacious? Look, my friends, at the O'Brien chest.

The motion picture industry has recruited a number of actors from the ranks of the prize ring. Victor McLaglen was once a professional fighter and [*Continued on page* 64]



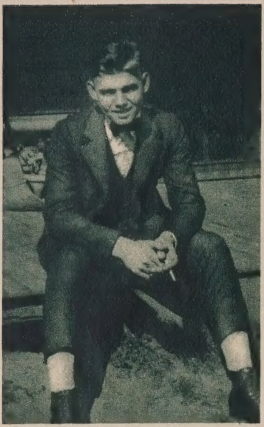
One of the Radio Pictures executives taking his daily massage and sun-bath on the roof of the huge sound stage which houses the studio gymnasium



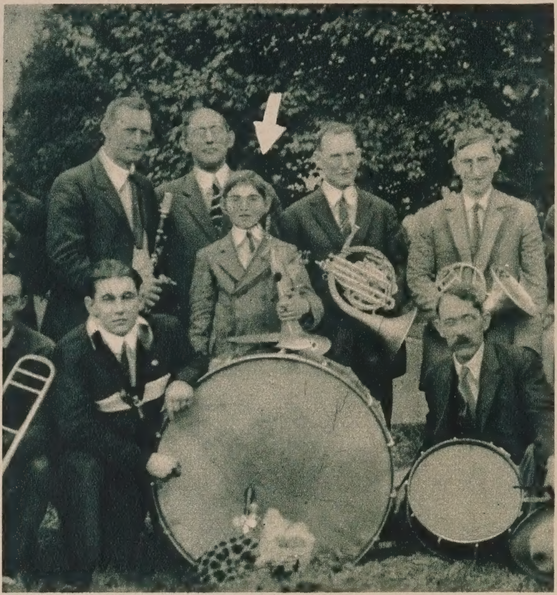
Neil Hamilton maintains a completely equipped private gymnasium and hires a professional trainer. His favorite sports are wrestling and swimming

GABLE'S BOYHOOD DAYS

Pages from the star's own snap-shot album showing glimpses of his little-known past



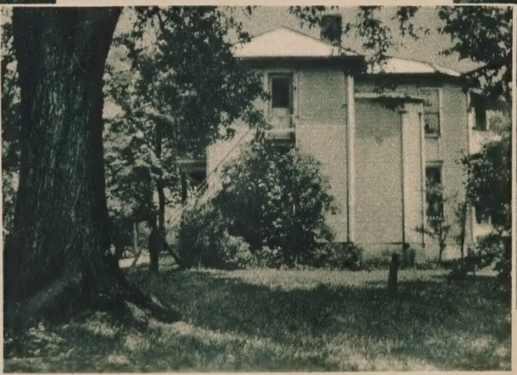
Gable—a husky high school boy in Cadiz, Ohio—little dreamed that he would one day be a famous star



When the Cadiz town band tuned up for a concert a score of years ago, its smallest member was Clark Gable—a promising young French horn player

Clark Gable and one of his high school pals indulge in a little spirited horseplay—anything for a pose

Clark, the actor, smiles while his schoolmate frowns, and behold here, a masterpiece of Sunshine and Gloom



Here is the modest frame house in Cadiz, Ohio, where Clark Gable was born on February 1, 1901

Two young feminine hearts went pitti-pat when Clark Gable took these two young girls in his arms in front of the schoolhouse

AN EX-SCHOOLMATE REVEALS LOWDOWN ON JANET GAYNOR

Presenting a vivid picture of Janet's pre-stardom days

By Jack Austin

BACK in 1922 and 1923 there was no Janet Gaynor gracing the screen. Instead, there was Laura Gainer, one of the quietest, and at the same time, one of the most popular students at Polytechnic High School, in San Francisco. She was not much different then. She was immature, of course—there was a parade of little rusty freckles across her tiny nose, her reddish brown hair was less carefully bobbed and dressed—but essentially she was the same Janet Gaynor who has won an enviable place in the world's affections.

Yet none of us who were her schoolmates ever dreamed of the glamorous destiny that lay in wait for Laura Gainer, or Lollie, as we called her. I doubt if she, in her most secret dreaming, ever imagined what a few years would do for her. If she did, she kept those dreams to herself.

So much has been written of the wistful, poignant charm that characterizes Janet Gaynor's picture rôles that one would be led to believe that she is a musing, slightly sad, ethereal person in real life. Nothing could be further from the truth. In her girlhood, as today, she was quiet and a bit reserved, except with intimate friends; but she possessed a fund of real humor and a capacity for keen enjoyment. She was vital. Wistfulness must be a part of her character, to be sure. It could not be such a moving factor in her screen portrayals if it were not; but it is not on the surface. It finds expression only in her work.

Lollie did not have much money for clothes in her high school days. Nevertheless, she was always as neat as the proverbial pin. She seemed almost prim in one outfit that I particularly remember — a short, brown, pleated skirt (skirts were short then, if you recall), a tan sweater, and Cuban-heeled shoes. Conservatism marked her dress as it typifies other phases of her personality. When short skirts were fashionable, Lollie's were a bit longer than the average. When, a little later, long skirts became popular for evening wear and the more extreme girls dragged their dresses on the floor, Lollie's simple gowns fell about her ankles.

Janet Gaynor's tremendous popularity as a screen star was fully equalled by her popularity as a high school miss in San Francisco

Lollie Gainer lived near Golden Gate Park, less than a block from the school grounds, so that her friends were often in her home. Her mother and her stepfather had the rare faculty of winning the affections and confidence of adolescents, and were known to Lollie's friends as "Gainer" and "Jonesy" respectively. Lollie's most intimate friend in those days was Hazel Addicott, daughter of the school's principal. That companionship has matured and ripened until today it is one of Janet Gaynor's most valued and seasoned friendships.

I cannot remember that I ever saw Lollie Gainer alone in the halls of the school. As she went from class to class, she would usually be arm in arm with Hazel or another of her girl friends. Similarly, she was never alone at the school dances. A dance with Lollie was a badge of distinction, and had to be secured at least a week in advance. Sometimes I wondered why this was. Although she was often described as the best dancer in school, other girls were flashier, had "fast lines," and were more certain of themselves, and those are the things which, in popular opinion, are most attractive to youngsters in their 'teens. Perhaps we had better taste than schoolboys are generally credited with possessing. At any rate, Lollie, with her quiet, childish voice, and her dry, subtle humor, was popular with boys and girls both—a feat which is uncommon enough among adults, and which is almost unknown among kids in school.

I LIKE to remember that I witnessed Janet Gaynor's first dramatic triumph. The occasion was the Senior Rally, shortly before our graduation. The high school talent performed the usual antics, sang the usual songs, and received the usual warm applause. The surprise of the program came when Lollie Gainer appeared alone on the stage, dressed in a little girl's outfit, a huge bow on her head, and, with great seriousness and determination, recited a piece, *Horses Don't Go To Meetin's*, in her soft,

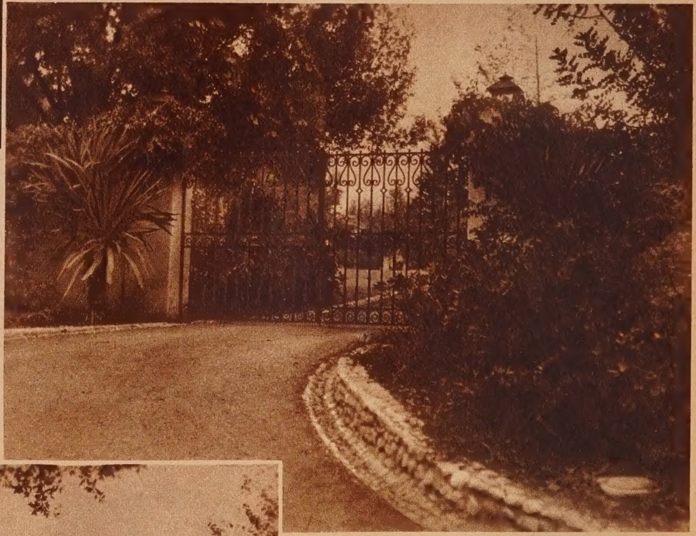
[*Continued on page* 58]

WHERE GARBO LIVES

Our cameraman discovers Greta Garbo's new hiding place

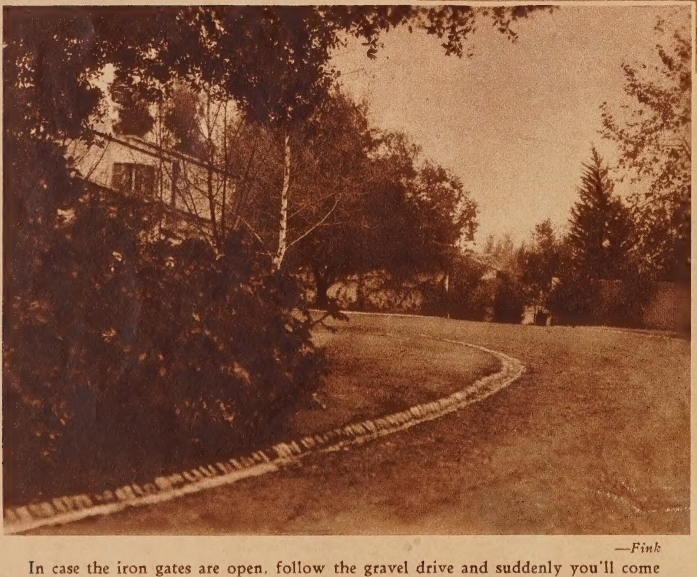
—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Garbo enjoyed her home on San Vicente Boulevard, walled in by thick cypress trees, until gaping tourists destroyed the sanctum for her. Then she moved to her present abode in Westwood Hills



—*Fink*

If you are really set on seeing Garbo, come to Hollywood and ramble through Westwood Hills until you come to a high iron gate that looks like this one. Few people pass through these gates, for intruders are promptly ejected. Greta is seen more in public of late, but when too many discover her home, she immediately moves to some new secluded spot



—*Fink*

In case the iron gates are open, follow the gravel drive and suddenly you'll come upon a great stucco dwelling. Perhaps, then you'll be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the beautiful recluse. But you'll have to be content to just look because she doesn't talk to strangers and won't sign autograph albums

TOM MIX RIDES AGAIN!

The best-loved cowboy gallops back to health with plans for a great future

By E. R. Moak

—Freulich

—Ray Jones

Tom Mix is back in his saddle after waging a bitter battle for his life with the Grim Reaper, and he's planning on new pictures, telling the inspiring story of the Old West he knew and loved

TOM MIX is riding again!

That's news, as the great Brisbane is so wont to write, for even the veteran Western star's physicians were convinced that ere this the daisies would be blooming above his sturdy chest.

But the fighting spirit that carried him to so many victories, when as a deputy United States marshal he was shooting it out with the desperate outlaw bands that pillaged the pioneer Southwest, has once more yanked him back from the brink of the grave.

A battery of medicos stood at his bedside in the Hollywood hospital a few weeks ago, issuing bulletins informing the world that the film favorite's *number* had been posted. While, Tom, his famous smile still illuminating his countenance, was figuratively roping and hog-tying the Grim Reaper.

Now, the symbol of perfect health, he is back in the venerable Tony's saddle, and facing the grinding cameras for the first time in three years. *Destry Rides Again,* his initial talkie, provides the vehicle in which he returns to the silversheet.

It was a new and more serious-minded Tom Mix who chatted with me as we lolled in the sun in the patio of his Beverly Hills estate the other day; Tony, his equine companion for almost twenty-two years, rested his white nose on his owner's shoulder, more interested, I'm afraid, in the occasional lump of sugar he was handed than in our conversation about the future that looms for his master.

"I had nothing to do but think while I *holed-up* there in the hospital after they had taken out my ruptured appendix," Tom told me, "and I came to a lot of conclusions. Now I'm going to convert some of them into deeds.

"I'll never forget the look on the doc's face as he told me that I was going to die," continued Tom. "I laughed at him, and I guess he thought I was clear crazy, but I'm really just a tough hombre.

"'Just don't give me any dope of any kind and let me keep my eyes open. I'll fight my way out of this mess,' I informed him. My back was against the wall all right, but I was sure I wasn't going to quit without a fight.

"Guess, though, that I was about the only one who figured it that way."

Eight thousand letters and more than twenty-three hundred telegrams which poured in to him from all parts of the world while his life rested in the balance were partially responsible for his speedy recuperation and for more than one of his recently-arrived-at decisions.

HE IS determined that he owes a duty to you in general—and he's going to devote the balance of his celluloid career to its payment!

"I'm going to give them an entirely different type of Western from now on," he said. "The new pictures will be more sophisticated and carry more subtle comedy, but they will be true to the conditions that existed in the West with which I was so thoroughly acquainted as a child and young man. They will be minus the hokum and impossible situations that have played such a prominent part in the Westerns of the past, and they will have real educational as well as entertainment value.

"Never since coming into the movies have I shot down an opponent on the screen. I never used profanity, never drank and never smoked in my pictures. That same *anti* policy will be enlarged upon, and made to include a greater number of my players. I shall emphasize the good rather than the bad side of the men and women who built up the new country.

"The younger generation, through its cheering messages sent me while I was ill, has convinced me that the young folks are my loyal friends, and even Tony knows that I never went back on a pal."

Tom also announced that he was through forever with the circus life that took him away from Hollywood and the silversheet.

[*Continued on page 67*]

STELLAR TEAM SCORNS TEMPERAMENT CHARGE

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald deny clashes

By Jerome Strauss

DESPITE rumors of frequent temperamental clashes on the Paramount lot when Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier are teamed in a picture, the charges are emphatically scorned by both stellar parties. As a matter of fact they have smashed artistic precedent to bits in that they have already completed two musical pictures sans the slightest friction, are just now finishing *One Hour With You,* and plan another tentatively titled *Love Me Tonight.*

'Few artists possess the sense of co-operation which Miss MacDonald feels in the making of a picture," Chevalier told reporters. "She is anxious that my parts be as effective as her own, and so carefully guards the temperament she is said to possess that it has never flared up in our work, which has been exceedingly pleasant together."

Miss MacDonald, when queried, asserted that the same was true of Chevalier. She has a broad and tolerant attitude toward artistic temperament, but regards the European viewpoint as superior to ours.

"In Europe temperament is viewed altogether differently," she relates. "It is regarded as the natural quality of the artist, and people are surprised if he doesn't possess it."

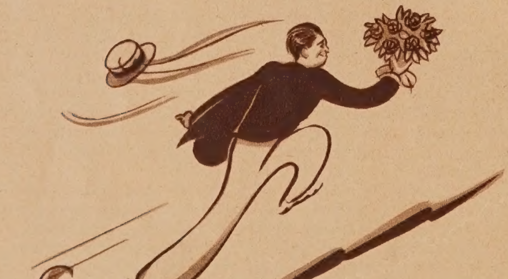
The careers of these two actor-singers have run on a peculiar parallel. First Maurice comes from Paris and captures Hollywood. Then Jeanette goes from Hollywood and captures Paris. Then they team up and capture everything. And all the while each maintains the greatest admiration for the other's achievements—each rejoices in the other's triumphs.

Chevalier was in Paris when Miss MacDonald opened her concert engagement in the French capital last year. He was in a front seat when she appeared on the stage. He had not informed her of his coming, but it did not take Jeanette long to become aware of the presence of her old Hollywood partner. She went down front as far as the construction of the stage would permit, and sang a romantic little song directly to Maurice. Then she dragged him up on the stage with her, and her French audience gave him a riotous reception.

Chevalier returned to America to fulfill his motion picture engagements. With Miss MacDonald knocking 'em over in Paris and London, the studio wanted

[*Continued on page* 71]

The third picture to star that Franco-American team of Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier is *One Hour With You.* Once again clashes of artistic temperament are conspicuously absent from the set



Only a few minutes before train time Maurice Chevalier learned of Jeanette MacDonald's return to Hollywood, but he managed to greet her at the station with roses

MARIAN MARSH WANTS A LOVE LIFE

A bored "Cinderella" advises the world that she is "grown-up"

By Ben Maddox

PROTESTING that she has repeatedly been misrepresented as a childish Cinderella, Marian Marsh, Warner Brothers' latest star, is now demanding attention as a full-fledged young woman. She wants a love-life. All that is lacking is the right man.

"Even the title of my last picture, *Under Eighteen*, is a misrepresentation," she complained to me recently. "I *was* eighteen last October! And while eighteen is not an extremely impressive age, it should entitle one to be considered an adult. Honestly, I am tired of being treated as if I were a gaga blonde, a babe in arms or a demure little sunbeam. Almost every interviewer has asked me why I was born in Trinidad and then spent the rest of his time consoling me for being too young to have a love-life or any exciting experiences.

"In spite of my tender years," she laughs, "I most certainly know what it is like to be in love. I have even been engaged twice! No one has ever heard about those engagements because they have never asked me.

"What's more, I am now recovering from a love affair that meant everything to me last year. I was madly in love. But he has married someone else, and I bow politely when we meet and try to forget him.

"My sweethearts have not been the puppy-love kind, either! I have always fallen for men considerably older than myself. I am not interested in a man under twenty-five. And boys of my own age—ooh!"

I urged her to continue this self-revelation.

"I can't be positive about the man I'll fall in love with next, but as a rule I prefer short, blond, blue-eyed, curly-headed men. I think girls mature much faster than boys, and that's why I never have been interested in boys. I have saved some of the notes boys used to write me in school, just for fun. All they could say was, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' and that always sounded so silly.

"No," she amplified, "I was not impressed by the athletic heroes. I'm a football fan and know the names of all the great players on the college teams. But I wouldn't care to fall in love with one of them.

"Anyway, I couldn't make a go of marriage and a career at the same time. I wouldn't want a husband who was in this business. I want mine to leave the house no later than nine or earlier than eight in the morning and return at six in the evening. I don't want anyone phoning him to come back after dinner for retakes.

"I want to gain financial independence for myself. I wouldn't want a husband who would have to be known as Mr. Marian Marsh, either. If I fell in love now with a man who could give me the things I will soon be able to buy myself, I would quit pictures and marry him. I want a home and children. But I am sensible about love. If I should fall for a poor boy, I wouldn't stop working or marry him. I'd do all I could to help him make enough money to support me.

"Hollywood marriages don't last because they are based on physical allure in nine out of ten instances. That wears off, and where are you? In the divorce court! I guess [*Continued on page 65*]

Marian Marsh is tired of being treated as if she were a babe in arms. "I'm over eighteen, I've been engaged twice, and I expect to fall in love again," she declares

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

REMEMBER a girl called Clara Bow? You know, she married Rex Bell! No kiddin' now, just how frequently have you thought of Clara in the past year? Yet it was really only yesterday that she was the Biggest Shot in the cinema. That's how things go in the movies. One day obscure—next day famous—third day, well—that's how it goes.

However, your Aunt Beverly doesn't believe Clara is through. And there are those who agree. That's how-come Producer Sam Rork is negotiating week-in and week-out with Columbia Pictures for a Bow film. That Clara has self-confidence is shown by the fact that she demands $100,000 win, lost or draw. And $25,000 of that must be paid in cash a month before the production begins. Besides, she reserves the right to okay story, cast and director. Or so they say.

It's a heartless way to look at it, but the wisies figure that Clara is good for one more clean-up. After that it all depends. Everything hangs upon the merit and reception accorded the favorite in her first appearance after this lay-off. So go to it, Clara! Ring out wild Bell!

—*Irving Lippman*

Archie Mayo, the noted director, and Edward G. Robinson discuss Eddie's current picture, *The Hatchet Man,* between scenes

Compromised

AND I don't mean a picture title. Neither do I mean Buddy Rogers. What I refer to is the difference between Buddy and Flo Ziegfeld. It's been compromised. You see young Mr. Rogers, temporarily out of pictures, wanted $2,000 a week to appear in the Ziegfeld show. Moreover, he didn't want a "run-of-play" contract, because such an agreement calls for playing with the show out of town.

But Mr. Ziegfeld insisted on what he wanted if Buddy was to be glorified. So they compromised on $1,650 a week and "run-of-play" agreement. So, you see, after the show runs its course on Broadway, we're all likely to get a look at Buddy in his new rôle of Ziegfeld star. Meantime, his contract with the National Broadcasting Company will help keep the wolf from the door.

Buddy, by the way, is selling out in Hollywood and moving East permanently. But that doesn't mean he has turned his back definitely upon the screen. All he wants is a good rôle—and back he'll come to us. The kid is loyal to his fans, and he's not yet satisfied that he's given his best to pictures.

How To Be Popular

WELL, it seems that the beauties of Broadway are as jealous of New York as the Hollywood houris are of California. And when Lilyan Tashman remarked that a not too smart gown she wore was "good enough for New York Mayfair," were the gals up in arms!

However, Lilyan isn't one to give a whoop—no matter how many whoops are emitted by her one-time pals of the theatre.

Yet, imagine what would happen if an

Madge Evans, who is having a little chat with Robert Z. Leonard, the director, while she retouches her make-up, is one of Hollywood's busiest ladies. She is just finishing *Lovers Courageous* and is all ready to start work on another story

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

Easterner came West and said the California climate was lou-zay!

Movies Go Military

THERE'S Major Bowes, Major Rothafel, both Major and Col. Warner, General Hays—a whole list of militiamen in the movies, but now Col. Bebe Daniels has some ranking officers among her own sex. 'Tenshun! Salute Colonels Marion Schilling, Rochelle Hudson, Judith Wood, Anita Louise, Constance Cummings and Nedra Norris! There don't seem to be any Privates in Hollywood!

The Gold In Them Hills

WHAT happens to the gold in them thar hills came to light when the estate of Mary Pickford's mother was valued at $1,200,000. Of this sum, Lottie, Jack and Gwynne get trust funds of $200,000 each.

Engagement Off

THE engagement of George E. Stone and Olive Borden is definitely broken. It was off, in fact, several months ago when Olive married Ted Specter. But here's how. George was in the East and got himself engaged to Olive. All the way back to Hollywood the two exchanged wires at every stop. Then when George got home the first news that greeted him was that of Olive's marriage. He telegraphed congratulations—but broke the engagement.

Oh, Lukas Here!

NOT since Richard Dix had to call the cops to keep that girl from breaking in (and up) his home, has one of the boy-friends had to call for assistance to stand off the advances of fair femininity. So imagine the excitement of the Keystone Kops, when they were called upon to remove a fair body from the premises occupied by Paul Lukas, Hollywood's champion goulash guzzler. They took the gal to the hoosegow where she was booked as "Jane Doe," drunk and disorderly. Would you like to know her real name? Well—I ain't a-goin' to tell!

One Way Out

WHEN Lillian Roth played Wall Street she lost. So her Hollywood brokers sued for a margin balance of over $1,500. That's when they learned that Lil was under age when she took a chance. So the brokers are out. Lillian is now a platinum blonde and wears a high hat quite nonchalantly.

Piling It On

MARY NOLAN is inclined to think she's being persecuted, and by hickey, Aunt Beverly is jolly well inclined to agree with her. They never give the kid a break. The best she gets

Marian Nixon and Minna Gombell, cast together in *After Tomorrow*, stroll down Hollywood Boulevard on one of California's wintry days

—Hyman Fink

There's a new addition to the devoted Stuart Erwin and June Collyer alliance in the form of a little black puppy, not yet named. It's going to be the trickiest fellow in the film colony if it manages all the tricks June has planned to teach it

A new mystery develops in Garbo's heart affairs

If you've noticed, Edmund Lowe has not been quite his old slender self of late. He is planning on remedying all that, however, by a daily workout on the tennis court of his estate

The ex-president is not the only person who gets a kick out of a mechanical horse. Robert Montgomery saw this one and couldn't refrain from his "hobby"

is the worst of it. Mary faced no fewer than fifteen warrants not long ago—all for money alleged due to employees. If they'd put this capable kid to work, she'd not only square her debts but be a raving favorite with the film fans inside a year.

Yes, Walter Is Silent

WALTER WINCHELL tells us that he knows that Greta Garbo is not going to return to Sweden as soon as her contract expires as she has heretofore made known. Greta Garbo, Walter would have you know, is in love. Very, very deeply in love but he won't tell us the man's name.

It is so recent that we feel it must be one of her leading men. The last two were Clark Gable (but he is married) and Ramón Novarro, who is single, but who has always been immune to feminine charms. Oh, well, Walter never said anything about the man being in love—he only mentioned Garbo.

The Mystery Deepens

MAYBE Winchell was right about Garbo's being in love. She was seen in a Beverly Hills jewelry shop buying a man's wrist watch.

We tried to get the jeweler to tell us the initials on the watch but he only laughed and said, "I want to remain in business a long, long time."

Society Note

THE Duncan Sisters, "Hymie" and "Jake," or Vivian and Rosetta to you, are broke and bankrupt. But who isn't? And are we down-hearted? You betcha!

P. A. Goes To Jail

THERE is Justice! A press-agent has gone to Sing-Sing! Only for a brief stay though, for Norman Krasna, former Warner publicity scribe, simply accompanied his show, *Louder Please*, a satire on Hollywood, when the play was performed within the walls. It was the first time a theatrical production had been put on for the inmates in five years, although they see plenty of pictures.

Dietrich To Depart

NOW they're planning to take our Mar-lay-na away. But don't worry, it's not for long. The Deutscher darling is to follow in the steps of Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, making appearances in the variety theatres of London and Paris, where she is in great demand. Jeanette will go back, too. And Maurice will play the theatres both abroad and at home as picture engagements permit.

Delightful To Be Married

IT MAY be delightful to be married, as that old song says. But divorce is more remunerative. If you doubt it ask Harry Langdon who has been nicked for ten grand, counsel fees and $1,000 a month alimony. Yet they say it's the woman who pays. Phooey!

Monta's Bell

NOW that Director Monta Bell has made Betty Lawford a Mrs., maybe he'll be able to get his mind off her long enough to give us some pictures that bear the stamp of the directorial genius that once was his. Make him get busy, Betty. You'd like some of those Hollywood ermine coats, wouldn't you? Monta can make 'em from the movies.

Losers Winners

THE fading stars get a break to offset their depression in popularity. They're permitted to charge off some of their income tax to depreciation. That sounds very fair, and we hope the boys and girls get away with it, and if the big boys finally decide in their favor, they'll be able to claim refunds for some time past.

Lew's Laugh

WE ALL thought Lew Cody must have fallen off the wagon when invitations were issued to visit him and partake of a "stinking dinner." No one's ever quite certain what Lew has up his sleeve, and it's always worth investigating. This time he produced an excellent meal of every odoriferous dish imaginable—corned-beef, cabbage—you know, all the stuff that smells up the apartment when you're expecting the boy-friend.

Lilliputians come to strange Hollywood

Shhhhh!

VERY, very, very incognito, disguised with dark glasses, and perhaps a long grey beard, they tell me that Greta Garbo visited New York. No publicity—no nothing. If it's all true, she picked a fine place to hide-out. Moved into Walter Winchell's hotel!

Chaplin-Chaliapin

THEY tell me that Charlie Chaplin is going to stay in England long enough to make a picture with the great singer, Chaliapin, in London at the Elstree Studios. He's written a story for the opera star and it's all about Russia. So now we'll hear that vulgar boat song sung right.

Air Racket Squelched

NO MORE hooey via the air route from Hollywood. The chatter-chiselers queered it for all of us film fans. One femme offender in particular gave out so much phoney dirt and misinformation that the movie folk got together and put the bars up. And I don't mean those portable ones that decorate Malibu Beach homes.

Our Daily Giggle

JOHN BARRYMORE won't play in *The Christian*. The moguls feel his personality doesn't fit the part!

Personal To Mrs. Sanger

HERE'S a tip, Margaret, don't try to tell Jackie Cooper's parents about birth control. Jackie, you see, has just refused $6,500 a week to play in vaudeville. "Skippy's" price is $1,000 a day, seven days a week, and $500 extra for lollipops. If they want him they'll pay $7,500—or else. Instead of acrobats, may all your children be Jackie Coopers!

"Diamond Jim"

GEORGE BANCROFT may bring that famous Mauve Decade character, "Diamond Jim" Brady, to the screen. James Buchanan Brady was a famous Broadway figure, glittering with jewels, who was seen at all the New York hot spots with a Dolly Sister on either arm. He never drank, but was a bear at punishing food and sweets. He's a symbol of his day, and should be perpetuated in celluloid.

Her Pal

POOR Lya De Putti's estate finally totalled $3,000, a miserable sum considering the great star's past brilliance. There is a mother, twin daughters and other relatives in the old country, but they tell me that Romola Najinska, Lya's pal and the recipient of many bounties from her, has filed a claim against the estate based on a promissory note said to have been made in London. The amount of the note is said to be $3,000.

Romance Fades

REMEMBER when I told you that Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman weren't so happy, and stated that one reason was because Lowell and John Barrymore didn't like one another, and this made the Costello sisters sad? Well, Helene and Lowell have called it a matrimonial day. She says Lowell was oh, so croo-el, and forced her into a fight with his mother. She doesn't say who won.

Teeny Weeny Land

STRANGERS visiting Culver City thought they had suddenly and mysteriously arrived in the land of Lilliput. The hotel lobby, the cafés, and the streets were lined with little men and women, all laughing and having a good time. These strangers didn't know that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was making a circus picture and had housed the Lilliputians in the Culver City Hotel.

Ain't That Right?

LUPE VELEZ had been reminded of the fact that really nice people do not say "ain't." No sooner had the offender left than Will Rogers stepped up and said, "Never mind, I notice that a lot of people who ain't sayin' ain't, ain't eatin'."

[*Continued on page* 51]

—*Hyman Fink*

If there's a man on Hollywood Boulevard and Thelma Todd is, too, you can bank on his gravitating that way. This one is Jeffrey Sherlock, a Paramount executive

The Torchy Comedies can well be revived every year if they continue to bring such charming leading ladies to the screen. Dorothy Dix is their latest introduction

Pola Negri's recent serious illness put no check on her sense of humor. When she thought the end was near she called her secretary to her and told her she wanted to be buried in Poland with transportation over on a Polish boat, asking the girl if she knew the name of such a boat. When the girl replied in the negative, Pola added with a sigh, "Well, my death will have to be delayed then, until we get the name of that boat."

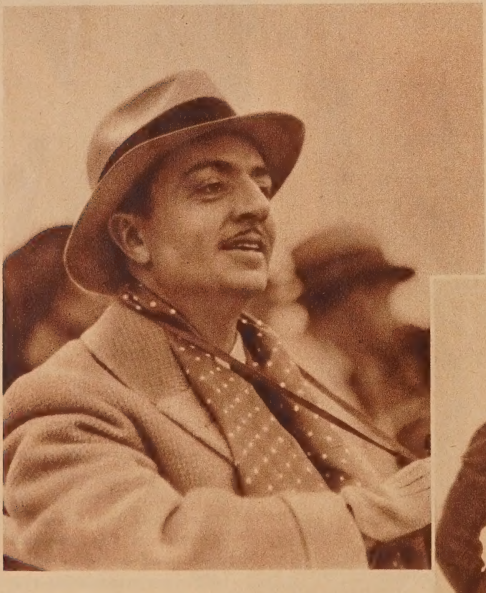
HOLLYWOOD'S POLO

Visiting the matches

—Photos by Hyman Fink

Any day you happen to visit the polo matches at Santa Monica, you are sure to find Clark Gable on hand. He is a rabid fan, as well as being a good player himself

Joan Bennett perhaps is not quite so crazy over horses as she used to be, but still she gets keen enjoyment out of watching them in action on the polo field

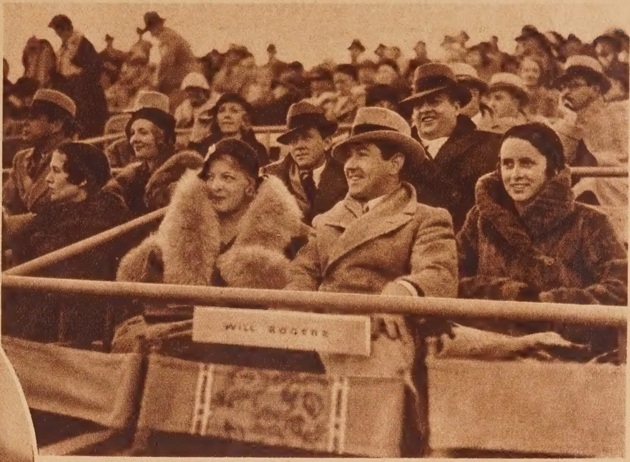


There's something about the smart crack of a bamboo mallet on a willow ball that gives William Powell a big thrill—and judging from Bill's expression, his favorite player must have just scored a goal on a difficult back-hander

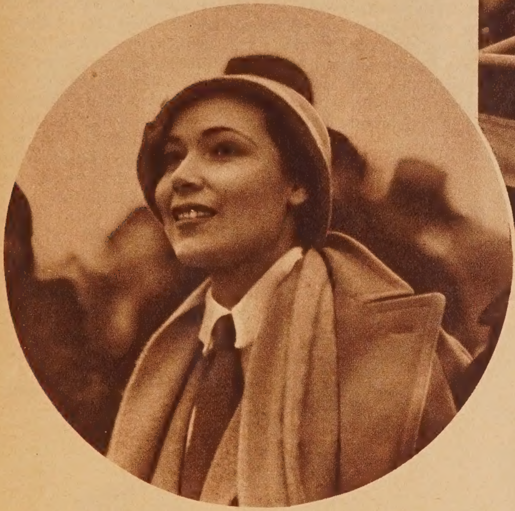
Jack Holt is the official referee of today's game between the Mexican Army officers and the California All-Stars on the Uplifters' Club grounds at Santa Monica, California, ten miles west of Hollywood

STARS BECOME FANS

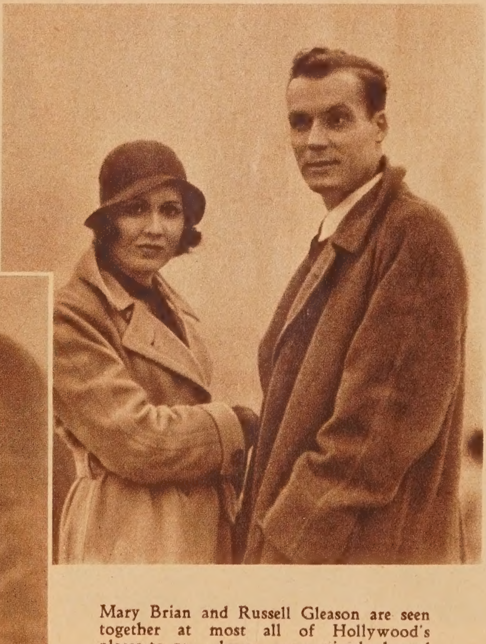
with our cameraman



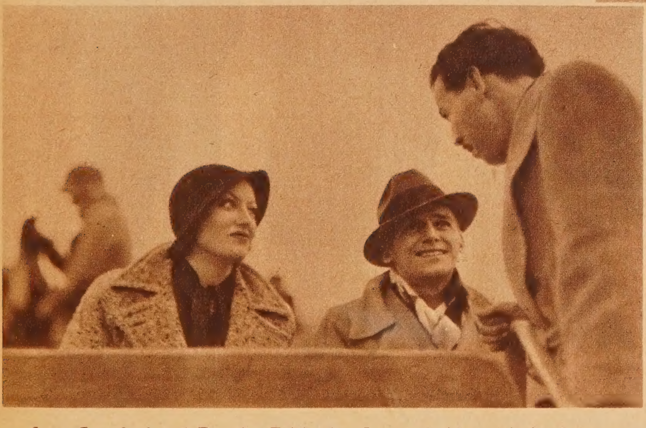
Only the fact that he is in China keeps Will Rogers from attending the matches. Today his box is occupied by Mrs. Frank Borzage, John Mack Brown and Mrs. Brown



Dolores Del Rio is an enthusiastic sportswoman and nothing gives her greater relish than one of those bang-up polo matches down at the Santa Monica field



Mary Brian and Russell Gleason are seen together at most all of Hollywood's places-to-go—always appropriately dressed for the occasion. Today they have donned polo coats and hopped down to Santa Monica for one of the thrilling matches



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are paid a visit in their box by Jimmie Starr while the ponies are being changed between periods of play. Joan and Doug both are great polo fans

SIDESHOW FREAKS

The strangest people on earth congregate to make a novel picture

FROM the four corners of the earth they came to Hollywood—those mis-shapen, distorted creatures whom Tod Browning summoned to make a daring picture called *Freaks.*

Midgets, Siamese twins, pinheads, armless and legless wonders, they came from circuses and sideshows, from carnivals and music halls. Hollywood shuddered and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio dreaded their arrival.

But, after a few days, they became an established part of the studio life. They settled down into bungalows and apartments, came and went in cars and buses, worked and played and ceased to be a sensation. They might be freaks, but they were, first of all, human beings like everyone else. They made friends. They were cheerful and happy and content with life. They formed a new little world of their own on the studio sound stages or under the tent on the back lot.

And of this world Tod Browning was the unchallenged ruler. For years this picture had been one of the favorite dreams of his directorial head. He knew these people. He had spent long years, working in circuses and tent shows. He understood the hearts and souls of these men and women whom an unkind quirk of fate had set apart forever from normal human beings. Always he had wanted to bring them to the screen, not as monstrosities or horrifying creatures, but as simple, colorful people, who lived and loved, played and suffered under the "big top."

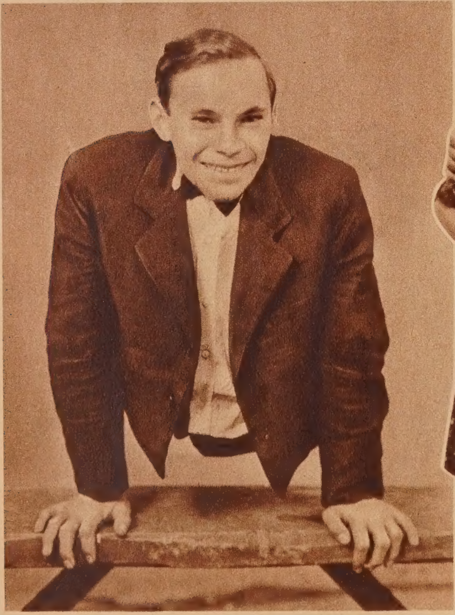
He fashioned the story to fit them instead of trying to mould them to meet picture requirements. They might have been at home in the circus tents and wagons and sideshow museum sets which made the settings for the film. They came from a world of blaring bands, shrieking barkers, gaily-painted wagons, carpeted pits, color, life, excitement and they walked into the same kind of a world, built for them on a studio lot.

With the exception of the Earles, Harry and Daisy, it was the first camera experience for all of them. They liked it from the very beginning. And, remember, each one of these queer people, freaks though they are, has been a world-famous, ballyhooed headliner in his own field. Everyone is in the "big money" and used to curious crowds and applause.

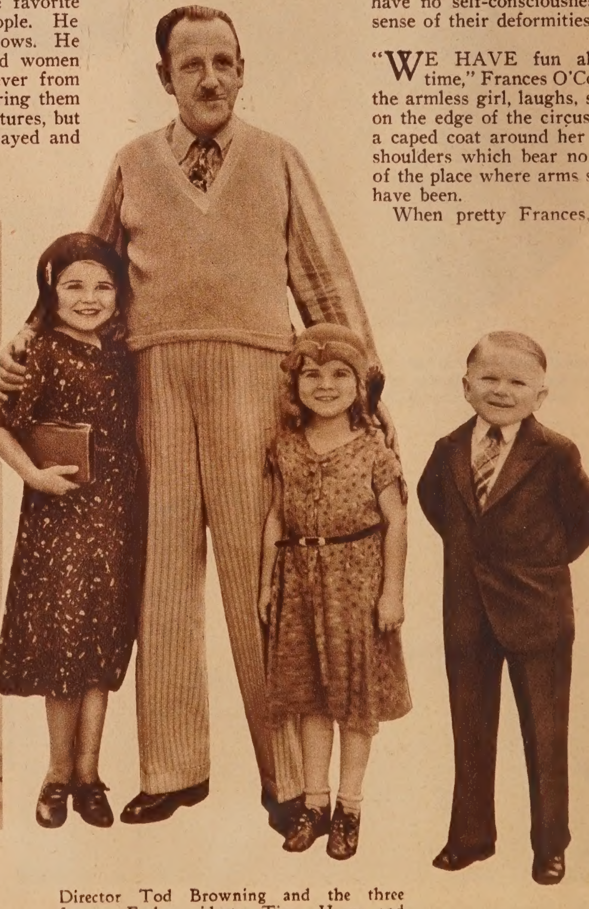
Visitors and studio workers who went down to the *Freaks* stage when the picture first started to satisfy a morbid curiosity, stayed to watch and admire these people who seem to have no self-consciousness, no sense of their deformities.

"WE HAVE fun all the time," Frances O'Connor, the armless girl, laughs, sitting on the edge of the circus ring, a caped coat around her white shoulders which bear no mark of the place where arms should have been.

When pretty Frances, with



Johnny Eck, born without a lower body, plays an important rôle in *Freaks,* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's weird film of sideshow life. He is a brilliant scholar and holds no grudge against fate for his deformity



Director Tod Browning and the three famous Earles midgets, Tiny, Harry and Daisy. Harry Earles is well known for his work with Lon Chaney in *The Unholy Three*

INVADE FILMLAND

By June Woodard

Daisy and Violet Hilton, twenty-three-year-old Siamese twins, won the love of everyone in the studio by their constant cheer and intelligence

A few of the grotesque beings who will be seen in *Freaks*. During the making of the picture they lived by themselves in the studio but enjoyed the change from circus life

her long-lashed eyes and her golden-brown hair, wasn't talking to the other members of her strange company, or watching the shooting of scenes with a wide-eyed intense interest, she sewed delicate stitches, read magazines and books, played a skilful game of bridge, using two slim, white feet in the place of the hands which she has never known.

"Frances has always been a happy child," her mother, who never leaves her side, explains. "She went to grade school and to high school just like other girls in our home town, Sheridan, Wyoming. The teachers at school taught her to sew and to use her feet. Of course, she learned to eat and dress herself with her toes as soon as she learned to talk."

Frances has been spending her summers in circuses and her winters in school at home since she was seven years old. She goes to parties and theatres like other girls. And she is very proud of the feet which have taken the place of hands. She cares for them, has them pedicured regularly and displays not one vestige of self-consciousness in using them.

The two blonde Earles, Harry and Daisy, tiny and perfectly formed, were the veteran screen actors of the lot. Harry had played in two pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, the silent and talkie versions of *The Unholy Three*. Daisy had appeared in several films at other studios.

"It's nice to be back," Harry said on the day of his arrival, speaking in his high-pitched voice with the touch of accent which betrays his German birthplace. Then he talked for a while of his good friend, Lon Chaney, who had first introduced him to pictures.

THERE are four Earles, two other tiny sisters who did not appear in the picture but who were almost daily visitors at the studio. And, somewhere in Germany, are four others, brothers and sisters, who are normally sized like the mother and father. What queer streak of nature divided the Schnieder family of Stolpen, Germany, in this manner, no scientist can discover.

"We were ordinary sized babies," Harry explained one day. "No one noticed that we were going to be midgets until we suddenly stopped growing when we were about three. Father took us all over Europe, trying to find some cure for the glandular trouble which caused our size but no one could do anything about it."

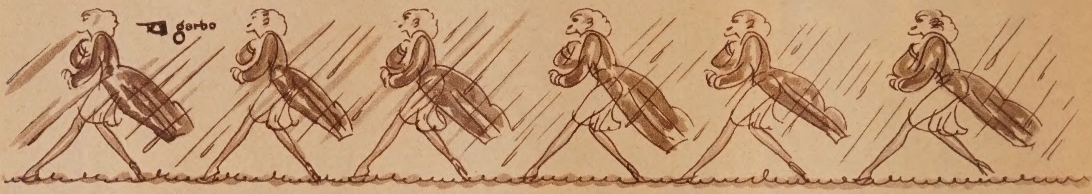
One by one, beginning with Grace, the oldest sister, they left Germany to come to American circuses. When all of them, Grace, who is now twenty-six, Daisy, one year younger, Harry, a year younger than Daisy and eighteen-year-old Tiny, had finished public school and had arrived in this country they concocted a singing and dancing act and toured from coast to coast in vaudeville. They can play musical instruments, sing, and dance all kinds of intricate steps. They live with an aunt, from whom they borrowed their stage name, Earles, and enjoy every minute of their lives.

"When I was about thirteen, I was terribly unhappy," Harry confesses with a smile, "I felt so strongly the difference between the other boys at school and me. But, after awhile, I got used to it. Now we forget about it and don't notice it at all."

The Earles and the Hilton Sisters, Siamese twins, were the only members of the *Freaks* company who ate in the studio dining room or rambled around the lot, visiting other stages and other people. The rest of the troupe had its meals served in a special room near the

[*Continued on page* 63]

HOLLYWOOD WOMEN DENY BEING COPY-CATS



The battle is on—they are copy-cats—they aren't!

By Dick Mook

Marlene Dietrich, accused of copying Garbo in mannerisms and clothes, figured in one of Hollywood's biggest battles. But the public acted as judge in this case, and the verdict passed at the box-office indicated that Marlene was not just an imitation

"HOLLYWOOD women are *not* copy-cats," emphatically remarked a prominent screen player recently. And to prove it, she pointed to her clothes. "I defy you to find another dress like this in Hollywood or anywhere else. And notice my hair-dress—I pride myself that it's always been distinctive."

Then she added, "True, it's only natural for women to follow the trend of the times in fashions and manners—but the charge that we are copy-cats is ridiculous!"

This statement and many others by Hollywood women are replies to a remark made by a prominent Broadway stage star who visited the Film Colony recently. "The trouble with Hollywood," he said, "is that there's no originality. The women are such copy-cats. What one does, they all do."

And maybe it's true, more or less. Certainly, there are countless bits of circumstantial evidence to support the charge.

When it first became known, for instance, that Greta Garbo liked to walk in the rain, it was not long before several rising young ingénues were expressing in interviews their passion for the same pastime.

THE famous battle of Mrs. Gann and Mrs. Longworth for precedence in the seating at the President's dinner to the cabinet has nothing on the veiled battles that go on in Hollywood among the stars for precedence.

In the M-G-M restaurant, for instance, there is a porch reserved for stars, directors and writers. There is one long table reserved for the latter two and numerous small tables for the former. Occasionally Novarro, Gilbert, and Haines would eat at the large table and, since he has become successful, Robert Montgomery, of course.

But, in the old days, no woman ever sat at that table. When Constance Bennett was on that lot making *The Easiest Way*, she came into the restaurant the first day of shooting, glanced around and saw a lot of men she knew sitting at the famous long table. Knowing nothing of the custom, she sat down and ate with them.

On that particular day I happened to be lunching with Joan Crawford at one of the small tables. Joan was so busy watching to see if Connie would get away with it or if she would be delicately asked to leave, that she could hardly attend to the interview. Well, Connie stayed and, not only that, she ate there practically every day she was on the lot.

Joan did nothing about it so long as Connie was there, but no sooner had Connie finished her picture and returned to Pathé than Joan began gracing the table with *her* presence and she has eaten there practically ever since, when she is working!

Nothing wrong in it, of course. The directors are probably glad to have her for Joan is amusing—when she wants to be. But I very much doubt she would ever have sat down to that table if she hadn't seen Constance Bennett do it first. It proves that the stars are as human as the rest of us.

NOW take the case of Marlene Dietrich. When the German star first arrived in Hollywood, bearing some likeness to Greta Garbo, she immediately

[*Continued on page* 54]

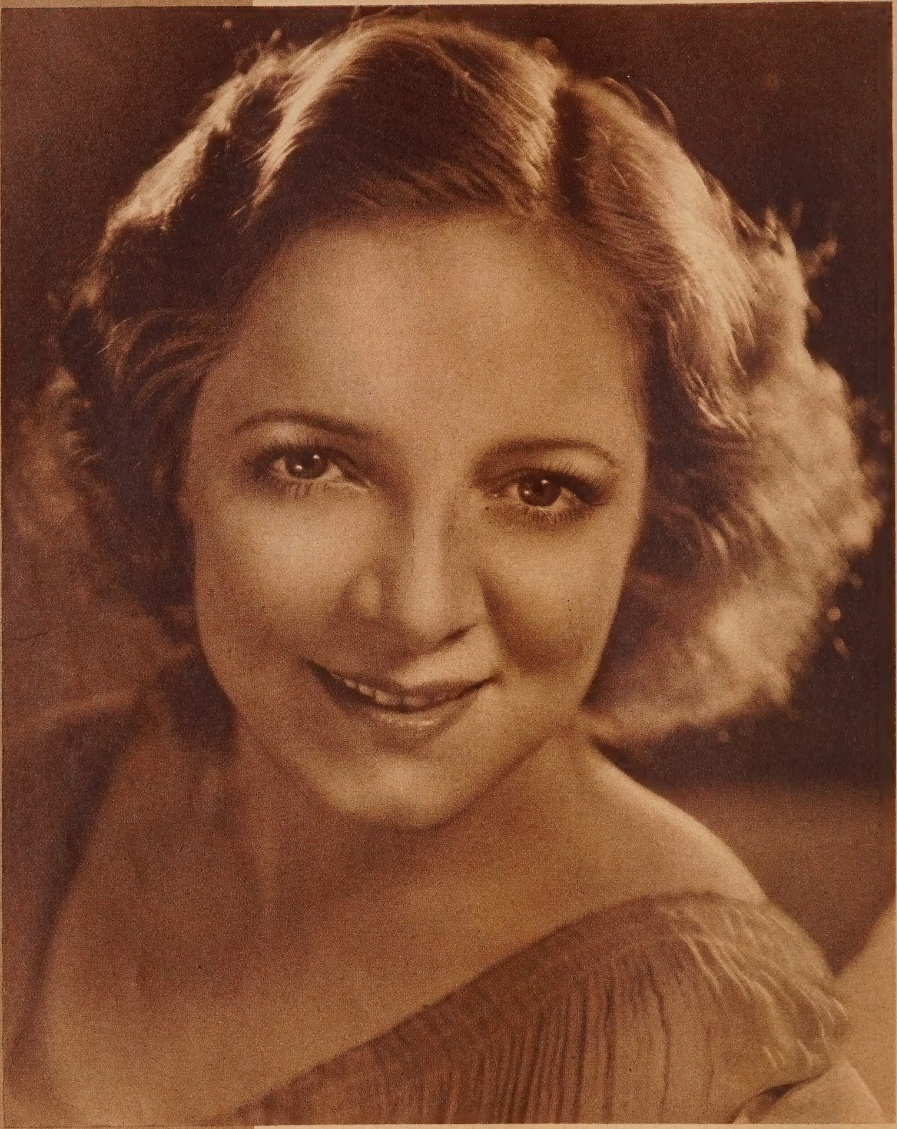
FAVORITES OF THE HOUR

Introducing the month's most outstanding screen personalities

–Ray Jones

SIDNEY FOX

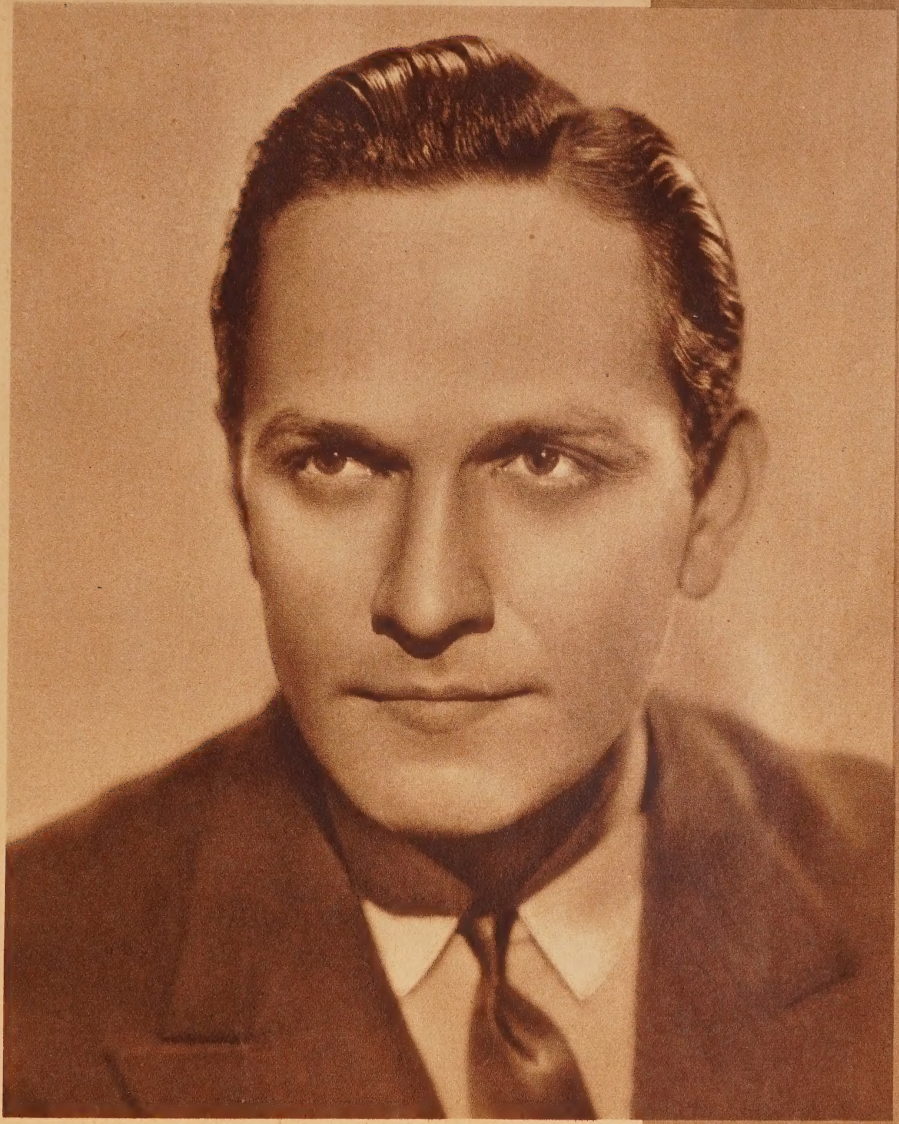
When tiny Sidney Fox turns on that helpless, disarming smile, it means another letter in her fan mail—it's that irresistible. You will see her next in Universal's latest horror picture, "Murders in the Rue Morgue".



—*Bull*

HELEN HAYES

Fans the country over are eagerly awaiting Helen Hayes' return to the screen next summer following her current season in a Broadway play. With her tremendous success in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith," she has definitely established herself as one of the foremost dramatic actresses



—*Otto Dyar*

FREDRIC MARCH

Since his sterling portrayal of the difficult dual rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Fredric March is more firmly entrenched than ever in the hearts of picture lovers as an actor of genuine ability and a gentleman of distinguished personality. His next picture will be "Intimate," with Kay Francis

—Otto Dyar

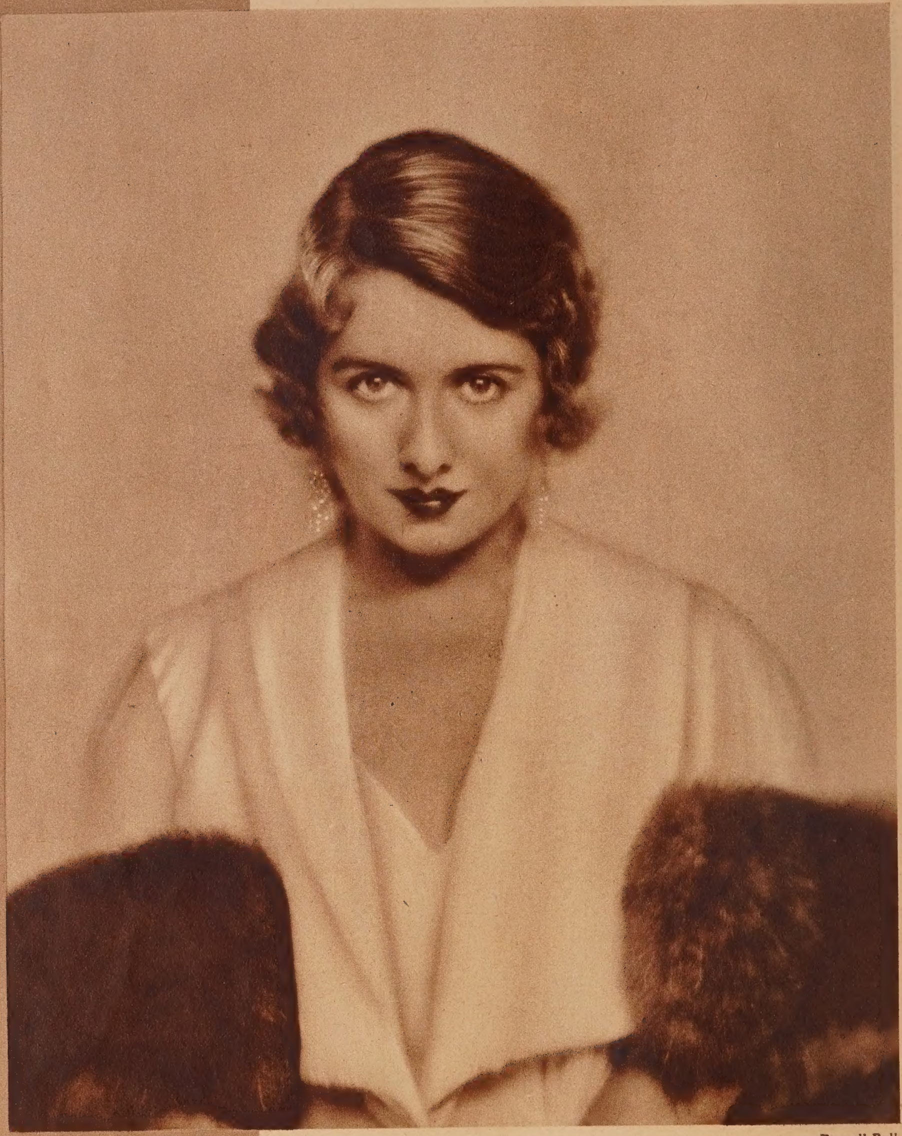
MIRIAM HOPKINS

That fascinating young lady from the South, Miriam Hopkins, is quickly and surely progressing toward film stardom by virtue of a succession of brilliant performances and an abundance of natural charm. "Two Kinds of Women" is her current picture, and her next will be "Dancers in the Dark," with Jack Oakie

—*Elmer Fryer*

JAMES CAGNEY

A hard-hitting, fisty Irishman named James Cagney has been swatting screen blondes unconscious and knocking boxoffice patrons for a row these several months past—and is still going strong in "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars". His next film vehicle is "Saturday's Children", with Joan Blondell



—*Russell Ball*

IRENE PURCELL

In the rôle of an American heiress who has gone Parisian, Irene Purcell scores a tremendous hit in "The Passionate Plumber" with Buster Keaton, and proves that she is a delightful actress with a fascinating new personality. You'll hear more from her in the near future, for she is just beginning to show what she can do

EVELYN BRENT DEFINES SOPHISTICATION

—*Carl Day*

According to Evelyn Brent, a sophisticated woman is one who has command of herself and is neither unduly impressed nor bored by events

And tells what stars in Hollywood have it

By Jerome Strauss

SOPHISTICATION is still all the rage in Hollywood conversation. Who is sophisticated and who isn't? Do the people want sophisticated pictures? Is Hollywood really sophisticated?

All of which indicates—but let Evelyn Brent furnish some notes for "A Social History of Hollywood."

Miss Brent is eminently qualified to cast a retrospective glance around the film colony's social scene. She has been in Hollywood for nine years, which is exactly half the age of the barn in which Paramount began. Many things happened in those nine years—including the Social Revolution.

When Miss Brent came to Hollywood, the Golden Age was still on. The Age of Brass—both on the screen and off—was still buried unseen in the peddler's pack of Time. But to turn the microphone over to Miss Brent—

"Is Hollywood sophisticated?" she repeats, laughing gently. "It thinks it is sophisticated; it plays at being sophisticated—but—"

"Remember, I am speaking only of the Hollywood that turns its face to the spotlight, the Hollywood that the world regards as Hollywood. No, I wouldn't call that place really sophisticated.

"For one thing, it is still awed by size. It thinks that importance is a matter of size. Therefore an important party is a large party, and the longer it lasts the more important it is.

"There is a certain naïve quality about the Hollywood brand of so-called sophistication. Hollywood adopted the cocktail party—and certainly improved on it if duration is any criterion. It was Hollywood that evolved cocktail parties that lasted from afternoon until some hours after sun-up the next day.

"And where except in Hollywood do you find women who have been married three or four times tripping down the aisle wearing virginal veils and bearing orange blossoms?"

However, to return to the beginning, and the Golden Age, when the folk of Hollywood worked and played and did as they pleased. There was a certain crudeness about that era, but it did not lack gusto. An actor returning from toil was not unduly surprised if he found a horse stabled in his apartment, the work of humorous friends. Hobnobbing with royalty was not yet an established custom, except for kings and queens in the poker deck. Butlers were still objects of terror to honest players who thought that such beings existed only in pictures.

"WHEN I first came to Hollywood," declares Miss Brent, "people went with people because they liked their company. There would be groups of four or five. If they wanted to drink, they did. If they didn't, they didn't. It was their own business.

"They didn't dress up for luncheon then. If they chanced to meet Susie Jones, they said, 'Hello, Susie.' It was all friendly and informal.

"Then something happened. Things began to change. It's impossible to pick out definite landmarks in matters of this nature. But for one thing, these big social organizations were formed. People who once said 'Hello, Susie,' now greeted her most sedately with 'How do you do, Miss Jones?' and people began to dress up . . .

"Of course, the coming of talking pictures was the most profound and far-reaching event in the history of the Social Revolution. For one thing it brought the people of the stage—and the old Hollywood was gone forever.

"The stage folk brought ideas of society, which were eagerly adopted and imitated. They were used to drawing room plays, so now the pictures, being able to talk, went in for drawing room plays.

"People were expected to talk and

[*Continued on page 60*]

GOSSIP

Ugly rumors always pursue them

Buddy Rogers frequently has been accused of extravagance because he always wears unusually fine clothes

A "PROP BOY" swung into action the other day and roundly trounced a stage hand for calling his favorite screen star "high-hat." He finished something, but he started something else—*gossip!*

Similarly, when an embryo star told a divorce court that she didn't approve of her new hubby's system of "planting" her thousand-a-week salary in a savings account for her, because it interfered with her spending proclivities, she won a decision but took a beating nevertheless!

Gossip again raised his ugly head!

"So his success is going to his head," people began saying, nodding wisely. "Humph!" And so the word goes the rounds that Lew Ayres is outgrowing his head-piece, the fistic defense of the "prop boy" and the protests of other staunch adherents notwithstanding.

"Imagine it,"—viciously, in connection with incident No. 2—"a thousand a week! And wanting to spend it all, just like that!"—Business of snapping the fingers.

Every youngster who suddenly bursts into fame on the screen as suddenly finds his peace of mind—yes, and even his newly acquired status—undermined by gossip as vicious as this.

Gossip clutches for a straw, encounters something, and without further thought, immediately begins wagging its tongue. A host of "they says" and "I heards" are spewed promiscuously about.

Vicious "they says" variously charging the new celebrity with being "high-hat," "low-brow," "dumb," "wild," spendthrift, temperamental, and so on, and on.

And Hollywood's "lucky youngsters" may yell "foul" till

The moment a player reaches screen stardom, immediately he is made the object of criticism by less fortunate members of the Film Colony. If he spends some of his money, he is called "extravagant"; if he doesn't go to Hollywood parties, he is branded "high-hat." No matter what course he takes, every youngster who bursts into sudden fame on the screen, as suddenly finds his peace of mind undermined by vicious gossip. That's how Hollywood puts the stars on the spot.

The gossips worked overtime when Dorothy Lee told a divorce court she didn't approve of her new hubby's "planting" her thousand-a-week salary in a savings bank. She was branded a "spender"

MENACES THE STARS

as soon as they attain stardom

By William F. Bloecher

Lew Ayres confesses to an inability to "mix" easily in a crowd which, he says, has caused him frequently to be accused mistakenly of being "high-hat"

When Helen Twelvetrees reached stardom, her first conspicuous move was to divorce her husband and marry a second—Frank Woody (above). Immediately there was a chorus of "I told you sos"

they're blue in the face, but the "I hear tell" indictments go right on.

"OF COURSE we make mistakes," Phillips Holmes admits. But, he asks, "Does anybody ever stop to consider that many of us are no older in years, nor more worldly than college youths? No!

"Or that we are products of a 'forcing system of growth,' a 'hothouse' type of development that makes full-fledged stars of us in a year, or shunts us into obscurity in the same period of time? Never!

"Meanwhile, we are obliged to make snap decisions on matters that would baffle a shrewd businessman of mature judgment. Advice is thrown at us from all sides. We receive social invitations by the dozens. But we can't accept all of them, nor can we act on all the advice. So, while we follow one course, somebody advocating another concludes we're 'high-hatting' him, and somebody else says we're getting too 'pig-headed' to listen to reason."

I suggested to Holmes that he was credited with a "dual personality" and with living a "double life." He characterized it as the "bunk." "I live with my parents," he said. "And you can lay your bets that if I'm not seen here or there, it's because I'm sitting at home playing bridge or reading a novel.

"If a chap 'steps out' a couple of times a week 'they say' he's burning himself out with night life. On the other hand, if he doesn't, the conclusion of the busybodies is that he's engaging in a clandestine love affair."

He finished with a hopeless shrug that indicated plainly he had no solution for the problem.

It is obviously a problem as confusing as one any youth encounters when emerging from adolescence. You know—the "awkward stage." All hands and feet and fumbly and stumbly. And full of strange aches and pains and unaccountable desires. Remember? Only maw and paw were more charitable. Maw just looked puzzled and remarked: "I can't understand what's wrong with Johnny, he's been acting so strangely of late." Paw merely remarked: "Oh, he's all right, don't worry." He knew that Johnny was going through that "growing pain" period and that all that was needed was a little patience and charity to bring the youngster through with flying colors.

BUT Hollywood isn't maw and paw. If Johnny X. Extra gets a new contract and immediately junks the old car to get a shiny new one, something is going to be said about it. On the other hand, if Johnny persists in his allegiance to the old pile of tin, somebody is sure to take him aside and whisper confidently: "Listen, Johnny, I don't want to butt into your affairs, but it seems to me you should get rid of that old 'job' and get a car in keeping with your [*Continued on page 66*]

CONNIE CREATES A LEGEND

Constance Bennett becomes Hollywood's third Myth

By Jerome Strauss

Imperiously garbing herself in jewelled glamor, privacy, and rumor, Constance Bennett has made of herself a legend for the workaday world

IT HAD been quite some time since Hollywood was last favored with the appearance of a full-grown Legend—the deprivation being to the hardship of the film capital and the world generally. For there never had been a time when a Myth was more sorely needed in this gray-shadowed, workaday (and lucky at that!) sphere—and where, if anywhere, was one to be generated if not in Hollywood?

Upon this distressing scene, as if propelled directly by the hand of a relenting fate, appears a Myth in the old, grand manner, glamorous and glittering. Yesterday she was only another screen actress, one of the Bennett girls, to be precise. Today—

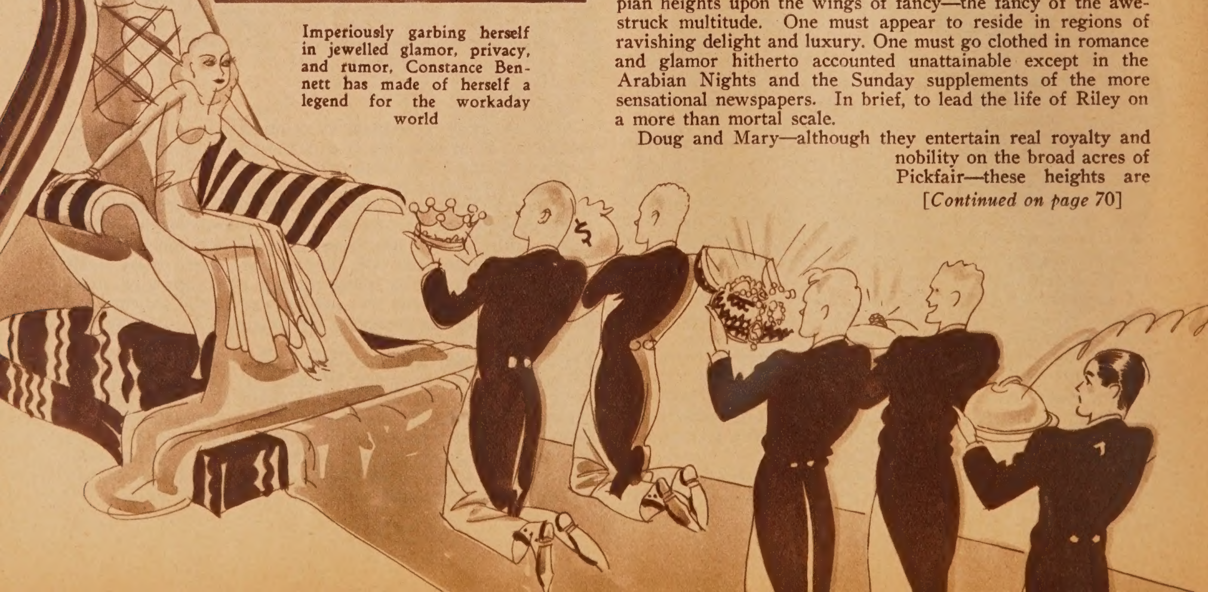
Well, there is that matter of $30,000 a week. Also, there is that matrimonial alliance with the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Also, there is the requisite imperious demeanor, the increasing withdrawal from public gaze, the growing indifference to the opinions of the press, all significant of the attributes of royalty of the great, gone days.

There have been Legends in Hollywood before—but they have been none too numerous. Valentino qualified—so has Gloria Swanson. At first glance there would seem to be others—but they do not survive the acid test.

For instance, to qualify as a Myth one must soar to Olympian heights upon the wings of fancy—the fancy of the awestruck multitude. One must appear to reside in regions of ravishing delight and luxury. One must go clothed in romance and glamor hitherto accounted unattainable except in the Arabian Nights and the Sunday supplements of the more sensational newspapers. In brief, to lead the life of Riley on a more than mortal scale.

Doug and Mary—although they entertain real royalty and nobility on the broad acres of Pickfair—these heights are

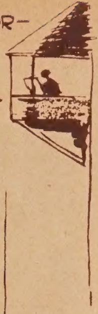
[*Continued on page* 70]



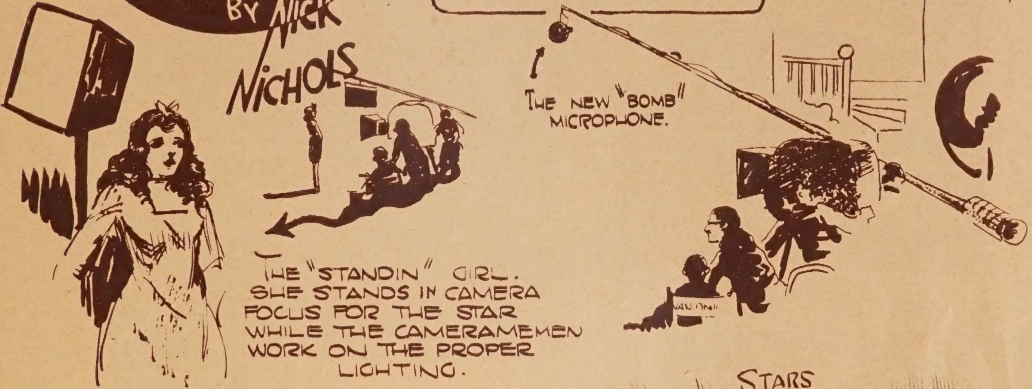
JUST AN INKLING of Hollywood

BY NICK NICHOLS

A nationally famous newspaper syndicate cartoonist sketches from life the many interesting things he saw in Hollywood studios

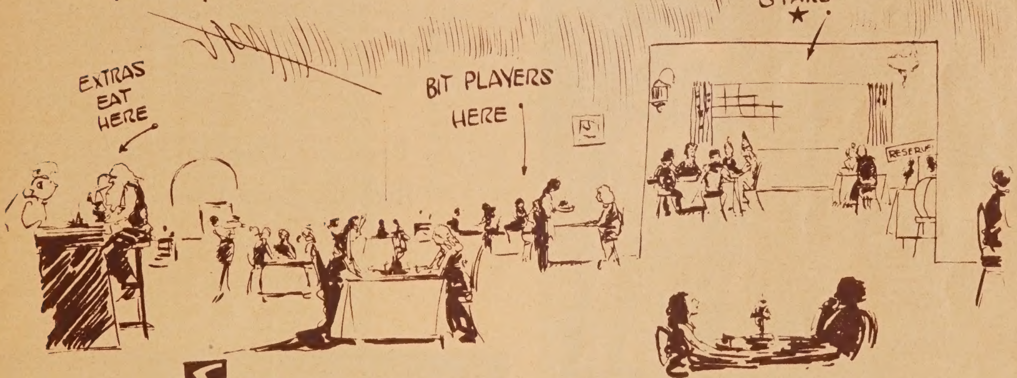


THE SOUND MONITOR—WHERE THESE SKETCHES WERE MADE



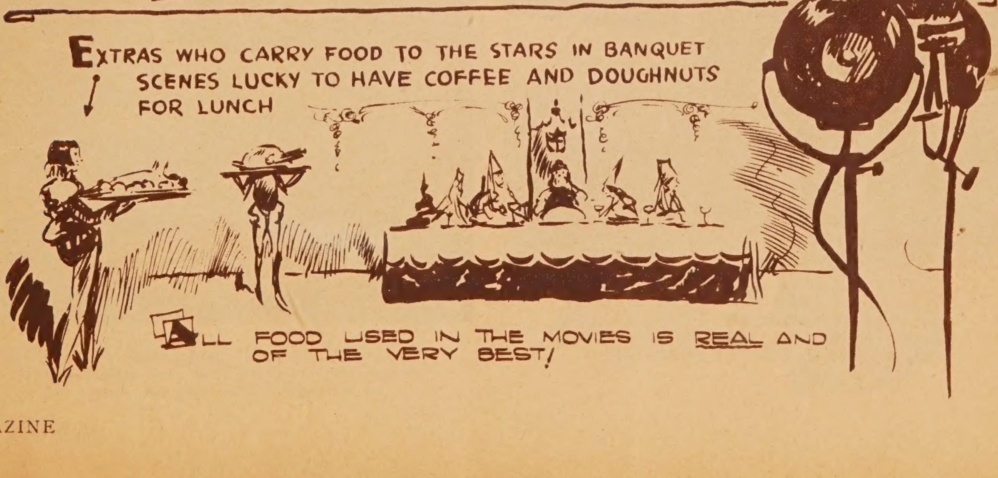
THE NEW "BOMB" MICROPHONE.

THE "STANDIN" GIRL. SHE STANDS IN CAMERA FOCUS FOR THE STAR WHILE THE CAMERAMEMEN WORK ON THE PROPER LIGHTING.



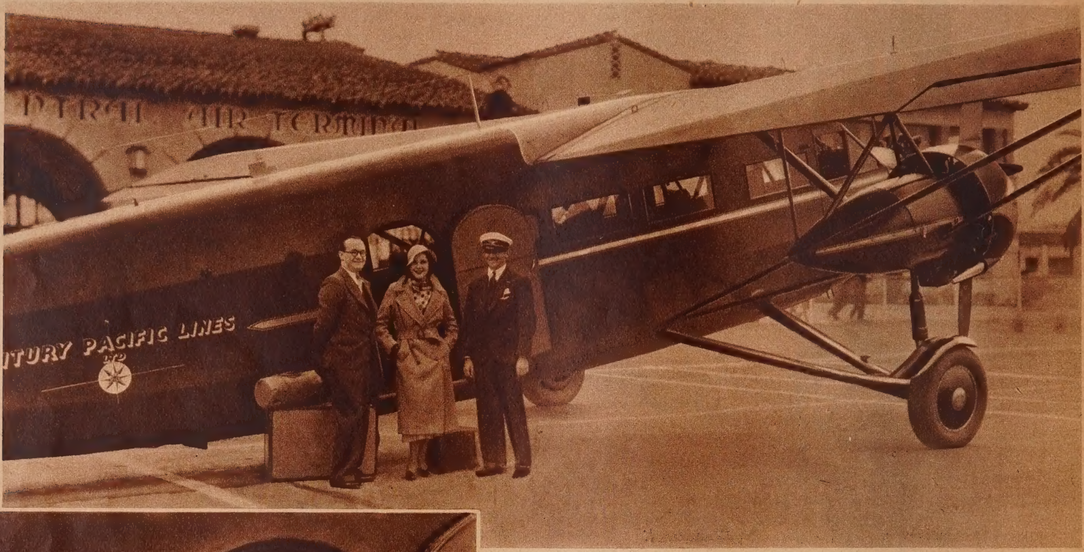
SKETCHED IN THE DINING ROOM AT THE STUDIO

EXTRAS WHO CARRY FOOD TO THE STARS IN BANQUET SCENES LUCKY TO HAVE COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS FOR LUNCH



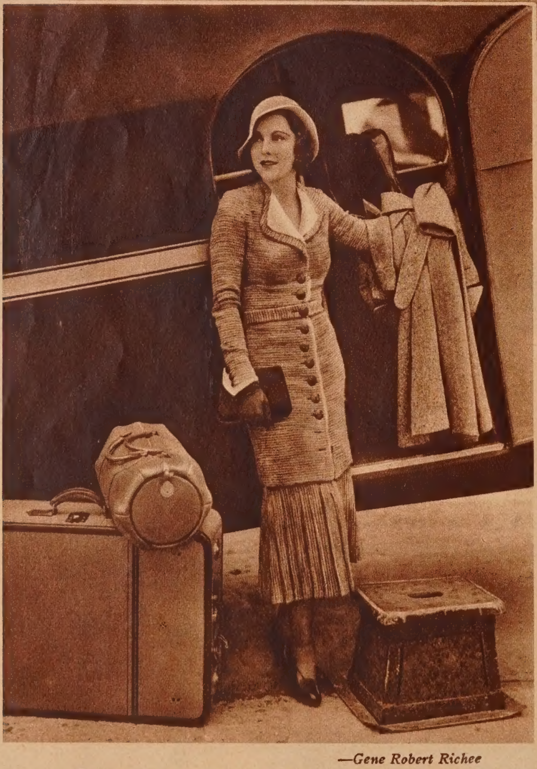
ALL FOOD USED IN THE MOVIES IS REAL AND OF THE VERY BEST!

FASHIONS FOR



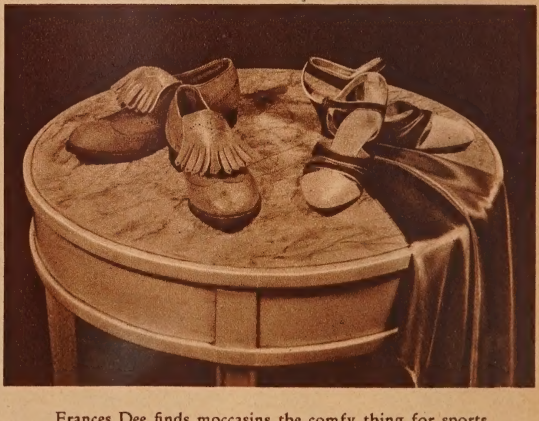
It's almost flying time and Frances Dee is agog over a flight across the border via that modern airline, the Century Pacific, for an exciting weekend at Agua Caliente

Frances Dee takes a flight to Agua Caliente and sports her new spring wardrobe



—Gene Robert Richee

Frances frankly admits she's "all up in the air" about this flying costume. It's a two-piece knitted ensemble and those big buttons are fashion's latest crush. She wears a tweed topcoat with it



Frances Dee finds moccasins the comfy thing for sports wear at Mexico's playground while sandals of soft kid are just right for the informal pajama mode

THE WEEKEND

—*O. A. Tunnell*

After such an exhilarating flight across the border Frances loses all interest in being a land creature and only takes time out at her hotel to change her clothes before she makes for the large swimming pool fed by the hot spa from which the famous resort derived its name

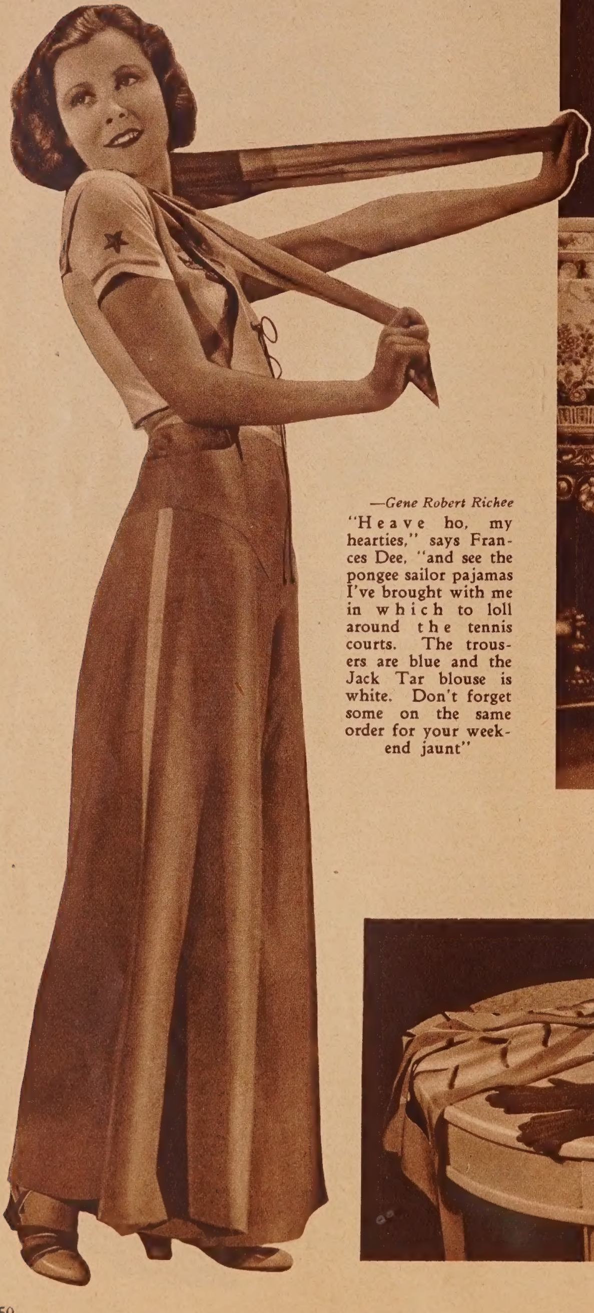
—*Gene Robert Richee*

The visiting Dee wastes no time in trying out the beautiful Agua Caliente golf course and incidentally her new spring golf clothes. Her short white flannel skirt, sleeveless green blouse and knitted turban are so sturdy and trig she recommends them to all you sports-minded ones

By their luggage you shall know them—and Frances Dee's small wardrobe trunk and zipper grip augur well for her at the Hotel Agua Caliente, one of Mexico's finest hostelries

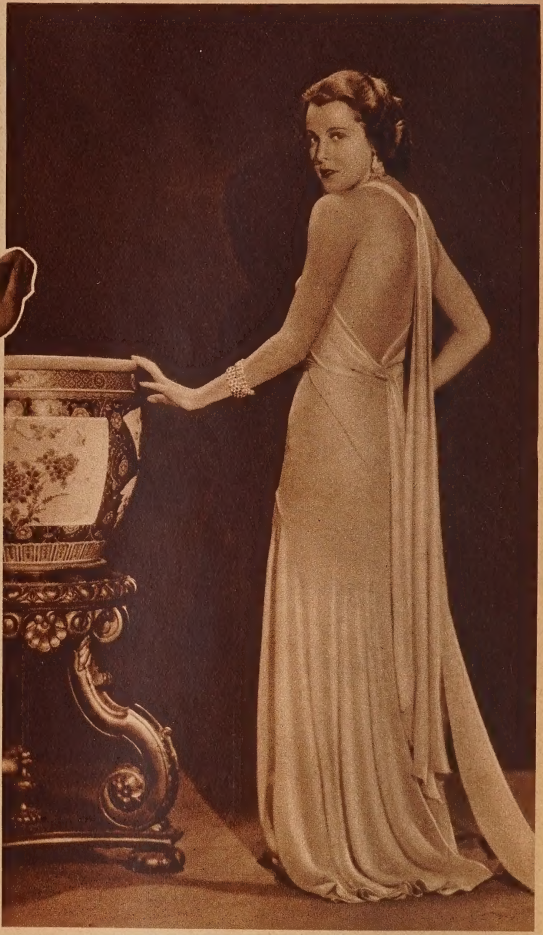
The smart resort weekender resorts to pajamas

Take a tip from Frances Dee on what to wear for your next weekend trip



—Gene Robert Richee

"Heave ho, my hearties," says Frances Dee, "and see the pongee sailor pajamas I've brought with me in which to loll around the tennis courts. The trousers are blue and the Jack Tar blouse is white. Don't forget some on the same order for your weekend jaunt"



—Gene Robert Richee

When evening comes Frances doesn't jeopardize her reputation for chic the slightest bit by wearing this backless gown with its shoulder straps looped in back to join a clever cascade of trains

The oh-so-important accessories Frances chose for her gala weekend are unpretentious. For street wear her choice is black suede gloves, flat purse, a blocked scarf, and an antique brooch for her only ornament

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 31]

"Yellow Dogs"

IN MANY sessions at the Embassy and Montmartre, your Aunt Beverly never saw a drop of rum or any sign of a gambling device, although she packs her own dice and hooch. But now some of the laws have it that both spots were dens of sin all full of booze and cards and wheels, and Eddie Brandstetter, whose name turns out to be Adolph after all these years, is on a spot. The fact seems to be that Eddie, innocent as ever, turned over his club rooms to an organization called the "Yellow Dog Society" and the "Yellow Dogs" brought leopard juice and games of chance with them for their whoopee.

Where, Oh, Where

EVERY once in a while folks get to wondering what happens to the stars of other days—Maxine Elliott, Julia Marlowe and the rest. Well, remember Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey? Miss Shannon is back in the limelight and will soon be seen in a Paramount picture. And, as long as I've aroused curiosity, Miss Elliott, plump and content, dwells in England, while any Spring afternoon will find Miss Marlowe and E. H. Sothern strolling briskly on Fifth or Park avenue.

Aside To Estelle

OH YOU, Estelle Taylor, I remember how gorgeous you were in *Don Juan* as Lucrezia Borgia, do you? Well, now that you've learned to sing, it may interest you to know that Horace Liveright is planning a musical comedy about Lu. Why don't you tell him about you?

Marry In Haste

KEN HARLAN'S Reno residence enabled him to combine business and pleasure, for in addition to running his "Jade Club" he got a Reno divorce from Doris Booth, who succeeded Marie Prevost as Mrs. Harlan way back yonder in May, 1930. Which was business and which pleasure, deponent sayeth not. This was Ken's third fling at matrimony. Well, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Nuts

ONLY a deranged person would perpetrate the outrage recently attempted upon the person of such a honey as Marion Davies. So it must be a nut who sent that package. When Marion opened it the thing smoked like a bomb. Whether it was intended to explode no one knows. If a dangerous lunatic sent it he should be sent away for keeps—and that goes if it was sent by some nit-wit practical joker.

Mystery

IF IT actually goes through, the most flagrant case of miscasting recently is the selection of Lionel Barrymore as the "Kringelein" of *Grand Hotel*. Of

[*Continued on page* 62]

she knows it's a dangerous compromise

..to experiment with doubtful substitutes for genuine Kotex

HAZARDS, risks, embarrassment... even humiliation! Endangered health. How many difficulties are spared the modern woman...since Kotex was invented.

The very reason for sanitary protection makes it absolutely necessary that you be *sure* of the surroundings in which such an intimate necessity is made. Sure that it is made of pure, tested materials. Sure that the air is clean, the machinery free from so much as a speck of dust.

The very name "Kotex" carries with it a priceless, comforting assurance. You *know* that it is safe. Hospitals, alone, used twenty-four million Kotex pads last year. Your confidence is warranted, your judgment affirmed by the guardians of our national health.

Kotex, carefully shaped and immaculately prepared. Wonderfully absorbent. So designed that it can be worn on either side with the very same protection. Soft and dainty, as befits an article designed for so intimate a use.

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Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture: AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **ARSENE LUPIN**—(M-G-M)—Mystery tale with the Barrymore brothers at their best. Karen Morley furnishes love interest.

AA. **BEAST OF THE CITY**—(M-G-M)—Walter Huston in a tedious drama glorifying the American police.

AA. **CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—(Fox)—Warner Oland again as the famous Chinese mystery-solver, this time in a story weaker than its predecessors.

AAAA. **DANCE TEAM**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers and James Dunn paired again in a knockout vehicle that beats **"Bad Girl."**

AA. **THE DECEIVER**—(Columbia)—Bangup murder mystery, with Ian Keith, Dorothy Sebastian, Greta Grandstedt and Natalie Moorehead.

AAAA. **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—(Paramount)—Fredric March in the dual rôle of Stevenson's famous story, with excellent support by Miriam Hopkins and Rose Hobart.

AAA. **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—(Warner-First National)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball comedy. Evalyn Knapp is the love interest.

AA. **FORBIDDEN**—(Columbia)—Mediocre story with good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy.

William Powell and Evalyn Knapp in *High Pressure*, a whirlwind comedy which gives Powell the best rôle of his career

AAA. **FREAKS**—(M-G-M)—Grotesque and powerful story of circus life, featuring Leila Hyams, Wallace Ford, Olga Baclanova, Rosco Ates, and a host of sideshow freaks.

AA. **GIRL CRAZY**—(RKO-Radio)—Musical film that falls below par in spite of two song hits and presence of all-star cast headed by Wheeler and Woolsey.

AAA. **THE HATCHET MAN**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young give brilliant performances in a Chinese tong drama.

AAAA. **HIGH PRESSURE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell at his very best in a whirlwind comedy. Evelyn Brent is his girl.

AA. **HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—(Tiffany)—Crook drama possessing entertaining qualities, with Peggy Shannon and Theodore Von Eltz carrying the leading rôles.

AAA. **THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN**—(Universal)—Interesting love story about a young doctor and his girl. Excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and John Halliday.

AAAA. **LADY WITH A PAST**—(RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett wears divine clothes as the lady who goes to Paris to get herself a past, but Ben Lyon steals the show. David Manners is charming.

AAA. **THE LOST SQUADRON**—(RKO-Radio)—Thrilling air story enacted by Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Eric Von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong and Hugh Herbert.

AAA. **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—(M-G-M)—Romantic story, with natural performances by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.

AAA. **MANHATTAN PARADE**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Hollywood's answer to "Once In a Lifetime," with Smith and Dale, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Lots of laughs.

AAA. **THE MAN I KILLED**—(Paramount)—Phillips Holmes, Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll in a powerful post-war drama.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO DARED**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Constance Cummings in an excellent mystery that keeps you guessing.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—(Warner-First National)—George Arliss gives an excellent performance in a fair story, ably supported by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale and Donald Cook.

AAA. **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—(Universal)—Fantastic horror film, with outstanding performances by Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox.

AA. **NO ONE MAN**—(Paramount)—Carole Lombard as a social butterfly who changes sweethearts at a fast rate. Ricardo Cortez and Paul Lukas are good.

AA. **PANAMA FLO**—(RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Bickford miscast in an impossible story.

Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young are convincing Orientals in *The Hatchet Man*, an interesting Chinese tong drama

AAA. **THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER**—(M-G-M)—Buster Keaton provides grand comedy as an American plumber in Paris who wins an heiress. Irene Purcell, Jimmy Durante and Polly Moran are in it.

AAA. **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—(M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable give good performances in an elaborate production with some thrilling aerial trapeze scenes.

AAA. **PRESTIGE**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding proves her versatility in this melodramatic jungle story which provides good rôles for Melvyn Douglas and Adolphe Menjou.

AA. **THE SILENT WITNESS**—(Fox)—Old-fashioned melodrama wherein a father stands trial for his son's crime. Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen have featured rôles.

AAA. **SKY DEVILS**—(Caddo-United Artists)—Hilarious war burlesque, featuring some great air stunts. Ann Dvorak, Spencer Tracy and William Boyd are in it.

AAA. **A SLICE OF LIFE**—(Warner-First National)—Chic Sale and Dickie Moore as an old man and a young boy who are great pals. Human drama.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY**—(Universal)—Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AA. **STEPPING SISTERS**—(Fox)—Amusing comedy, with Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell as three old-time burlesque queens.

AAAA. **TARZAN THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AA. **THIS RECKLESS AGE**—(Paramount)—Good cast in a threadbare story. Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon, Richard Bennett and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—(Paramount)—Emotional drama for adult audiences, with distinguished performances by Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and Robert Ames.

AAA. **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN**—(Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins, Phillips Holmes and Irving Pichel in a highly diverting story.

AAA. **UNION DEPOT**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Bang-up melodrama in a railroad terminal, co-starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell.

AA. **THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Lil Dagover makes her American début in a fairly exciting melodrama.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE**—(Fox)—Jeanette MacDonald in a rollicking comedy drama, her best to date. Victor McLaglen in the male lead.

AAA. **THE AGE FOR LOVE**—(Howard Hughes)—Billie Dove in modern drama dealing with the problems of a business girl who tries to be a dutiful wife.

AAAA. **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—(Warner Brothers)—George Arliss in the cast is enough to recommend this fine historical drama.

AAAA. **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—Grim screen version of Theodore Dreiser's great novel. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney in leading rôles.

AAA. **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN**—(Radio)—Highly colored drama of modern youth. Cast includes Arline Judge, Eric Linden, and Rochelle Hudson.

AAA. **AROUND THE WORLD WITH DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS**—(United Artists)—Spectacular travelogue with Doug skipping all over the globe.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH**—(United Artists)—Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans give brilliant performances in *William and Mary*, a romantic tale with a punch

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Agents Wanted — Write for Particulars

Hollywood Women Deny Being Copy-Cats

[*Continued from page 36*]

became the storm center of a grand battle. Some writers declared that she was copying Garbo; others insisted emphatically that she was not. Even the studios became peeved and exchanged bitter words.

It is true that Marlene admired Greta greatly and perhaps did more or less unwittingly adopt some of her favorite's habits of dress and speech. But she did not do it with the intent to deceive and proved on the screen that her talent is distinctly individual. The excitement is over now. Both stars retain their places in the cinema sun, and one rarely hears the matter discussed.

When Ruth Chatterton first entered pictures, the critics were none too kindly in commenting on her grand lady air and near-English accent. But Ruth went serenely on her way—annoyed, perhaps—but giving no outward evidence of it.

It is well known among Genevieve Tobin's friends that long before either she or Ruth thought of pictures, she adored Chatterton and assiduously copied her speech and mannerisms.

When her first picture, *A Lady Surrenders*, was released, one of the critics had this to say of her performance:

> "The sadly comic part of it (Miss Tobin's speech) is that the English intonation isn't good. It isn't as refined as the speaker imagines and is distinctly the tones of the very sort of Briton she would call 'frightfully middle clahss.'
>
> "'Are you theah?' is asked in Beatrice Lillie's best burlesque manner, with the actress (Miss Tobin) fondly imagining a perfection of speech that would cause a Mayfair duchess to say, 'My dear, surely you're not an *American?*'"

But Genevieve wasn't daunted. Her goddess—Chatterton—spoke like that so it must be right!

Between pictures, Miss Chatterton always goes to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for rest and relaxation. Since learning of that habit, nothing will do but Miss Tobin must likewise rest and relax at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. After all, there is really no reason she shouldn't—but it is amusing, nevertheless.

And Miss Tobin's grand air, also assiduously copied, so 'tis said, from Miss Chatterton, earned her the reputation of being one of the most disliked girls who ever set foot on the Universal lot. In justice to her, however, it must be said she has become much more human with the passing of time.

GRACE GEORGE has for years been the delight of metropolitan critics. She has a brisk, brittle way of reading her lines which, once heard, can never be forgotten—and which no one else has ever been able to master.

No one, that is, until Miriam Hopkins came along. When Miriam scored in *Fast and Loose* and *The Smiling Lieutenant*, picture audiences said, "Here is something new." It was—on the screen—inasmuch as Miss George has never made a picture, but a person who has seen the star on the stage can recognize the careful study Miss Hopkins must have given to emulating her.

In this case, she is freely forgiven for copying another actress because I can think of no one whose art I would rather see perpetuated than Grace George's—particularly when it is done as charmingly as Miriam manages.

There is the silly Hollywood custom of having menu cards displayed at each plate in the homes of movie folk. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford started it when they had an electrically lighted menu at each place, showing exactly what was in store for their guests

When Marie Dressler finished her picture, *Emma*, she went out to the desert for a rest, and entertained a party of Hollywood folks at the Hotel La Quinta. This group includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Marie herself, Jean Hersholt, and Claire Du Brey

Now, the custom has spread so that it is a second-rate star, indeed, who does not have a menu for each diner, whether the meal is formal or informal.

I once asked a popular star if she had menus so her guests could "leave room" for something they particularly liked that might be coming—or because she thought they were too ignorant to know what they were eating unless she told them.

She laughed and answered: "Don't ask *me* why we have them. Everyone else does, so I just fall into line!"

WHEN Alice White first came to Hollywood, Clara Bow was all the rage. Alice had never met Clara but she had read that Clara was the real hey-hey girl. If hey-hey girls were what the public wanted, Alice was going to be a hey-hey girl, and she was—with a vengeance. She dyed her hair to look like Clara's, she copied Clara's manner of dressing and walking and no fiction writer ever imagined such a hey-hey life as Alice actually led.

And speaking of dyed hair reminds me that when the vogue for blondes became pronounced—about the time Garbo, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding and Dietrich became so phenomenally successful—Bebe Daniels and Joan Crawford set to work with a will and emerged with tresses of fourteen carat gold. Their own hair was one of their chief charms but photographers had said it was easier to light blondes. So blonde they went. Bebe clung tenaciously to hers for over a year but one picture was enough to convince Joan she hadn't a blonde temperament. Both have returned now to their natural coloring.

And, still speaking of hair, I am reminded of Madge Evans. Madge came to the screen this summer while Norma Shearer was in Europe. They look quite a lot alike, anyhow, and imagine one's surprise on seeing Madge in *Sporting Blood* with a hair-dress the exact duplicate of the one Norma wore in *A Free Soul*. It is so distinctive you couldn't possibly miss it and no one else has ever worn it—not even Norma in her off-screen moments.

In her latest pictures, Norma has been selling sex in a large way. In *Sporting Blood* Madge was dealing in the same commodity and evidently figured if that kind of *coiffeur* went with sex, she wasn't going to cheat her customers out of anything that was coming to them.

EVELYN BRENT was the first feminine star to appear with a heavy coat of tan and, for the first time, it became quite the vogue for women to see how sunburned they could get. There is hardly a star in Hollywood nowadays who does not devote most of the summer to lying on the beach in an effort to get a tan that will last through the winter months.

Nita Naldi appeared on the streets of Hollywood once *sans* stockings. And, baby, maybe you think the tongues didn't wag! It was described as "scandalous." Then the famous British musical comedy star, Gertrude Lawrence, appeared similarly dressed—or undressed—and since that time it has been quite *de rigeur* to go without.

Most of the Hollywood ingénues run around bare-legged—particularly in summer. Dorothy Lee even carried the fad so far as to appear at her wedding to James Fidler in a long gown of pink chiffon and pink satin slippers—but without stockings!

All this business of copy-catting is nothing new, however. Back in the dark ages of pictures, Mary Pickford was famous on the Paramount program for her curls and winsome smile. When she left Paramount, Mary Miles Minter's mother suddenly appeared, pointed out to the executives that the two Marys looked alike—both had curls and both had a winsome smile—and got her daughter signed up as a successor to Miss Pickford.

For three years Miss Minter appeared on the screen as a carbon copy of America's Sweetheart, but one of that type was all the public could stand and M. M. M. never really clicked in a large way.

Of course, the Hollywoodites still vigorously deny that they would ever stoop to copying anything or anybody, but actions speak louder than words. As producers often point out (and frequent interviews with the stars have led me to believe they know whereof they speak), "Most actors are children at heart." They have the same enthusiasms — the same "crushes" — the same ideals as anyone else and what is more natural than that they should try to pattern themselves after their idols.

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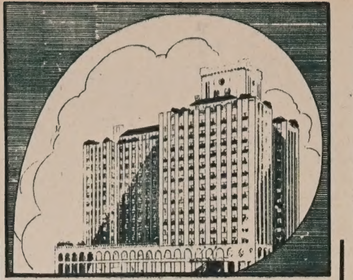

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Exposing Our Screen Villains

[*Continued from page* 12]

are lined with paintings—the works of well known foreign artists. A concert grand piano dominates a corner.

Bela Lugosi, inhuman villain of the screen, has none of that ghoulish menace in real life. He looks the cultivated scholar and thinker he is.

He lives in his beautiful hill home happily reflecting on the sheer joy of living. His dogs and his pipe—his fine collection of masters, books and paintings—his music, occupy his off-screen moments.

His disposition is kindly—yet he is one of our best heavies. If his *Dracula* was fear compelling to you his *Murders in a Rue Morgue* will bring you a session of shivers. Lugosi of the screen is a fiend.

RALF HAROLDE, like Lugosi, gleans a splendid living making one hate him. Cinematically he is always bound for a hot place and a bad end.

But in his private life he is not a PRINCE OF DARKNESS—he is good humored and an amusing host. And he permits his Chinese servant, Ah Young, to run his household and his pets.

When we visited him he was lamenting the loss of two pets. For sometime past, he told us, his inky black Spaniel had looked upon his little red rooster with an unholy gleam in his eyes.

"But," said Harolde, "it never got any further than looks until yesterday. I heard a squawking in the patio and got there just in time to see the dog give the rooster a twist which broke his neck.

"I was really angry and gave the little black fellow a lambasting. The rooster would ride all over the house on my shoe, holding onto the crease in my pants leg to maintain his equilibrium. He was a great pet.

"That night the little Spaniel ran out on the street and was hit by a car and instantly killed. That is what you call retribution, but I miss both the poor little rascals."

Harolde spent twelve years in stock before he took up screen work. During that period he became a star leading man. But the producers in Hollywood cannot apparently see a hero in Ralf.

"It must be a hidden self this camera catches," reflected the heavy, "for to tell the truth when I see myself on the screen I am a devil incarnate. On the stage I am more spiritual," he laughed, "I am doomed to a life of crime and cannot help it."

But if sneering is an art and leering a profitable business, Harolde proves the truth of it, to judge from the hundreds of fan letters that pour into his home, and his picture contract.

"I have to behave myself at home," he said, "or else Willie Wigger, my father, or Ah Young would kick me right out of the house. Maybe that is why I am so mean on the screen. I don't get a chance to let off steam in any other way."

NOT so suave a heavy as either Lugosi or Harolde, but equally well grounded in cinema crime is Fred Kohler.

He is a brute beast when aroused and he has beaten up or been beaten up himself by most of the screen's two-fisted heroes. Page Bancroft—Boyd and many others.

Gigantic of physique and ferocious of face, Kohler has flayed his way to success. His physical courage is amazing.

He has a beautiful young girl wife who is half pint in size. They are mutually adoring. He has a son almost as big as himself by an earlier marriage. Bill is twenty-one and on the local stage in Los Angeles.

His father can do no wrong so Bill is following in his footsteps. They are more like pals than father and son.

Fred is a great student of pioneer American life. He has collected a wealth of material and is putting it into shape for reference.

Fred's father was the inventor of the first washing machine, the first ditching machine and the drop harness for fire horses. He also added about twenty parts to a now nationally famous sewing machine.

IAN KEITH, Broadway stage star and well known screenite, is also the son of a famous inventor. His father, William Ross, discovered and invented the mechanical smoke-consuming and water tube boiler, which revolutionized the engineering of modern buildings.

Keith's versatility has brought him not only heavy rôles on the screen, but character parts and starring rôles as well.

His knowledge of Shakespeare brought him the offer of a scholarship from two famous universities. However he preferred to go to the American Academy in New York City, to learn how to enact the rôles of the Avon Bard.

He is one of the best pistol shots in America and also an ardent fisherman.

His most prized possession is an autographed photograph which reads: "I expect great things of you, dear Ian Keith," signed, "David Belasco." His object is to live up to the greatest of all stage producer's expectations.

During the silent picture days he turned down all offers to remain in pictures and was quite frank in saying he was only interested in the stage. But with talkies has come a change of heart.

When I was introduced to Boris Karloff I expected to meet a Russian but found him to be a cultivated English gentleman. The Russian name comes from ancestors who came away from Russia during the eighteenth century and settled in London.

Since he scored such a success as the monster in *Frankenstein* he has begun work on *The Invisible Man.*

He is a veteran of the stage and silent pictures but it is only lately that he has come to the front.

For years whenever a producer wanted a French-Canadian heavy he was sent for. And his great fear, now that he is playing arch-fiends like the monster, is that he may be typed again.

As the monster he had to carry fifty pounds of padding and a difficult facial make-up. This went on daily for weeks. Each night after dinner he would tumble into bed absolutely exhausted.

Karloff is a living proof of the fact

that if you stick to a purpose you will come through.

At the moment, more in demand than any other screen heavy, he says, "It is great to have things turn out this way but I can only hope not to disappoint my employers and the public. It's a great responsibility, I can tell you, and I must make good."

JOHN MILJAN has been killed in forty different ways in as many pictures, but his particular brand of menace has paid him back in good old coin of the realm for many years.

His life has been most eventful. When he was twelve he joined a stock company traveling the States, and the first night away from his home town, Lead, South Dakota, the train was held up. Since then he has been on the constant move.

His only regret is that never during his acting career has he been permitted to win THE GIRL.

He probably has the record for playing bearded rôles and as a result he is very seldom seen clean shaven.

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An Ex-Schoolmate Reveals Lowdown on Janet Gaynor

[*Continued from page* 23]

youthful voice. She brought the house down! Parents, who had tolerantly deigned to appear at the rally, asked about "that cute little Gainer girl." The sternest teachers allowed themselves an amused chuckle. Other performances have brought Janet Gaynor greater material returns, but I am certain that none ever brought a more enthusiastic reception from its audience. Yet none of us thought of Lollie as a potential actress.

Although Lollie worked after school for a good portion of the time that she attended Polytechnic, she participated in all of the social activities of a big city high school. The outstanding events of those days were the formal dances given at the Palace Hotel or in the Gold Room of the Fairmont by the various high school fraternities. Invitations to these formals were coveted and the girl who missed one was a sadly disappointed young lady. I doubt very much if Lollie ever suffered one such disappointment. She was one of the "regulars." It seems strange, in view of her present success, to recall how she would plan, with some of her feminine intimates, just how she might save enough for a new party dress, or how an out-moded gown might be made over, modernized, and made to go a little longer.

Then there were such thrilling events as football games, where Lollie would sit tense, her eyes sparkling with excitement, until some play brought forth a squeal of pleasure or a groan of dismay. Even lunch, in the school cafeteria, was a function of a sort. There was a group of eight or ten of Lollie's friends, both boys and girls, who would sit at the same table every noon-time, laughing and joking, re-living the last "formal" or game, or planning on the next one. To all of these things Lollie brought an appealing eagerness. They were vital and important to her. If you were to meet her in the hall and tell her that a rally was planned for that afternoon, she would put her hand on your arm and exclaim, "Oh, is it *really?*" as though that were a matter upon which she had been pondering all day.

ALTHOUGH violent puppy-love affairs were the order of the day, Lollie seemed nearly immune to them. She liked so *many* people, all of whom liked her! Once, however, Lollie fell by the wayside—and for an outsider, from Lowell High, our traditionally hated rival. His name, as I recall it, was Bill Davies, and he was a tall, courteous, quiet boy, far more serious than most of us. Truth compels me to state that it was a quiet affair, consisting principally of walks home from school, of being taken downtown to work after school, and of dancing together more times than usual at the frequent formals. And yet, in its very placidity, the affair attained something foreign to most high school romances—a dignity, and a sense of a true regard and fondness. Lollie was kidded a good deal about Bill, of course; but she only smiled happily and refused to respond to her tormentors. One wonders just what the estimable Mr. Davies, wherever he may be, thinks of his little high school sweetheart today.

Lollie was an excellent student, a thing which many of us were unable to understand, in view of her great popularity. In those days most of us regarded good scholars, or even those who took an obvious interest in their work, as a bit queer—Lollie alone belonged to both the "grinds" and the "regulars." She took academic courses, and, although there was a tinge of fright in her recitations, she received high marks

Many film celebrities gathered to pay tribute to the lovely voice of Doris Kenyon when she sang recently at a recital. From left to right in the group are Irene Dunne, Ivan Lebedeff, Miss Kenyon, Frances Dee and Joe Mankiewitz

—International Newsreel

A wedding party takes to the air! From left to right: Benjamin Glazer and Sharon Lynn (the newlyweds), Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons. The party flew to Yuma for the ceremony

and came to be regarded as a staunch prop when one was cramming for an examination.

A significant characteristic is the fact that I never, in all the time she was in high school, saw Lollie angry. She had a firmness under her soft femininity—her arguments with studio officials have proven that—but on the surface she was always serene, and seemed almost incapable of temper.

All this time, Lydell Peck, her husband-to-be, was living, unknowing and unknown, just a few short miles away on the other side of San Francisco Bay. He had finished high school and was in college, on his way to becoming a lawyer. Any casual set of circumstances might have brought Janet Gaynor and her future husband together; but the meeting was reserved for several years later. Although today he is a busy man of affairs, Peck's exhuberance and fondness for pranks had, in his school days, earned him the nickname of "Crazy" Peck. "Crazy" Peck and Lollie Gainer—soon to be Lydell Peck and Janet Gaynor, one of the most talked-about couples in the world . . .

OUR graduation, in June, 1923, was the largest the school had ever known. Lollie, dressed in billowing organdie and looking like a huge powder puff, sat in the front row and confessed that she was "just terribly frightened."

Then, as the valedictorians say, came "the parting of the ways." Lollie obtained employment as a cashier in Frank More's fashionable shoe shop while she took a secretarial course. I met her occasionally at lunch time, or going to and from work. Then she disappeared. We heard that her family had moved to Florida.

Some time later, we heard of a Janet Gaynor who was doing small parts in pictures, and who was reputed to be Lollie Gainer. Most of us scoffed at the idea. Later the rumor was confirmed—Janet Gaynor and Lollie Gainer were the same person! I felt rather sorry for Lollie. She would never go far in pictures. She was too sweet, too reserved. Movie stars were dynamic, determined, temperamental people.

Then came the unforgettable *Seventh Heaven*. With a former schoolmate, I sat through the picture entranced. "Diane," who could play upon one's heart as casually as a violinist plucks his strings . . . "Diane," who reached one of the supreme pinnacles of screen artistry when she said, "I, too, am a very remarkable fellow!" was none other than the little Lollie Gainer from school! It was stunning.

A combination of circumstances brought me to Hollywood—another undistinguished young man looking for a job. One night in the Cocoanut Grove my companion exclaimed, "Look, there's Janet Gaynor!"

Although her natural charm had been enhanced by experience in the art of making the most of herself, Lollie looked much the same as she did in school. She seemed to be enjoying herself tremendously. I did not approach her—one doesn't intrude upon a star, unless one is very thick-skinned.

When she saw me, however, we might have been only one day out of high school. What was I doing in Hollywood? What of this and that and the other person from school? I must see her and talk over old times. In other words, although the same thing has been said in varying degrees of sincerity of other stars, Lollie was unchanged, unspoiled by success and fame. This observation was confirmed when at her home in Playa Del Rey I met her friends, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, Marian Nixon, and Charles Farrell, and found them to be the same sort of a young, happy, unpretentious group with whom Lollie had surrounded herself in school.

One expects much to happen in nine years. Particularly when one is very young, he builds many dreams and plans. But, while we danced together at the Palace and the Fairmont, I am certain that none of us, including Lollie herself, visioned the Janet Gaynor of today in our ranks.

I know that I, for one, never thought that I would some day record my school days in terms of Lollie Gainer. But there was no one we would rather have seen become a brilliant success.

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Evelyn Brent Defines Sophistication

[*Continued from page* 43]

to act like the characters of Noel Coward and Freddie Lonsdale. In the first rush of excitement over broad 'a' diction, everyone was supposed to talk like that, despite the type of part he was called upon to portray.

"I remember a picture in which I was to portray a pert, wise-cracking New York chorus girl, of a type which presumably has never heard of Oxford, much less knowing how to speak it. The director was shocked at my diction when I spoke as I thought such a girl would speak. No, she must speak as though she had moved all her life in the society of the English peerage. The broad 'a' was the thing—and that was all there was to it.

"So Hollywood, both figuratively and literally, began to speak another language."

But what about the so-called sophisticated women of Hollywood? Broadly speaking, the women on the screen are divided into two classes, sophisticated and unsophisticated. The sophisticated woman is cold and imperious and knows all about life, and throws herself away on a blackguard. The unsophisticated woman is cute, probably cuddley, and unusually giggley, and of course is loved by a good man. Between these extremes there are gradations. . . .

As Theda Bara was the first vamp, or at least the first vamp to stand out, so is Gloria Swanson credited by Miss Brent with being the first definite sophisticate of the screen.

Credit for this distinctive innovation, according to Miss Brent, goes to Cecil B. de Mille, who has always been noted for doing things on a noble and glittering scale. The event occurred in *The Admirable Crichton*, which came to the screen as *Male and Female.* Gloria managed to stay sophisticated in her rôle of wealthy lady through many reels on desert islands in that picture and certainly that is the acid test. Since that time Gloria has portrayed many characters of the same type and is accordingly still considered an outstanding screen exponent of sophistication.

Miss Brent, asked point-blank for a definition of a sophisticated woman, recovered rapidly and in good form. In view of the fact that no one knows exactly what one is, her idea is as good as any. Briefly, a woman who remains in command of herself, and is neither unduly impressed nor bored by circumstances and events.

"I would call Greta Garbo a sophisticated woman, because she does as she pleases. She lives her own life and pays no attention to what people may think. And I regard Kay Francis as also qualifying, because if she wants to spend her spare time on her boat, she does so. People who amuse themselves as they see fit, instead of doing things for show, are in my opinion sophisticated.

"That is, if sophistication has anything to do with attaining knowledge about the world and the ways of the world."

Under this classification, Miss Brent herself should be placed among the sophisticates, although she denies having had much to do with portraying them on the screen. Most of the types she has enacted were wise enough in the ways of the world, but they were more likely to be gangsters' molls than stockbrokers'. And they don't call that kind of girl sophisticated. They call 'em tough.

However, the talk was of sophistication in real life. Miss Brent has traveled and observed, and she is not impressed by vain shows and superficial appearances. She has a sense of humor which savors of wit—an uncommon sense of humor in the village which coupled custard pies with art.

—*Lippman*

James Cagney and Joan Blondell won their first stage triumphs in the same Broadway show and now they're winning screen fame together. Their next is *The Crowd Roars*

As everyone knows, it was intended for Miss Brent to be a school teacher. She early showed an aptitude for that profession by playing hookey from school to enact extra rôles at a studio at Fort Lee, N. J. She was then living in New York.

She left normal school and teaching ambitions when she had progressed far enough in pictures to be guaranteed $15 a week. She played the daughter of the "Lady That's Known as Lou," in *Dangerous Dan McGrew*, with Edmund Breese. Also, she appeared with Olga Petrova, Lionel Barrymore and Louis Wolheim, and in several of Olive Thomas' pictures.

She early began acquiring that cosmopolitan viewpoint which is so characteristic of her today. With a friend she went to Paris, where she lived for a short time and learned to speak French fluently. Then she went to London, where she got a part in a play, *The Ruined Lady*. Thereafter she made pictures in England, France, Holland, Italy and Spain, which probably constitutes some remarkable kind of record or other for variety.

Among her many Hollywood pictures is *Underworld*, the first and one of the most successful of the crook plays. Thereafter Miss Brent was immediately thought of whenever an outstanding rôle for a tough girl was under consideration. True, the girls mostly had hearts of gold and were good to look upon, but they had to move in distressing grades of society.

The situation has not been without complaint from Miss Brent's extensive picture following. Only recently a man wrote her from the Middle West, crying out against her rôles.

He declared his belief that she wasn't that kind of girl at all, and signified his intention of coming to Hollywood in the near future and taking her out of all that.

Whereupon Miss Brent smiled, and went on enacting bad girls in pictures and leading her own kind of life off-screen. Happily married to Harry D. Edwards, the producer, she goes in but little for the Hollywood social jamboree, although she is sonsidered a very charming hostess and her presence as a guest is in constant demand.

She likes horseback riding and swimming, and reads much—good books. Also, she plays bridge and hates to go to bed early.

She has a penchant for perfumes and at the last census had three shelves crowded with bottles. She has dislikes for "frilly" things and too much jewelry.

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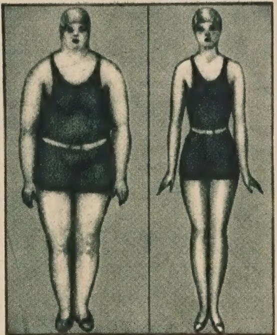

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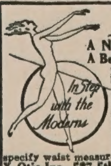
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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 51]

course, it was inconceivable that Hollywood could do anything so obvious as pick Sam Jaffe, the Broadway actor who made a smash hit in the rôle he created in the theatre. That would be too simple and direct. But the excellent player, George E. Stone, was available, and it will be sacrilege if he doesn't still get the part he was promised. By the way, the other actor considered with Barrymore was Buster Keaton! Gee, they must have a terrible time deciding whether Greta Garbo or Polly Moran should play a part!

Take Your Choice

IT'S up to you whether you want Pola Negri alive or dead. Two different endings have been made to her comeback picture. Pola's a spy, you see, and in one finale she faces a firing squad, in another the U. S. Marines or somebody arrives in the nick o' time and all Pola draws is exile. In either event she seems destined for a graceful exit providing the picture isn't so hot.

A Laborer Worthy Of Hire

WITH all the kicks—some justified—by actors who get crumbs while the producers cut cakes baked at the box office by the players' pictures, it's a relief to learn that Edward G. Robinson made more money than any other star for Warners, and was paid more for his services. No telling what Eddie's four films brought in—but he made himself the nice amount of $300,000 for the year's work. More power to you, "Little Caesar!"

Not All Gold

BUT, pals and palaces, don't get all het up when you hear of these big money players in our neck o' woods. Movie money goes to the few—just as in any other business. A recent survey shows that of 25,000 actors in Hollywood, not 25 of them make more than $3,500 a year. And boy, that up-keep is terrible!

Dun't Esk

I KNOW it's a foolish question, but one of you is bound to ask, so I'll answer in advance. When you see Marion Davies work on the high trapeze in *Polly of the Circus*, it won't be Marion. The clever gal can do a whole lot of things—more than you, and you—and I—but she's no wire worker. So when you see the aerial stuff, you'll be watching Al Cadona, all fixed up to look as much as possible like Marion. Alfredo is a circus ace, famous for his daredevil air stuff.

Puttin' On The Ritz

THE old story about the drunk who was arrested and booked as a writer because he had thirty cents and a pencil in his pockets doesn't hold good any more in Hollywood. The depression hasn't affected the scribblers, who have a pretty close corporation on dishing the Hollywood dirt. At a wedding recently, one of the pencil-chewers was the only person properly dressed in appropriately formal clothes. There were plenty of stars present, too.

Wrong Time

OF COURSE everyone's sorry—but why should they be? He was a director and had made good, run-of-cargo product for fourteen years or more in one studio. Then, with the devil to pay all over the lot, depression and what not, he upped and got roaring drunk. A smart little wife rushed him far away, but he was among the missing when sent for. And now there's no contract. Moreover, his friends have had their talons clipped and can't help him. He's on his own, now, for the first time in a decade. Maybe he'll make good.

Elephants Never Forget

THEY'D better be nice to those *Tarzan* elephants—'cause you know the stories about how the Jumbos remember. I wouldn't want to be one of those makeup men, either. It seems the studio got a score of Asiatic elephants to do their stuff in *Tarzan*, and then found they weren't the type. Some smart guy was sure to point out that the locale called for African elys. And there ain't no sich animile in Ameriky. So the makeup men who apply the rouge to the lips of our very best keep kissable stars, were put to work to lengthen the tusks and increase the ear-size of the Asiatics to make 'em look African. It seems you only throw the big numbers with African ivory—all those twos and threes are made with dice from Asiatic elephant tusks. Be sure you ask next time.

Old Tale Comes True

RECALL the gag about the groom who socks his bride in the eye immediately after the wedding and says: "That's for nothing—be careful!" It actually happened at the wedding reception of a well-known movie and stage star who recently became a bride. Like a good husband, the groom paid the doctor's bill and fixed her up with a new tooth for the honeymoon.

Film Fighters

PROBABLY the most realistic sequences filmed in Hollywood are those introducing boxing scenes. There is all sorts of cauliflower talent available. Frank Hagney, for instance, used to be Australian heavyweight champ, and stood up for ten rounds against Jack Johnson. Jack, himself, is fighting off creditors in his night club now. Joe Benjamin could have been a lightweight champ, but he was too good-looking. Conway Tearle was a lightweight once in England.

Dempsey, Tunney, Jeffries, Corbett, Tommy Ryan, Benny Leonard, Ad Wolgast, Gunboat Smith, Bob Roper, Phil Bloom, and other ring gladiators appear or have appeared in pictures. Vic McLaglen was a pretty famous pug, even though he was k.o'ed by Frank Goddard. Now they're both in the movies.

Sideshow Freaks Invade Filmland

[*Continued from page* 35]

stage and were taken care of by their attendants. They spent all their leisure time in this room or on the stage, watching the others at work.

But, unless you thought about it suddenly you completely forgot that Daisy and Violet Hilton were joined together by a bond which can never be broken. They were so completely individual, so entirely different in personality when they spoke. Beautifully dressed, immaculately groomed, their auburn hair waved and close-cut, they are just two normal girls who chat and laugh and seem to be having a swell time. They both openly admitted that they liked the studio, that they would like to make more pictures and that their screen favorites were Bob Montgomery and Marie Dressler. And they spent much of their spare time on the sets of these two stars, watching them act and chatting to them when they could between scenes.

"We don't mind having people stare at us," Daisy said one day. "We're used to it. We've never known anything else. We're happier now than we have been for a long time because we're entirely on our own. We can do as we please, go where we please and think what we please."

THE girls were born in Brighton, England, twenty-three years ago. They don't know who their parents were and they are searching the records of that part of England to try to find their own people. When they were tiny children, they were brought to this country by a man and woman, who were their guardians until a Texas court freed them a short time ago and awarded them the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which represented the remainder of the money they had earned during the years.

"They taught us to read and write, to sing and play musical instruments and to dance, because it increased our value," Daisy went on, speaking of those guardians who had been kind to them but who had never permitted them to talk to people alone or to write or receive uncensored letters, "but it is so good to be free."

The twins lived in an apartment, brought a colored maid with them to the studio in their big, black sedan and were the center of attraction wherever they went.

Then there was Schlitze, the belle of the ball, the prima donna of the troupe, the favorite of the gang, the leading spirit of the day's fun; Schlitze, who is forty years old and has the mentality of a happy child of three. They call Schlitze a pinhead, because she has a tiny head on an average-sized body. But she isn't a pinhead at heart. She is just a little girl who has never grown up and who laughs and plays and is affectionately eager for attention like any other small child.

Schlitze came originally from Yucatan, Mexico, and she was given her name by a well-known beer company during a carnival in St. Louis. Before that time she had been billed in sideshows and exhibits as "Maggie, The Last of The Aztecs."

Schlitze is really quite an accomplished person. She can do magic tricks, having always watched the magicians in the circuses with which she has traveled. She can dance a few steps, sing a few notes and count to ten, leaving out an occasional number on the way. She worshipped Tod Browning with a dumb devotion which was almost pitiful. She imitated everything that he did, even the tones of his voice. She was crazy about pieces of string, new dresses, bright colored hats, games of tag and Tod Browning. Never has a star come into the studio who was so immediately and so universally loved.

The other pinheads, sisters named Elvira and Jenny Lee Snow, hail from Georgia and are quiet, smiling girls who can talk a little, sing a little, dance a little. Everyone liked them and they liked everyone. But they haven't the personality, the charm of Schlitze, whom they met for the first time at the studio.

Koo Koo, the strange bird girl with the pipe-stem neck and beaky nose sat on her little chair all day long, rarely moving, rarely speaking, her little guardian dog at her feet, her blind eyes staring into space, her mouth smiling. She listened to the hubbub of the youngsters around her with the silent wisdom of sixty years of carnival life.

THEN there was the amazing Johnny Eck, the twenty-year-old boy who was born without any lower body. Johnny is one of twins, his brother being a perfectly normal child. He went to grade school and high school with this brother, pushing himself along by his hands on a kiddy car. He won all the scholarships in his school, studied music and drawing. His ambitions are to study law and to become a symphony orchestra leader. He has the face of a dreamer and a scholar, sensitive, delicately lined.

In his pocket Johnny Eck always carries heavy gloves which he wears when he uses his long, slim, strong hands in place of the feet which are not there. He can run faster than most normal men. Johnny can do almost anything. Of all that company, he was the only one who dreamed of the days when he might leave sideshows and staring people behind him forever. But in the meantime he considers this an excellent financial means to the end he knows he can accomplish.

They were a merry crowd—the Bearded Lady, the Human Skeleton, the Sword Swallower, Prince Randian, the human torso, who, having neither arms or legs, has managed to accumulate a family of two children and eight grand children, who can shave himself, roll cigarettes with his mouth, speak four languages, English, French, German and his native Hindu. Amazing people, they are, all of them. And not one bit resentful of the fate which had made them into abnormal persons.

Director Tod Browning wandered among them, patting their heads, joking, chatting, sympathizing, honestly liking them all. And they loved him, these people, who were bringing to the screen his long planned dream, a picture which will show the world a glimpse of lives set aside from ordinary human existence by twisted bodies.

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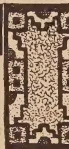

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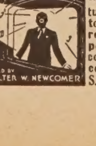
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Hollywood's Nude Cult

[*Continued from page 21*]

wrestler as were Hobart Bosworth, Eddie Gribbon and Bull Montana. Frank Fay and Chuck Reisener, the director, both fought professionally. Buddy Rogers was the light-heavyweight boxing champ at the University of Kansas.

Is it any wonder that these actors continue to keep themselves in condition by training strenuously? And their methods have been adopted by scores of others. Maurice Chevalier became interested in boxing by learning the tricks of the trade from Georges Carpentier. It delighted Chevalier to don gloves as his compatriot's sparring partner and he soon discovered such work-outs a valuable adjunct to physical well-being. Not only does Chevalier handle his dukes with the best of them but he is a rabid fight fan.

George Bancroft occasionally engages Chevalier for a couple of fast rounds in the Paramount gym. They are more evenly matched than you might suppose. Chavalier's speed is equalized by the punch Bancroft packs. Those back muscles of George's were developed when he pulled stroke oar on the Freshman crew at Annapolis.

JIMMIE GLEASON and Bob Armstrong have a private trainer, one Jack Perry, former pugilist. The course of sports Perry prescribes, according to Bob, are good for anything that might ever ail one. Jimmie, however, is inclined to ease up a bit and he lets his son, Russell, take the most strenuous part of the daily work-out. Jimmie is leaning a bit to polo these days, a sport which also engages the interest of Will Rogers, Darryl Zanuck and John Cromwell among others.

Ricardo Cortez and Reginald Denny have both done considerable boxing. Ric was a good amateur middleweight in New York state and Reg once held the crown of the middleweight division in England. They have modified their training tactics only slightly in their picture work. Cortez still does road work and swears by handball as a conditioner. Denny invariably goes to his mountain cabin before starting a new production. There he chops wood and trains religiously for at least two weeks.

Clark Gable is another devoté of wood chopping. He spends as much time as possible hunting game in the mountains. Gable also is an excellent horseman and has a daily canter regardless of production problems. Wallace Beery may tell you he does nothing for his health. But it may be noted that he keeps a large kennel of hunting dogs and spends a few weeks in the woods with them after every picture.

Victor McLaglen, who has always kept himself in splendid shape by rigorous training, has now dropped nearly every other form of exercise in favor of manual labor on his new estate at Flintridge, and incidentally, while working, swimming trunks comprise his entire costume. He is so busy plowing fields or breaking ground for buildings that he has little time—nor energy—for any sport.

The sport of bicycling has come back with a vengeance in Hollywood. Richard Arlen organized a bicycle club among his neighbors at Toluca Lake and every morning such stars as Charles Farrell, Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, ZaSu Pitts, Frances Dee, Dorothy Lee, Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are to be seen pedalling on the roads near Toluca.

"They used to make fun of us," says Dick, in the words of a popular advertising series, "but there are more bicycles purchased every day. And you should see some of the expert horsemen and golfers fold up after an hour of it." Of course Dick still keeps up his boxing and his swimming does not suffer, either. Dick was once a swimming instructor at the St. Paul Athletic Club.

There are a number of others who have followed the sports in which they were proficient in school or college. Lew Ayres was a track man and still does considerable road work. Joel McCrea was a distance man at Pomona College and Regis Toomey a half-miler at the University of Pittsburg. In 1920, Toomey competed in the National A. A. U.

IVAN LEBEDEFF is a devoté of fencing as are Paul Lukas and Frank Tuttle, the director. Lukas was a star with the foils in his native Hungary. Lebedeff also dances Russian fashion for leg exercise.

Of course, the golfing and tennis stars of Hollywood comprise too long a roster for inclusion in this account. But it might be well to mention Eddie Quillan, who gets in a round of golf every morning rain or shine, regardless of whether or no he has an early studio call.

John Gilbert's devotion to tennis amounts to a fetish. His court is right under his bedroom window and he arises every morning at six o'clock for several fast sets. They say his first rift with Ina Claire came about because of his early rising tennis habits. And the court is also wired for night games.

Richard Dix, recently a golf addict, has "gone tennis" almost exclusively. He plays continually, having hired a professional coach. The game has so attracted him that he has been neglecting his "hangout"—a ranch in San Fernando Valley. Once Rich swore by that hangout—claimed the rustic exercise he obtained by pitching hay and chopping wood were the only methods by which to keep fit.

The studios, too, have recognized the necessity of exercise in keeping actors fit for their work before the cameras. On at least five lots in Hollywood excellent gymnasium and sun-bathing facilities are maintained. Another gymnasium will soon be added by Radio.

Freemansen advocates lots of sun. Which is the reason his gymnasium at Radio was built on the roof of a large sound stage. Squash and handball courts occupy but a small share of the space out-of-doors. The majority is given over to rub-down tables for sun baths. There the majority of his clients are laid out in the *"au naturel"* state to bake.

Freemansen sees nothing strange in the current trend of filmland toward a "Nude Cult"—or whatever one cares to call it. In fact, he says the habit of bathing in the sun, clad in a minimum of clothing, is perhaps one of the few things Hollywood does that is good for it.

Marian Marsh Wants a Love Life

[*Continued from page 27*]

some of them think that it's a good way to get headlines, but I don't."

She paused for breath. But I pressed her for more about her real, heretofore undescribed self.

"Well, for another thing, besides a leaning towards a love-life, I have a terrible temper. People think that I am sugary and sweet. Fortunately, I have a great deal of patience and will power. I have never displayed any temper here at the studio. But when I get off the set and into my dressing-room alone—or at home sometimes—whew!"

Despite such a temperament, she claims that she is a most systematic soul. "When I go to bed at night I put everything in a certain place. And when I get up I put the same stocking on the same foot in the same way, and so on. I like to live like that. The only thing in which I vary is my food. After all," with a twinkle, "one must alternate his vegetables."

She doesn't smoke.

Others have been content to accept this fact without probing. I asked her why she doesn't reach for the tobacco.

"Oh, I got enough of that when I was seven years old," she said.

"When you were *how* old?" I gasped.

"It was this way," she dimpled. "My brother, who is two years older than I, went to the store-keeper with me and we told him that our father wanted cigars, cigarettes, a pipe and tobacco. We were living in Trinidad then, an island off the coast of Venezuela. Children are surrounded by nurses there, but we had managed to escape surveillance for a while. We took our assortment of smokables and proceeded to try each kind. You can picture our sickness. It took me three days to recover!"

And then Marian added, "That reminds me of the only time in my life I was drunk."

I gasped. This was *more* than I had hoped to uncover!

"I was just five when that happened."

"Five?" I weakly repeated after her.

"Yes," she answered, smiling serenely at my amazement. "My older sister was having her first communion, and such an occasion was a great event. The family was giving a party for the grown-ups. Somehow I strayed off alone to the kitchen.

"Imagine me, then, proceeding to sample everything in liquid form that had been set out for guests. When I was discovered I was reeling around in a most disgraceful manner.

"You can see that I really have a record. I was drunk at five, smoked my first cigarette at seven, was twice engaged before reaching eighteen, and want to fall in love again. I'm tired of being a sappy Cinderella."

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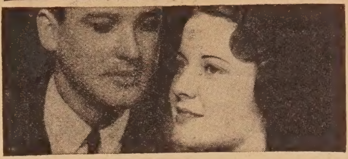

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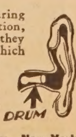

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Gossip Menaces The Stars

[*Continued from page* 45]

new position. You've got to keep up appearances, you know."

Maybe Johnny is pretty fond of the old hack, but he reflects that there may be something in what this chap tells him. Chances are the advice comes from someone high in the company Johnny works for. So Johnny, against his better judgment after perusing his bank book, goes out and mortgages himself for eighteen months. Maybe he's worried, particularly if he overhears someone say something catty about his extravagance.

Charles Rogers is one who frequently has been accused of extravagance. But consider this. Rogers lived in a furnished room his first two years in Hollywood—during the making of *Wings* and afterward. With his dog and car, his total food and housing bill ran to fifteen dollars a week.

"Does that sound extravagant?" Rogers asked me. It didn't. And Rogers continued. "I moved when they raised it to sixteen-fifty. Meanwhile I'd been made a star and my parents came out. I went to live with them.

"Another thing. I once remarked that I owned $8,000 worth of musical instruments. That started something. But consider that they are a professional asset to me as well as a hobby. And also that many of them were gifts."

Rogers has also been called a "clothes horse."

"If you'll look back you will find that almost every one of my pictures demanded that I dress unusually well," he explained. "The result was that people would see me on the lot, and going to and from the studio while engaged in a picture rôle, and immediately jump at the conclusion that I'd gone in for clothes in a big way."

ON THE other hand, Jack Oakie comes in for a "panning" because he dallies about in a sweatshirt and unpressed flannels. Whether it is just that Jack is being Oakie, or that his clothes are an affectation, the fact remains that no matter to what extreme one may go, he's bound to get himself sneered at.

I mentioned the "prop boy" incident to Lew Ayres. He declined either to admit or deny the matter of fisticuffs.

"But if I am considered 'high hat,' the only explanation I can give is that I'm a bit out of step with the current younger generation. Don't misunderstand me," he warned. "I like the younger generation.

"I like to see others enjoy themselves. But I seem to have lost the knack of placing myself among them. So I can understand that others may sense this inability to 'mix' with a crowd, and that they may conclude that I'm 'standoffish.'"

Ayres impresses one with the conviction that he is unsparing of himself in attaining his ends; that he would unhesitatingly break a social engagement if it threatened to interfere with his next day's work.

As to incident No. 2, Dorothy Lee insists that she had no intention of intimating that she wanted to spend a thousand dollars a week.

"We merely disagreed on various things," the RKO starlet insisted. "Unfortunately, divorce laws demand specific charges, and I had no idea this would be misinterpreted by the press. What I wanted, actually, was something to say about whether I was going to invest my savings in bonds, real estate and whatever it is people put their money into.

"Everybody had different ideas," she said hopelessly. "I didn't know who to believe, but at least I wanted to be considered in the matter."

HELEN TWELVETREES is another who has suffered from criticism. When she topped the rise to stardom, her first conspicuous move—and no one will dispute that it was conspicuous—was to divorce her husband. Immediately there was a chorus of "I told you sos."

As a matter of common knowledge, the Twelvetrees were unhappily mated and had scarcely ever shared the same roof.

So why shouldn't Miss Twelvetrees close one chapter of her life before opening this highly important new one?

Many a studio, incidentally, has brought a new player to Hollywood, ensconced him in an extravagant hotel suite, and after duly impressing the "press," has retired to leave the newcomer to worry about the expenses of maintaining a scale of living entirely out of proportion to salary.

Is it true that Joel McCrea is a "social climber"? Frequent linking of his name with those of established stars, notably Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett and Ina Claire, has repeatedly raised this question. Joel himself scoffs at the charge.

"One of my best pals is a 'cutter,'" he explains, "and a lot of others are cowboys who are trying to 'make the grade' in Hollywood as I was before I got a 'break.' I don't think I fool anybody, least of all myself. Most people see the 'cowboy' sticking out all over me as a matter of fact, and treat me accordingly.

"Maybe," he explained, "we can blame it to the fact that I refused an invitation to join a club of younger picture players. In that case, I simply didn't feel that we had sufficient real interests in common. You see, being big for my age, all my life I have associated with older people than myself.

Little Marian Marsh admits that she knowingly flirts with a reputation for "high-hattedness." She was constantly invited out when she "made the grade" and played opposite Barrymore.

"Rather than accept, I chose to spend my leisure in the company of my mother, brothers and sister, as previously," said Miss Marsh. "I wouldn't for the world give them reason to think I was 'high-hatting' them."

And so it appears that while youth may have its fling, youth—if given the opportunity—can likewise justify itself. If, perchance, we find ourselves doubting, let's be liberal and attribute its irrelevancies to outward evidences of physical and mental disturbances not unlike those universally characteristic of the "growing pain" era.

Tom Mix Rides Again

[*Continued from page* 25]

"I'm going to stick strictly to the business of making powerful films from now on," he continued. "I have cancelled my contract to start another tour under the big-top this spring.

"I've promised myself that I'll stick to the talkies until I'm either too old to *fork* a horse or they carry me out, feet first."

Tom makes no secret of his yearning for the old days that are gone never to return. He admits that he has found little or no happiness in fame and riches. There was a touch of pathos in his voice as he talked of that period of more than a quarter of a century ago, when carefree he galloped over the ranges, wore the uniform of Uncle Sam throughout the Boxer Rebellion in China, and later distinguished himself as a marshal assigned to enforce the federal laws in the then wild and woolly Oklahoma and Indian Territories.

THERE is no greater living authority on the history—mostly tragic—of the brigands who roamed the *last frontier* than Tom Mix. He was only twenty-three when he was given his shield of authority and a handful of possé men and ordered to bring in the gun-toting Martin boys, dead or alive. He was one of the youngest deputies ever commissioned.

In the six years that he served as an officer, he traded *hot lead* with such notorious train and bank robbers as the Jennings boys, Bill Doolin, Ed Newton, Kid Wilson, Cherokee Bill, Henry Starr and Red Buck, the Indian who killed for amusement.

Tom had learned a lot about bandits and their ways long before he became a marshal. He had just attained his twelfth birthday, when the Dalton gang rode into Coffeyville, Kansas, where he was living; robbed two banks; and then attempted to shoot their path through the armed cordon by which they found themselves surrounded.

Barefooted Tom's curiosity had gotten the best of him and he was well within the range of fire when the .45's began to bark. Still not knowing what it was all about, he shinnied up a tree, and from that point of vantage, he looked on while five members of the Dalton outfit and three officers bit the dust.

It was years afterward in Guthrie, then the capital of Oklahoma, that Tom frustrated the long-threatened duel-to-death between Temple Houston and Al Jennings.

The Jennings boys—Al and Frank—had become *long riders* when they swore to avenge killing of their brother, Ed, and the wounding of John Jennings by Temple Houston, following an altercation in court where they had appeared as opposing attorneys.

Al and Frank, however, were captured and sentenced to federal penitentiaries as robbers before they could carry out their threat.

Al had just been paroled, after serving five years of his life-term, and had again taken up the trail of Houston, noted for his speed on the *draw.* Al discovered that his quarry, then a state legislator, was in Guthrie attending a session of the law-making body.

Tom had been called in to headquarters because of wounds he had suffered in effecting the capture of the Martins in a battle in the Osage Hills.

"Tom," said his superior, "both Temple Houston and Al Jennings are in town and you know what that means. Jennings is still determined to *get* Houston and Temple is just as determined not to dodge him. Use your own judgment, but see to it that they don't meet!"

THE young deputy dragged his bullet-ladened left leg toward the statehouse, where he found the son of General Sam Houston. He pleaded with the lawyer to accept a bodyguard and *lay low.*

"Not me," ejaculated the indignant Temple. "I'm not going out of my way to look for trouble. Neither am I going to dodge it. If Jennings' trail happens to cross mine, it'll just be a case of who *draws* first."

Tom decided to try his luck on Jennings. He located him in a saloon, not far from the capitol. Spectators sought cover when the argument began between the officer and the former robber, but an air of relief settled down on the town as the citizens saw Tom apparently peacefully escorting Al to the railroad station and aboard the first train south.

Two of Tom's cronies nowadays are Emmett Dalton, who escaped the Coffeyville catastrophe to continue for a brief while in his career of crime, and Al Jennings, long since reformed, and in 1914 defeated by only a small margin in the race for the Oklahoma governorship.

Both these ex-outlaws are now law-abiding and honored residents of the film capital.

"If I could only turn the calendar back about thirty years!" sighed Tom, as I made ready to take my departure. "Even in the periods down in that country when I was broke and knew what it really meant to be hungry, I had a greater happiness than I've ever known since. Success and money have only brought me grief and a lot of false friends.

"Out on the frontier, if a fellow was your pal, he was that in the broadest sense of the word. But in Hollywood—well, I guess you know what I mean."

Only a week before the Los Angeles courts had granted the final decree that divorced Victoria Mix, mother of little Thomasina, from Tom. That, I suspected, might have something to do with the atmosphere of sadness that seemed to hang about the actor.

As I passed through the gate at the end of the driveway, newsboys were calling out their wares.

"Victoria Mix weds rich Chilean!" they were yelling.

I wondered if Tom already had heard!

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Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page* 53]

AAA. **BAD COMPANY**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ricardo Cortez in gangster thriller.

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers as the girl who loved too well. James Dunn and Minna Gombell are outstanding.

AA. **THE BELOVED BACHELOR**—(Paramount)—Familiar story of the girl who falls in love with her guardian. Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. **BLONDE CRAZY**—(Warner Brothers)—Swiftly moving crook story with James Cagney and Joan Blondell as expert fleecers.

AAA. **BODY AND SOUL**—(Fox)—An aviation drama affording Charles Farrell his best rôle since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. **BORN TO LOVE**—(Radio-Pathé)—Fair war picture with Constance Bennett the mother of a nameless child.

AA. **BOUGHT**—(Warner Brothers)—Constance Bennett wronged again. Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett look good.

AAA. **THE BRAT**—(Fox)—A street gamin breaks into society in the person of Sally O'Neil, who gives a fine performance.

AA. **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—(Fox)—Will Rogers fans will like this, although not up to his previous standard.

AAAA. **CANINE CAPERS**—(Educational)—A doggy short reel with fast Whippet race finish. Class A entertainment.

AAA. **CAUGHT**—(Paramount)—Fine performance by Louise Dresser, cast as "Calamity Jane," saves this one from mediocrity.

AA. **CAUGHT PLASTERED**—(Radio)—Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee. Amusing to those who appreciate their type of comedy.

AAAA. **THE CHAMP**—(M-G-M)—Great story of father and son love, superbly acted by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

AAA. **CHANCES**—(First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Rose Hobart and Anthony Bushell stage a love triangle against a war background.

AAA. **CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON**—(Fox)—Warner Oland in the old murder mystery hokum. Will chase thrills up and down your spine.

AAAA. **THE CHEAT**—Packs a real wallop. Tallulah Bankhead becomes involved in a gambling debt, tries to crawl out—can't do it, and goes straight to you-know-what.

AAAA. **CIMARRON**—(Radio Pictures)—Richard Dix in Edna Ferber's great pioneer saga.

AAAA. **CITY STREETS**—(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney in excellent gangster melodrama.

AAA. **COCK OF THE AIR**—(Caddo)—Billie Dove and Chester Morris stage a unique romance in military setting. Excellent.

AA. **COMPROMISED**—(First National)—Triangle situation with Rose Hobart, Ben Lyon and little Dickie Moore. Interesting.

AA. **CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—(Paramount)—Flaming youth again. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney and Norman Foster do what they can with a weak plot.

AA. **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—(Radio)—Passable marriage farce with Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien.

AAA. **CORSAIR**—(United Artists)—Chester Morris, a football hero, turns hi-jacker because of Alison Loyd (Thelma Todd), and who wouldn't?

AAA. **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—(Columbia)—Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes make this stern prison drama worth seeing.

AAA. **THE CUBAN LOVE SONG**—(M-G-M)—Weep and laugh with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez in this fine musical romance.

AAAA. **DADDY LONG LEGS**—(Fox)—Sugar-coated Cinderella romance between Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. Recommended for women and children.

AAA. **A DANGEROUS AFFAIR**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves teamed this time in a mystery thriller.

AA. **DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**—(Paramount)—Anna May Wong in sinister drama that is almost too sinister. Unconvincing.

Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins give impressive performances in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* excellent picturization of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous horror tale

AAA. **DAYBREAK**—(M-G-M)—Highly colorful romance starring Ramón Novarro.

AAA. **DELICIOUS**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor do their wistful romance stuff all over again, but you'll like it anyway.

AAA. **DEVOTION**—(Pathé)—Ann Harding becomes an ugly duckling for love's sake. Leslie Howard is the reason. Weepy.

AAAA. **DIRIGIBLE**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves stage a thrilling race to the south pole. Worth seeing.

AAAA. **EMMA**—(M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in her greatest picture. You'll laugh and cry.

AA. **FALSE MADONNA**—(Paramount)—Interesting entertainment with Kay Francis as the lady crook.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson is a great hit in this top-notch newspaper drama.

AAA. **FLYING HIGH**—(M-G-M)—Hilarious monkey business with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood manufacturing rapid-fire laughs.

AAAA. **A FREE SOUL**—(M-G-M)—Powerful plot—Clark Gable, Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore. Great entertainment.

AAA. **FRANKENSTEIN**—(Universal)—Harrowing drama of the man who creates a monster from dead bodies. People with strong hearts can stand it.

AAA. **THE GIRL OF THE RIO**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio's comeback as a dance hall heroine in a modernized old classic.

AAA. **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM**—(United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are three slick gold-diggers who dig deep and often. A comedy hit.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN**—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt disguises himself and becomes the lover of his own wife, Lynn Fontanne. Superlative entertainment.

AAAA. **GUILTY HANDS**—(M-G-M)—Concerning the question of a man to take justice in his own hands and commit murder to protect his loved ones. Lionel Barrymore is the problem.

A. **HEARTBREAK**—(Fox)—Punk war drama. Charlie Farrell miscast.

AAA. **HIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—A woman of the streets helps her man bring up an outcast baby. Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert together for the first time.

AAAA. **HELL DIVERS**—(M-G-M)—Great picture packed with action, thrills and humor. Superb acting by Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau.

AAAA. **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney strolls off with high honors in this grim prison drama.

AAAA. **LITTLE CAESAR**—(First National)—Eddie Robinson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are great in this exciting gangland drama.

AAA. **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—(First National)—Joe Brown neglects to exploit his big mouth in this story of a batty botany student who discovers he is a great athlete.

AAAA. **THE MAD GENIUS**—(Warner Brothers)—Grotesque story of Imperial Russia with John Barrymore, Marian Marsh and Charles Butterworth.

AAAA. **THE MAN IN POSSESSION**—(M-G-M)—Naughty story with Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell as lovers.

AAAA. **MATA HARI**—(M-G-M)—Greta Garbo has the best rôle of her career as a German spy. Ramón Novarro and Lionel Barrymore support.

AA. **MEN IN HER LIFE**—(Columbia)—Lois Moran falls in love with a blackmail artist, but is saved and wed by the husky Charlie Bickford.

AAAA. **THE MILLIONAIRE**—(Warner Brothers)—Based remotely on the life of Henry Ford. George Arliss is the whole show.

AAAA. **MONKEY BUSINESS**—(Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers in another laugh riot, plus the exquisite beauty of Thelma Todd and Ruth Hall.

AAA. **MY SIN**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead gets off to a better start in her second film, the story of a cabaret girl's reformation. Fredric March does the reforming.

AAA. **THE NEW WALLINGFORD**—(M-G-M)—William Haines redeems himself with the powerful assistance of "Schnozzle" Durante, the comedy genius.

AA. **NICE WOMEN**—(Universal)—Sirupy story of love versus money. Sidney Fox worth seeing.

AAA. **OUTPOSTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION**—(Educational)—A picturesque short feature filmed in color, showing native costumes around the Legion posts in Morocco.

AAA. **OVER THE HILL**—(Fox)—Sobby but interesting. James Dunn saves his mother, Mae Marsh, from the poorhouse, and weds Sally Eilers.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor revives screen musical comedies with a bang. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors.

AAA. **PAPA LOVES MAMMA**—(Universal)—Amusing slapstick comedy with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

AAA. **PENROD AND SAM**—(First National)—Child life comedy with Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan.

AAA. **PLATINUM BLONDE**—(M-G-M)—Clever newspaper story featuring the late Robert Williams and Jean Harlow.

AAAA. **PRIVATE LIVES**—(M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in picturization of Noel Coward's brilliant love and divorce comedy.

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC DEFENDER**—Richard Dix as the hero in a bank swindle.

AAAA. **POSSESSED**—(M-G-M)—A "kept woman" falls in love with her "keeper." Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

[*Continued on page* 73]

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Connie Creates A Legend

[*Continued from page* 46]

not for them. They remain too forthright democratic-American, no matter what they may do. A girl who has been known as "America's Sweetheart" can hardly qualify as the darling of pagan gods. And her illustrious consort is all too likely to stand on his head on the throne.

Chaplin—alas, Romance chose to deal with him as a comedian, and handed him a couple of socks in the eye. Garbo—ah, there is a strange case.

By all odds, the mysterious Viking should be first and foremost of the legends in the Hollywood anthology. Perversely, she will not meet the requirements. She has mystery, secrecy, withdrawal—but the requisite "rhinestone glitter" is lacking.

She has no court, no consort. There are no popular visions of her dining on humming birds' tongues in a palace of gold and porphyry. She is all too likely, it seems, to disport herself with a kippered herring in the kitchen. A folktale, perhaps, but not a Legend.

LILLIAN GISH—a scratched entry. Clara Bow—disbarred by the "it girl" ballyhoo. Marlene Dietrich—a hausfrau at Coney Island. . . . No, the sum total of the Hollywood Myths remains at three—and of these Connie Bennett may be the greatest.

Valentino ranked high as a Myth, in an atmosphere of Arabian perfumes and shining scimitars. But he displayed an unfortunate propensity for tripping over the stage properties in the Enchanted Gardens. Gloria reigned, aloof, regal and superb—but her heights have been reached.

Now there is Connie, an up and coming Legend, if ever there was one. She has, as has been previously stated, all the requirements. She goes clad in beauty, jewels, gorgeous clothes (if the women are to be believed), privacy and rumor. Also, she has now acquired the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray.

A brief pause to consider the status of the Marquis is now in order. There must be something distinctive and significant about a man who has found himself allied to both of the female Legends of Hollywood. At first glance, it might seem that matrimonial relationship with the Marquis was requisite to an actress attaining Mythdom.

But slight examination will reveal that such is not the case. Both Gloria and Connie had, to all intents and purposes, practically attained their legendary state before uniting with the Marquis. It may be, on the other hand, that the Marquis attracts Myths as Notre Dame does football players.

How did Connie become a Legend? Well, it just seemed to happen, as is usually the case. All of a sudden Hollywood awoke to realize that Connie was clicking on the screen as a sophisticate—which in film parlance means that gentlemen actors in evening clothes hastened to load her with gowns and gems, without benefit of clergy. And lots and lots of people went to see those shows . . .

Then, all of another sudden, right in the midst of the "depression," too, it was realized that she was clicking to the tune of $30,000 a week.

AND tales went forth as to how it took her a quarter of a million—or was it a million and a quarter—to clothe herself adequately in the balmy climate of Southern California for the period of one year. And rumors increased to the effect that she was high hat—and the Myth was practically complete, what with the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray hovering in the background.

It is true that faint denials concerning some of this Myth-material were reported as occasionally emanating from Connie—but they sounded as if they came from a great distance and far up. She didn't spend the German war debt annually on clothes—she wasn't really high hat—she did want people to like her. Fit comment for a queen sure of her station. For, after all, people were at liberty to like her, if they wanted to, provided they didn't clutter up her drawing room.

Meanwhile, in the wings, stood grizzled Richard Bennett, surveying the scene with somewhat mordant humor. It is, perhaps, disconcerting to find oneself cast in the rôle of father to a Myth—when you have gone pretty far on your own abilities, too.

Then came the wedding—and the Legend was indisputably crowned. It is entertaining to know that Connie followed Gloria in showing an abhorrence of cameras—those simple little instruments that had played such a large part in elevating both of them to Mythdom.

For Connie imitated the behavior of her elder sister Myth upon pre-nuptial occasions involving the plebian matter of obtaining licenses. She developed temperament in the lobby of the Los Angeles courthouse when the minions of the press appeared. And at the wedding, also, cameras were absent.

But is this as strange as it seems? Analysis indicates otherwise. There are stages in the making of a Legend. In the earlier period, personal publicity is desirable, nay, necessary. In the later, the best publicity is obtainable through the shunning of publicity. To refuse a picture produces a column of type—and the picture is obtained anyhow.

The wedding was select, as the wedding of a Legend must be. The fewer the people observing it, the more the people who will talk about it. And the more work for imagination in dealing with the circumstances.

AS HAS been said, a Myth must be imperious. Connie is following in the imperial tradition. Her ears must be always tingling now. But what should she care? It is her own doing, that things are the way they are. She has a salary of $30,000 a week—some weeks—she has the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray—she has the dislike of a lot of people who heartily envy her.

What if she is selfish, self-seeking, high hat, as the anvil chorus charges? What if her income does rival that of a Chicago beer baron? What if she is particular about her intimates?

Myths should be regarded solely from an artistic standpoint. It was failure on the part of the public to realize this that brought so much discomfort to Valentino, that works so much annoyance to Gloria whenever she gets married without reporting it at the crossroads grocery store.

Myths should be considered from the standpoint of color, of glamor, of unreality. Why do people read fairy tales, why do they go to the movies? It's the old Legend-complex, that's all.

So when a flesh-and-blood Hollywood actress is translated into a Myth, the occasion should be one for exuberant delight instead of picking the poor Myth to pieces because she isn't ordinary any more. Why, if she were, she wouldn't be a Legend.

However, this forbearance is probably too much to expect. Even in the old autocratic days, cats could look at queens. And plenty of them are looking at Connie in Hollywood these days—and voicing their thoughts in no uncertain mews.

Stellar Team Scorns Temperament Charge

[*Continued from page* 26]

her back, too. So Jeanette came back to Hollywood with much more of a fanfare than had accompanied her departure.

In fact, her departure for foreign shores had not been attended by any undue excitement in the cinema center. There was the usual legend that her career was slipping. Then came news that she was scoring European triumphs, and Hollywood began thinking it might have been indulging in one of its mistakes in judgment. It was right.

Miss MacDonald came back preceded by a fine flurry of laudatory press notices. One of the juiciest of these stories was the declaration that she had been drawing down more money a week on the Paris stage than Chevalier was being paid in Hollywood—which is no beggarly sum.

THERE was considerable interest in Hollywood as to Chevalier's reaction to the situation, considering he, too, was a singer as well as actor.

Chevalier was busy at the time Miss MacDonald arrived in Hollywood, making personal appearances at a local theater. He did not know she was coming until a short time before the train's arrival. Some friends called him up and wanted to know if he did not want to meet her at the station. By all means, he did, and the arrival just fitted in between shows if the Frenchman wanted to miss his dinner.

An automobile called for Maurice at the theater. It found him sitting on the steps, munching a sandwich and in conversation with theater employees. The car had almost reached the station when Chevalier gave an exclamation as if he had been suddenly stricken.

He had made a frightful discovery. There were no flowers, no flowers for Jeanette. It was almost time for the train to come in. It was a long haul through crowded streets back to a florist's. But the Chevalier car scooted there and back, risking, among other things, a neck worth $10,000 a week.

And when Jeanette stepped off the train, there stood Chevalier, beaming and congratulatory, a great bunch of roses in his arms. . . .

It is strange that both members of this Franco-American team entered the field of a new language—and both found their lack of proficiency contributing to success.

Much of the charm of Chevalier to American audiences lies in his Gallicisms—his tricks of speech, his occasional misuse of words. Parisian audiences apparently found a similar appeal in Miss MacDonald's Americanisms.

"I gave a little speech in French to my audiences in Paris," Miss MacDonald explains. "I knew my accent was different, that occasionally I slipped up on words. But my hearers seemed to find it amusing."

Perhaps it is a large part of Chevalier's appeal that, whatever his whereabouts, he remains fundamentally French. Likewise Miss MacDonald, wherever she is, remains fundamentally American.

In Paris she spoke French with an American accent. In London she spoke English with an American accent—and still does.

"I realized," she says, "that I couldn't learn to speak English as the English do in a few weeks' time, even if I had wanted to. I don't think my American accent did me any harm. One London paper remarked that I spoke with an American accent, adding that it was 'not unpleasant.'"

Miss MacDonald is riding high now—and working hard. Even when she is actually engaged in picture-making, she sets herself chores at self-improvement. Part of her luncheon-hour she devotes to singing lessons, although she isn't exactly rated as a novice vocally. And at night she takes lessons in French.

Travel, of which she is very fond, undoubtedly has instructed her in the art of taking things more or less as they come.

"I think it is a bad thing for a person to stay too long in one place. That condition tends to make for narrowness and stagnation.

"I have made up my mind as to the kind of future I desire. I would like to work part of the year in Hollywood, and part abroad. When I finish my present session in Hollywood, I expect to go back to Europe to do the *Merry Widow* in French."

So it looks as if the team arrangement may continue to work for some time, with both Chevalier and Miss MacDonald crossing and re-crossing the big pond at pleasant intervals.

Ernst Lubitsch, who directed both *The Love Parade* and *One Hour With You*, is responsible for the organization of this alliance. Miss MacDonald had quite a reputation on the New York stage when Lubitsch set forth to find a feminine lead for Chevalier in *The Love Parade*. He came across a screen test of Miss MacDonald. The result was that she entered pictures in a leading rôle.

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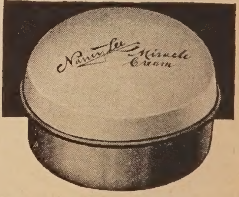

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Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page 69*]

AAAA. **THE PUBLIC ENEMY**—(Warner Brothers)—James Cagney gives a fine performance in gruesome gangland story.

A. **RACING YOUTH**—(Universal)—Mediocre racing thriller. Slim Summerville saves it.

AA. **RICH MAN'S FOLLY**—(Paramount)—George Bancroft, money-mad tycoon, succumbs to the charm of love. Frances Dee and Robert Ames are involved.

AAA. **THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell stays coolly sophisticated in a tropical setting, and wins Doris Kenyon from a perspiring husband.

AA. **SAFE IN HELL**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill does well in a sordid drama of the South.

AAA. **THE SECRET CALL**—(Paramount)—Richard Arlen and Peggy Shannon in exciting drama.

AAAA. **THE SECRET SIX**—(M-G-M)—Wallace Beery displays some fancy gunplay. Jean Harlow vamps.

AAAA. **THE SHAME OF A NATION**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich makes war on men's hearts. Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna Mae Wong in the cast.

AA. **SIDE SHOW**—(Warner Brothers)—Disappointing, although Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth grab a few laughs as circus performers.

AAAA. **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET**—(M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, stage favorite, is a great hit in the rôle of a mother who sacrifices everything for her son. Lewis Stone is outstanding.

AAAA. **SKIPPY**—(Paramount)—A "kid" classic with Jackie Cooper, Mitzi Green, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searle.

AAA. **SMART MONEY**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward Robinson and James Cagney in a whirlwind story of big time gambling.

AAA. **SOB SISTER**—(Fox)—Newspaper thriller with James Dunn and Linda Watkins.

AAAA. **SOOKY**—(Paramount)—Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan duplicate their Skippy triumph. That mean little Searles kid still hangs around.

AAA. **THE SPIDER**—(Fox)—Edmund Lowe makes a big hit as hypnotist in spell-binding murder mystery.

AAAA. **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME**—(Universal)—A fine tribute to the late Knute Rockne, with Lew Ayres and former Irish stars furnishing genuine gridiron thrills.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers)—Chic Sales and Walter Huston offer an out-of-the-rut gangster picture.

AAAA. **STREET SCENE**—(Sam Goldwyn)—Powerful picturization of the famous Elmer Rice play. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier, Jr., and Estelle Taylor are featured.

AAA. **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—(Universal)—Sophisticated preachment on modern morals. Sidney Fox, Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone.

AAA. **SUBWAY EXPRESS**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt finds the solution to a puzzling mystery.

AA. **SUICIDE FLEET**—(RKO-Pathé)—Unbelievable war thriller, made interesting by fine work of Jimmie Gleason and Robert Armstrong.

AAA. **SURRENDER**—(Fox)—Three men fall in love with one girl. Features Warner Baxter, Ralph Bellamy and David Kirkland.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX**—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo sparkle in a sombre drama.

AAAA. **SVENGALI**—(Warner Brothers)—John Barrymore at his best in an odd characterization.

Karen Morley and John Barrymore play the leading romantic rôles in *Arsene Lupin*, an intriguing mystery film

AAA. **SWEEPSTAKES**—(Pathé)—Slick race-track stuff. Eddie Quillan, Lew Cody and James Gleason.

AAA. **TAXI**—(First National)—James Cagney, as the fightingest man you ever saw, does his bit in a taxicab war. Loretta Young, George E. Stone and Ray Cooke.

AAA. **TORCHY PASSES THE BUCK**—(Educational)—Ray Cooke scores again as the office boy. First rate comedy.

AAAA. **TOUCHDOWN**—(Paramount)—At last! A football picture in which the hero does not score in the last minute of play. Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon and Jack Oakie share the honors.

AAA. **TWENTY-FOUR HOURS**—(Paramount)—Clive Brook and Miriam Hopkins make things interesting in this underworld drama.

AAA. **TWENTY GRAND**—(Universal)—Deals with the part gamblers play in the life of a girl. Mae Clarke and Ricardo Cortez.

AAA. **UNDER EIGHTEEN**—(Warner Brothers)—Marian Marsh decides to go wrong but changes her mind, because she prefers Regis Toomey to the bold bad Mr. Warren William.

AAA. **THE UNHOLY GARDEN**—(United Artists)—Fantastic romance with Ronald Colman as a gentleman crook.

AAAA. **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—(Universal)—Grim war drama. Pathetic romance between Mae Clarke, a girl of the streets, and Kent Douglass, a returned soldier.

AA. **WEST OF BROADWAY**—(M-G-M)—John Gilbert as a cad who imbibes too freely. Gwen Lee steals the show.

AA. **WICKED**—(Fox)—Drab drama in which Elissa Landi shoots a policeman and wages war with Irene Rich who has adopted her child.

AA. **WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—(Paramount)—Triangle of domestic woe with Eleanor Boardman doing the suffering.

AA. **WORKING GIRLS**—(Paramount)—Judith Wood walks away with honors in this big city comedy drama. Buddy Rogers, Stuart Erwin, Paul Lukas and Dorothy Hall in the cast.

AAA. **THE YELLOW TICKET**—(Fox)—A beautiful woman turns prostitute to escape Russia. Fine performances by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore.

AAA. **X MARKS THE SPOT**—(Educational)—Sally Blane, Lew Cody and Mary Nolan in a thrill-a-minute story of a newspaperman's fight against gangland.

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Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland

By Hal Howe

PAUL LUKAS does not know the name of his birthplace. He came into the world aboard a train bound for Budapest, and just what town site they were passing over at the precise moment of his arrival no one knows.

Pola Negri has not changed the style of her hats in ten years. No matter what Dame Fashion decrees, Miss Negri continues to wear close-wrapped turbans.

Bob Armstrong never throws away an automobile tire. He has over forty stacked away on the shelves of his garage at the present writing.

Tom Keene, Western star, was once a stagecoach driver. During his teens, in the ranch country of Montana, he drove a mail stage, exactly like the old-time coaches familiar to Western fans.

At the age of sixteen, Ann Harding was the "Emily Post" of Camp Knox, near Louisville, Kentucky. Due to the illness of her mother, she acted as official hostess for her father, the late General Gatley, then in charge of the post. By virtue of his rank, she assumed seniority over all the other women, issuing advice and ultimatums to matrons three times her years.

Wallace Beery was once an elephant trainer with Ringling Brother's world famous circus.

When Ben Lyon and Captain Roscoe Turner were making a flight over Los Angeles in honor of a visiting group of flyers, they were compelled to make a forced landing and fell upside down into the Los Angeles River. The plane was wrecked, but they escaped with a few bruises, despite the fact that the accident occurred on Friday the Thirteenth.

Jimmy Durante carries $100,000 insurance on his famous "schnozzle," which, in case you dont know, is his pet name for that big nose of his.

About eight years ago Dick Barthelmess took his first airplane ride with a friend who was a first class pilot. After about ten minutes in the air they landed—a very bumpy landing, Dick thought, for such a good pilot. Dick crawled out of the cockpit and turned to the aviator to find him slumped over—stone dead. He had died of heart disease just as the plane landed.

Mae Clarke once worked in a drug store from which she was dismissed because she "rested" between customers.

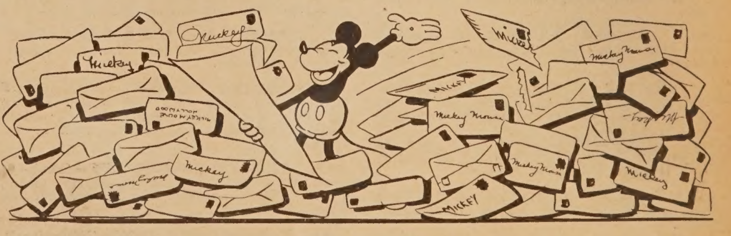
Bebe Daniels, who had never taken a singing lesson in her life, studied voice for three weeks and then sang the exacting prima donna rôle of *Rio Rita*, creating a sensation and winning the unanimous approval of critics and theatre-goers.

Norma Shearer once played a piano in a music store in Toronto, Canada, and also made the rounds of the different five and ten cent picture houses for work of the same nature.

Constance Bennett, the most successful member of a very successful theatrical family, unlike the other members of her family, never has appeared on the stage. Her father, Richard Bennett, is one of the theater's most celebrated stars; her mother, Adrienne Morrison, is prominent on the New York stage; and her sisters, Joan and Barbara, have been footlight favorites.

In twelve years of playing stock in most of the key cities, Ralf Harolde, screen heavy, has appeared in four hundred and fifty different plays both modern and classical. He can prove it.

Tom Mix's great-grandfather was the first man to translate the Bible into the Osage Indian language. He was a full blooded Indian and lived on the White Eagle Reservation. Tom is one-eighth Redskin.



Mickey Mouse, famous rodent star of Walt Disney's cartoon, proved his immense popularity recently when he received more than 30,000 fan letters in two weeks

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RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside St., Dept. 306D CINCINNATI, OHIO

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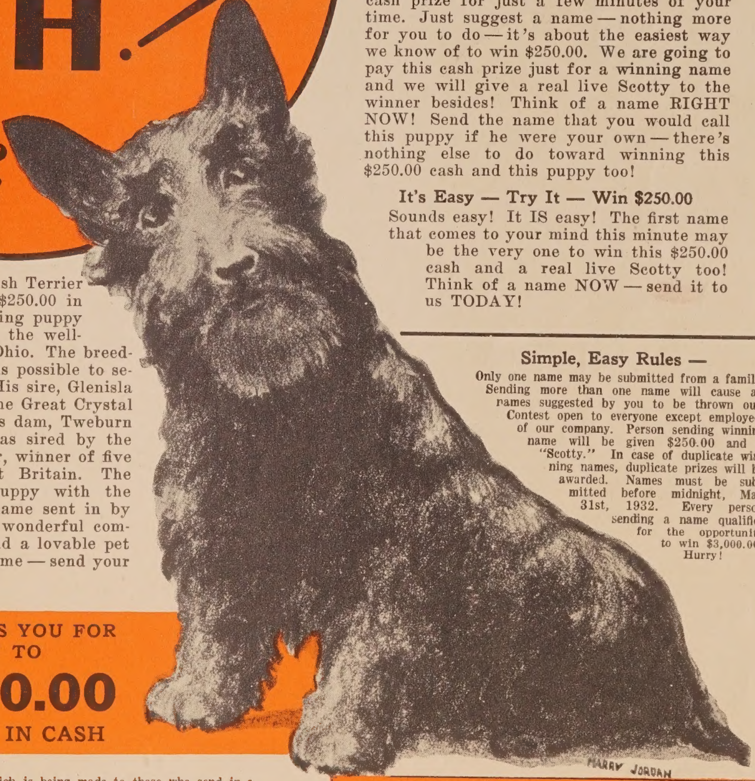

Simple, Easy Rules —

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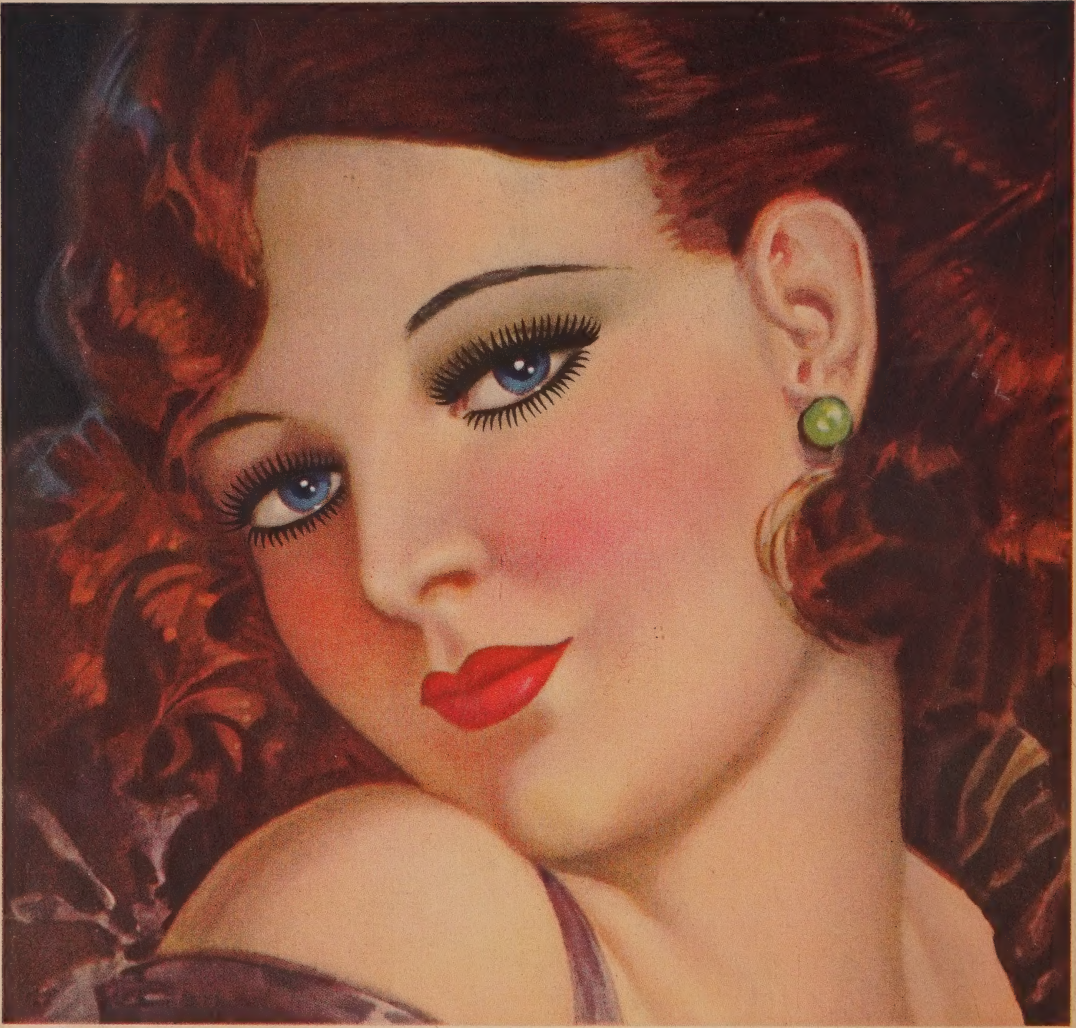

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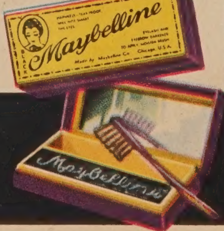

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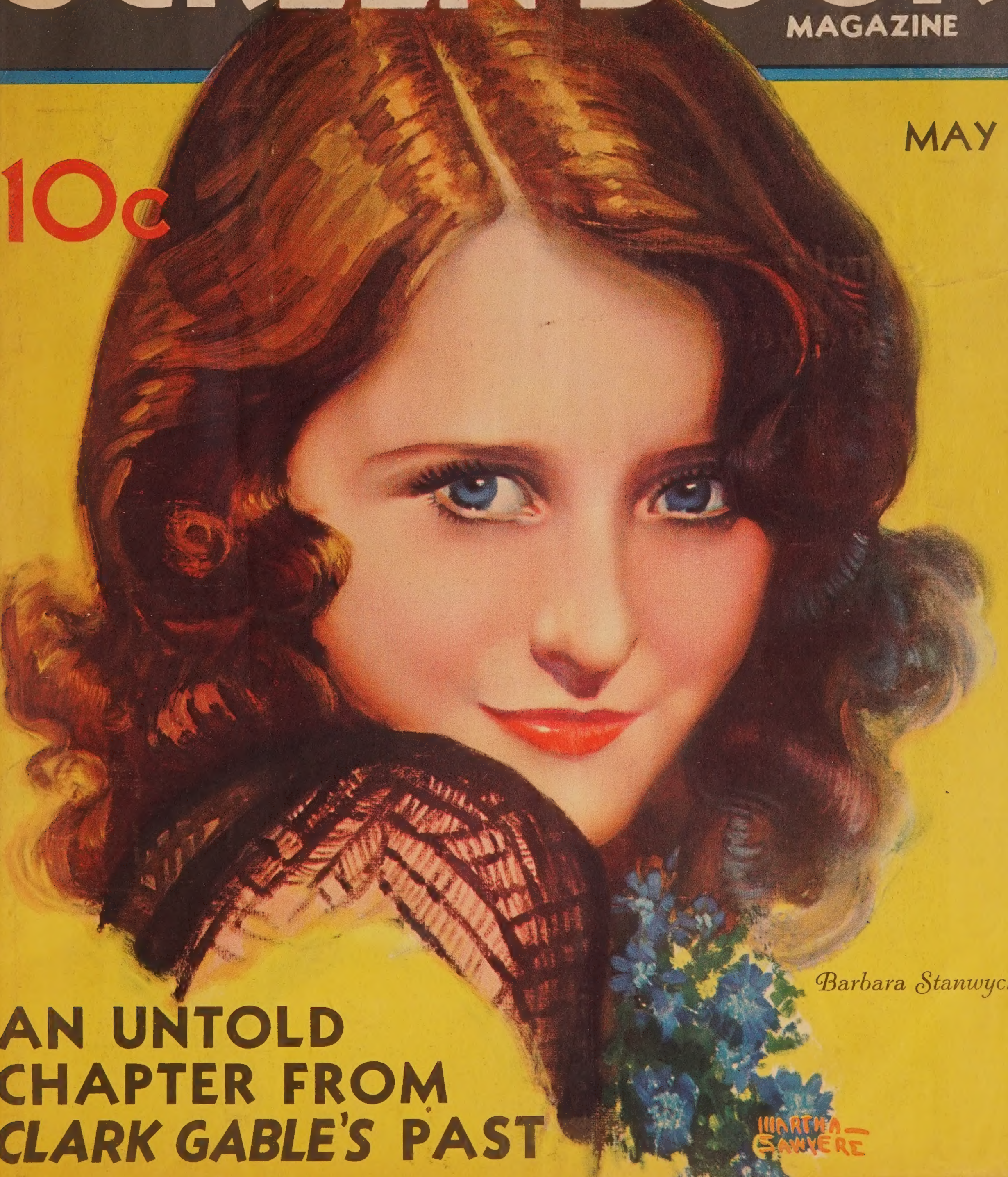
MARTHA SAWYERS

Barbara Stanwyck

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The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
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A giant romance of our times based on the SENSATIONAL NOVEL by UPTON SINCLAIR

He dared to tell the truth—sensationally, dramatically—in one of the greatest stories ever written for the American Screen.

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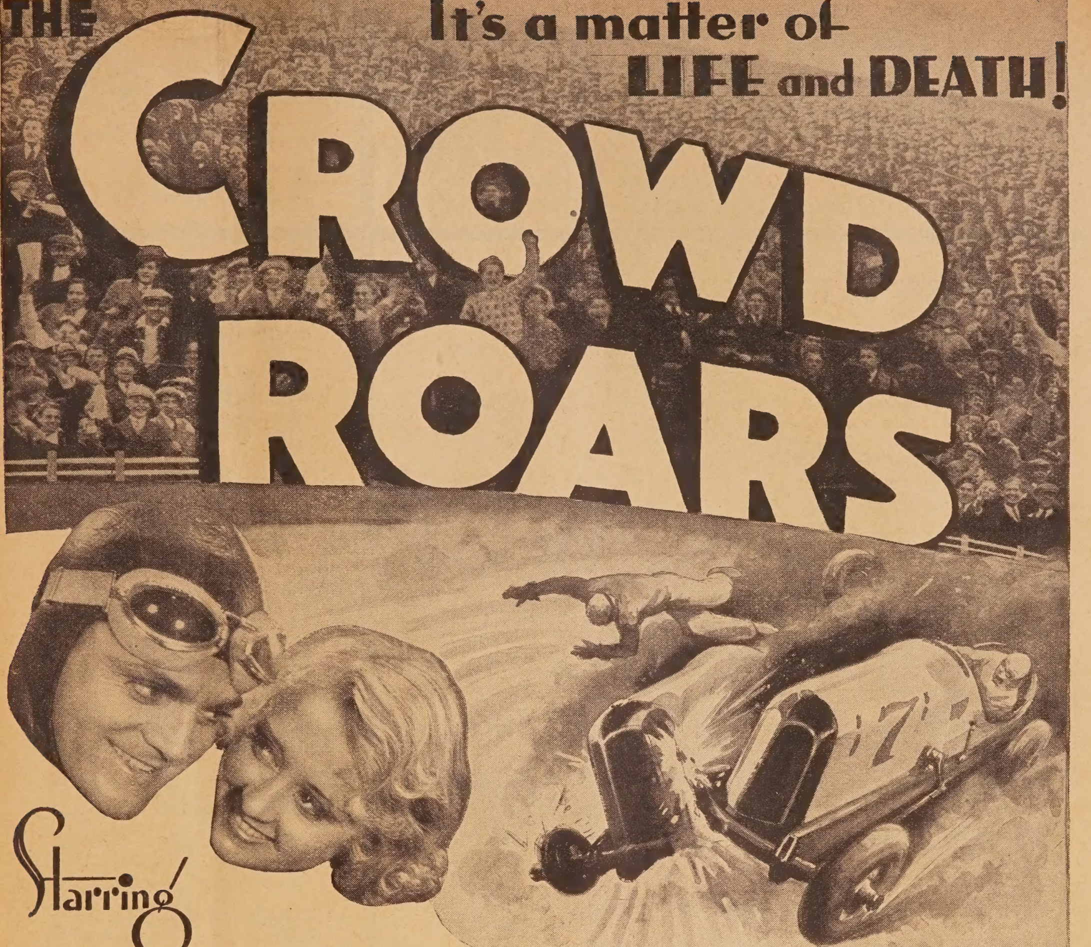

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It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!

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Howard Hawks and
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Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory . . . Grinning at death . . . laughing at love! . . . Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD! . . . Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it . . . Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!

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THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

MAY, 1932
Vol. VIII No. 4

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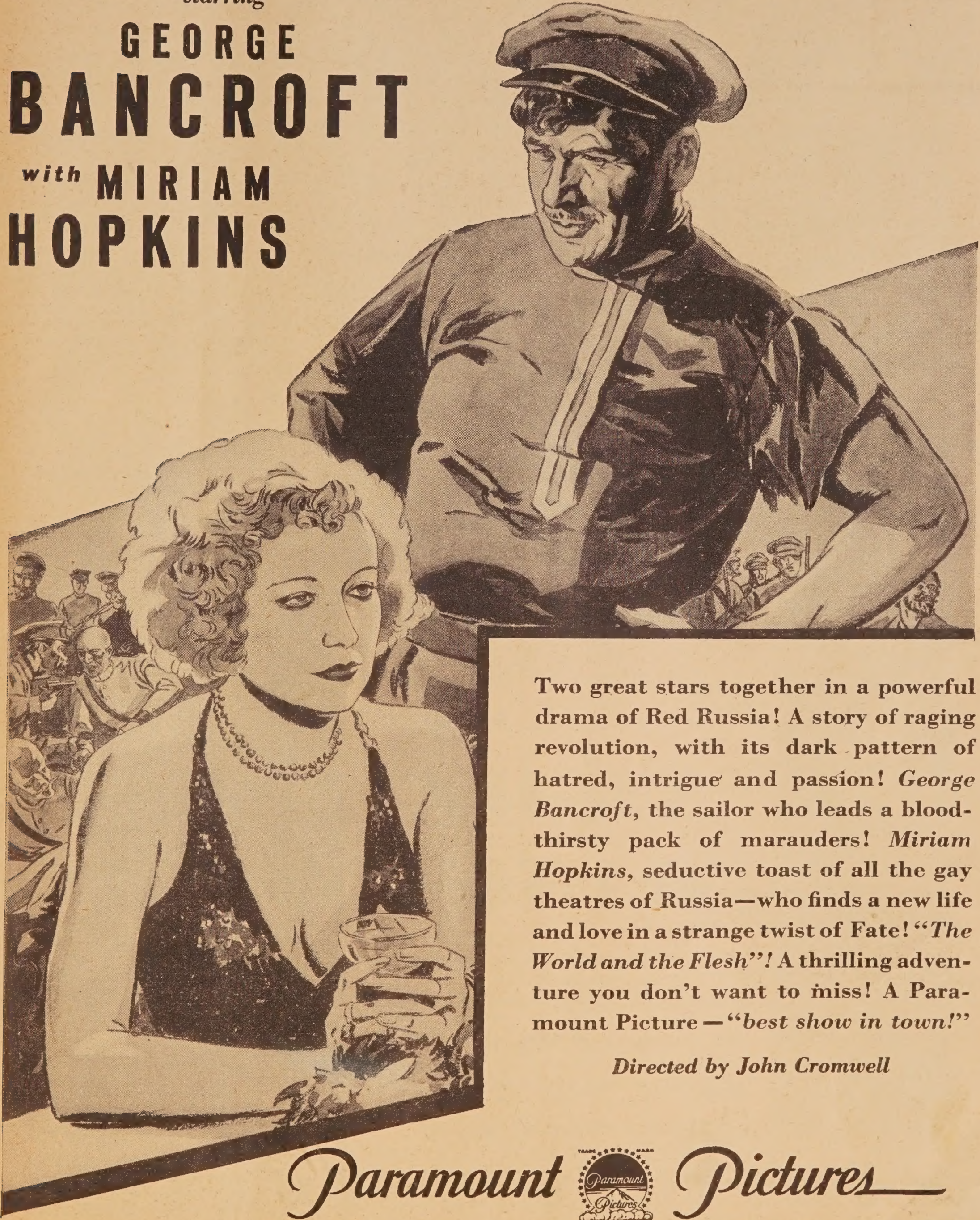
"The WORLD and the FLESH"

starring

GEORGE BANCROFT

with MIRIAM HOPKINS

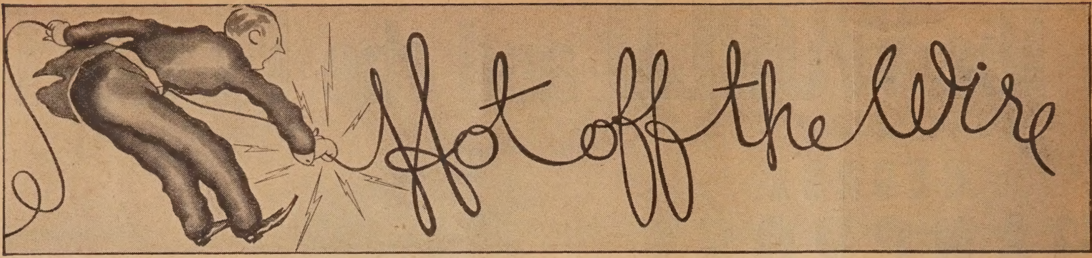


Two great stars together in a powerful drama of Red Russia! A story of raging revolution, with its dark pattern of hatred, intrigue and passion! *George Bancroft*, the sailor who leads a bloodthirsty pack of marauders! *Miriam Hopkins*, seductive toast of all the gay theatres of Russia—who finds a new life and love in a strange twist of Fate! "*The World and the Flesh*"! A thrilling adventure you don't want to miss! A Paramount Picture — "*best show in town!*"

Directed by John Cromwell

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.



Last Minute News About Hollywood Favorites

George Brent, being given buildup by Warners as rival of Clark Gable, gets leading rôles opposite Joan Blondell in *Miss Pinkerton* and Constance Bennett in *The Dangerous Set.*

At last you will see *Strange Interlude* on the screen. Will be a special production, with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

Creighton Chaney, son of Lon Chaney, signs contract with Radio. Boy has no acting experience, but studio plans to build him up.

Note from Africa—Gary Cooper narrowly escapes death when charged by bull rhinoceros. Gary's game bag boasts four lions, one rhinoceros and twenty-nine other animals.

Garbo's third and final picture of the year, to go into production immediately after *Grand Hotel,* is *As You Desire Me,* Nils Asther opposite. When finished, she goes back to Sweden, perhaps to stay.

Stuart Erwin to be starred in *Merton of the Talkies,* revival of *Merton of the Movies* which Glenn Hunter made in silent days.

Tom Mix weds Mabel Hubbell, trapeze artist, culminating romance that began under the "big top" when both were with Sells-Floto Circus. He is fifty-two, she twenty-eight. The Mrs. has set up her aerial apparatus in Tom's backyard.

Bessie Love (Mrs. William B. Hawks) becomes mother of baby girl, weight seven and three quarters pounds.

Definite news from Europe—Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer in secluded German town awaiting blessed event. They may be proud parents by the time you read this.

Ronald Colman expected back in Hollywood about April 15 to begin work on his next picture, *Cynara.*

Fox negotiating with Noel Coward for picture rights to three unfilmed stage hits in addition to all Coward's writings for next five years. English playwright would go to Hollywood and assist in picturization of his works.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary with party at the Ambassador. Walter Huston, Charles Starrett guests.

Going places these days are: Phillips Holmes and Florence Rice, Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak, Clarence Brown and Dorothy Burgess, Jack Oakie and Joan Marsh, Loretta Young and Herbert Somborn, Frances Dee and Josef von Sternberg.

John Gilbert writes own story for his next film vehicle. It's all about a lowly chauffeur who has a way with women.

Making personal appearance tours are: Lilyan Tashman, Mitzi Green, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill.

Edmund Goulding, director of *Grand Hotel,* composes music for atmospheric background in picture.

Doug Fairbanks sails for South Seas to make—not another travelogue—but a modern adventure picture of the Robinson Crusoe type. Maria Alba is his new leading lady.

Hits of the Month

***Screen Book* recommends that you place these top-notch pictures on your "must see" list.**

THE CROWD ROARS
(James Cagney)

TARZAN, THE APE MAN
(Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan)

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS
(Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Mary Brian)

IMPATIENT MAIDEN
(Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke)

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION
(Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne)

DANCERS IN THE DARK
(Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie)

ARE YOU LISTENING?
(Bill Haines, Madge Evans)

ONE HOUR WITH YOU
(Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald)

AFTER TOMORROW
(Charles Farrell, Marian Nixon)

Maurice Chevalier turns down offer of $10,000 for one week's appearance at the Palace in New York. Returns to Hollywood to begin work on new picture, temporarily titled *The Tailor in the Chateau.*

John Barrymore filming *State's Attorney,* Helen Twelvetrees opposite.

Joe. E. Brown starts work on new picture in his current rapid-fire series, *The Tenderfoot.*

John Considine Jr. and Carmen Pantages exchange vows in elaborate marriage ceremony. Eight hundred invitations were issued for the reception.

Production of *Jerry and Joan* postponed while Fredric March takes needed rest from studio.

Nils Asther suddenly comes out of near oblivion to bid for two of the choicest rôles Hollywood has to offer. He is tentatively scheduled to play opposite Greta Garbo in *As You Desire Me* and opposite Joan Crawford in *Lettie Lynton.*

Metro searching for suitable story to raise Clark Gable to full-fledged stardom. Possibilities are *The Marines Have Landed* and *The Harbourmaster.*

James Dunn making *Little Teacher* with Marian Nixon, to be followed by *Society Girl* with Peggy Shannon. Peggy, dropped by Paramount, signs new long term contract with Fox.

Tallulah Bankhead starts work on *Thunder Below,* new starring film, with Paul Lukas and Charles Bickford opposite.

Virginia Cherrill to wed William Rhinelander Stewart, New York millionaire, in South Sea Islands. She probably will be Mrs. when you read this.

Otto Matieson, character actor, killed instantly in automobile smash-up just after he had completed the rôle of chauffeur to John Barrymore in *Grand Hotel.*

LEW AYRES

BORIS KARLOFF

MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

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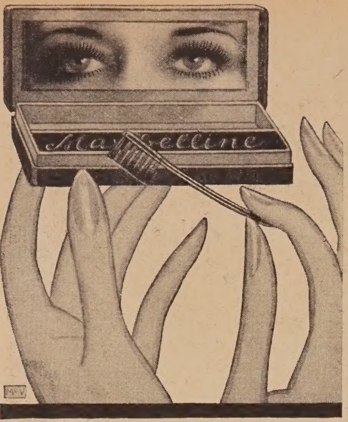

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Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland

By Hal Howe

KAY FRANCIS was born on the thirteenth of January during the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage. Since then the thirteenth has been a magic day for her. She signs all documents on the thirteenth day and good luck follows.

Regis Toomey was a "track" star during his college days at the University of Pittsburgh.

Miriam Hopkins was well on her way to stellar dancing honors when she broke her ankle. The accident stopped her dancing career but, like all blessings in disguise, it led to her becoming a star of the drama instead.

Genevieve Tobin writes a weekly column regularly for the *Manchester News* (England).

Bette Davis lives in a house that is filled with souvenirs from Mary Pickford's films. It was built by Miss Pickford's cameraman. Among the relics is the huge chest in which "Our Mary" hid for a scene in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.*

Constance Bennett, the screen's outstanding exponent of poised sophistication, is nervous and panicky before crowds. She absolutely balks at personal appearances.

Seven cities claim to be the "home town" of Ann Harding. Due to the nomadic existence of her army officer father, the star's childhood days were divided among many communities.

Doug Fairbanks Jr. lost sixteen pounds in four days during filming of *The Barker.* He had caught the "flu."

Ray Cooke, star of the *Torchy* comedies, escaped unhurt when his automobile was wrecked by a trolley car, but a bystander was severely injured by the flying wreckage.

Richard Dix has only one good luck token. It is a painting by his mother which won an award at the Panama-Pacific Art Exhibition in San Francisco.

Three famous Hollywood directors, Josef von Sternberg, Lewis Milestone and Richard Wallace, were buddies in the same unit during the World War.

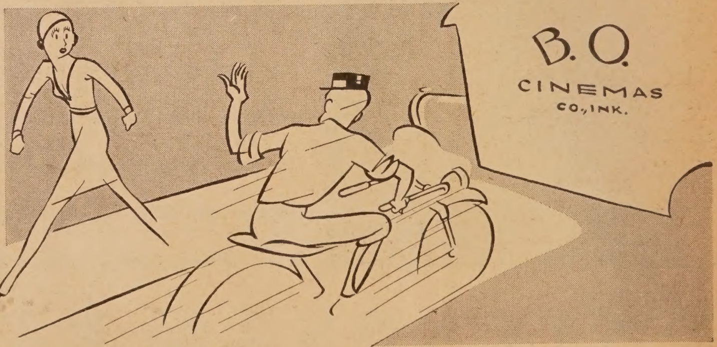
Harry Gribbon, for twenty years one of Mack Sennett's leading comedians, never was hit in the face by a pie until recently. It happened in *The Great American Pie Mystery.*

Roland Young waited ten years for his wife to grow up so that he could marry her. She was the daughter of Clara Kummer, author of many plays in which Young appeared. He fell in love with her when she was twelve years old and remained a bachelor until she grew to marital age.

John Barrymore, always dignified and sedate in his deportment, is known babyishly as "Winkie" to his wife, Dolores Costello.

J. Farrell MacDonald, well known screenite who recently played the coach in two popular football pictures, drew on personal experience for his characterizations. After leaving Yale he was a football coach for several years before going on the stage and screen.

Anna May Wong, Chinese screen luminary, never has been in China. She was born in California.



When Richard Arlen was a motorcycle messenger boy in Hollywood, a collision with a studio truck gave him a broken leg but led to his start in pictures

Will Gary Wed Titled Lady?

Hollywood wiseacres insist Gary Cooper is returning from his African jaunt with Countess who already has a perfectly good husband

By Dorothy Spensley

IS GARY COOPER to enter the Social Register via matrimony? Will he follow in the footsteps of Princess M'divani (Mae Murray), ex-Marquise Gloria Swanson, and the present Marquise de la Falaise (Constance Bennett) and coast into ultra-smart set as the consort of a countess?

Friends in Hollywood are betting two ways that Gary, upon his return to the film colony from the African Nile country, Rome and London, will bring back a wife; and if not a wife, an engagement. Some friends support the rumor, others insist that it's so much newspaper bologna, pointing in proof that the lady in question already has a husband, very much alive, attentive, with a title that dates from 1720. To which the wiseacres reply: "There is always Paris or Reno."

This time it is the Contessa di Frasso of Rome, Italy (formerly Dorothy Taylor, heiress of New York City; sister of Bertram Taylor, clubman and smart set leader) who is rumored to be the heart throb of Cooper, the big boy from Montana, cardiac stimulator successively of Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and, for the past three years, Lupe Velez, tempestuous Mexican actress.

According to Gary's confidants (and what would the tabloids do without them?) the silent man from the ranges, pulse-accelerator of plenty of Hollywood beauties, met the Contessa di Frasso through a letter of introduction he carried from Walter Wanger, then a Paramount-Publix executive, when he made his health pilgrimage to Europe in the spring of 1931.

Hollywood is not happy unless it has Gary Cooper in the throes of flaming romance. The newest heart throb assigned to the big boy from Montana is no less than a real countess!

The Contessa di Frasso of Rome, Italy, is the former Dorothy Taylor, New York City heiress

Worn out, nervous, sixteen pounds underweight, Gary had finished *City Streets* under pressure, carrying on largely because of the devoted ministrations of Lupe Velez whose expansive Latin heart not only had ample room for the ex-cowboy star, but who was the recipient of his most ardent attentions.

It was Lupe, hot-headed, warm-blooded, turbulent-tempered, who insisted that he make the European trek in search of rest and change, little knowing that across the Atlantic, in an ancient Roman villa, lay the very thing for which she was sending him in search.

The Contessa, a gentlewoman in her forties, Gary's senior by at least a decade, wise, worldly, companionable, was glad to introduce the charming half-shy young Westerner into the most exclusive Roman circles. Gary, fatigued with the high speed of Hollywood's social activities and hard work, welcomed the ease of Continental life, reminiscent as it was, of his childhood school days in England at Dunstable in Bedford; and of his grandfather's estate in Bedfordshire. Gary's father, Judge Charles Cooper, and his mother, Alice Brazier Cooper, are British-born.

Instead of making the walking tour through Southern Europe that he had planned, Gary tarried at the Villa di Frasso. In those quiet surroundings his taut nerves relaxed. Again he knew tranquility and the association of minds that are unrestricted by talk of shop.

IN AUGUST when he returned, refreshed, to New York, Gary was met at the dock by "Bert" Taylor, the Contessa's brother, and immediately taken to the clubman's Fifty-seventh Street apartment where he became a permanent houseguest during his New York stay and the filming of *His Woman,* with Claudette Colbert. Mr. Taylor has a daughter of fifteen to whom Gary was socially attentive, squiring her to teas and dances, and this gave rise to the rumor that his interest was straying toward Mary Taylor.

Cooper also as reported romantically inclined toward Tallulah Bankhead, darling of [*Continued on page* 58]

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AA. **A FOOL'S ADVICE**—(Independent)—Frank Fay giving a swell performance in small town comedy-drama, aided by Ruth Hall.

AAA. **AFTER TOMORROW**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell does his best work in a clever human-interest story featuring Marian Nixon and Minna Gombell.

AAA. **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—(Warners)—Richard Barthelmess brilliant in "big sacrifice" rôle, with Marian Marsh opposite.

AAA. **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—(Metro)—Bill Haines and Madge Evans in highly amusing comedy of radio broadcasting.

AA. **BEAUTY AND THE BOSS**—(Warners)—Marian Marsh and Warren William do the best they can with an absurd story.

AA. **CARNIVAL BOAT**—(Pathé)—Story of the big timberland, with Bill Boyd and Ginger Rogers right at home.

AAA. **COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—(Universal)—Knockout comedy of motion picture making, featuring Charlie Murray and George Sidney.

AAA. **CROSS EXAMINATION**—(Independent)—Excellent murder trial, with good performances by H. B. Warner, Sally Blane and Donald Dillaway.

AAAA. **THE CROWD ROARS**—(Warners)—James Cagney handing you thrills in a sensational racetrack story.

AAA. **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—(Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie in a knockout comedy-drama of dancehall life.

AAA. **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—(Universal) Swell Western, with thrills aplenty furnished by Tom Mix and Tony.

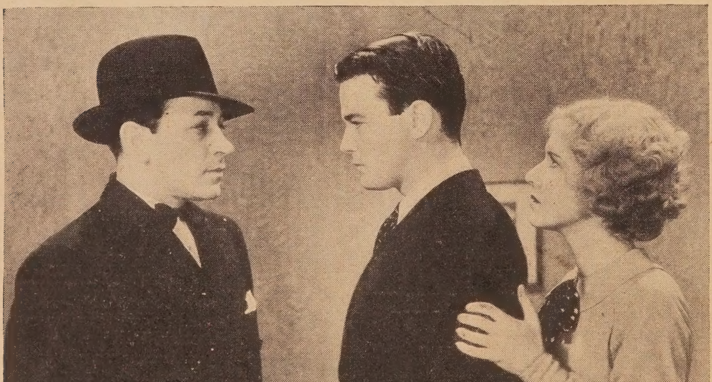
AAA. **DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen proving convincingly that sudden wealth does not always bring happiness.

AAA. **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—(Fox)—Human interest story of life on the police force. Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy good.

AAA. **HEART OF NEW YORK**—(Warners)—Hysterical comedy by Smith and Dale, George Sidney, and Anna Appel in Park Avenue setting.

AAAA. **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—(Warners)—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Brian sparkling in clever satire on American hero worship.

AA. **MICHAEL AND MARY**—(Universal)—English-made production dealing with the bigamy problem. Herbert Marshall and Edna Best carry honors.



George Raft, Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are perfectly cast in *Night World*, an intensely human drama flavored with gunmen but primarily centered around the colorful life of a chorus girl in a metropolitan night club

AAAA. **THE MIRACLE MAN**—(Paramount)—Splendid revival of famous silent, featuring Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris.

AAA. **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

AAA. **PARTY GIRL**—(Warners)—Loretta Young, Winnie Lightner and Norman Foster in a breezy love tale.

AAA. **STRANGERS IN LOVE**—(Paramount)—Highly amusing farce, with Fredric March, Kay Francis and Stuart Erwin getting the laughs.

AAAA. **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—(Radio)—Deeply human and moving story, with excellent dramatic acting by Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne.

AA. **VENEER**—(Radio)—Eric Linden, Helen Twelvetrees and Arline Judge giving fine performances in trite dancehall yarn.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **THE AGE FOR LOVE**—(Howard Hughes)—Billie Dove in modern drama dealing with the problems of a business girl who tries to be a dutiful wife.

AAA. **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—(Radio)—Highly colored drama of modern youth. Cast includes Arline Judge, Eric Linden, and Rochelle Hudson.

AAA. **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES**—(United Artists)—Spectacular travelogue with Doug Fairbanks skipping all over the globe.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH**—(United Artists)—Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

AAA. **ARSENE LUPIN**—(M-G-M)—Mystery tale with the Barrymore brothers at their best. Karen Morley furnishes love interest.

AAA. **BAD GIRL**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers as the girl who loved too well. James Dunn and Minna Gombell are outstanding.

AA. **BEAST OF THE CITY**—(M-G-M)—Walter Huston in a tedious drama glorifying the American police.

AA. **THE BELOVED BACHELOR**—(Paramount)—Familiar story of the girl who falls in love with her guardian. Paul Lukas, Dorothy Jordan and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. **BLONDE CRAZY**—(Warner Brothers)—Swiftly moving crook story with James Cagney and Joan Blondell as expert fleecers.

AAA. **BROKEN LULLABY**—(Paramount)—Phillips Holmes, Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll in a powerful post-war drama.

AA. **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—(Fox)—Will Rogers fans will like this, although not up to his previous standard.

The Current Film Fare in Quick Review

AAAA. **THE CHAMP**—(M-G-M)—Great story of father and son love, superbly acted by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

AAAA. **THE CHEAT**—Packs a real wallop. Tallulah Bankhead becomes involved in a gambling debt, tries to crawl out—can't do it, and goes straight to you-know-what.

AAA. **COCK OF THE AIR**—(Caddo)—Billie Dove and Chester Morris stage a unique romance in military setting. Excellent.

AAA. **CORSAIR**—(United Artists)—Chester Morris, a football hero, turns hi-jacker because of Alison Loyd (Thelma Todd), and who wouldn't?

AAA. **THE CUBAN LOVE SONG**—(M-G-M)—Weep and laugh with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez in this fine musical romance.

AA. **CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE**—(Fox)—Warner Oland again as the famous Chinese mystery-solver, this time in a story weaker than its predecessors.

AAAA. **DANCE TEAM**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers and James Dunn paired again in a knockout vehicle that beats "Bad Girl."

AAA. **A DANGEROUS AFFAIR**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves teamed this time in a mystery thriller.

AA. **THE DECEIVER**—(Columbia)—Bangup murder mystery, with Ian Keith, Dorothy Sebastian, Greta Grandstedt and Natalie Moorehead.

AAA. **DELICIOUS**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor do their wistful romance stuff all over again, but you'll like it anyway.

AAA. **DEVOTION**—(Pathé)—Ann Harding becomes an ugly duckling for love's sake. Leslie Howard is the reason. Weepy.

AAAA. **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—(Paramount)—Fredric March in the dual rôle of Stevenson's famous story, with excellent support by Miriam Hopkins and Rose Hobart.

AAAA. **EMMA**—(M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in her greatest picture. You'll laugh and cry.

AAA. **THE EXPERT**—(Warner-First National)—Chic Sale and Dickie Moore as an old man and a young boy who are great pals. Human drama.

AA. **FALSE MADONNA**—(Paramount)—Interesting entertainment with Kay Francis as the lady crook.

AAA. **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—(Warner-First National)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball comedy. Evalyn Knapp is the love interest.

AAAA. **FIVE STAR FINAL**—(Warner Brothers)—Edward G. Robinson is a great hit in this top-notch newspaper drama.

AAA. **FLYING HIGH**—(M-G-M)—Hilarious monkey business with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood manufacturing rapid-fire laughs.

AA. **FORBIDDEN**—(Columbia)—Mediocre story with good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy.

AAA. **FRANKENSTEIN**—(Universal)—Harrowing drama of the man who creates a monster from dead bodies. People with strong hearts can stand it.

AAA. **FREAKS**—(M-G-M)—Grotesque and powerful story of circus life, featuring Leila Hyams, Wallace Ford, Olga Baclanova, Rosco Ates, and a host of sideshow freaks.

AAA. **THE GIRL OF THE RIO**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio's comeback as a dance hall heroine in a modernized old classic.

AA. **GIRL CRAZY**—(RKO-Radio)—Musical film that falls below par in spite of two song hits and presence of all-star cast headed by Wheeler and Woolsey.

AAA. **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM**—(United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are three slick golddiggers who dig deep and often. A comedy hit.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN**—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt disguises himself and becomes the lover of his own wife, Lynn Fontanne. Superlative entertainment.

AAA. **THE HATCHET MAN**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young give brilliant performances in a Chinese tong drama.

AAAA. **HIGH PRESSURE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell at his very best in a whirlwind comedy. Evelyn Brent is his girl.

AAA. **HIS WOMAN**—(Paramount)—A woman of the streets helps her man bring up an outcast baby. Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert together for the first time.

AA. **HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—(Tiffany)—Crook drama possessing entertaining qualities, with Peggy Shannon and Theodore Von Eltz carrying the leading rôles.

AAAA. **HELL DIVERS**—(M-G-M)—Great picture packed with action, thrills and humor. Superb acting by Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau.

AAA. **THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN**—(Universal)—Interesting love story about a young doctor and his girl. Excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and John Halliday.

Ben Lyon as the gigolo in *Lady With a Past* almost steals the show from Constance Bennett who displays a smart flair for sophisticated comedy. Albert Conti is the spurned European lover who unwittingly helps create her past

John Barrymore as the Baron and Joan Crawford as Flaemmchen, the stenographer in *Grand Hotel* acquit themselves nobly in the choice rôles of the season

AAAA. **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney strolls off with high honors in this grim prison drama.

AAAA. **LADY WITH A PAST**—(RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett wears divine clothes as the lady who goes to Paris to get herself a past, but Ben Lyon steals the show. David Manners is charming.

AAA. **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—(First National)—Joe Brown neglects to exploit his big mouth in this story of a batty botany student who discovers he is a great athlete.

AAA. **THE LOST SQUADRON**—(RKO-Radio)—Thrilling air story enacted by Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Eric Von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong and Hugh Herbert.

AAA. **LOVERS COURAGEOUS**—(M-G-M)—Romantic story, with natural performances by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.

AAA. **MANHATTAN PARADE**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Hollywood's answer to "Once In a Lifetime," with Smith and Dale, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Lots of laughs.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO DARED**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Constance Cummings in an excellent mystery that keeps you guessing.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—(Warner-First National)—George Arliss gives an excellent performance in a fair story, ably supported by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale and Donald Cook.

AAAA. **MATA HARI**—(M-G-M)—Greta Garbo has the best rôle of her career as a German spy. Ramón Novarro and Lionel Barrymore support.

AA. **MEN IN HER LIFE**—(Columbia)—Lois Moran falls in love with a blackmail artist, but is saved and wed by the husky Charlie Bickford.

[*Continued on page* 74]

MYSTERY AT VALENTINO'S TOMB

Ghouls raid Rudy's shrine, hoping to profit from loyalty of movie fans to immortal favorites

By Hal Howe

NO ONE who has followed with affectionate interest the course of the motion picture through the years ceases mourning its dead. Barbara La Marr, Rudy Valentino, Mabel Normand, Harold Lockwood, Wally Reid and several others are unforgettable memories. They possessed an ineradicable quality that still lives in the minds of friends and motion picture-goers.

Capitalizing on this known penchant for sentimentalizing screen favorites, ghouls recently have preyed upon the crypt of the immortal Valentino. Strange happenings about the final resting place of the screen's most dominant lover have aroused the authorities, who now are maintaining a close watch.

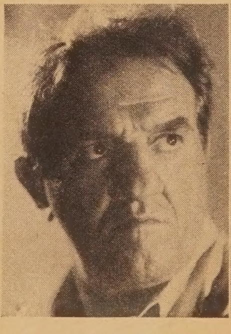
Realizing that Valentino mementoes have a commercial value of no mean proportions, to say naught of their intrinsic worth, those who would degrade his last resting place seemingly are prepared to take desperate chances. Suspicious-looking characters have been discovered attempting to crawl through a stained glass window just a few feet from the tomb.

Unquestionably, fans who still like to think of the one-time sheik as the most vibrant character of the silver sheet, would dig deep into their pockets for something that had been close to him. And perhaps, more so, if that something had been in his actual possession.

Startling as it sounds, it is therefore no great surprise that efforts have been made to despoil the tomb of Valen-

[*Continued on page 73*]

Rudolph Valentino's crypt is the goal of those who would capitalize on the reverence held for him by admirers everywhere. His flaming personality is engraved forever in the memory of countless fans



Louis Wolheim and his good deeds will live in the grateful memories of many people

Mabel Normand, greatest of screen comédiennes, still fills a niche in the hearts of fans

Lon Chaney played rôles that brought intense suffering and doubtless hastened his death

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Frankly Speaking

The Editor's Comment on Hollywood and the Movies

MOVIE jobs were more scarce last year than they have been for six years past. Statistics compiled for 1931 show that only 218 of the 17,500 extras registered at Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood earned a living wage. They averaged two days' work a week, earning an average daily pay check of $9.32. Only 619 extras averaged one day's work a week. Approximately 17,000 worked less than one day weekly during the year. Moral: Don't go to Hollywood unless you have cash enough to scare the wolf from the door for at least a year.

Grouping Names

THE Hollywood depression does have its virtuous aspect. It is bringing together our favorite stars in the same production. Five years ago, starry temperament would have made impossible a *Grand Hotel* with such high-powered names as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Jean Hersholt and Lewis Stone. Today the stars realize that grouping of celebrated personalities is necessary in order to save money in the studios and to draw a depression-harrassed public to the theatres.

Fredric March's versatility in playing the dual rôle of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was apparent safeguard against his being "typed" on the screen, but he was given another dual rôle in *Strangers in Love*

Laugh And Forget

WHEN there are worries we like to laugh and forget. Warner Brothers-First National have announced 1932 as a laugh year and have started off the program with such mirth-provokers as *High Pressure, Fireman Save My Child* and *Manhattan Parade.* The other studios, too, are recognizing the current need for comedies and pictures with happy endings. Stories with sad endings are being altered. We'll laugh the blues away.

Costly Titles

PRODUCERS persist in indulging in costly last minute title changes. They will disregard thousands of dollars spent on advance publicity for the sake of a picture label that seems more appropriate. *The Man I Killed* was released in New York and given a sensational $2 run before it suffered a change of monicker to *Broken Lullaby* for general circulation. Another recent picture receiving heavy exploitation only to be given a change in title is *The Hatchet Man* (formerly *The Honorable Mr. Wong),* starring Edward G. Robinson.

Type

EVERY player in Hollywood has a fear of being "typed." Few of them escape it. When Fredric March played the dual rôle in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, his versatility was a sure safeguard against his being poured into a mould. The two rôles were too markedly different. But he may be "typed" after all. In *Strangers in Love* he enacts another dual rôle!

Danger Ahead

CLARK GABLE is in a precarious spot. At the height of his glorious career, he is in danger of toppling. His popularity lies solely in the magnetism of his personality—not his acting ability. If he should lose that natural charm through being constantly lionized by Filmland society, he would drop into oblivion. Hollywood's strenuous social life ruined the careers of Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr. Clark Gable, however, seems to be a strong enough character to remain just Clark Gable.

What Is Age?

AGE means nothing in Hollywood. Marie Dressler, at sixty, enjoys greater popularity than any ingénue of eighteen. John Barrymore, at fifty, still plays romantic young lovers with realism. On the other hand, Chic Sale, who is in his thirties, is scoring success in rôles of aged, white-haired men; and Dorothy Peterson, who is twenty-four, is usually cast in mother rôles.

Comer

A PLAYER destined for big things is Irving Pichel. An actor with genuine ability, he is now being given a chance to show it. He gave outstanding performances in *An American Tragedy, The Cheat* and *Two Kinds of Women*, and displayed an amazing versatility. You will hand him further laurels when you see him in *The Miracle Man.* By way of added versatility, Pichel at present is directing John Barrymore in *State's Attorney.*

LEOPARD ATTACKS SCREEN BEAUTY!

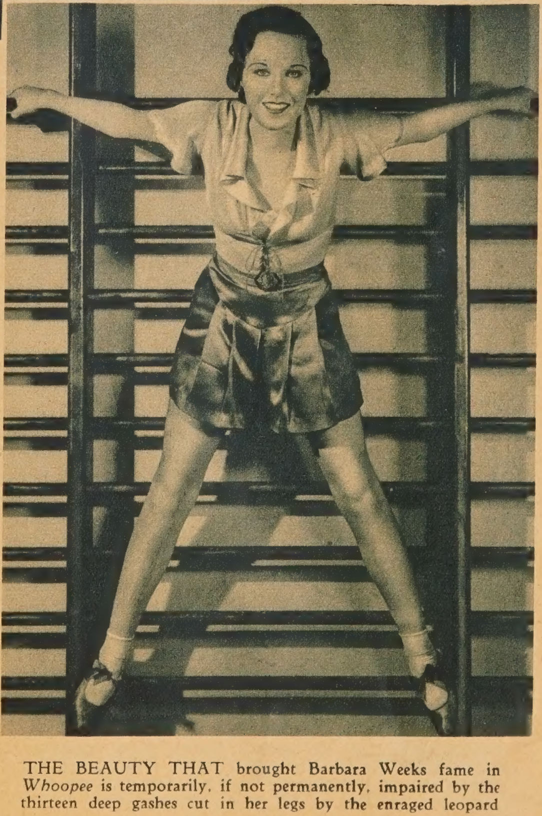
AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH of the leopard which viciously attacked Barbara Weeks just as she had completed a scene for her new picture, *Ivory*

Jack Mulhall is Hero in Barbara Weeks' Narrow Escape

While making scenes for the jungle thriller, *Ivory*, Eighteen-year-old Barbara Weeks was attacked by an enraged leopard, suffering severe injuries. Only the quick work of Jack Mulhall, who plays the male lead, saved the girl from certain death.

The accident occurred just after Barbara had completed a scene in which a tame leopard was employed. The actual taking of the scene, which showed the beast about to spring, had been finished. As the director yelled, "Cut!", Barbara started to walk past the supposedly tame leopard, which, suddenly turned on her, slashing madly with its poisonous claws. Jack Mulhall instantly bounded on the snarling cat and succeeded in driving it away, but not before thirteen long scratches were inflicted on Barbara's beautiful "Follies" legs.

The actress was rushed to the hospital at once, but insisted on returning to the studio three days later to complete final scenes for the picture, in which she worked with the same leopard! At this writing, she is again in the hospital, fighting an infection which jeopardizes her life and career.



THE BEAUTY THAT brought Barbara Weeks fame in *Whoopee* is temporarily, if not permanently, impaired by the thirteen deep gashes cut in her legs by the enraged leopard

Two Actors Barred From Polo Fields!

Studio Stops Polo Playing to Safeguard Stars From Injury

Following an accident in which Reginald Denny, one of Hollywood's hard-riding actor-polo players, was injured, executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios requested its stars not to participate in the sport, fearing that a serious crack-up might cost one of them his screen career.

The new edict particularly affects Bob Montomery and Clark Gable, two of Hollywood's most expert horsemen. Both are heartbroken over the decision, but have agreed to stay out of hard matches, realizing that their long absence in case of severe injury might cost the studio hundreds of thousands of dollars. Montgomery was particularly sorry that Fame denies him regular competition in polo, as he had just finished his first official game, in which he played brilliantly and scored several goals.

—Fink

BOB MONTGOMERY as he appeared while playing his first official polo game. It took a year of hard practice before Bob attained his rank as a top-notch player; now he has to give it up

CLARK GABLE'S chief delight is horseback riding and he feels it a real blow to be forced from polo competition. He can still ride, but is requested to stay away from rough-and-tumble polo matches in which the participants frequently suffer painful injuries

Bebe's Baby Makes First Bow To Anxious Public!

—Wide World

AFTER DOING A GARBO ACT for months since her first appearance in Hollywood, Barbara Bebe somewhat haughtily allowed her picture to be taken after playing the leading rôle in a christening ceremony, supported by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, proud papa and mama

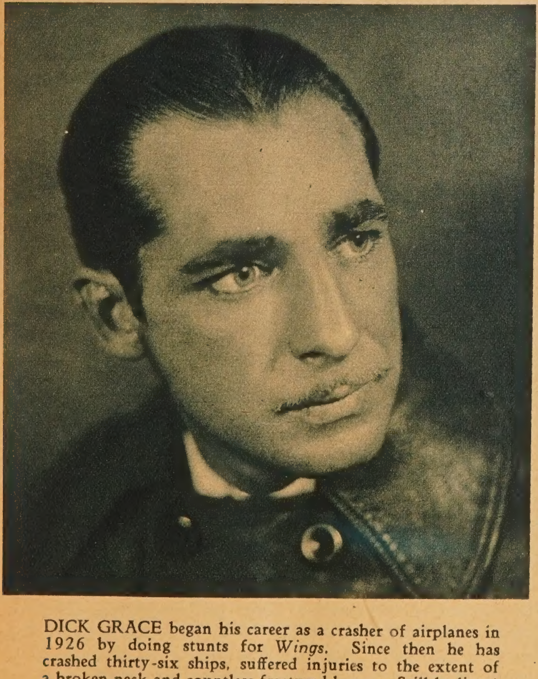
Daring Aviator Cheats Death Again!

Dick Grace, Ace Stunt Man, Crashes Plane In The Pacific

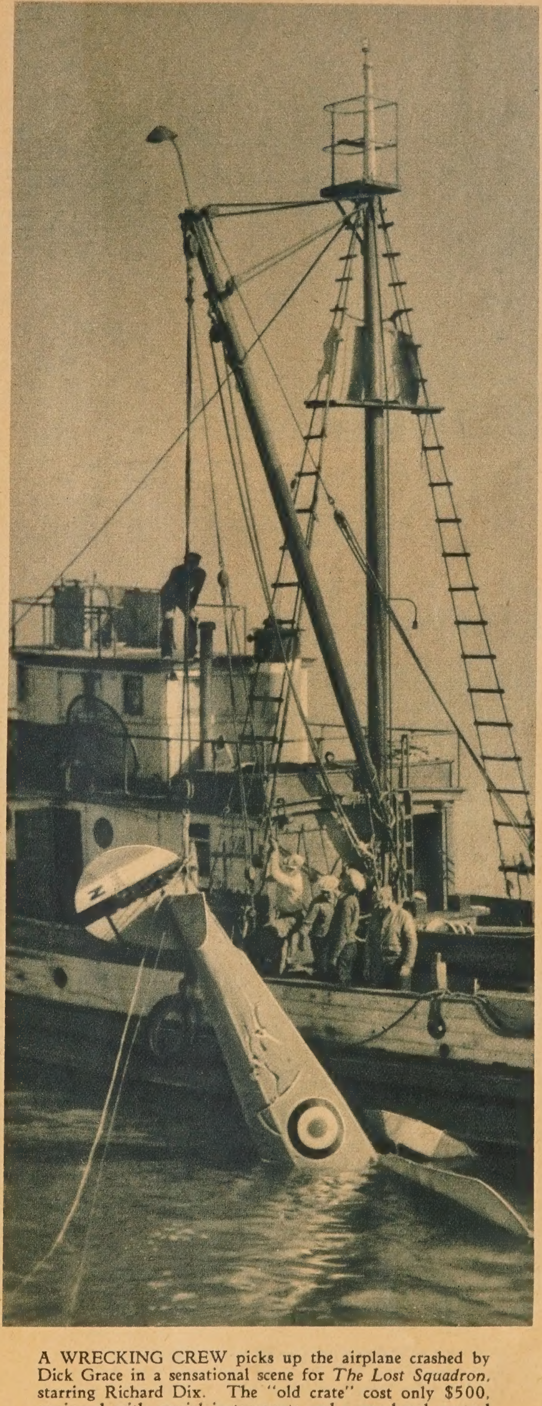
The hero of another miraculous stunt, Dick Grace, most daring man in Hollywood, is alive today because the goddess of luck again guided his skilled hand as he crashed a wobbly old airplane into the Pacific Ocean during the making of *The Lost Squadron*.

The scene called for Grace to do a double loop over a ship and then dive headon into the sea. With outward calm, the aviator took off; zooming into the air, he sent his plane rapidly through a series of banks and dives. Seconds later, a horrified gasp arose from those below as the ship hurtled down and sank in the ocean with a tremendous splash. Only the alert speed boat operator saw Grace cast himself loose at the last second, and hurried to rescue the reckless aviator as he struggled in the water.

Grace is a former war ace, who took to barnstorming following his discharge from service and finally enlisted in Hollywood's army of thrill experts. Almost every bone in his body has been fractured at one time or another, the approximate number of injuries being twenty-three. To date he has crashed thirty-six planes and states that he will retire when he brings down the fortieth.



DICK GRACE began his career as a crasher of airplanes in 1926 by doing stunts for *Wings*. Since then he has crashed thirty-six ships, suffered injuries to the extent of a broken neck and countless fractured bones. Still he lives!



A WRECKING CREW picks up the airplane crashed by Dick Grace in a sensational scene for *The Lost Squadron*, starring Richard Dix. The "old crate" cost only $500, equipped with special instruments and a one-hand control

Wallace Reid Jr. May Try Film Career

THE NAME OF Wallace Reid is still alive in the hearts of theatre-goers despite his death eight years ago. Now Wally Jr. is attempting to again place his father's name in the lights

Son of Famous Idol Follows Father's Footsteps

Since the death of Wallace Reid in 1924, movie fans have been unable to find an idol who could really take the place of the man who charmed millions with his delightful performances on the screen.

Although he died in tragic circumstances, Wallie left a devoted son and mother, determined to regain some day the fame that belonged to the name of Reid. Today, in Hollywood, Wallace Reid Jr., just sixteen and a perfect image of his father, is preparing for a screen career. Carl Laemmle, the veteran producer who has developed many of today's veteran stars, plans to give the youngster his first "break" in pictures.

THERE IS A striking similarity between the younger Wallace Reid and his father. Junior is now ready to try his luck at the screen career he and his mother have so long planned

How Much Is Ann's Prestige Worth?

ANN HARDING wants a good picture; she doesn't make any bones about it. Just one smash hit like *Holiday,* the picture in which she skyrocketed to fame, will help a lot to erase the memory of *Prestige*

Ann Harding, Disappointed Over Her New Picture, Decides It's All In The Game

When Ann Harding saw the first showing of *Prestige,* her psychic sense must have told her that the picture wouldn't do her own prestige a lot of good. And this feeling apparently became more acute as she viewed the comments of critics.

Said one Hollywood paper: "Our advice to Ann, if she can afford it, would be to buy the negative, give the reclaimed silver to the unemployed and warn her friends not to bring the matter up again."

"That struck me as being an excellent idea," says Ann. "So I went to the Pathé executives and told them that I wanted to buy the film. I was informed that it would cost $500,000."

It doesn't take a rapid calculator to figure out that $500,000 is quite a lot of money. So what? Did Ann sell the family airplane and put her jewels in hock to raise the money and buy back her *Prestige*? She did not! She merely shrugged her lovely shoulders and said: "No sale," figuring that it's all a part of this strange game of making movies, and that the next picture may break box-office records. Knowing Ann's ability, Tabloid reporters don't mind saying that probably will be the case.

Prestige is a melodramatic jungle story in which Ann risks the perils of the tropics to save her husband from the degrading influence of heat and isolation. Melvyn Douglas, newcomer from the New York stage, plays the besotted husband. Adolphe Menjou is the dashing lieutenant who tries to lure Ann back to civilization.

FAIRBANKS OFF ON NEW ADVENTURE!

Doug Departs For South Sea Jaunt; Mary To Stay At Home For New Picture

Doug hopped around the world in eighty minutes awhile ago; now he's bound for Tahiti in the South Seas to shoot another adventure film. This time he took with him a complete camera crew and production unit, as well as the famous director, Eddie Sutherland. His ship is *The Invader,* a sturdy yacht once manned by that old man of the sea, John Barrymore. Doug sailed from San Francisco on the liner *Murkura* for Papeete, where he and his party were met by *The Invader.* From there they proceeded to the island for shooting on Doug's modern Robinson Crusoe picture. Maria Alba is his leading lady. He expects to be gone about four months. Mary, meanwhile, is preparing to film *Happy Ending.*

—Acme

DOUG AND MARY inspect the steering equipment of *The Invader,* just before the elder Fairbanks gave his crew orders to shove off for the South Seas. He'll be back soon with another grand picture!

Marlene Starts Brand New Fad; Has Name Printed On Hanky

—Acme

WHEN MARLENE DIETRICH attended the recent première of *Arrowsmith,* she was the envy of all the other first night ladies. The reason being that she carried a bright colored handkerchief with her name printed thereon. It's a fad that will sweep the country in no time

Will Rogers Home From Battle; Ready To Make Another Film

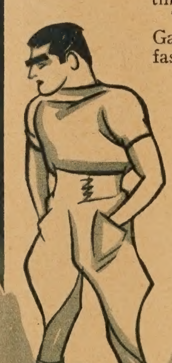
—Acme

GOOD OLD WILL, Hollywood's world-famous actor-humorist, has been over in the Orient giving everybody the lowdown on the Japanese invasion of China. Things got pretty dull there, so he hiked over to meet his wife in England for a short vacation. Now they're back home

AN UNTOLD
FROM CLARK

Telling of the lumberjack days of "Billy Gable—the ham actor"

As he played opposite Garbo in *Susan Lenox,* Clark Gable must have recalled the day when fellow mill-workers scoffed jovially at his earnest conviction that his name would one day be "in the lights"



Grisled old lumberjacks gasped in amazement when Clark Gable showed up for his first day's work attired in riding boots

"WHO is the sheik who just registered?" Louyse Scott called over to her mother who was adjusting a new page in the large guest book.

Mrs. Charity Scott, proprietress of the Cottage Hotel, a small family hostelry at Silverton, Oregon, adjusted her glasses and ran her finger down the column of names.

"The name is W. C. Gable, and he's registered from Portland, Oregon. I sent him up to room five," Mrs. Scott answered.

"Sure is good looking, isn't he?" Louyse continued.

"Nice looking boy, all right. Doesn't look much like a sawmill worker, does he?" was Mrs. Scott's rejoinder.

That was late in November, several days after Thanksgiving, in 1922. The man in question was William Clark Gable, later known to the hotel crowd by the abbreviated title of "Billy—the ham actor."

Today, of course, he's Clark Gable—the famous actor!

It didn't take the good looking youth, with the sleek black hair and well-pressed clothes, long to mix in with the rest of the boarders. They liked him and he liked them. When Monday, December fourth, rolled around Gable was still without a job. That morning he made the rounds of the mill bosses as he had done on the previous days. Did they need any more help? Finally his efforts were rewarded. They could use a man to help load the rough lumber in the shipping department. The wages would be three dollars and twenty cents a day for eight hours, the lowest wage paid at that time. He could start tomorrow.

Tuesday morning, December fifth, saw Billy Gable up early. When he appeared at the breakfast table, however, there was a big round of laughter.

"Do you know what he had on?" Mrs. Scott queried. "Well, they were peg-topped riding breeches and riding boots. You can imagine what some of those other mill hands thought. Fellows who had been handling lumber for years. Gable wasn't delicate or anything like that. But the idea of a fellow going to work in a sawmill with such an outfit was nearly too much for them!

"But Clark didn't mind. I guess he was used to laughter. He went to work with that outfit on, and also wore it on other occasions."

AT THE Silver Falls Timber company mill W. C. Gable became worker No. 243 in the shipping department. He worked twenty days and five hours in December, earning sixty-six dollars after hospital fees had been subtracted. In January, 1923, he worked eleven days and three hours, drawing down the stupendous paycheck of thirty-five dollars and fifteen cents—an amount he probably makes now for one hour's

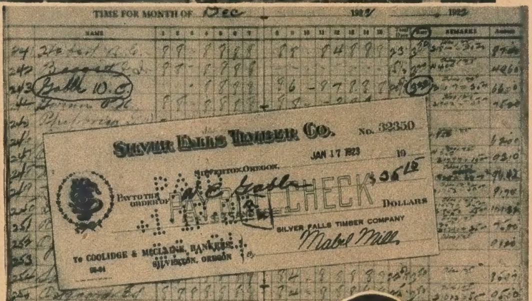
CHAPTER GABLE'S PAST

By Richard H. Syring

White corduroy trousers, cap and sweater were Clark's favorite clothes. He wore this costume continually while loafing after work at the sawmill where he was employed in 1922

X marks the window of the room in the Cottage Hotel, where Clark Gable stayed while working in the sawmill at Silverton, Oregon. Here he dreamed of fame and worked to keep alive while waiting for a chance on the stage

COTTAGE HOTEL



TIME FOR MONTH OF Dec 1922

SILVER FALLS TIMBER CO. No. 32350

JAN 17 1923 19

SILVERTON, OREGON.

PAY TO THE ORDER OF W. C. Gable $35.15

PAYROLL CHECK

DOLLARS

SILVER FALLS TIMBER COMPANY

Mabel Mills

To COOLIDGE & McCLAINE, BANKERS, SILVERTON, OREGON

work! Ole Johnson, a big Swede lumber loader who has worked at the mill for years, recalls Gable's work at the plant.

"He was a husky lad and a good workman, but he just couldn't stop acting," Johnson said. "All the time he was up to some monkeyshines. But he did his share of work. I piled lumber with him."

Albert Olsen hasn't forgotten the fun they had with Gable during the lunch hours. At the sound of the twelve o'clock whistle, the lumber loaders all made a bee-line for the shed, where lunch from tin buckets was enjoyed.

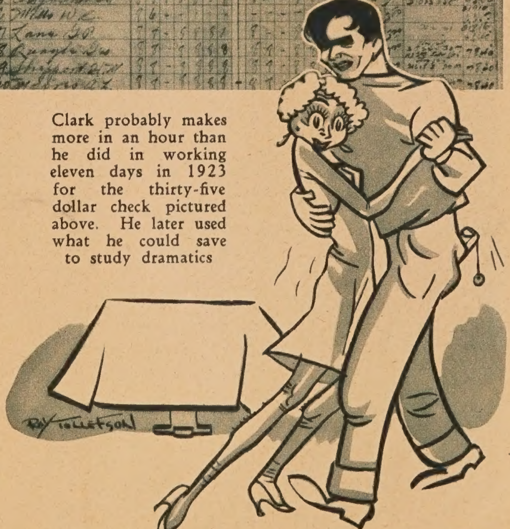
"This fellow Gable generally entertained the crowd during the noon hour," Olsen recounted. "First it was a Swede or a Norwegian he mimicked. Of course, a few of the fellows didn't like it, but it was all in fun. So the name of 'ham actor' got started. Most of the fellows liked him because he was a good mixer and very sociable."

At the boarding house the appellation of "ham actor" stuck. Full of fun, Gable continued with his mimicry. Not only did he act, but he continually talked about the stage, his experiences playing with stock companies in various parts of the country, and his ambitions. His ambitions he made known to all. It was Broadway for him—the great white way—with millions of white lights flickering the name of Gable in big letters!

"You know," Mrs. Scott recalled with a smile, "If Billy was late to dinner or absent, I'd overhear some of the boarders saying: 'Well, I wonder where the 'ham actor' is?' But it was all in fun. Never

[*Continued on page* 60]

Clark probably makes more in an hour than he did in working eleven days in 1923 for the thirty-five dollar check pictured above. He later used what he could save to study dramatics



Clark's major sport at the Silverton dance hall was to dance with the homeliest wall-flowers, while the pretty girls watched with jealous eyes from the sidelines

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY Defends

Screen Book
MAR
CAMELS

—*Fink*

Disbarred in the state of Colorado because of his radical ideas on morals, Judge Ben Lindsey has continued his fight for a freer marriage code, as a resident of Hollywood

"If Constance Bennett's divorce causes any woman to get a divorce, it will be because she has wanted a divorce all along and merely lacked the moral courage to go through with it," says Lindsey

A frank analysis of marriage morals by a noted free-thinker

"IN TAKING it as their right to end unsatisfactory marriages by recourse to divorce, the movie stars of Hollywood are leading the way toward a new and more enlightened moral code for the men and women of this country!"

At last, a champion of Hollywood's much discussed divorce situation! Ever since that day in 1920 when Mary Pickford broke the first movie divorce scandal by setting aside Owen Moore to marry Douglas Fairbanks, Hollywood has been on trial for its marriage morals. Prosecuting attorneys have been introduced by the score but now, for the first time, appears a counsel for the defense! Judge Ben B. Lindsey, advocate of companionate marriage and crusader for a revision of the moral code, is the man who steps forth as champion of Hollywood's much maligned ex-wives and ex-husbands.

"I consider divorce an evil," says the fiery little judge, "but certainly it is far better than hypocrisy and promiscuous outside relationships. When a man and a woman find that life together is a detriment to both of them, they are better off apart and divorced! I believe I am safe in saying that eighty per cent of the marriages in this country are unhappy ones in which both man and wife would be happier and of more value to the community if divorced and given the opportunity to try again. Moral, religious and legal restrictions which prevent or hinder them from so doing are a detriment to the development of the nation, for dissatisfied men and women will seek solace outside the marriage union in spite of all society can do or say. If there is more divorce in Hollywood than in the average community, it is because there is less hypocrisy!"

Hollywood's many divorces have been the subject of much speculation. What is there about the people who make our screen entertainment that they are always in the divorce courts? Are they so mentally, physically and morally different from the rest of us that they cannot live by the conventions which govern society in general?

"No!" thunders Judge Lindsey, "it is only that they are more honest with each other and with themselves and more courageous in disregarding outworn moral codes and dogmatic restrictions!"

Fear has been expressed by many national figures that the divorce rate of Hollywood will increase that of the nation and lead to the ultimate breaking up of the institution of

"The movie stars are leading the way toward a new and saner moral code," says Judge Lindsey

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES

By

J. Eugene Chrisman

DO YOU AGREE WITH LINDSEY?

"When a man and a woman find that life together is a detriment to both of them, they are better off apart and divorced. . . . Eighty per cent of the marriages in this country are unhappy ones. . . . Dissatisfied men and women will seek solace outside the marriage union. . . . If there is more divorce in Hollywood than in the average community, it is because there is less hypocrisy!"

marriage. There is an old political adage, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation."

THE knowledge that millions of women's lives are largely patterned by what they see on the screen recently led a noted public man to say:

"The motion picture and the people who appear in them are the greatest factors for good or evil in this country. Nine out of ten women dress their hair, buy their clothes and make up their faces after the manner of their favorite movie star. The diction, the morals, the thinking and the behaviorism of this country's feminine population are moulded by the movies. The fact that Constance Bennett obtained a divorce from her husband, Phillip Plant, and married the Marquis de la Falaise leads the millions who admire her on the screen to think more freely of divorce. The queen can do no wrong!"

"Bosh! Twaddle!" The little judge has no time for this line of thinking. "People want to find happiness in marriage or they wouldn't get married. People do not get married in order to gratify sexual appetites for it is not necessary for them to go that far. If Constance Bennett's divorce causes any woman to get a divorce, it will be because she has wanted a divorce all along and merely lacked the moral courage to go through with it."

A low divorce rate does not signify fewer moral infractions, according to Judge Lindsey and neither, on the other hand, does a high divorce rate indicate more moral discrepancies. Rather to the contrary.

"Hollywood has been pointed out as a hotbed of moral laxity! People who do not think point out the fact that if the movie stars were not a group of moral lepers, there would be more happy marriages and fewer divorces. History proves that when religious or legal restrictions prevent people from seeking the surcease of divorce, moral infractions increase. Lecky, in his *History of Europe*, points out that, during the Middle Ages when the stranglehold of the Church made divorce an impossibility, morals were more lax than at any time in history. The three hundred or so years during which this situation endured were the most licentious, most degrading and most lecherous years of civilization's history!

"I have lived for several years in Hollywood. I know dozens of the stars intimately and I know the sort of lives they lead. I know that the moral life of the movie community is far superior than was that of the

[*Continued on page 62*]

Gloria Swanson should not be censured because she has wed four times. Judge Ben Lindsey says. Rather, she should be complimented for breaking the shackles of her unhappy unions, regardless of public opinion

—*Ray Jones*

LEW TAKES A LESSON

Between scenes during the filming of Universal's "Night World", Mr. Ayres takes a piano lesson from Mae Clarke, the one-time chorus girl who is Lew's new leading lady. The unusual atmospheric effect is supplied by two chorus girls, who represent a few of their number imported especially from New York for this picture

TALA'S GREAT TRIUMPH

Tala Birell, a new sensation, invades Hollywood

By Jerry Lane

—Ray Jones

Tala Birell has the elusive look of Garbo and has understudied Dietrich, but she refuses to be anything but her charming self

SHE'S a surprise package. Universal discovered that right off. They thought they had another Dietrich. Another Garbo. That was a year ago when Tala Birell was brought west to play in the German version of the *Boudoir Diplomat.*

You see, she had that illusive look of Greta's and a certain something about her mouth that made you think of the magnificent Marlene's. One fine day she let it out that she had understudied la Dietrich in Berlin. Universal gave a whoop of joy and signed her to the dotted line. For, they reasoned logically enough, she must have every intonation of Marlene's voice and her every gesture down to perfection. So she had. But Tala had no intention of using them. If she couldn't stand on her own size four-and-a-halves and be *Tala Birell* she didn't want to be anybody. Hollywood could just take itself by the hand and go places.

She returned to Vienna to fulfill a previous contract on the stage and when she came back Uncle Carl Laemmle began finding out things.

Here was no suppressed Nordic type. No droopy-lidded, exotic individual. Here was a Viennese charmer! Very young, very gay beneath her aristocratic bearing. Eager for life—loving it. Reaching out for the silver enchantment one can know only at twenty. There was no Mauritz Stiller to guide her, no Josef von Sternberg to lift her from obscurity to blazing stardom. She had her own way to make, to plug and fight for every inch she gained.

Uncle Carl looked at her thoughtfully: "You go home and study English. By and by I'll send for you." He did—six months later when he found the right part for her.

Tala's English was of the schoolgirl variety: "Do you see the pretty bird?" and so on. You don't get very far in Hollywood by asking people if they've seen pretty birds so Tala hired a tutor and commenced to thumb dictionaries. She has been chatting in Polish, German and Roumanian ever since she could form words at all and later she mastered French. Learning another language was nothing new for her. Today she has scarcely an accent . . . which reveals much about this astonishing young person from Vienna. Half-way measures? Tala's never heard of them! What she sets out to do she does! Like being an actress . . .

—Ray Jones

Although Tala Birell studied English intensely for just six months you will notice only the barest trace of an accent in her first American-made picture, *Mountains in Flame*

LAURA HOPE CREWE declares that Tala is the most talented newcomer to the screen. Miss Crewe should know—she has been a leading stage luminary for years and it was she who coached Gloria Swanson for her first talking picture, *The Trespasser,* and who contributed largely toward her success in *Indiscreet.* Now Miss Crewe is helping to groom Tala for a 1932 screen sensation . . . at Universal's expense, which goes to prove how much faith they have in the girl's future.

For a while Tala almost believed she wasn't going to have any future—not in America anyway. Absolutely nothing happened. She puttered around the garden of her California bungalow in the little peasant costume she loves so and waited for the studio to call. No call came. Then one morning at breakfast she very nearly dropped her coffee cup. Tala Birell, the paper said, was scheduled to play the lead in *Marriage Interlude.*

[*Continued on page* 66]

WHAT HAPPENED

The exciting inside story of what happened when five great stars brought their talents together for "Grand Hotel"—the picture of the year

By Jerome Strauss

The rôle of Grusinskaya, the dancer who found love with the help of a thief, is the first for which Garbo has displayed intense interest. She attended rehearsals for the first time, joked with other members of the cast, and spent many hours helping cameramen with their problems

WHAT IT COST TO BOARD FIVE STARS IN *GRAND HOTEL*

Total—Approximately $1,000,000

Estimated Salaries—$25,000 weekly.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Strangely enough, the studio may theoretically lose instead of make money on this production, for if each of these stars was to be used alone, the producers would have five pictures to sell. Instead, five stars are being featured in a single great picture!

IMAGINE yourself the manager of a hotel, being informed by an agitated clerk that Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, John Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore are registering simultaneously. Who is to get the best room, the best service, the most attention?

That was the situation confronting Edmund Goulding when he picked up his megaphone to send *Grand Hotel* into production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Said Goulding to himself:

"They all got rooms of equal quality, equal service and equal attention. The hotel is the important thing."

And that was the way of it. Five stars of the greatest magnitude found themselves enacting rôles in a picture in which a hotel was the dominating character. As it is somewhat difficult to be professionally jealous of a hotel, things went very smoothtly indeed—to the apparent surprise of everyone concerned.

Storm signals were flying when the picture went into production. It was reported that Greta Garbo was not at all pleased at the prospect of enacting the rôle of the dancer.

It's hard to believe, but Lionel Barrymore is the spectacled old man appearing with Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery in this scene from *Grand Hotel*, a picture so gripping that one forgets the identity of those who play in it

• in GRAND HOTEL

When John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone meet in the barroom of *Grand Hotel,* who steals the scene? The answer is—no one! The many anecdotes related in this article which takes you behind the scenes tell why

Wallace Beery didn't want to play the part of the week-kneed industrial giant. It was a part, he was quoted as saying, that could be left strewn all over the cutting room floor.

There was tension when the picture started. All the principals seemed to be on their guard. Who was to be favored above whom in the importance of parts, in the importance of scenes? Who would be getting the most close-ups? Who would be singled out for special lighting?

The answer was, no one. And, in keeping things on that basis, Edmund Goulding is credited with exhibiting supernatural talent as a diplomat.

There were no outbursts of temperament. For one thing, no star wanted to appear ridiculous in front of four of his or her peers. It is one thing for a star to act up when he or she is undeniably the most important person on the set. It is a different thing to act like a child in the midst of your equals.

Goulding adapted, as well as directed, the picture. He sought to make the five outstanding parts of equal importance, so there could be no feeling on the score of favoritism. If it was necesary to shoot the back of a Garbo neck or a Barrymore neck, then the sacred neck would be thus shot, no matter how accustomed the star to face views only.

Famous as the stars are in their own right, and small as the circle is in which they move, they were not all acquainted when the picture started. The path of Garbo had crossed only that of Lionel Barrymore, who appeared with her in *Mata Hari.*

GARBO appeared delighted with John Barrymore, and John returned the compliment. She had long admired John's talents as an actor, and acquaintance increased that admiration.

And Barrymore said of Garbo:

"I had no idea how wonderful she is. She understands things so well, and is never at a loss in anything she does."

Those few studio workers who have had the opportunity to observe Garbo in her various pictures said she had never worked so hard before.

"For the first time, to my knowl-

[*Continued on page* 68]

Garbo and Barrymore bring to the screen some of the most powerful love scenes ever filmed. The truth is that Garbo was immensely pleased to have Barrymore as a leading man. His reaction is: "I had no idea how wonderful she is"

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

WHAT do you consider the best pictures you've seen of late? Jot 'em down and see how your opinion jibes with those of the nation's 339 cinema critics who have completed a poll of the year's best films.

You and your friends are sure not to agree. Neither did the erudite picture pickers, although this time they did manage to give a majority vote to the first few selections. However, let's have the result:

Cimarron	273
Street Scene	200
Skippy	178
Bad Girl	172
Min and Bill	164
The Front Page	162
Five Star Final	138
City Lights	128
A Free Soul	114
Madelon Claudet	99

That's the answer, believe it or not. The second ten, polling from 97 to 52 of the 339 votes, are: *Little Caesar, The Smiling Lieutenant, Trader Horn, The Royal Family, An American Tragedy, Outward Bound, Alexander Hamilton, The Public Enemy, Waterloo Bridge* and *Daddy Long Legs.*

It's interesting to note that five of the best ten were based on stage plays. Also that the ace gangster films, *Little Caesar* and *The Public Enemy,* aren't listed with the topnotch ten. Also that the sexy plays like *Susan Lenox, The Blue Angel, Strangers May Kiss* and *Platinum Blonde* received only from 50 to 12 votes.

—Fink

Mary Brian and Jack Oakie, dancing at the Embassy Club. Do not be misled, Mr. Oakie is merely exchanging dances, having come to the party with Joan Marsh

Perhaps there's a moral to adorn this tale. If so, find it yourself.

Ain't It The Truth?

"MY HAPPIEST days in Hollywood are Wednesdays," says Paul Lukas, the Hungarian heartbreaker. And it turns out that although the Californy sun shines no brighter on Wednesdays than it does for Saturday matinées. Wednesdays are paydays on the Paramount lot, and we all like paydays best.

Garrrrrrrrrbo, That's All!

THE few folks whom the Greata Garbo dials are accustomed to hear that gutteral voice announce: "Dis iss Garrrrrrbo." And now, by the personal request of America's Swede Heart, she will be known to the fans simply as Garbo.

Incidentally, while Garrrrrbo was in New York, she went on long, long walks, and was accompanied by a girl friend who is used to taxis. After her departure the girl friend's tootsies were in tapes for days. Surely, Greta love hath no man!

The Play's The Thing

THERE'S a lot of conversation in the Hollywood ether from ex-stage hams who scoff at movies and pine for the days of Booth, Barrett and Corse Payton. But they stay right on drawing cinema salaries. That's what makes Leslie Howard unusual.

Mr. Howard, once a British bank-clerk, just gave the movie moguls a confused look and scrammed for Broadway leaving a $3,000 weekly picture contract lying about unsigned, unhonored and unsung. Leslie thinks Hollywood is nuts. And Hollywood reciprocates.

Where There's A Will . . .

WHERE there's Will Rogers, there'll be Fifi Dorsay, if the fast-jabbering French femme has anything to say about it. For Fifi swears by this and by that she'll be satisfied forever if they'll just let her keep on playing in Rogers' pictures.

"I jus' love to work wiz zat man," parley-voos the Francaise flash, and the way she rolls those eyes, and things, shows she means what she says. Incidentally, the kid's a sensation on the stage, as well as in the movies.

—Fink

Jeanette MacDonald and Minna Gombell caught in the act of exchanging gossip at Minna's "mad-hatter" party for Tony Sarg, the old maestro of puppett shows

Between This 'n' That

DIRECTOR BILL HOWARD cracked out with this one on the Fox lot the other day. Bill, while East, visited jails, night-courts and the like in preparation to make a film called *His Woman.* Well, mebbe it ain't *His Woman,* but, after all, wouldn't it avoid a lot of trouble if they'd call 'em all *His Woman?*

Anyway, Bill says he saw a fellow arraigned for murder in a two dollar holdup. The judge thundered:

"Do you mean to tell me you'd kill a man for two dollars?"

"Well, your Honor," replied the culprit, "you know how it is, a coupla bucks here—a coupla bucks there. . . ."

The Pay-off

GOOD, ol' "Schnozzle," Jimmie Durante to you, had the weekly take tilted until he now collects over two grand every time the phantom perambulates and the ghost walks. Jimmie doesn't yet believe there's so much dough loose. They say he insists on

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

Perpetual sweethearts and fixtures at the Embassy Club are Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Hollywood's champion troupers. Off-screen Jimmie is one of Movieland's best-dressed men, and always the life of the party

being paid in silver dollars so he can bite each buck and make sure it isn't a phoney.

Watta Job!

THIS here, now, Doug Fairbanks, does things right. He's out working, you know. And here's how. He's touring the South Seas on Joe Schenck's yacht getting a cameraful of that South Seas scenery—and what goes with it. It'll be in color (not off-color) when we see it on the screen.

Meantime Mary's gone kiddie again in *Happy Ending* which she's making in serene disregard of the fact that director Millard Webb just made a film with the identical title.

Get Hypped With Herb

HOW'S that for a campaign slogan? There's an election coming, you know—or didn't you? Anyway President Hoover has been photographed with a vaude headliner named Koran, who predicts the future, or the past or something. Wouldn't it be funny if ol' boy K. went around foretelling a Democrat victory! Don't be silly, he won't.

Incidentally, the only other show business personalities to pose with the First Citizen are Mary Pickford and George M. Cohan. Polly Moran made her bow with Vice President Curtis, though, right on the Capitol steps, via the newsreel cameras.

Call Me Frankie

THEY say that the audiences are so tough in some parts of the country that the horror-thriller, *Frankenstein,* is billed as a comedy! And you've heard the one about the bootlegger who was advised over the phone by a theatre publicity man that "*Frankenstein* is coming." The b.l. pulled the plug out of the bathtub and let a whole batch of gin down the drain thinking *Frankenstein* was a prohibition officer.

Valentino's Voice

THERE'S been lots of talk about what Rudy Valentino would have done to the talkies, or vice versa. Do you know you can find out for yourself what sort of voice he had? Yes, Sir! Back in 1923 Rudy made two phonograph records, that *Pale Hands I Love* business in English, and a number called *El Relicario* in Espagnola. Your own store can get 'em through the Platt Music Company for a buck apiece. It's a free ad, Aunt Beverly knows, but all you Valentino fans may be interested.

Goo' By, Sweetheart?

AND Charles Spencer Chaplin has sent word home that he isn't coming back for a long, long time. Perhaps not ever. So our Charlie must be having fun on the other side. The consensus of opinion is that Charlie will never make another silent picture. He, himself, says he'll not produce a talkie. So that leaves no picture at all. Maybe he's waiting for television, which, like prosperity, is just around the corner.

Voe-Deo-Dough

DAISY DE VOE'S out again. Clara Bow's little blonde ex-pal and ex-secretary served eight months of an eighteen month sentence, and has been released on a $2,500 bond. Now she'll probably write a book.

Meanwhile, Clara seems to have Bowed out of the picture, and is spending her time on the Bow-Bell ranch. There was a deal on to pay the redhead $100,000 for a film, but it went sour before the contracts were signed. And Clara's getting chubby waiting.

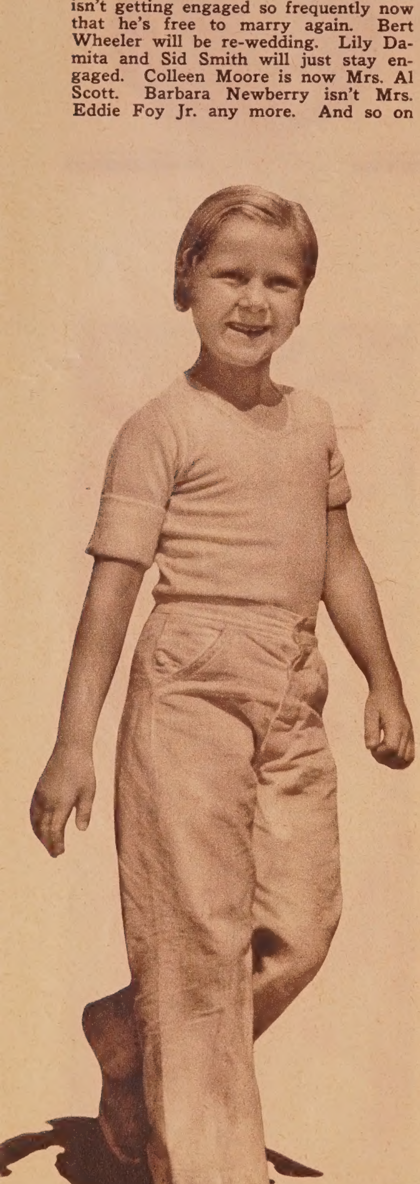
—Dyar

Frances Dee is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's best young money-makers. Since her performance in *An American Tragedy,* she has constantly been in demand for bigger and better rôles. Frequently she is seen going places about Hollywood with Director Josef von Sternberg

ALL THE LATEST

Vital Statistics

MARIE SAXON has a son, and so has Constance Littlefield. Mary Duncan's singing the battle cry of freedom from her late husband. Duncan Renaldo is a bachelor again. Tom Mix is wed. Una Merkel's married. Rex Lease will be soon. H. H. Van Loan isn't getting engaged so frequently now that he's free to marry again. Bert Wheeler will be re-wedding. Lily Damita and Sid Smith will just stay engaged. Colleen Moore is now Mrs. Al Scott. Barbara Newberry isn't Mrs. Eddie Foy Jr. any more. And so on far into a dozen paragraphs that have other things to tell you.



—Grimes

Mr. Jackie Cooper, one of Hollywood's favorite sons, strolls blithely to work. Acting's not all fun—how would you like to attend school and study pages and pages of dialogue too?

Fickle Femme

THOSE low moans you hear from Hollywood are hearts breaking for the unrequited love of Mitzi Green. Time was when Jackie Cooper won the lady's favor in fair combat or at least competition with Jackie Searle, and the Juniors Durkin and Coghlan. But now Mitzi has gone sophisticate, and will have none of these. Her affections are presently divided fifty-fifty between Ivan Lebedeff and William Seiter, and she doesn't seem to give a darn that Bill is still Laura La Plante's husband. Young Mr. Cooper tells his tale of woe to Red Golden, his pal on the lot.

In The Air

BOTH Billie Dove and Priscilla Dean have received flying licenses, and are now full-fledged aeronauts, or whatever you call 'em. Priscilla has flown across the Continent three times. And Billie has spent many hours in the air during her picture work.

Very Strange Interlude

THEY'RE going to do it. Metro and Irving Thalberg, who seem to dare anything, are making a talking picture of Eugene O'Neill's strange drama, *Strange Interlude.* Aside from the story, the strange thing about the production was that the characters in conversation utter the usual banalities, and then say what is really on their minds.

You know, like the girl friend says, "Darling, you look marvelous," while she's thinking, "Gee, what a fright!" In *Strange Interlude* the players speak both lines. Or they did in the theatre. It will be interesting to see what Hollywood does with it. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are the stars.

Abe And Ben

BEFORE D. W. Griffith made a great picture titled *Abraham Lincoln,* another Hollywood producer was approached about making a movie based on the great American's story. But he couldn't see it because there was an unhappy ending!

Add Chills

AND do you remember that in the last scene of Robert Ames' last picture the player visited a cemetery?

Ees Dees De Trut?

A HOLLYWOOD movie magnate visited New York's Empire State Building for the first time, and on his way to the Tower elevator noticed that these and all others bear the initials E. S. for Empire State.

"Look, look," exclaimed the dialectitian, "dey got on ull de doors E. S. for El Smit'!"

Colleen Mavourneen

FROM Broadway comes word that Colleen Moore, poor little rich girl of the screen, is learning, at last, how to play. She's gained weight, and has that smile that won't come off. Colleen and her new husband, the tall, young, blond and handsome Al Scott, are seen at this place and that from Park Avenue to Palm Beach.

But Colleen hasn't entirely abandoned the idea of making talkies. She has two stories in mind and she's apt to star in

Just to show you that chivalry is not dead, this stern officer tears up the ticket he was about to give Adrienne Doré for doing a "burn-up" down Hollywood Boulevard in her snappy new roadster

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

either or both of them one of these days. Meantime it's good to see one of those kids who has worked so hard for so long having some fun. God bless you, and keep you, Colleen Machree!

Just A Gag O' Lowe

EDDIE LOWE in London encountered another Yank and they wandered from place to place together through the fog.

"Foggiest town I ever struck," said Eddie's friend.

"Oh, I don't know, I've seen foggier," responded Lilyan Tashman's husband, probably thinking of those Beverly "mist belts."

"Where?" queried the other chap just to make conversation.

"Oh, I don't know where," said Ed. "It was so foggy I couldn't see where I was."

And together they vanished into the Café Monaco.

Shirt Tale

THEY say it was Ivan Lebedeff, who never wears a hat but does don spats, striped trousers and other floorwalker habiliments, who was recently mistaken for just that in a Hollywood department store. A dear, old lady stopped him and said:

"Where do you keep your shirts?"

And Ivan, adjusting his monocle, bowed low as he replied:

"In the top drawer when they're clean."

Taylor Made

AND Estelle Taylor, with her neck in a plaster cast because of a fractured vertebra sustained in a motor smash, says things aren't so bad because she's in the only permanent cast in Hollywood.

Tough For Tallu'

THEY'RE trying to throw a scare into Tallulah Bankhead out here in the Mopin' Spaces. And they have Tallu' a little leery of stepping out into what Hollywood laughingly calls society. Tallulah took thousands of dollars worth of swell harness from the swanky Avenue shops in preparation for a Hollywood début. So far they haven't been displayed. At least not to the best advantage. She's elusive as our own Garbo.

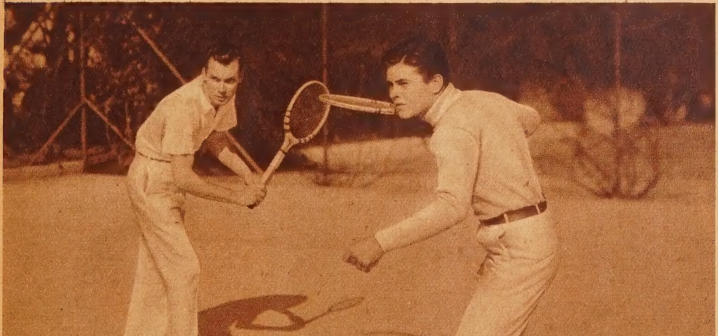
Moran More

LOIS MORAN, we hear, is setting New York by its ears, or Clark Gable's ears or somebody's. Not only is she the startling star of the biggest Broadway hit, *Of Thee I Sing*, but she's got the young blades battling for her slightest smile. Right now, whispers one of them birds, it's a toss up between young Tom Wanamaker and Douglas Montgomery, who has resumed his own name after a quick change from Kent Douglass. Douglass, by the way, can return to pictures any time he likes. But he prefers the theatah, so they say.

Times Change

ONCE upon a time the stage people invaded the screen domain. But now the picture folk are turning the tables. Needless to mention all the film names playing on legit and vaude boards, but it is important that present indications are that both Ernst Lubitsch and Cecil B. de Mille will direct New York stage plays.

These two names are of the few directorial cognomens that mean much to the public. Lubitsch is scheduled to do a big musical revue, and supervise a dramatic play in which his fiancée, Ona Munson, is to appear. By the way, the marriage is soon. And de Mille is reported as being booked to direct and produce a play from the Russian. He has recently returned from the land of the Volga, and admits an enormous interest.



Russell Gleason and Tom Brown are a mean pair on the tennis court—two of Hollywood's best raqueteers. Tom is a newcomer, making his first appearance with Universal Studios in *Information Kid*

This is how Clark Gable looks to his co-workers as he strolls from set to set on the lot at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Clark's next picture will be *Strange Interlude*, in which he shares honors with Norma Shearer

My Error

THEY wanted to bill a Spanish dancer in a movie as a "diseuse," but refrained when she showed them newspaper clippings referring to her as the "great Spanish disease." Now U sound your A!

High Flyers

HAL ROACH, who makes good movies, went up in the air when he sailed away from Hollywood in an airplane to make a 20,000 mile flight over the Americas—North, South and Central. Arthur Loew, son of the man who made the movies famous, flew along.

More Statistics

WELL, boy 'n' girl friends, all set for the plunge into Hollywood's pool of vital statistics? Here they are: Marriages, divorces, births, deaths—tragedy, comedy, and romance, too. Step right up 'n' get 'em while they're hot!

What goings on, indeed! But, as it happens, the ledger balances.

Norma Talmadge gets a divorce from Joe Schenck. All even Stephen. Jack Pickford and Mary (Mulhern) Pickford split. Cowboy Tom Mix weds his "Polly of the Circus," Mabel Hubbel Ward. And may *none* of their children be acrobats!

Round and round the Hollywood Bowl rolls the little ball of Fate. So make your bets, and let's get goin'.

Woman Disputed

THE delightful Norma Talmadge, late star of *Woman Disputed*, appears to have jumped from the matrimonial frying-pan into the fire of romance. It took her a lot of years to agree to disagree with her husband-pal, Joseph M. Schenck. Now that she has taken the decisive step, she's faced with choosing a successor. At one time it looked like a one hoss race, with Gilbert Roland the only entry. But of late there's a dark skate entered, and his name is Georgie Jessel. Just to be helpful, Aunt Beverly suggests that these New York-Hollywood commuters solve the problems of their loneliness by having a mate on each Coast.

The Light That Lies . . . .

WHAT'S that about the "light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies, and lies, and lies?" Well, anyhow, Colleen Moore didn't give her lil girl friend thata stuffa about she and Al Scott just being "real-good-friends." But the Colleen did look us straight in the eye and say that matrimony was the thing she thought least of. Well, there's a proverb in Italian which translates into "Only a donkey doesn't change its mind."

Der Tag

DIRECTOR BILL HOWARD, whose light of genius is invariably hidden under a bushel of ousylay stories, was doing his best to drill a melange of muddle-headed extras to be German soldiers in *Surrender*. But even Bill no could do. Finally he broke down and wept to them:

"I remember my dear old mother when she told me not to cry when I lost my wooden soldiers. 'Some day,' she said, 'they'll all come marching home to you.' And believe you me, you wooden-domed imbeciles, that day has come!"

Why Not Wait?

AND Jeanette MacDonald thinks its almost time for Scotchmen to throw away their Christmas trees.

She's a Sheba

YEP, the tall, exotic siren, Betty Blythe, will always be the "Queen of Sheba Girl" to your Aunt Beverly. And, glory be, Betty's coming back! Better, but not bigger, for she's slender as a cypress. Sad, though, how few the years. Just think, it's less than a decade since Betty played *Sheba*—now her first talkie casts her in a mother rôle. Betty says she doesn't mind. But there must be a bit of a sigh. One thing, though, Betty's working because she loves it. There are enough oranges in her groves to make orange juice for breakfast—orange blossoms for lunch—and fruit salad for dinner. And still ship some to the effete East.

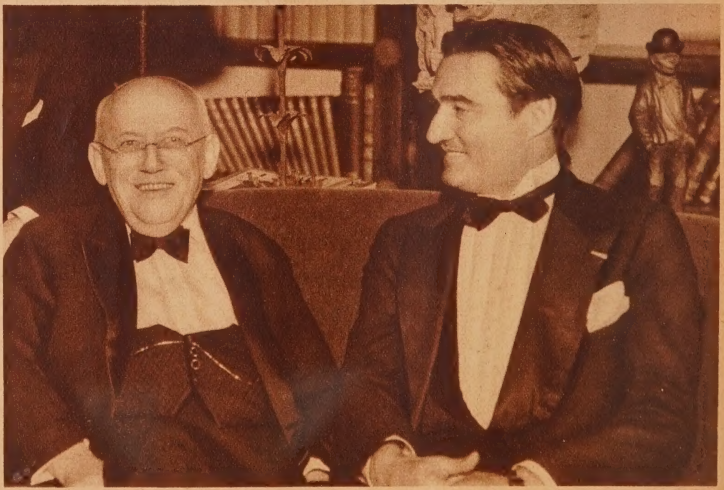
Babe Busts Out

REMEMBER when a press agent wired G. B. Shaw whether he would call Babe Ruth a superman? G. B., so goes the tale, wired back: "Whose Baby is Ruth?" But what we began to say is, that the Bambino is appearing in a series of Universal one-reelers, and between sequences busted out with this one:

A hick from the sticks showed up and asked for a chance to play baseball. They handed him a bat, and when the first ball was pitched he walloped it over four counties. "Run," shouted the manager, anxious to see this "find" circle the bases, but the Rube stood stock still. "Run hell," sez he, "I'll buy 'em a new ball."

[*Continued on page 63*]

Charles Bickford introduces Mickey Mouse to a promising young actor by the name of Buster Phelps, who makes his first screen appearance in *Ambition*. Bickford plays the part of a managing editor, and Buster, his young son



When good fellows get together. Carl Laemmle and Tom Mix talk things over on the occasion of Tom's first visit to Universal Studio following his recovery from a long illness

An Impatient Maiden's Adventures

How Mae Clarke has learned to make her day dreams come true

By Grace Mack

Mae Clarke has such an imagination that in the hospital scene of *The Impatient Maiden* she really suffered pre-operation anguish

—*Ray Jones*

Mae Clarke was fifteen when she began to battle Broadway for success. Determination raised her from chorus to star; then came a flattering talkie contract

WHEN Mae Clarke goes into a reverie and gets that misty look in her eyes it's hard to tell whether she is painting roseate pictures of her assured future on the screen or if she is living over again the high adventure of her past. Just old enough to vote, this dreamer and doer has crammed more excitement into her short span than the average home-town girl does in a half century. She sold hot dogs at Coney Island, danced in tawdry night clubs, scrimped in a hall bedroom, then by degrees won the glamor of her dreams . . . brilliant choruses . . . stage success . . . a motion picture contract . . . and now stardom in the offing.

Adventure has done some things to Mae Clarke. It has made her individual and developed a personality that could not be catalogued if one mentally ran the entire gamut of the types he's met. She is that rare combination of constant dreamer and inspired doer.

She resembles no other actress in looks. Fantastic as it sounds, she doesn't even resemble herself. Talk with her for an hour and you have the uncanny sensation that you have seen a dozen Mae Clarkes. It isn't that she's acting. On the contrary, she's one of the most natural girls in Hollywood. It's rather that she has a sensitized face which reflects her thoughts and moods—and her moods change with chameleon-like swiftness. For a day, for a week, she may be on the heights, sailing along on a rose-colored cloud. And the next, for no apparent reason, she nosedives to the depths.

It's during these intervals just preceding the nosedive that she often succumbs to an attack of growing poetry pains. They may waken her out of a sound sleep. She turns on the light, grabs a pencil and writes . . . something like this:

"I've given to this one, to that one and that
A part of my heart; but turned them down flat
The wholeness — because I thought I would save
Enough of it so as to laugh at the knave
Who'd think himself able to do all the bidding
Of how it should act, and then I'd go skidding
Right out of his arms—perhaps to another.
The aches of these tidbits were easy to smother.

And here is a lad to whom I would gladly
Present my *whole* heart—but kindly note sadly
A *new* heart can grow where a full one's been taken
But the patchwork's too widespread and hope's ne'er forsaken."

All a-jitter with the joy of artistic creation, she hops out of bed and wakens the family. "I've written a new poem!" she waves it aloft. "Want to hear it?" She fondly hopes that they will want to get up and have coffee and sandwiches . . . to celebrate. Now you can imagine what *your* family would say if you wakened them up in the middle of the night to read a poem to them. Well—Mae's family is the same.

"So I crawl back into bed," says Mae, "convinced that as a rising young poetess, I'm a complete bust. The next day of course I can see the funny side of it."

That's one thing about Mae—she can always laugh at her moods, *after* they're past.

"YOU see all of my eccentricities are mental," she confesses. "I can get all worked up and unhappy over some purely imaginary thing which I have mentally dramatized — something which I know perfectly well will never happen.

[*Continued on page* 56]

HOLLYWOOD'S MAN OF MYSTERY

Wallace Ford doesn't know his true name—where he came from—who his parents were—read the fascinating story of his past

By
Grace Mack

TO LISTEN to the story of Wallace Ford is like reading an Horatio Alger novel.

It's the story of a boy who began life—*without a name.*

It opens in London . . . about thirty-two years ago . . . when a young woman, in desperation no doubt, left an unwanted baby at the O'Reilly Home for Girls. It was not until she had slipped away into the night from whence she had come that it was discovered that the baby was a *boy* and not a girl. As it was against the rules of the institution to accept boys, the little bundle was transferred to the celebrated Dr. Bernardo Orphanage.

From the grab bag of names kept for unwanted children, it was given the nondescript moniker of *Samuel Jones.* And under that name, a few years later, was shipped with a cargo of three hundred orphans to Canada, for adoption.

A woman by the name of Newton, who lived on an isolated farm in Manitoba, needed a chore boy to work for his board and keep. Sammy Jones was parceled out to her. For several years he did Mrs. Newton's chores and took her beatings—and they were man-sized beatings. But that, Sammy figured, was life. And as long as he had food for his stomach and a place to sleep, even though it was a hay loft, he had no complaints to make.

It was not until he met an itinerant farm hand by the name of *Wallace Ford* that he began to have ideas. Young Ford was a vagabond. He told Sammy about the world. About life. After he had gone Sammy began to toy with the rebel idea of running away. Seeing the world for himself. Every night he watched the train as it thundered through the cut beyond Mrs. Newton's lonely farm. Ford had told him how you could ride on trains without paying money—if you weren't afraid. It sounded easy . . .

One cold winter's night Sammy had brought in his last armload of wood. Just inside the kitchen he accidentally dropped it and it fell to the floor with an awful clatter. He heard Mrs. Newton calling to him, demanding to know what the racket was about. He didn't answer. Infuriated, she came after him—with a cherry limb. Beat him until his legs were covered with welts. He took it without a word. But his mind was made up. That night he would leave. He waited until he heard her snores and then he crept off into the darkness . . . Sammy Jones had begun the grim battle of life—on his own.

HE WALKED eight miles to the nearest railroad station and waited for the train. He hadn't a cent of money in his pocket. But luck was with him. A kindly engineer let him ride in the cab with him as

[*Continued on page 64*]

Born without a name, transplanted onto a farm in the bleak regions of Canada — Wallace Ford made use of his only heritage — courage — and worked his way doggedly to success

Wallace Ford and Olga Baclanova in a scene from *Freaks.* This is Wally Ford's first real break in pictures—and studio officials say it won't be long before he is a star

SHE REALLY ISN'T A LADY

By Muriel Babcock

Here is the unvarnished truth about Ruth Chatterton

Ruth Chatterton speaks the Queen's English with authority, but she dotes on an old grandfather who drank his coffee from his saucer and she has a penchant for wearing worn-out shoes

NOW the title of this story may be misleading—all depending upon your definition of lady. But the title is intended to catch your eye. The story is intended to present a side of Ruth Chatterton, "First Lady of the Films," that you may not know.

Pages and pages have been written about Ruth Chatterton, the formal. The Ruth Chatterton who never entertains more than ten at dinner. Who loves to use only white flowers in her rooms. Who speaks the Queen's English and does so with authority. Who doesn't care about having the privacy of her home invaded by a lot of people she doesn't know and doesn't care about.

This story is about the Chatterton who chews gum.

Who goes to taxi dance halls down on Main Street.

Who likes to wear old shoes.

Who can cook, but won't wash dishes.

Who sits up all night.

Who had a grandfather—and he was her idol—who used a cup plate. (A cup plate, in case you don't know, is to enable the user to drink his or her coffee from the saucer.)

For Ruth Chatterton is a very human, real individual with likes and dislikes, idiosyncrasies and foibles even as you and I. Somehow or another when she first came to films she was dubbed, "Chatterton, the lady." Just as Clara Bow was dubbed the red-headed tornado; Lupe Velez, the wildcat; Negri, the temperamental Pola.

I don't know exactly why this came about. Perhaps because Chatterton is a lovely, well-bred person; perhaps because her good manners and formal way of obeying the rules of living baffled Hollywood which had been accustomed perhaps to taking its picture stars straight.

For in pre-Chatterton, pre-talkie days, picture stars were picture stars who dressed in sables and satins, made grand entrances and exits. Acquired titles and royalty and butlers and footmen and Beverly Hills mansions. As they acquired wealth, turned parties into functions and simple beach shacks into country places with three and four servants and Riviera costumes.

ALONG came Chatterton who did none of these things and they didn't know what to make of her.

She lived quietly and unostentatiously. Attended to her own business, kept her word, did her own work capably without fuss or furor. Saw very few people, interviewers included. Spoke to people she knew. And didn't speak to people she didn't know. Used the prefix Miss, Mrs. or Mr. when addressing individuals met casually. Never adopted the carefree Hollywood habit of slapping people on their backs or gurgling giddy hellos to someone who might do her some good.

She was so poised and so sure of herself that Hollywood figured she must know some secrets of well-bred living [*Continued on page 65*]

On a lark, Ruth went to a taxi dance hall and danced with a sailor who's been sending her postal cards ever since

BIG NEWS ABOUT BING!

Bing Crosby, radio's champion crooner, may become one of the screen's greatest favorites

By Dena Reed

BEFORE long, Clark Gable may have a serious rival in the person of Mr. Bing Crosby, the romantically-inclined gentleman whose radio croonings are the current delight of a million or more listeners.

The skeptics may pooh-pooh the idea, but it is more than a slight possibility, for Bing has been offered a contract to make feature-length pictures. Already having faced the camera in his comedies for Mack Sennett, Bing is giving the proposition serious consideration. Is that news or isn't it? We say so! And a million radio fans are sure to agree.

But Bing takes this possibility for a new career quite calmly, since he has no illusions about his talents.

"I don't want to play The Great Lover," he says, "and make the mistake that Rudy Vallée did in pictures, by trying to carry the whole thing myself. If this deal goes through, I'm to have good stories and be surrounded by a first class cast with big names. I'll be given a chance to play parts that suit my personality.

"The studio wants me to make *Wild Waves,* the New York stage play concerned with a radio singer with an inferiority complex, but I've submitted another story that was written for me. It's laid in a radio station, too. The plot deals with a girl who falls in love with a voice over the radio. She thinks it belongs to a Handsome Hero, so everything's okay until she learns that he's pretty much of a villian. But the voice really belongs to a good egg who's not so good looking—that's me—and everything comes out right in the end."

Everything has come out right for Bing—that's no fooling! His up-till-now history is proof of that.

Harry Lillis Crosby, if you must know his real appellation, was born in Spokane, Washington, twenty-seven years ago, and was named after his father. His mother was Catherine Harrigan. Neither had any stage ambitions, nor had anyone in his family as far as Bing knows.

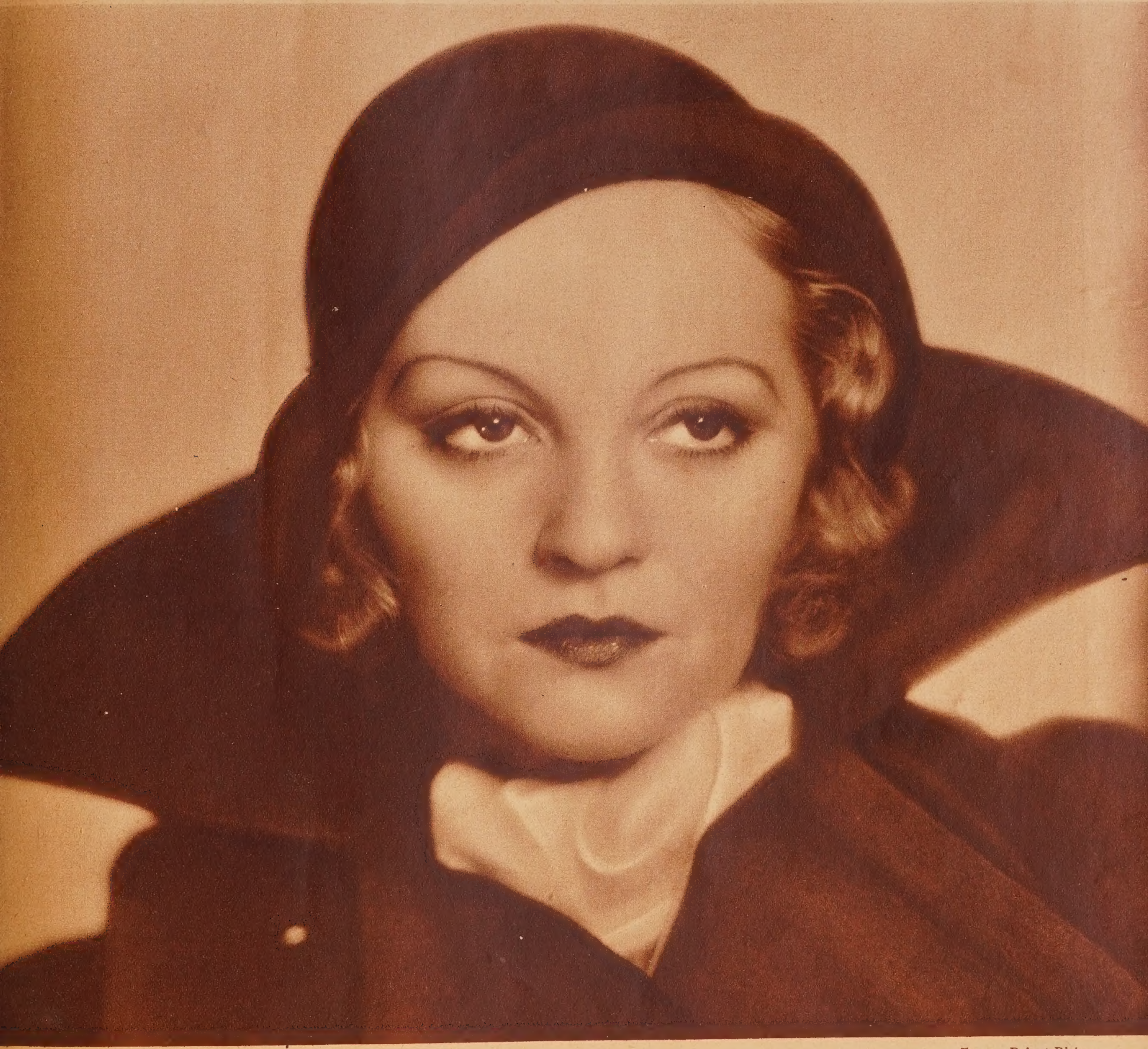
When Harry L., the second, was five, there was a comic strip running in the newspapers, known as "Bingville Bugler." Kids of the neighborhood, headed by Bing's older brothers, Everette and Bob, nicknamed Harry L., "Bingo," after the cartoon. In time this was shortened to

[*Continued on page 67*]

Bing, who got his name from a comic strip, wanted to be a lawyer. Fate intervened and made him a singer. Now a new twist of circumstances gives him a chance at movie stardom

Babe Kane and Bing Crosby in *Billboard Girl,* the radio favorite's first comedy, filmed as a result of a hunch that came to Mack Sennett, a veteran producer who has cultivated some of the screen's greatest stars

THOROUGHBREDS OF HOLLYWOOD



—Eugene Robert Richee

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

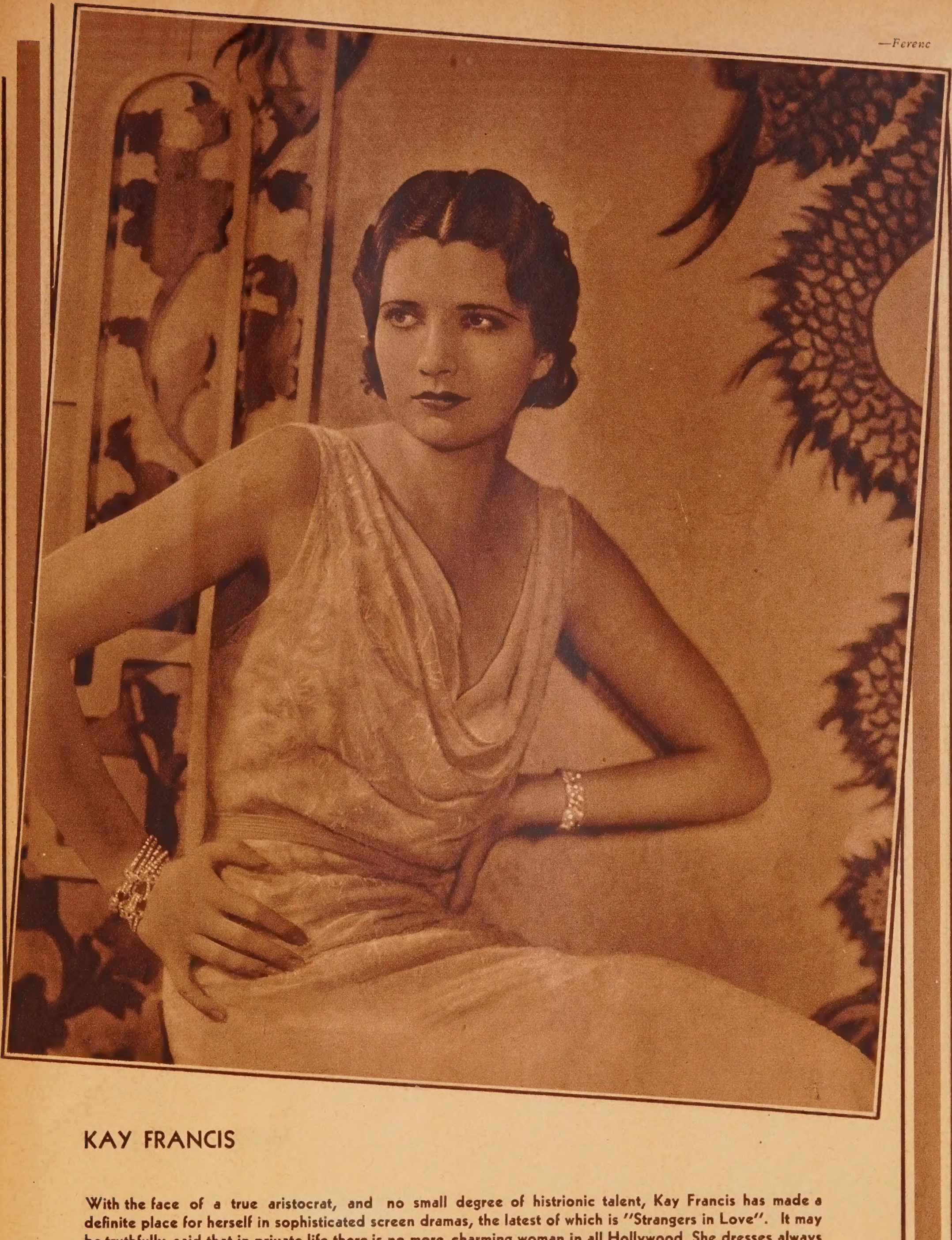
It is somewhat paradoxical that Tallulah, the daughter of an old Southern family, should be Hollywood's most delightful cut-up. But being a bit naughty is one of the reasons this exquisite lady became as famous as she is. The star of "The Cheat", witty, outspoken, amazing and brilliant, knows well how to keep herself the most talked of person in the land of motion pictures

—Freulich

GLORIA STUART

Hollywood has its beauties, but none more exquisite than Gloria Stuart, recently discovered by Carl Laemmle Jr., who was impressed by her work in amateur theatricals at Carmel and Pasadena. After a mad scramble, Gloria was signed by Universal Studios, with which company she will soon be starred. Members of the artists' colony at Carmel declare that she is the most beautiful girl they have ever seen

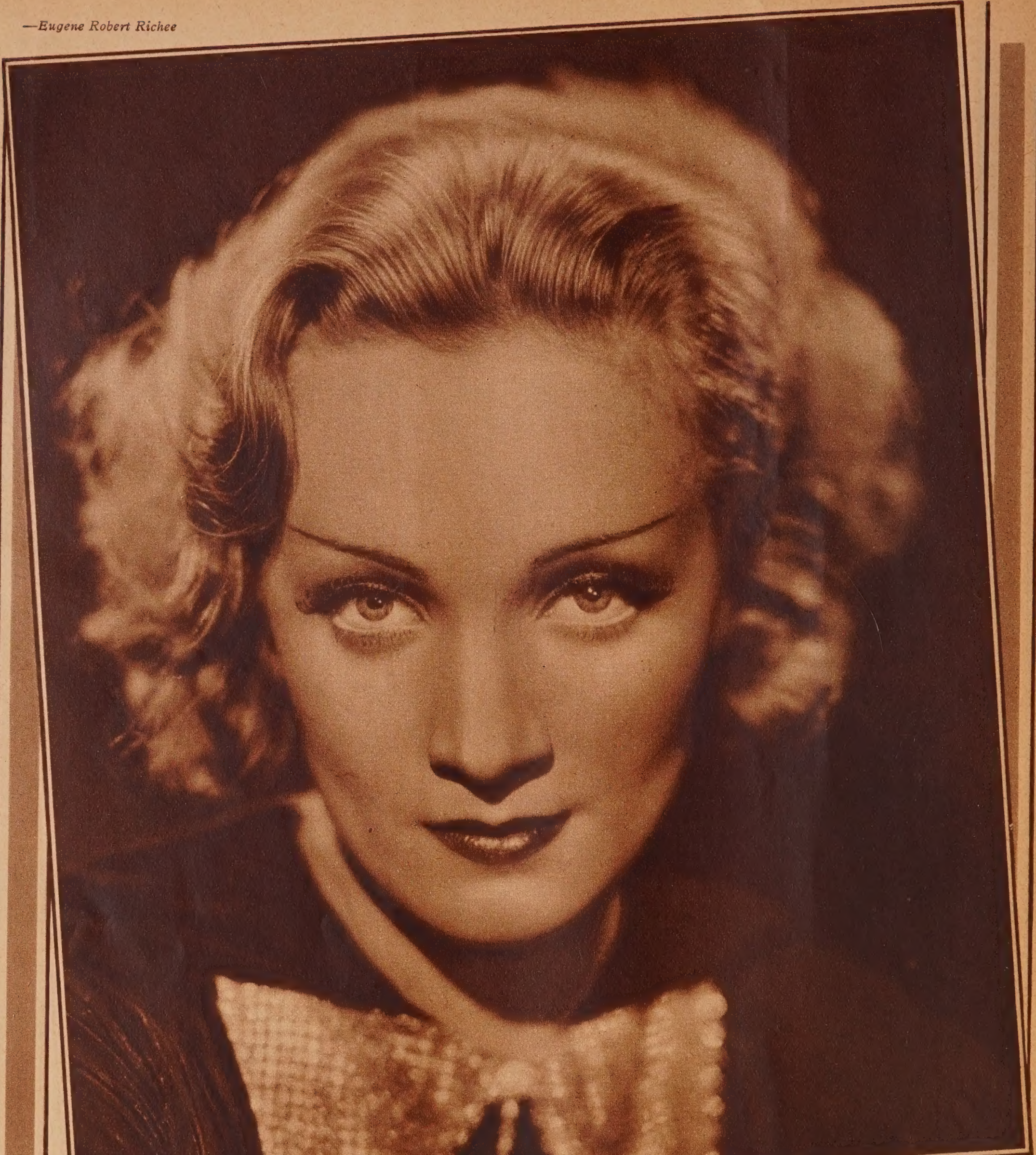
—Ferenc



KAY FRANCIS

With the face of a true aristocrat, and no small degree of histrionic talent, Kay Francis has made a definite place for herself in sophisticated screen dramas, the latest of which is "Strangers in Love". It may be truthfully said that in private life there is no more charming woman in all Hollywood. She dresses always with exquisite taste, lives quietly and harmoniously with her director-husband, Kenneth MacKenna

—*Eugene Robert Richee*



MARLENE DIETRICH

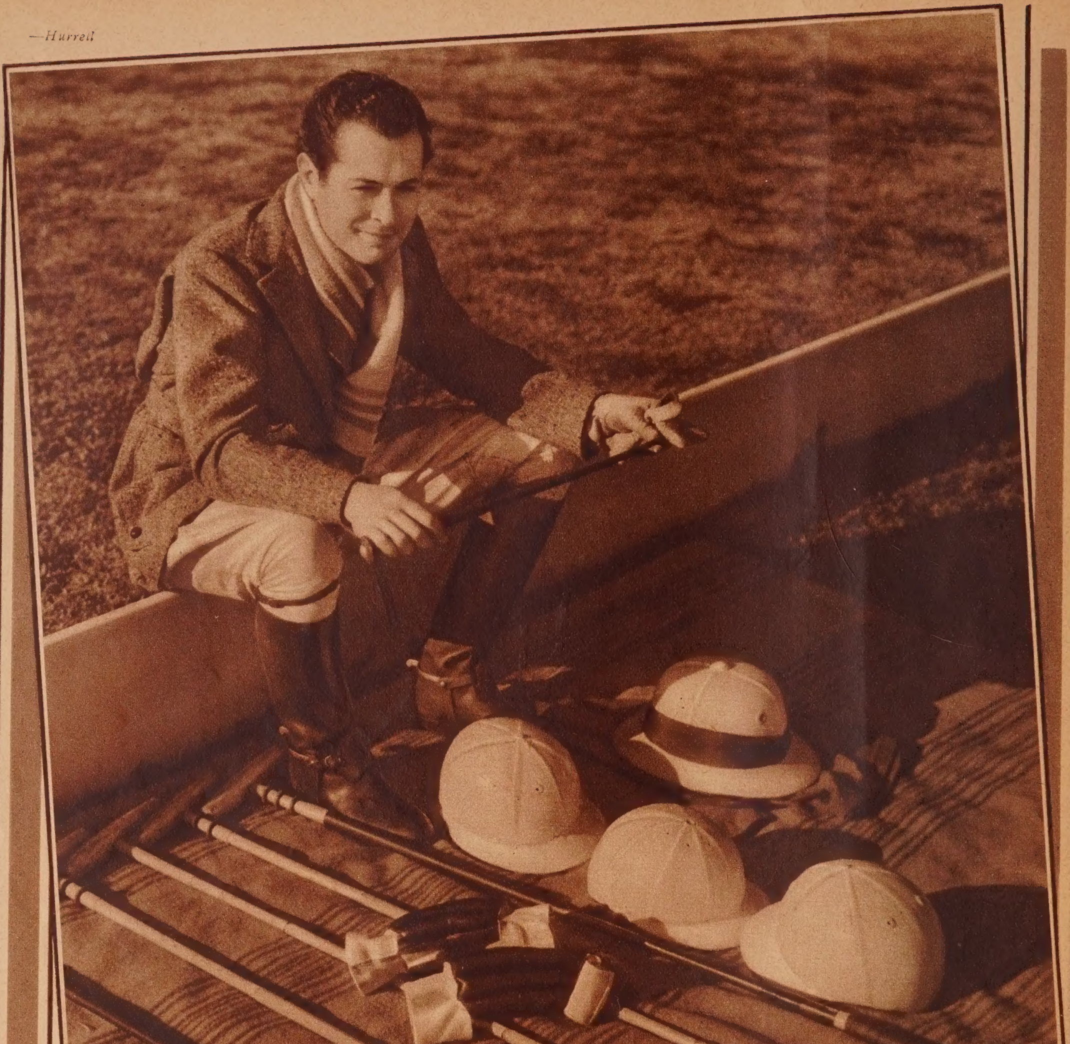
Possessed of rare and arresting charm, Marlene Dietrich, who forsook cinema fame in Germany to gamble with success in Hollywood, is naturally one of our supreme favorites. In addition to her rare dramatic talent, Marlene is also an accomplished violinist and a great lover of music. Currently, her performance in "Shanghai Express" is being hailed as one of the season's bright spots

—Ferenc

JAMES CAGNEY

He's not very handsome—but there's something about the confident grin and mannish swagger that endears James Cagney to both feminine and masculine hearts. In "Taxi," as the hot-headed, hardboiled, soft-hearted cab driver, he leaped suddenly to fame. This brilliant portrayal is followed by two fine rôles in "The Crowd Roars" and "Winner Take All" with Joan Blondell

—Hurrell



ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Once the son of a wealthy family, Robert Montgomery knows, too, the hardships of poverty. When the paternal fortune disappeared, Bob summoned his courage and wits, started to work and shortly played Fate off its feet. Besides being an actor of rare ability, as evidenced in "Lovers Courageous", Bob recently turned his sportsman's fiery enthusiasm to polo and is now an exceedingly accomplished player

—Russell Ball

JOAN BENNETT

The charming daughter of one of the screen's most aristocratic families is fulfilling the Bennett theatrical traditions in a royal manner. Although only twenty-two, she has distinguished herself in many screen productions, the latest of which is "Careless Lady." Do you wonder that Papa Bennett looks down with a proud gleam in his eyes from the portrait on the wall?

STARS CONFESS

Film celebrities reveal their favorite fads

John Barrymore spends much time adding new specimens to his aviary, as well as to his fine array of books and firearms, but his most treasured possession is an ancient dinosaur egg which is one of the few in existence

—Hurrell

Cecil B. de Mille is pardonably proud of his really extensive collection of firearms. One particularly noted item of his collection is a set of dueling pistols made by Boutet, the famous armorer for Louis XIV of France

REPORTS that strange hobbies and weird fads exist in Hollywood were recently confirmed when an inquiring reporter brought to light a great many hitherto unearthed bits of information about the stars.

Lawrence Tibbett unhesitatingly informed the reporter that he had spent a great deal of his spare time singing to cows and studying the effect of music on them.

"Not long ago I visited a ranch in Northern California," he elucidated, "where some cowboys, as if trying an experiment, asked me to sing in the open. Immediately all the cows converged toward me and stood stock still, obviously listening. And the moment I stopped singing they began to moo and mill about restlessly. Through research I have learned that cowboys sing to their herds because the herds will follow more docilely if sung to; that even milkmaids sing because a cow will stand still and attentive when there's music in the air."

When Roland Young, amateur entomologist, was approached, he gravely divulged the information that "ants prefer blondes." And he backs his statement by explaining that there is a chemical property in blonde hair that excites an ant and attracts it, just as certain perfumes awaken hitherto unexperienced longings in some men. Young insists that a brunette leaves an ant cold.

Joan Blondell further confirmed the weird-idea report by admitting she has a "complex" for rummaging in other people's suitcases, and that she once walked up to a strange gentleman and—trembling with eagerness—offered him five dollars if he would let her open and explore his suitcase. She believes this mad impulse is an outgrowth of her childhood. She was a stage child and travelled about everywhere. She was often fascinated when jugglers, magicians, and animal-act troupers opened their luggage and disclosed strange sights. Now she simply must rummage through suitcases.

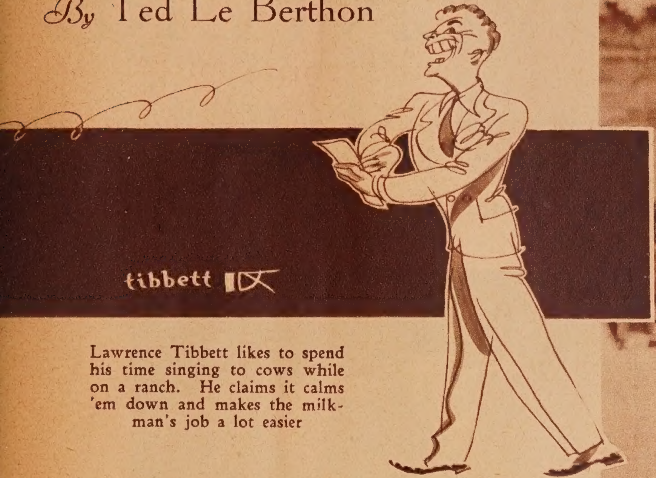
A visit to Lilyan Tashman's home revealed the fact that she has a mania for collecting human hands—or rather, all sorts of articles of ivory, china and pewter, from cigarette cases to huge pronged candle-sticks shaped as hands.

Chic Sale confided that he is mysteriously, hypnotically drawn to railroad stations.

Questioning Eddie Quillan, it was found he has a passion

STRANGE HOBBIES

By Ted Le Berthon



Lawrence Tibbett likes to spend his time singing to cows while on a ranch. He claims it calms 'em down and makes the milkman's job a lot easier

—*Gene Kornman*

When Beverly Hills decreed that only four domestic animals should be allowed on an estate not more than 300 feet from the nearest neighbor, Harold Lloyd bought the land adjoining his, so he could raise a large number of Great Dane dogs

—*Bull*

Neil Hamilton never misses his daily workout on the mat with his trainer, but he has two other hobbies which also keep him busy. They are collecting and piecing together jig-saw puzzles, and fooling people over the telephone

for organizing water-tumbler quartettes, and thrills when close harmonies are produced by four young gentlemen tapping on water tumblers filled in varying degrees. His desire to organize such quartettes is based on his hero-worship as a child in vaudeville, of a man who evoked music from saws, combs covered with tissue paper, and glasses of water.

Joan Crawford doesn't deny her mania for hats and, if she sees one she likes she has a mad desire to tear it off the head of the owner and offer any sum within human reason if she be allowed to add it to her vast collection.

DEAR old Marie Dressler abandons anything she happens to be doing to set down, in great agitation, a recipe some other woman happens to be discussing—and she has an enormous collection of cook books—books that would have delighted the heart of Brillat-Savarin or the most fastidious chef alive.

Louise Fazenda and Donald Cook share the distinction of going into unusual highways and by-ways to collect strange or grotesque people, and then lug them home, feed them, and listen to the stories of their lives.

Guy Kibbee, who has rarely worn a necktie in years, has an immense, splendiferous collection of them.

Neil Hamilton admits under cross-examination, that he has an extraordinarily large collection of jig-saw puzzles, and an irresistible mania for fooling people over telephones.

Gary Cooper grows weird fruits and vegetables on his experimental farm in Coachella Valley—fruits and vegetables of amazing colors and curious shapes: shapes that would have delighted Ovid, Rabelais or James Branch Cabell.

There is a large collection of hair-raisingly naughty books in Hollywood belonging to William Powell.

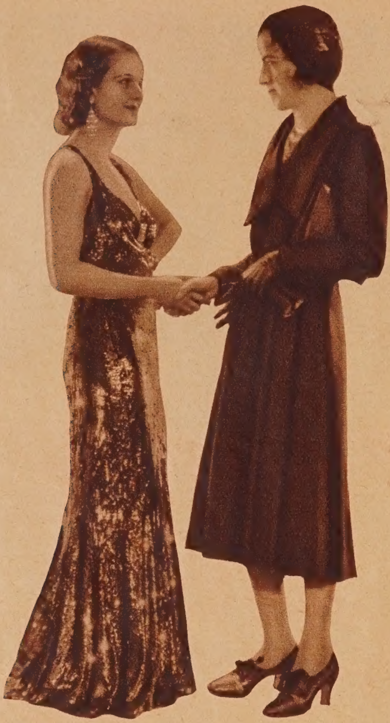
Ken Maynard tells, with tears in his eyes, that the only thing in life that can really excite him is to track down wild horses in places where man seldom has penetrated. Ken Maynard is an unusually powerful out-door man, and his desire is a natural longing and revolt against the dilettantism of so much modern, urban life.

An immense variety of horn toads—looking like frogs attired in medieval armor—crawl all

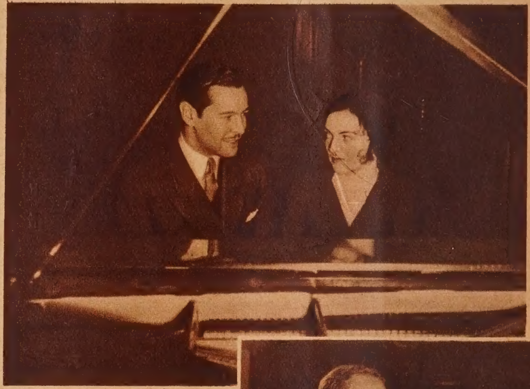
[*Continued on page 69*]

ANN'S HOLLYWOOD ADVENTURE

Meeting famous folk of Movieland with the SCREEN BOOK— Max Factor, Disguise Contest winner

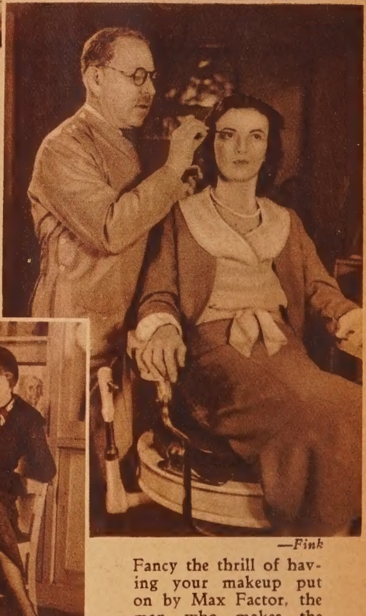


Rochelle Hudson, Wampas Star, congratulates Ann Moore upon winning the SCREEN BOOK disguise contest



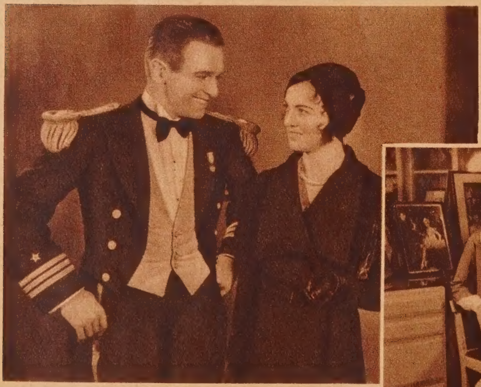
—Fink

One of the highlights of Ann Moore's trip to the West Coast was meeting Ivan Lebedeff in the French Room of the beautiful Hollywood Plaza Hotel where she stayed while sojourning with the stars

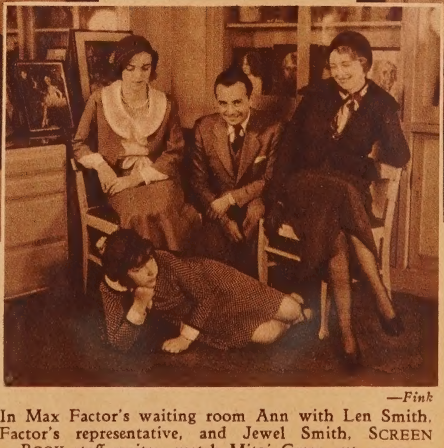


—Fink

Fancy the thrill of having your makeup put on by Max Factor, the man who makes the stars glamorous for the screen. This was just one of Ann's Hollywood adventures



No one in Hollywood exuded a more cordial welcome than young Doug Fairbanks who walked off the set of *It's Tough to be Famous* to tell Ann he hoped she'd enjoy her visit



—Fink

In Max Factor's waiting room Ann with Len Smith, Factor's representative, and Jewel Smith, SCREEN BOOK staff writer, watch Mitzi Green cut capers

THRU THE KEYHOLE

Whispers from Hollywood

By

Jerry Lane

No wonder the movie-going world is conjecturing as to the temperature of the Garbo-Novarro romance, for the glamorous one called Ramón on the 'phone one night when they were both in New York

THE glamorous Garbo gave the flappers a tremendous heart-flip when she attended a Wednesday matinée performance of *Grand Hotel* at the Belasco theatre. Nor did she slink into the darkened shadows of a back seat after the curtain had risen as was her custom of old. Not this new Garbo! She walked straight down the aisle and took her place in the front row in full view of the audience. And more than that—she smiled in a friendly fashion at an awe-stricken seventeen-year-old whose rapt gaze must have been embarrassing, to say the least.

Mata Sends Posies

RAMÓN NOVARRO came back after a vacation in New York almost ecstatic over an incident that occurred there. Yes, it concerns Greta also. Ramón, so his story goes, was alone in his suite at the Savoy-Plaza, when there was a knock at the door. He opened it. A messenger stood there with a box of very lovely flowers. A plain little note attached read discreetly: "With sincere appreciation and best wishes." It was signed "M. H." Ramón thought a moment. M. H. . . . Light dawned. But no—it couldn't be! Ah, but it was. Greta was in town—she who had played the ravishing "Mata Hari" to his "Alexis Rosanoff." He immediately ordered three dozen yellow roses (her favorite flower) sent to her rooms at the Ritz-Carlton. He initialed the note that accompanied them "A. R."

For three days he tried to get her on the phone with no success. The fourth day his secretary informed him a "Miss Mata" was calling. Ramón says he nearly fell over himself getting to the phone. A languorous Swedish voice came over the wire to him. Couldn't he take her somewhere that night, he begged. No. Greta was sorry. She was going to a theatre—alone. Afterwards, however, she would meet him in the lobby of his hotel. At a quarter of twelve exactly she was there. He saw her with her hat pulled down low over her eyes. They went to a speakeasy and talked. . . . Greta told him she was moving the next day from her hotel. Too much of a crowd. He saw her three times after that but she never let him know where she was staying. Never permitted him to take her home. Is this, we wonder, the beginning of another Great Hollywood Love Affair? Is the White Flame of the North intrigued with the Latin lad? Well, well, it leaves one breathless just imagining it!

The Colonel Romances

JOAN BENNETT has up and declared herself. She's going to marry writer Gene Markey as soon as she completes her picture, *Careless Lady*. In the meantime she's studying her catechism between scenes because she is adopting Gene's religion. It's going to be a church wedding with all the trimmings for Joan this time. She was barely sixteen when she ran away to get the first knot tied and she missed all the "fixin's." Her engagement ring is the largest and darkest blue star sapphire ever seen in these parts.

What Joan really ought to have is a swanky military wedding. She'll soon be a full fledged colonel, you know. An honorary one of the the 347th Field Artillery Reserves. The thousand officers who comprise the 347th selected Joan for the excellent sportsmanship she showed when she was thrown from a horse some months ago. And you should see Joan in her spick and span uniform. The papers have arrived from Washington confirming her commission and very shortly she'll be sporting a silver eagle.

Model Doug

THERE'S a reason why Doug Fairbanks Jr. sits so quietly on the set these days. Doug, who usually bounces around playing with his dog, Hamlet, strikes a picturesque pose when he's not working in *It's Tough to be Famous*. Why? He's being sculptured, my dear. Or is it sculpt? Anyway, a bust is being made of him and it's going to be a present for one Joan Crawford. Greater love than that he could not show her because it's the hardest thing in the world for Doug to be still. So discount all divorce rumors between the two at a hundred per cent for the present.

No Blind Pig

IRENE DUNNE can spin a yarn as good as any of them. Her latest is about some property she and her husband own on Fifty-third Street in New York. It's rented to very sedate, proper people. They were completely mystified when a troupe of persons began wearing a path to their door, knocking three times, and a few went so far as to wink. Upon being questioned they'd invariably give the name of a friend who had recommended the place. For what? Irene's tenants wanted to know. At that they would scuttle off without another word. The mystery was solved when it was discovered that every other house in the block was a "blind pig." So Irene had a sign put up in front for them—"This Is *Not* A Speakeasy!"

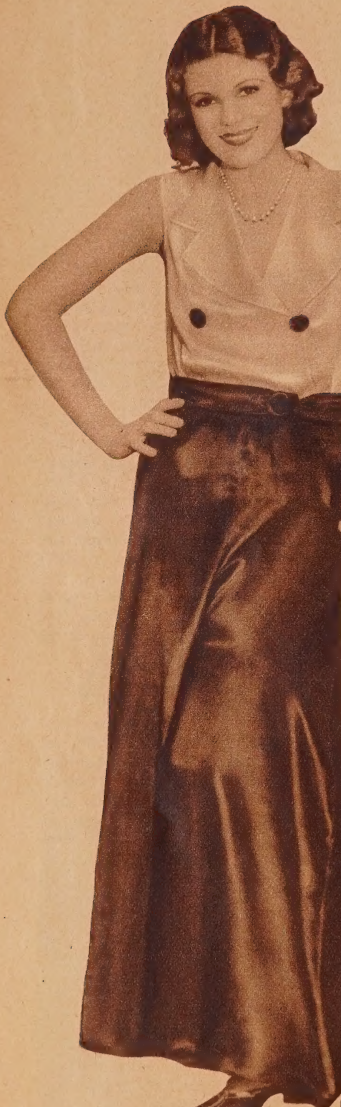
Career vs. Travel

WE RAN into Clara Bow the other day. For the first time in the five years we've known her she looks radiant. She cannot decide about retiring permanently from the screen. She wants to travel around the

[*Continued on page 71*]

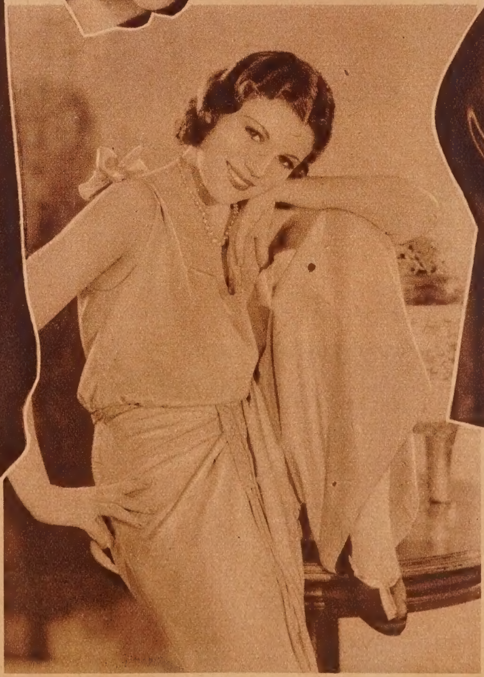
THE PAJAMA

Ruth Hall parades the new spring styles which dictate startling new ensembles designed to keep a lady sheathed in pajamas all hours of the day

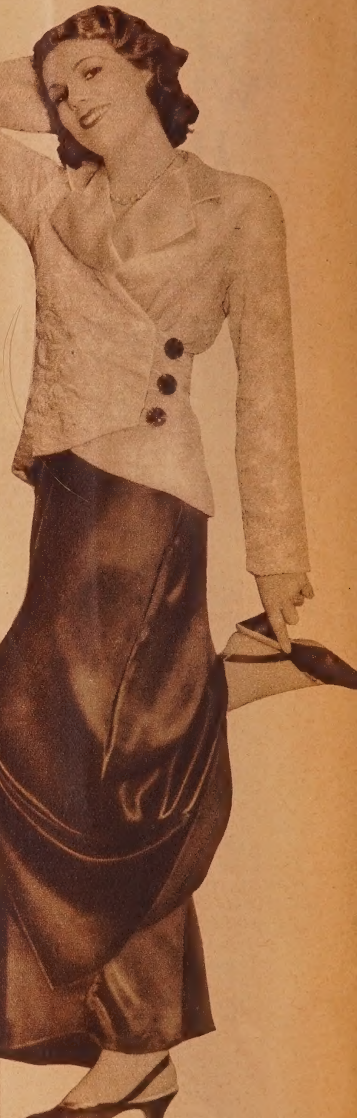


—*Fryer*

The brittle contrast of round black buttons on Ruth Hall's white satin blouse reminds one of the graceful clown attire of Pierrot. So casual, these pajamas are just the thing for a morning at home

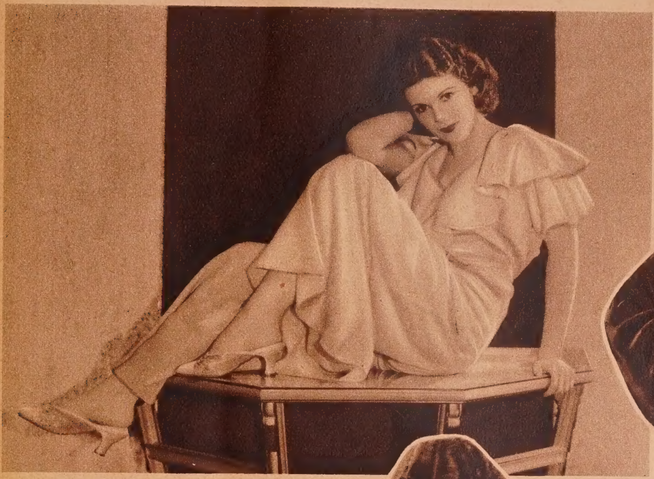


Clothes with a sheen are passing away and Ruth Hall, Warner Brothers featured player, doesn't mind admitting she thinks these eggshell pajamas of very dull crêpe with their braided sash are chic enough for formal wear

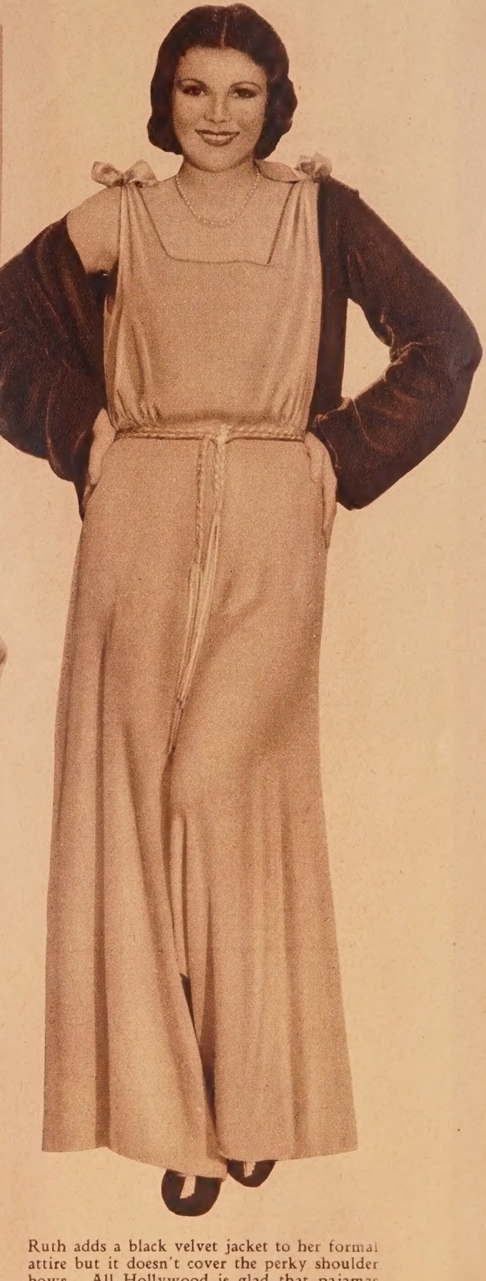


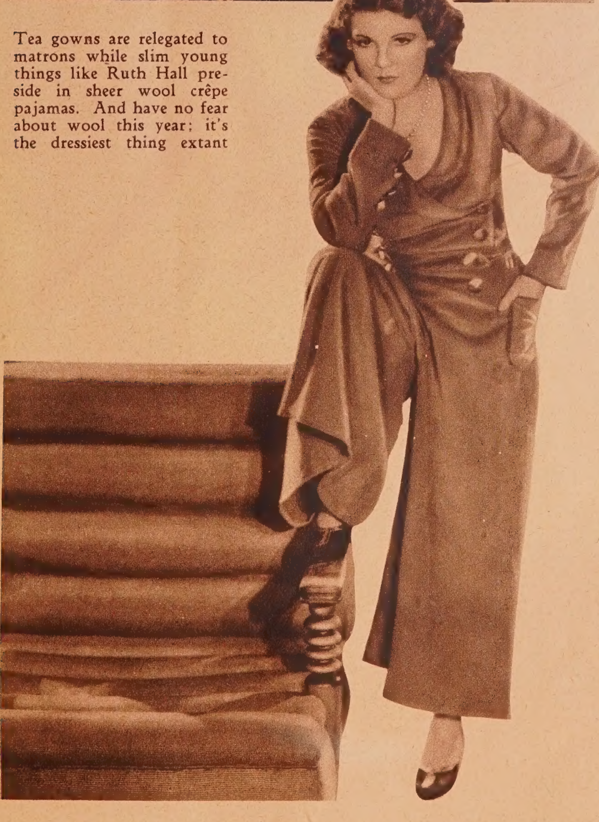
Now Ruth slips a white satin jacket, elaborately stitched, over the Pierrot costume and quick as a wink she has an outfit just right to grace the swankiest breakfast party in town. See the suggestion of a swallow tail coat?

RAGE IS BACK!



Tea gowns are relegated to matrons while slim young things like Ruth Hall preside in sheer wool crêpe pajamas. And have no fear about wool this year; it's the dressiest thing extant





Ruth jumps into powder blue corduroys for out of doors. Trim as a clipper ship, they boast big brass buttons and nip in at the waist only to flare out to skirtlike proportions from the hips

Ruth adds a black velvet jacket to her formal attire but it doesn't cover the perky shoulder bows. All Hollywood is glad that pajamas are raging again, for the new ones are gay with a carpentered air of sleekness at waist and hipline

JEAN HARLOW

These United States are in danger of losing a favorite screen beauty, for English studios are bidding for Jean Harlow's services in a special picture. Once there, she may decide to stay, in spite of the fact that "Beast of the City," her latest picture, has made her more popular than ever before

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

BEAUTY HINTS of the MONTH

By Genevieve Tobin

Genevieve Tobin changes her coiffure with her rôle, but suggests that you change yours with fashion. She cut bangs for *One Hour With You*

When Miss Tobin's hair was long she wore it in this style. "Don't forget," she says, "your coiffure must suit you, and you alone"

—Ray Jones

Genevieve designed this hairdress—a short bob combed off the forehead and waved around the head without a part. Short ends are curled up in back

A screen beauty tells how you, too, can make your hair lovely

A DIFFERENT coiffure every month? Certainly, or for every occasion if you prefer it. Portraying a variety of characters is the most interesting part of my profession. In rôles where my wardrobes must be changed to meet the demands, then surely my hair arrangements must vary accordingly.

The same thing goes with you. And for *you*, it is just as important. I know of so many women who constantly whimper about how tired they are of wearing their hair the same way. But do they do anything about it? Generally, no! They continue to change their gowns as the mode predicts—their hats flop about from one style to another—shoes become round-toed, and pointed again. But the hair? It usually remains in the same fashion month in and month out with an occasional change of coloring, perhaps.

Before describing the coiffures I have favored throughout my various picture rôles, I want to tell first how to care for the hair that it may be healthy, glossy, and easily arranged.

In these days it is not difficult to keep the hair in good condition if one is willing to take a little time and have it washed carefully in soft water with a good soap, rinsed, rubbed and dried, preferably by hand or in the sunshine. Keeping the scalp clean is a necessity and it amuses me to hear people wonder how one may keep healthy hair when the greatest beauty aid in the world is soap and water.

Clean hair, well brushed, is generally healthy. It is better to have someone shampoo your hair rather than try to do it yourself.

My own hair has always been thick and glossy. When I was a child it grew rapidly, and the care it received then has done much to keep it healthy. There are scalp diseases which cause a great deal of annoyance and ruin hair, but generally falling hair is the result of laziness in brushing and cleaning the scalp. Remember that hair is like a vegetable growth. Keep it cultivated and watered, and it will repay you by being luxuriant.

NOW—as to coiffures, there is this to say. Don't forget when you are about to rearrange your hair, that *you* and *you* alone are the model. It isn't the girl next door or Greta Garbo whom you are interested in. Your coiffure must suit *you*. I do not mean to say that coiffures of the various popular stars should not be copied. Fine—it's a great idea—if they are becoming to *you*. If you find they aren't, arrange the hair as nearly like the style as possible, with perhaps an added wave or a covered ear-tip.

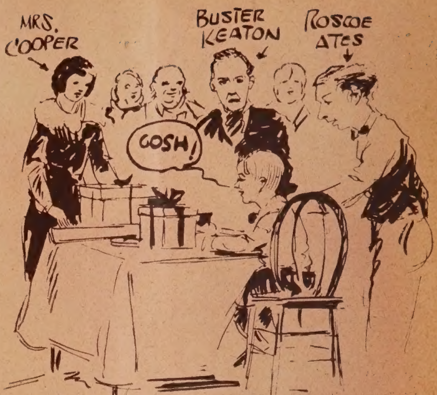
In my first rôle in pictures, *A Lady Surrenders*, I was cast as a young American authoress. She was supposed to be a quiet, sweet, feminine type so I used a conventional arrangement. My hair was parted on one side and waved rather flat to my head. This type of hair-dress is suitable for the business girl who hastens off to the office in the morning with little time to "fuss." *If* it is becoming.

In the evening then, when you return home with a date for dinner or dancing, be ultra-modern and sophisticated by combing your hair back over the

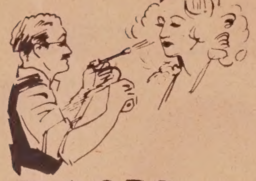
[*Continued on page* 55]

JUST AN INKLING OF WHAT I SAW IN HOLLYWOOD

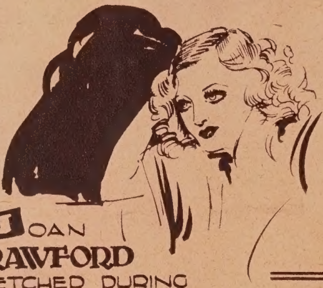
by Nick Nichols


MRS. COOPER
BUSTER KEATON
ROSCOE ATES
GOSH!

THEY GAVE JACKIE COOPER A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE STUDIO DINING ROOM.

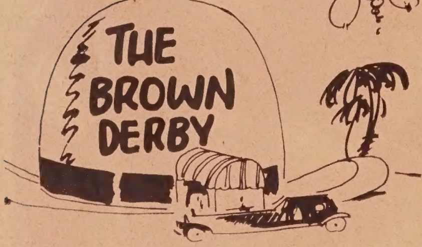


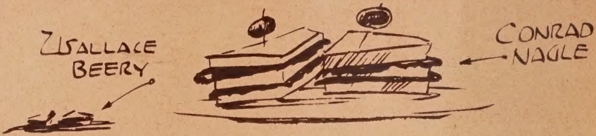
APPLYING THE PERSPIRATION TO JOAN'S BROW



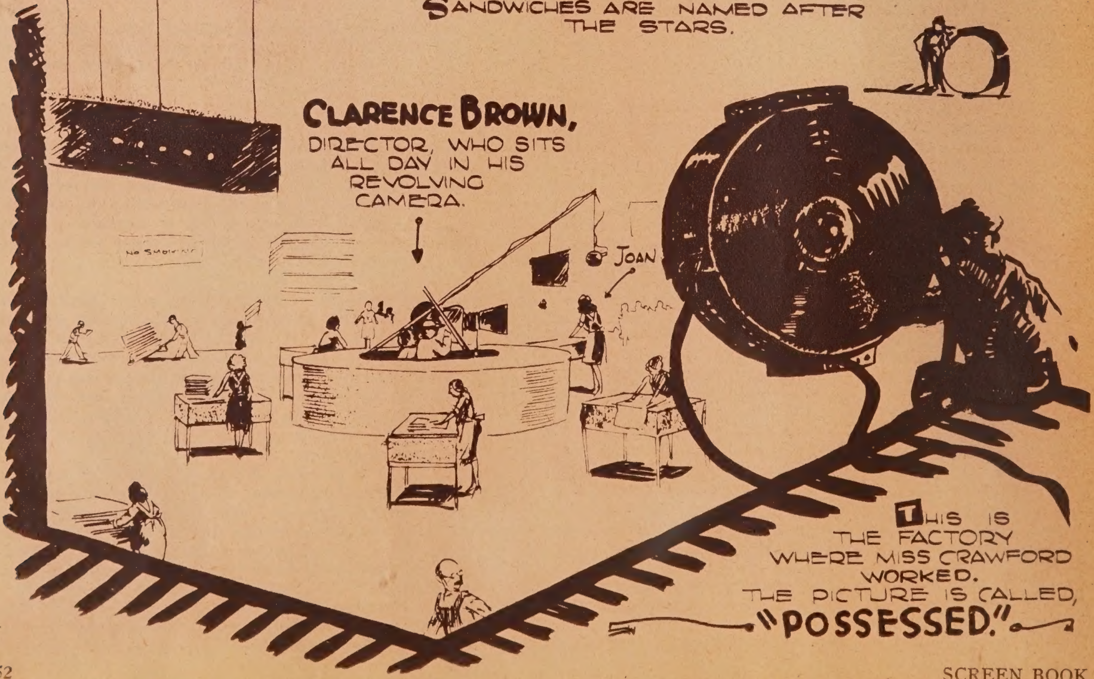
JOAN CRAWFORD SKETCHED DURING A BREATHING SPELL.

Pen peeks into the heart of Hollywood studios with a famous newspaper syndicate cartoonist


THE BROWN DERBY


WALLACE BEERY
CONRAD NAGLE

SANDWICHES ARE NAMED AFTER THE STARS.


NO SMOKING
JOAN

CLARENCE BROWN, DIRECTOR, WHO SITS ALL DAY IN HIS REVOLVING CAMERA.

THIS IS THE FACTORY WHERE MISS CRAWFORD WORKED. THE PICTURE IS CALLED, **"POSSESSED."**

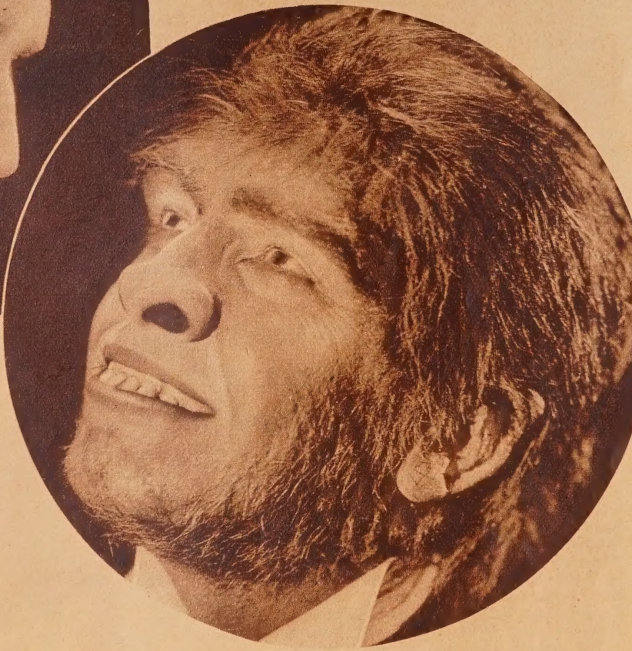
ALIAS FREDRIC MARCH

By

Jerome Strauss

—Gene Robert Richee

The highest compliment that can possibly be paid a player is to say that he is not temperamental. Everyone declares that Fredric March is not



—Gene Robert Richee

Fredric March lost twenty pounds while making *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. When he finished at night his face was drawn and his eyes darkly circled

A banker turned actor divulges the secret of his dual personality

ABOUT half the time Fredric March is not himself these days. He's being either his good self or his evil self, or his brother, or something like that. Which to a less level-headed person would be apt to result in a certain degree of confusion, but which bothers March not at all.

For the secret of March is that he is really a dual personality. He has the artistic temperament lined right up beside a practical nature, the result being a type of normality which makes him stand out in Hollywood like an optimist at a producers' conference.

For, speaking figuratively, he has combined within himself both Dr. Jekyll, the actor and Mr. Hyde, the banker. (This allotment of good and evil rôles, as personified in the Robert Louis Stevenson drama, is based upon current Hollywood conceptions of these occupations. In fact, it has been remarked in film circles that if March hadn't been a banker in his early days he never would have been able to give so realistic a portrayal of the demoniac Mr. Hyde.)

If March had continued in the ways of his evil youth he might now be looming in Hollywood in his banking capacity, casting a shadow of terror over the community and strangling fat salaries as he did the beauteous Miriam Hopkins in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But let it be set down to his credit that he forsook the counting room for the dressing room before it was too late.

It should be remembered in appraising the qualities of March that as a rule the financial and artistic temperaments mix no better than do the proverbial oil and water. The ordinary actor, shut into a teller's cage in his youth, would spend the rest of his days wailing about the scars inflicted on his soul by such stifling of the artistic side of life. But not March.

"No, I can't say I suffered," he relates. "In fact, I rather enjoyed the work. I had always lived in that kind of environment, my father being the head of a building and loan association, and two brothers going in for commerce studies. As a child I had been encouraged to develop a financial sense, being rewarded with larger allowances and things like that."

Whereas to most actors an [*Continued on page* 70]

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Where movie fans express their frank opinions

Direction Honors

Youngstown, Ohio.

I NOTICED your selection for direction honors and don't altogether agree with you. In the first place I believe *Street Scene* deserves rating as one of the best. Second, you did not mention *Bad Girl* which skyrocketed a new star into prominence and revealed an old one in a new light.

Also, I don't believe that *Palmy Days* rates selection as outstanding. It was below Cantor's standard and its plot was null and void as far as that is concerned. I believe *Cimarron* was the best of the year. The scenes were so realistic and the setting so perfect that I can't imagine another picture's ever touching it.

Otherwise your selections were fine and I think your magazine is first rate, especially the tabloid section.

Frank Quinn.

Cast For Ivanhoe

Somerville, N. J.

WE HAVE just finished reading *Ivanhoe* and thought it would make a great story if portrayed on the screen with an all-star cast such as is being lined up for *Grand Hotel*. We have the following characters in mind: Ramón Novarro as Ivanhoe; John Barrymore as King Richard; Lionel Barrymore as Sir Brian de Bois-Gilbert; Dolores Costello as Rowena; Bebe Daniels as Rebecca; and Will Rogers as Wamba.

We should also like to see Dorothy Mackaill in another rôle like the one she had in *Bright Lights*.

A. and C. Norton.

Inimitable

Kenosha, Wis.

WHAT a grand piece of work Ben Lyon did in *Compromised*. It was his first real part since *Hell's Angels*, and his portrayal of Sid Brock was indeed inimitable.

Why are all our old favorites forgotten in this Clark Gable rush? Let's forget Gable for a while and give a few rousing cheers for all our old idols, who have made boxoffice successes year after year and are as popular as ever.

Mary Herrmann.

Thinks We're Pretty Nice

New York City.

THE new *Screen Book* is wonderful and I notice how generous it is in publishing what the general public wants. We see and hear of Garbo, Gable, Bennetts, Dietrich and others so much, now we like something new and different. Why don't you give us lots of news, pictures, and a cover of Noel Francis. Her work in *Smart Money* and other pictures was appreciated by many fans, although I believe her real opportunity is yet to come. I know *Screen Book* will give us what we want.

Joan Darrow.

Thinks We're Pretty Awful

Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIVE minutes ago I bought a new SCREEN BOOK, but I'll never buy another. I saw when I opened the book that Marie Dressler won the medal for giving the finest performance of the year. That's all very well. But, how dare you say that Irene Dunne should have received the second prize? Norma Shearer was the only possible runner-up and your publication does not give her half the credit she deserves. She is the finest actress on the screen and you should realize it.

Ray Lewis.

—Otto Dyar

When we held our own little private film popularity contest here in the offices of SCREEN BOOK, who should come out head and shoulders above even Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, declared to be the men of the hour, but William Powell. "He's so polished," the girls thrilled

Teams

Roseville, Ohio.

THERE are two sets of starring teams that I think are great and hope that they will not be broken up. They are James Dunn and Sally Eilers; and Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

Everyone I know is getting tired of looking at *Krazy Kat*. Give us more human comedies and let some out-of-work actors get a break.

Good luck to Robert Montgomery! He always makes a hit with young people.

Clarence Dobbs.

See Here, Dorothy

Gloucester, Va.

THANKS, SCREEN BOOK, for that swell picture of the ultra-ultra Garbo on your February cover.

Here's a kick in the shins, Dorothy De Long, for your letter panning the screen's greatest actress. Don't you know, my child, that to pan Garbo is to admit one's ignorance?

Buddy Lewis.

Quotes Us

Austin, Texas.

IN A recent *Screen Book* you said; "So far as the Hollywood beauties go, Ziegfeld feels that the producers overlook some of their best numbers."

And Ziegfeld is right. Mr. Producers, please wake up and look around. Noel Francis, for instance, is only one of the many dazzling beauties invading the talkies, who hails from the Follies. And say, have you heard what a voice that little actress has? Why doesn't someone give her a real chance?

H. M. Lockwood.

Well, Dorothy?

Port Chester, N. Y.

I'M NOT like your reader, Dorothy De Long, whose letter appeared in your February Mail Box. I feel that your otherwise fine magazine holds no interest unless it contains some news about exotic Greta Garbo, and let me assure you that lots of fans feel the same way. Of course, there are always some people who can not appreciate supremacy even when they see it.

Anna M. L.

Tab Gets Over

Minneapolis, Minn.

JUST a note to tell you how much I enjoy your Screen Tabloid. It is original and unique. I look for it first every month. Don't take it out, ever. In every way I think you have a very charming magazine.

Dolores Wartburg.

More Barrymores

Indianapolis, Ind.

JOHN BARRYMORE has always been a remarkably good actor and a very popular one. I wonder why, though, just now everyone is being compared to him.

First Fredric March marches off with honors in *The Royal Family of Broadway* and everyone acclaims him a second John Barrymore. Then along comes Warren William with his clean-cut profile and Barrymore speaking voice and another John is heralded. Both of these men are fine actors and interesting men, but if comparisons are begun their days are likely to be numbered. No one wants imitations.

George Perry.

Bon Mot For Clara

Marion, No. Carolina.

NOW I'm satisfied. I've read that Clara Bow will soon be back on the screen. Yes, not only in my opinion is Clara a great actress, but thousands of others think so as well. I like Clara because she is full of life, beautiful, and a real actress. She is a favorite to be truly proud of and may she be an even greater actress in the future.

C. R. Lane.

Beauty Hints of the Month

[*Continued from page* 51]

ears. This can be beautifully improved with the use of a deceiving little "switch," pinned low on the back of the neck to give the long hair effect so popular at the moment. It is really quite important to have a little "switch" in your home these days.

Recently, I amused myself by having my hair cut rather short and astonished all my friends with what seems to me one of the best and most original hair arrangements I've worn. Try it, and see if it becomes *you.* The hair is combed straight off the forehead and waved round my head without a part. The short ends are curled up rather fussily but most becomingly all over the back of the head. I had hoped to use this arrangement in my next picture, but "Mitzi" in *One Hour With You* just had to wear bangs. So—she had them.

Now I'm letting my hair grow. It has been bobbed since 1929 when a French barber in Paris cut off my heavy locks which at that time hung to my waist. I don't know how long I'll let it grow. Maybe my next picture will need it—maybe not. *I* must change with picture rôles—*you,* with the mode.

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FLU--GRIPPE
make handkerchief
washing repulsive!

Use KLEENEX disposable tissues and destroy!

No washing! No contact with germs!

THIS advertisement is addressed to every woman who has ever washed a handkerchief used during a cold.

Can you think of any more repulsive task? *Would you like to escape from it forever?*

A new disposable handkerchief!

Thousands of women have done so. You see them everywhere—in public, at home—using a delicate, downy square that looks softer—cleaner—than any handkerchief. It's Kleenex. The new, disposable, sanitary handkerchief that showed us how disgusting the old way really was.

Kleenex is used just once. Its amazingly low cost makes this possible. Then you destroy it. You have no unpleasant washing to do. You store no germ-filled handkerchiefs in laundry bags, to spread infection through other clothing.

And you never use a soiled handkerchief! Never carry germs back to your face. You run no risk of self-infection during colds.

Try Kleenex for beauty

Try Kleenex. And not only for handkerchiefs. Use Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics. Its extreme absorbency assures you that your pores are really cleared of all impurities. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

Regular 50c size Now 35c

S-5

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Please send sample packet of Kleenex.

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KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

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( ) Customs Inspector
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( ) P. O. Clerk
( ) File Clerk
( ) General Clerk
( ) Matron
( ) Steno-Typist
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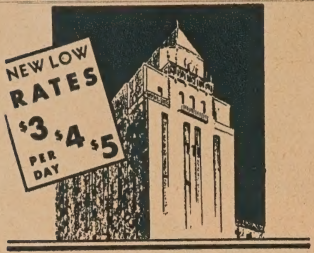

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An environment of comfort and refinement —Hollywood's leading hotel, rendezvous of the film stars. Conveniently located, twenty minutes from downtown Los Angeles.
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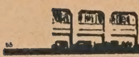

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At 75 . . .
not a Wrinkle!
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An Impatient Maiden's Adventures

[*Continued from page 33*]

Or I can become equally thrilled and intoxicated over flirting with some imaginary scheme. For instance: I'm always visualizing the sort of house I'll build. I plan one page something very distinctive. An enormous living room—circular, maybe—with a lot of little rooms opening off of it. Rooms in various colors to suit my changing moods. Oh, I have a grand time building that house. And then, suddenly I decide that I couldn't possibly live in a house like that. What I really want is an intimate little house with rickety stairs leading to a garret with funny little windows. I'll have a piano and a desk and some lovely pictures and that will be my study. I'll take music lessons and study French and be a sort of hermit. This goes on for days . . . And then my mood changes and I find myself thinking: No, a house like that wouldn't be good for me at all. What I need is a gay place—filled with people. So I build an entirely new house. I make up my mind to be a *party girl.* I'll have at least a dozen boy-friends and I'll keep them all guessing. I visualize myself as very exotic—and *mysterious.*

"And the catch to all this," Mae goes on "is that after building all these dream houses in my mind, I keep right on living in the same house—a house that's just like any other house. In fact, it's so much like other houses that one time I made a mistake and tried to get into somebody else's house, thinking it was my own."

And life for Mae Clarke is like that . . . a matter of moods and fancies. Even when she's playing a rôle her imagination often gets out of bounds. For instance: You will recall the scene in *Front Page* where Mae jumped out of the window.

"The jump was about six feet," says Mae, "and there was a net to catch me. When I hit the net I bounced. And I kept thinking how funny it would be if I should bounce right back into the scene while the cameras were grinding."

And then there was that scene in *The Impatient Maiden* where she was supposed to be operated upon. She spent hours stretched out on an operating table. Several months previous to the making of this picture Mae had had a bad attack of appendicitis and the doctor had wanted to operate. Oddly enough, this same doctor was called in as technical advisor on the picture.

"And while I was stretched out on that table," says Mae in telling about it, "I could almost imagine that it was a real operation. I got to imagining what would happen if I should suddenly get a pain in my appendix and let out a scream. I could just picture that doctor saying: 'A-ha young lady, I've got you now where you can't get away.' First thing I knew I was practically smelling the ether!"

THOSE who have cast Mae's horoscope or who have looked at her palm, prophesy that she will eventually become well known as a writer. If an active imagination is one of the essential requirements for a writer Mae should certainly qualify. And she herself confesses that she gets the same sort of thrill out of scribbling poetry that she gets out of acting.

Mae comes from the city that is famous for its board walk. Her father was an organist at one of the picture theatres in Atlantic City. When Mae was a little girl the neighbors were always saying: "She's a natural born dancer, isn't she Mrs. Clarke?" And Mrs. Clarke *shushed* them and tried to keep Mae from hearing what they had said because she had no intention of raising her daughter to be a dancer.

But she couldn't keep the child from dancing to the music of the victrola or the tunes of the hurdy-gurdy and imagining that she *was* a dancer any more than she could keep her from imagining that she was really a pirate when she played with the kids on a lagoon which they called the Spanish Main.

When Mae was about fourteen she passed through the joining-a-club stage. All of the girls in the club were taking dancing lessons. So of course Mae immediately began pleading with her mother to let her join the dancing class. Reluctantly, Mrs. Clarke gave her consent, never dreaming that an innocent little dancing class would prove a stepping stone to fame for Mae. But that is exactly what happened . . .

At the end of the year the dancing class gave a recital. Earl Lindsay, the New York producer was there . . . looking for a couple of girls for the chorus of a new musical comedy. It had all the earmarks of being Mae's big moment. She was scheduled to do a specialty number.

Determined to make an impression on the producer, she plunged into her song and dance. *Plunged* is right. She landed right on her sitting down place. And then and there Mae Clarke demonstrated that she had the true spirit of a trouper. Tears of mortification were pressing against her eyeballs, her every impulse was to run off into the wings—but she gritted her teeth, picked herself up, gave the audience an angelic little smile . . . and went on with the dance. Not until she was back in her dressing room did her tears fall unrestrainedly. And it was while she was in the throes of this crying jag that Lindsay himself appeared. He congratulated her on her spirit, and her dance, and told her he could use her in his new show, *Keep Cool.* He promised to wire her when she should come to New York.

Followed numerous huddles in the Clarke household . . . parental arguments stacked against Mae's tearful pleas, with Mae finally winning out. But, after that was settled, there was the little matter of funds for the trip to be considered. Well, Mae determined to *earn* the money for the trip to New York. She sold hot dogs. She packed candy. She tried her hand at being a soda-jerker. . . .

FINALLY, Lindsay sent for her. Her trip up the ladder of fame had begun. But the climbing was not easy. Imagine a kid of fifteen, who had never been away from home, fighting the battle of Broadway. It meant work and lots of it. Disappointments. Heartaches. Living in drab little hall bedrooms where she had to move the furniture in front of the door at night—because she was afraid. But it all came

—*Freulich*

For a split second we thought it was Gary Cooper, too, but it's really colorful Luis Trenker from the Austrian Tyrol. He's playing with Tala Birell in her first starring picture, *Mountains in Flame*

under the heading of "experience." Mae had grit and determination. She knew what she wanted. Sometimes, sitting in a little café frequented by chorus girls, watching the ever-changing panorama that is Broadway, she would visualize her name spelled out in electric lights . . . nor did she ever doubt that this dream would one day become a reality.

The Strand Roof . . . the Everglades Club . . . *Gay Paree* . . . *The Noose* . . . vaudeville . . . were merely way stations along the route which led to the realization of her dream—to become a moving picture actress.

Big Time was her first picture. It was just so-so. There were other inconsequential pictures. It took *The Front Page* and *Waterloo Bridge* to put Mae's stock on the up and up—and now it looks like clear sailing ahead.

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Get your copy of the magazine with America's most sensational true stories of crime and mystery—Details the police withheld—Intimate revelations no newspaper dared to print.
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Analyzing the Clark Gable Craze

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE greatest story ever written about Clark Gable! Hollywood's foremost writer brings to you a stirring analysis and a true picture of the man who has captured feminine hearts the world over. Don't miss this amazing article in May SCREEN PLAY. In the same issue you will find interesting stories about Greta Garbo, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Sylvia Sidney, Johnny Weissmuller, Sidney Fox, Boris Karloff, Barbara Stanwyck and George Arliss, besides many sparkling features and pages of Movieland gossip. Be sure to get your copy!

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If your newsdealer is sold out, send ten cents in stamps or coin to SCREEN PLAY Magazine, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of May SCREEN PLAY will be sent to you immediately.

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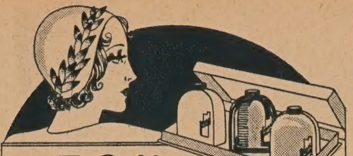

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344 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Will Gary Wed Titled Lady?

[*Continued from page* 9]

of Broadway, Berkeley Square and Antibes (she denied it), as well as Katherine Wilson, actress. He made exclusive Long Island house parties with a single leap, under the sponsorship of the Taylors, a distinction which few movie colony actors achieve. When the contessa found it necessary to be in New York, Gary, of course, was her escort, a small favor for the many that she and the count had given him.

October of last year found Cooper again at nerve's edge. His doctor prescribed complete change and rest. Gary is like his mother. New faces, new places, travel, spell relaxation to him. With this in mind, his new friends suggested a safari into the African jungles such as Director W. S. (*Trader Horn*) Van Dyke made with his motion picture unit.

They would board the *Augustus,* bound for Italy. In Italy they would transfer to a privately-owned yacht, cross the Mediterranean to Northern Africa, debarking at the delta of the Nile. They would traverse the three thousand miles of waterway, penetrate the Nairobi-Kenya country, shoot big game. With them would be Captain "Babe" White of eastern museum fame, Woodworth Donohue, Percy Melville—in all, about a dozen New Yorkers who were interested in scientific research, plus one motion picture cameraman in case they should run into something that Director Van Dyke had overlooked.

In the meantime, Paramount was busy grooming two stories for its popular star. They were *The Miracle Man* and *The Broken Wing.* These pictures since have been made with Chester Morris playing the male lead in the former and Melvyn Douglas, a newcomer to films, in the latter, for Gary, following his doctor's orders, fled New York and America.

IN HOLLYWOOD the cards were being shuffled, too. The romance of Lupe and Gary, the colony's inseparables since Garbo and Gilbert called it quits, had cooled after three years. It had had its inception when the man from the *mesas* and the girl from below the Rio Grande were cast together in *The Wolf Song,* a pre-talkie. Rumor, which has been refuted, has it that Gary's parents, particularly his mother, were very much opposed to marriage with the Mexican actress. Rumor also has it that Gary, who nursed a healthy affection for Lupe in the first fevered days of their association, realized that because of inborn temperamental differences, they could doubtless never make a success of a long-term matrimonial contract, for Gary, basically, is still old-fashioned enough to disbelieve the benefits of Reno.

Whatever the cause, the romance had turned cold and Lupe was solacing herself with the company of the colony's most engaging gentlemen when Paramount announced that she would play the feminine lead opposite Cooper in *The Broken Wing.* Immediately local bets were placed on a revival of the romance, but Cooper did not play the part.

With Cooper in the African jungles, rumor ran riot. A man as attractive and personable as Gary cannot go long without romantic to-do being spread about him. He was photographed in a fez, astride a camel, with a recumbent lion, shooting the big game that he had

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When Dr. Bunker, the famous handwriting expert, analyzed Miss Bennett's signature she made the following reply:

"I was absolutely amazed at your accurate analysis!"

Constance Bennett

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Your handwriting may not look anything like Constance Bennett's, but it may reveal hidden talents that can carry you to great success. Just send Dr. Bunker a sample of your writing and he will analyze it for you without cost. Use the coupon below. Act now!

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

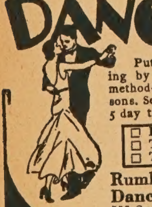
—*Hyman Fink*

The announcer at a première has discovered a girl who should do some bragging. It's Karen Morley who is scoring as the leading lady of John and Lionel Barrymore in *Arsene Lupin*

dreamt about as a rabbit-shooting kid on his dad's Sunnyside Ranch in Montana.

Romantic rumors reached the peak, recently, when it was discovered that the expedition was not entirely composed of scientists and amateur explorers; that the Contessa di Frasso also was a member, braving the dangers and discomforts of jungle invasion like a thoroughbred. In the meantime, in Hollywood, a friendship has sprung up between the Contessa's father, who winters in California, and Gary's parents. Perhaps it is gratitude to the woman who is helping their youngest boy regain his health that motivates this friendship. Perhaps it presages a union of the families.

No one knows the answer but the principals. Is it a fine and lasting friendship between civilized, well-disciplined people, or is it the big love of Gary's life? Is it peace and tranquility and great understanding after Hollywood's tumultuous affairs? The bets among Gary's friends and intimates are even on it.



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And what a ride it was! Hollywood's lanky comedian tells how he outwitted gangland's ambassadors to Movieland in one of the strangest, funniest true stories ever written. Read it in June SCREEN BOOK!

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play

— but a minute later...

"I guess we're stuck for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents.

"I suppose this means more bridge," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something unusual to do?"

"Sure—I'll play the piano for you," said Sally Barrow.

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent struck everybody as a joke. For, unfortunately, she was considerably overweight and for that reason usually played nothing but wallflower.

While they were all having their little laugh Sally walked over to the piano. Carelessly she played a few chords. Then, suddenly, she broke into one of the latest Broadway hits. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked.

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally explained. "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When I saw how easy it all was I sent for the course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. It was as simple as A-B-C."

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UNITED HOTELS

An Untold Chapter from Clark Gable's Past

[*Continued from page* 21]

anything contemptuous or sarcastic.

"What some of the other boarders couldn't understand was a fellow going to work at the mill, wearing clothes just as good, if not better, than they wore on Sunday."

AFTER working hours Gable looked for what fun and excitement one could stir up in the small city of Silverton. Many times he went to dances and parties with Mrs. Scott's four children, Louyse, Mae, Wilbur and Sammy.

Just as Clark Gable is thrilling the girls with his work on the screen today, he used to thrill them in the dance halls in Silverton and surrounding country.

"I think you could have called Clark a friend of most 'wall-flowers,'" Wilbur Scott declared. "When Clark and I went to dances, he soon became bored of dancing with the good-looking girls. To have some fun, he often picked out the homeliest girl in the hall. Probably one who hadn't danced all evening. Up he'd march and ask her to dance, showing her all the attention in the world. After a couple of dances with her he'd go on to the second homeliest one. He got a great kick out of it, and maybe you think the girls weren't thrilled!"

Louyse Scott was the envy of all girls in Silverton for several months. And why shouldn't she be? Wasn't she being taken out frequently by that good-looking, somewhat sheiky fellow staying at her mother's hotel?

"He certainly was handsome and a marvelous dancer," Louyse confessed, "but you know there were times when I sort of hated to go out with him, because some of the fellows used to refer to him as a 'sheik.'

"I remember the first dance I went to with him, at the old Silverton armory in the opera house block. I hadn't been there long before all my girl friends wanted to know who my partner was. Rather than admit that he was one of our boarders who worked at the mill, I told them all that he was a friend of mine from the East. That story worked for awhile. All the girls wanted to dance with him, because Billy could certainly dance!

"I'll never forget Clark at a charivari party held at my brother Wilbur's home for some newlyweds. Of course Gable was there with the rest of our crowd. Naturally when the party started to get a little dull, Clark was the first to start to liven things up.

"'We've got to have a little more excitement,' Clark said. 'Wait a few minutes, I'm going down town and see what's doing.'

"In about fifteen minutes we heard him coming up on the porch with someone else. The door opened and there stood Clark and a fellow who used to live here, John Carsony. He was a young fellow with a bull voice. You could hear his voice for blocks. Clark had run into Carsony down town and induced him to come to the party.

"First Clark asked him a question. Then as he started to answer Clark put his hand to his ear, saying: 'A little louder, please, I can't hear you. I'm hard of hearing.' Every time Clark said that Carsony would talk louder.

"But that was the Billy Gable, the fellow I knew. Always full of fun and crazy over dramatics. Every time he went to Portland he came back with a new armful of pictures of stage people. His room was covered with pictures.

"I frequently kidded him about the stage and he always replied: 'You wait and see. My name will be in the bright lights of Broadway some day.' I guess he was right, but then I never thought he'd make it. When he talked of quitting his job at the mill and returning to Portland to study dramatics, I told him he was foolish.

"Three square meals a day are better than none," I told him.

"'Don't worry about me, I'll be coming out all right,' was Clark's answer."

THERE was a lot of talk around the lobby of the Cottage Hotel about Gable in another connection besides dramatics. It was about a girl whom Billy Gable loved. At every opportunity he went to Portland to see her, or, when she was visiting her parents on a farm outside of Silverton, he would spend the weekends there.

Residents of the Cottage Hotel heard lots about a Franz Doerfler. She was Clark Gable's ideal and continued to be for many months. After a stormy career in stage companies which took him over a greater part of the United States, Gable, broke, without a job, landed in Portland, Oregon, early in 1922.

After some search he landed a job selling neckties at Meier and Franks big department store. While working there, however, the old dramatic urge came back stronger than ever. He became acquainted with the theatrical folk in Portland. There were stock companies, vaudeville troups and little theatre players.

In this group he met Franz Doerfler. They were both interested in the same thing. There was but a few months' difference in their ages. They fell in love!

In Portland early in the spring of 1922, there was a new stock company being formed. Would Gable like to join? Of course he would! He was among the first to sign with the new Forrest Taylor Stock Company. With a full company signed the group moved to Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia river, where they planned a permanent stand.

Everything went along very successfully for several weeks. Clark Gable and Franz Doerfler were together most of the time. Then the unexpected happened. One day the company met for rehearsal and the manager was missing! So were the funds! Salaries due the players also vanished with the absent manager.

For two weeks the company tried to carry on. Each day the actors appeared on the stage they knew that it was nearer the last. Finally the show broke up and the group, with little funds, went to Seaside, Oregon, twenty miles from Astoria, where they lived for a few days. Earl Larrimore, a member of the company and now famous among New York's stage folk, had a relative who owned a large house at the seashore resort. At this house the group stayed.

AFTER a few days at the oceanshore, the funds were nearly depleted, so Clark Gable and Franz Doerfler came to Silverton to visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Doerfler, who still live on a farm near the little city.

Out at the Doerfler farm there are many movie magazines. And many newspaper clippings. For the Doerflers haven't forgotten Billy Gable and he hasn't forgotten them.

"We took a great liking to him when he came home with Franz," Mrs. Doerfler said. "He was just a big overgrown kid. Franz and he were about the same age. Her birthday is in August, and Billy's is on either February first or second. According to what he told me, he must have been thirty-two years old his last birthday."

After a few weeks at the Doerfler farm, Franz and Bill decided that in order to replenish their depleted finances, they would pick hops.

"Several days before leaving for the hopyard, Franz told Billy that if he ever hoped to make a success of himself he would have to learn to speak better English," her mother recalled. "So the day before they left for the Horst yard near Independence, Oregon, Franz and Billy went to Salem, where they obtained a number of books from the state library.

"Along with the hop-picking group went grammar books. They spent three weeks picking hops. Every night Franz made Billy put in so much time studying."

After Billy Gable had been back at Doerflers for a few days, Fritz Doerfler, Franz's brother, came home from a summer spent in Eastern Oregon harvest fields. Billy and Fritz decided to go to Portland and ask Fritz's older brother to help them find a job. He did, and once again Gable embarked on an interesting adventure in his interesting career.

It was nearing the later part of October when Fritz and Clark left Silverton for Rector's camp on Haloff creek, near Brighton, Oregon, on the Pacific ocean coast. The two were to join a gang building a logging camp railroad.

"Billy and I bunked together," Fritz said, "and we had some good times together over on the coast, but the job only lasted a month because of the heavy rains in November. When Billy wasn't 'swamping,' which means cutting brush ahead of the construction crew, he was carrying chains for the surveyors."

When Billy and Fritz returned from the coast country, Gable's next job was the one in the Silverton sawmill. He often visited the Doerfler farm, especially whenever Franz was home from her study of music and dancing in Portland. He spent Christmas, 1922, at the Doerflers.

MRS. DOERFLER smiles when she tells how the famous Clark Gable might have been her son-in-law.

"If he'd had his way, he would have married Franz," her mother declared. "But Franz always told him no. Not then, because he had no money and no job. Clark used to beg her to marry him, but she had her career in her mind then.

"Billy was a great kid. He never milked any of dad's cows, but he helped around the farm a lot. Every afternoon he came into the kitchen for bread and jelly and a glass of milk. He liked best of all, when on the farm, to put on a flannel shirt and old trousers and roam about the countryside."

It was while in Portland, Oregon, that Clark met Josephine Dillon, a dramatic instructor. He took lessons in expression from her for some time, and later married her.

Several years ago when Clark Gable was playing the part of Killer Mears in *The Last Mile*, he met Franz again in San Francisco.

"He was playing in a stock company and Franz was teaching dancing at the Bell Studio," Mrs. Doerfler said. "He was divorced from his wife then. I guess he still liked Franz because she told me that he asked her if they couldn't take up where they had left off.

"Franz asked him if he knew his own mind yet.

"'Nope,' he answered in his usual carefree manner. So I guess that was all there was to that."

Today, the man whom fellow mill workers once called "Billy—the ham actor," is Clark Gable of screen fame. His old sweetheart also lives in Hollywood, still studying music and dancing.

Once lovers, they're still good friends!

As if having wild Lupe Velez herself around weren't excitement enough, she brings her two Mexican Chihuahuas with her to the set where she is working on *The Broken Wing*

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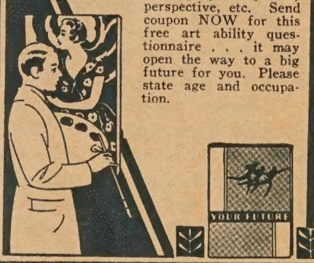

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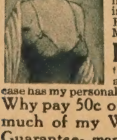

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MADAME WILLIAMS, Suite SB, Buffalo, N.Y.

Judge Ben Lindsey Defends Hollywood Divorces

[*Continued from page 23*]

corresponding class in the city of Denver where I held court. I attribute this largely to the high divorce rate among movie people."

"I REPEAT that I deplore divorce, but, until some means of selecting a mate with absolute assurance that a happy marriage will be the result is discovered, divorce will be necessary if men and women are to find contentment and develop to the extent of their capabilities. Many a splendid career has been stifled because a man or a woman lacked the courage to defy public opinion by securing a divorce. On the other hand, no one knows how many of the successful men and women of today owe their eminence to the possession of that moral courage.

"Let us consider the case of Mary Pickford. The Mary Pickford of today is the acknowledged queen of the motion picture industry. Although seldom seen on the screen, her influence and her example have done much to lift the industry to its present place. I do not know Mr. Owen Moore. Doubtless he is an estimable gentleman, but I seriously doubt that, had Miss Pickford lacked the courage to jeopardize her entire future by divorcing him in favor of Douglas Fairbanks, she would have become the important figure and the influence for good that she is today.

"Neither do I know the first Mrs. Fairbanks, but I also question that Doug would have lived the full rounded life he has, had he remained married to her. Here is a case where two gifted individuals, after each had made a marital mistake, were brought together in a union which has been a blessing to the world."

Constance Bennett's popularity on the screen is tremendous. She is the idol of the working girl whose drab existence is made brighter and whose dreams are personified in the glorious and romantic Connie of the screen. Had Miss Bennett lacked the courage to have that first early marriage set aside and the further courage to put Phillip Plant out of her life, the world surely would have lost much of happiness and light.

Gloria Swanson is now embarked on her fourth venture. Can her previous three attempts be construed as anything but a desire to find connubial content? Unkind people might place a different construction upon them but, as the Judge points out, what could marriage have given the beautiful, successful beauty of the screen that she could not have had without it, except happiness?

"RECENTLY I heard a prominent man violently denounce the divorce of a famous movie star," the Judge smiled and his eyes twinkled. "This actor, said he, is violating every vestige of moral decency by this action. He has re-married and regardless of what the machinery of the law has done to set him free from his first wife, he is now living in sin!

"I happen to know," the Judge's smile grew broader, "that this outspoken man and his wife have hated and despised each other for years. That they have not lived together as man and wife for years and that he, at least, has 'stepped out' with young women of his acquaintance. They will not consider divorce because their church forbids it. Which, let me ask you, is committing the greater sin, the movie star or the other man?"

As to the example set by the stars in their free usage of the divorce court, the Judge cannot conceive of it as anything but a benefit.

"People do follow the dictates of the movies, as my friend points out," he says, "and every time a movie star goes into the divorce court, it gives some man or woman who has hitherto lacked the courage to knock off the shackles of an unhappy union, the final bit of bolstering. History tells us that the common people are gradually moulded to the example of the aristocracy.

"The movie stars represent the nearest approach to aristocracy we have in this country today. That they have refused to conform to the ancient dogma of marriages made in Heaven and to the literal interpretation of 'till death us do part,' means that the thinking of the common people will in time follow similar lines, forcing a reconstruction of all the machinery, legal, social and religious, which deals with the institution of marriage and bringing about a more sane code of moral conduct.

"That is why I say that our movie stars are more to be commended than condemned. No other group has the power to bring about these much needed reforms with such dispatch."

AND while speaking in defense of the stars, Judge Lindsey, who has made a broad study of sex as an element of marital dissent, wishes to correct a few impressions which have gained foothold in the public mind about the underlying causes of Hollywood divorce.

"Sexual incompatability is responsible, either directly or indirectly, for the great majority of divorces, whether among movie stars or factory workers. By that I do not mean that sex is all of marriage. Real marriage is not a mere arrangement whereby two people who desire each other go through certain legal and religious forms to legalize their desire. True marriage is a companionship which endures long after the first blush of romantic passion has faded, but as long as sexual desires remain to the two people involved, their complete satisfaction must be found in each other if the marriage is to continue to be a happy one.

"I do not subscribe to the prevalent idea that the many movie divorces are caused by the fact that sex plays a more important part in the life of Hollywood than it does elsewhere. Some authorities have pointed out as a cause for movie divorces the fact that opportunity for promiscuous adventure exists to a greater degree in Hollywood and that husbands and wives are thrust apart by the proximity of constant temptation. Whether more opportunities do abound in the movie capital or not, this has little to do with the divorce rate, for in this day of easy morals it is certainly not necessary for people to resort to the extreme of divorce and marriage to take advantage of them.

"Reversing the shield, we find scores of happy movie marriages. It is my belief that a Hollywood marriage which is successful is successful to a degree seldom found elsewhere for the reasons which I have already set forth. If two people whose attitude toward divorce is such that unhappiness would cause them to disregard all social, legal and religious restrictions, remain married to each other, we *know* it is because they have reached that most desirable of all human relationships. In other communities we find couples who, so far as outward appearances are concerned, *seem* to have found that state, but in my own intimate experience I have found only too often that these marriages are like rosy, firm, lucious appearing apples with a worm gnawing at the core."

THERE is no question but that many will find fault with Judge Lindsey's analysis of the Hollywood divorce question. As judge of the domestic relations court in Denver, Colorado, Judge Lindsey came in contact with thousands of men and women caught in the mesh of discontent and trouble. Out of his experiences he evolved the theory of companionate marriage which he advocated as a remedy for divorce and moral disgression. His utterances brought down the wrath of politicians, churchmen and moralists all over the country.

Defeated at the polls and disbarred in the state of Colorado, the Judge nevertheless has kept up the fight. No man in America has worked longer in the laboratory of human emotions than he. This wide experience should give his word in regard to Hollywood's divorce situation some weight, for the Judge is not a stranger to the movie capital, having lived here for several years and numbering scores of movie celebrities among his intimate friends.

"The longer I stay in Hollywood," says Judge Lindsey, "and the more familiar I become with the lives of the people who make our movies, the greater my admiration and respect for them. Here is a group of people small in number but with a tremendous, worldwise influence. These people, in spite of the vials of denunciation which are poured upon them for their so-called moral laxity, are setting an example which will some day be talked of as the forerunner of an enlightened moral code. The attitude toward divorce they now hold will be the attitude of the multitudes fifty years from now.

"When that time comes, our communities will no longer be filled with people who live together only because they fear to divorce each other, our jails will no longer be filled with unfortunates who are victims of the alimony courts and our maternity wards with unwed mothers awaiting the birth of unwanted children.

"The movie stars of 1932 will be responsible for the better moral and marriage conditions of 1982!"

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 32]

No Holidays

DEATH takes no holidays for Hollywood stunt men. The shrouded figure is an invisible actor in many a movie cast. When you see *Sky Brides* think of Leo Nomis. For Leo crashed to his death to give you a thrill. Leo was one of those fearless four fliers, of whom three still live on "borrowed time"—Dick Grace, Frank Clark and Roy Wilson. Leo's last crack-up came when he fluttered earthward in simulation of a crippled war 'plane. Suddenly fiction became fact—and the motor was buried more than eight feet in the ground. Among the "kicks" Nomis has given you are those in *Dawn Patrol*, *Hell's Angels* and *Lilac Time*. Hail—and—Farewell!

Life Is Just a Boleslavsky

FROM Bert Kalmar, via Harrison Carroll, comes the one about the drunk and dignified dumb-bell who asked a neighbor in a Hollywood première crowd as to the identity of a distinguished looking man, quite apparently important.

"That's Boleslavsky," came the answer.

"Sir," said the drunk, "I asked a civil question—and I expected a civil answer!"

King of Kinks

KING VIDOR never ceases to discover odd kinks in the cinema racket, or fillum beeznees. Now he finds that every time he wants anything done in Hawaii, he must go to jail first. It seems the jailer is the Big Shot of the island on which Vidor is filming *Bird of Paradise*, with Dolores Del Rio, so it is important to put in the fix. Otherwise there'd be non-co-operation on the part of the natives.

The Wedding Guest

WELL, well, well, Johnny Considine made up his mind, as we have so strongly suggested he should in many, many "Under Your Hats." And Carmen Pantages, the sweet and beautiful, is now Mrs. Johnny—for better or for —but why go into that? The gag is that Johnny's Pa and Carmen's Daddy used to be bitter theatrical enemies. And at the bachelor dinner a wire was delivered to Jawn reading: "The Greeks had a word for your old man but the telegraph company won't let me send it." But it didn't really come from "Ol' Pantages," it was just a gag, probably thought up by Wilson Mizner or someone.

No Royalties

MILTON SILLS, gentleman, scholar, player, professor and editor, couldn't live to add "author" to his list of distinctions—and that's too bad. Posthumously, there has been a volume published which is called "Values: A Philosophy of Human Needs," and its cover carries the star's name. The book is really a stenographic report of philosophic dialogues between Mr. Sills and Ernest S. Holmes, a Los Angeles thinker.

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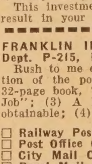

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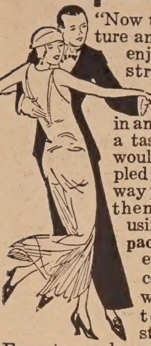

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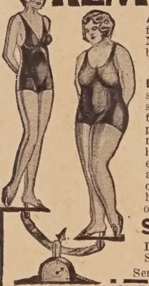

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SCREEN BOOK

Hollywood's Man of Mystery

[*Continued from page* 34]

far as Rivers, which was a junction town. There he got a job as call boy in a round house . . .

At the end of a year, as a reward for faithful service, he was given a pass to Winnipeg. Perhaps it was an accident—perhaps destiny—but he drifted into the theatre. It was a stock company managed by Theodore Roberts. "A kid tipped me off that ushers got fifty cents a performance," says Wallie in telling the story. "I applied and got a job for two matinées a week. But that meant only a dollar. I had to have more than that to live. To eke out my income, I sold papers, washed dishes, ran errands—anything.

"I kept my ears open. I heard that they were going to put on a play called *Under Two Flags,* and that they would use soldiers. I pestered the life out of the manager until he agreed to let me walk on as a super.

"I was just a kid, and not very big for my age. When I walked on the stage with a gun almost as big as I was the audience began to titter. And when I lifted the gun to fire, and it almost kicked me over, they burst into applause. I thought I was a big success. I found out differently after the show.

"Finally I got taken on as a regular usher. In the mornings I washed the leading man's car and ran errands for the leading lady, Maude Fealy. At night I 'walked on' when there was anything I could do. And I slept in the furnace room at the theatre.

But his theatrical career came to a temporary end when *Wallace Ford* came back into his life. They became buddies. And when Ford learned that his mother, who lived in Iowa, was very ill, and decided to go to her, Sammy accompanied him.

THEY beat their way from Winnipeg to Council Bluffs. They slept in straw stacks. In freight cars. On park benches. Depots. Cheap hotel lobbies. Any place where they could snatch a few winks without being rousted by a cop.

Finally, they were on the last lap of their journey. They were all set to hop a mail train. Sammy Jones jumped for the tender and made it. Wallace Ford jumped—and fell. The train cut his body in two.

"I landed in Sioux City, one hundred and fifty miles away," says Wallie, going on with the story. "Without my buddy, I was lost. I saw a priest opening the door of a church. I went up to him and told him my story and about the death of my friend. I asked him to help me find his mother.

"Never, to my dying day, will I forget that priest's kindness. He gave me food to eat and got a room for me. He helped me to find my pal's mother. She died shortly after I arrived but before she breathed her last, she gave her permission that I might use her son's name. And that's how I became Wallace Ford."

THE years that followed were kaleidoscopic. It was only natural perhaps that he should have been drawn back to the theatre. He played with a stock company at Grand Island, Nebraska. He waited on tables in cheap restaurants or washed dishes to pay for his meals. He toured the country with fly-by-night companies. When these companies went broke, he took whatever job was available.

It is often said that man is the result of his environment. Wallace Ford challenges that statement.

"A man is what he makes himself," he says. "I was thrown with yeggs and crooks. There was nobody to care what I did. All I had was the something within me which made me determined to earn an honest living. Perhaps it was a heritage from the parents whose names I shall probably never know. If so, I am grateful to them for it."

Eventually, after adventures too numerous to crowd into one short story, Wallace Ford landed in Indianapolis. He had heard of the Stuart Walker Stock Company. He applied for a job and was sent on tour with the *Seventeen* company. This lasted nearly one hundred weeks . . . And one fine day he found himself on Broadway . . . signed to play "Abie" in *Abie's Irish Rose.*

It was during this period that he joined the church. Father Leonard took an interest in him. And one day after service he introduced him to a girl. "I think this young lady might be a good influence on you," said the father.

The young lady was Martha Halworth. She is now Mrs. Wallace Ford—and has been for ten years.

BUT that's jumping ahead of my story. Wallie and Martha fell in love—almost immediately. He was able to get her a job as one of the bridesmaids with the *Abie's Irish Rose* company. They were planning to get married. But when Martha's mother heard that her daughter was about to marry an actor she hurried to New York.

"I'll never forget the night I met Martha's mother," says Wallie. "We had spent the evening together. I left them at their hotel room and said good-night. As I walked down the hall I heard her mother say: *'But who is he? where does he come from? Who are his people? Do you think I am going to let you marry an actor whom I know absolutely nothing about?'* For the first time it dawned upon me that a family was important. The possibility of losing Martha *because I didn't have a name* rather floored me.

"Eventually we won Martha's mother over and we were married, but I was determined to find out who I was if possible. Again I took my troubles to the priest and asked his help . . . He wrote letters to the orphanage. They weren't answered. For eight years that dear old priest has been unraveling the story of my past—writing letters—collecting data. Two years ago he secured my birth certificate from the orphanage. I discovered that I was five years younger than I had supposed. I learned that my mother was a street singer—that's all I know about her. Perhaps it's all I ever will know . . . "

So—*what's in a name?* Just what you are willing to make of it.

She Really Isn't A Lady

[*Continued from page* 35]

they had missed. So they built up the "lady" legend. And took the most curious interest in what she did. One of the first shocks they received was to learn that Miss Chatterton never, no never, entertained more than ten at dinner. An affectation, no doubt.

I asked her about this:

"Well, she said," "If you have more than ten people, you can't talk to everyone. Ten or fewer make a nice little group. You cannot talk across the table to any more than that number and you find things a little awkward."

I confessed that in my North Dakota bringing up, the largest dinner parties I attended were family affairs. The relatives at Christmas and Thanksgiving. Other than that, we had the family next door for Sunday meal or a couple of my friends in for supper.

"Certainly not. No banquets in private homes," she said. "You didn't invite half the neighborhood at a time. You had people you knew and liked simply and quietly. It is the same principle."

I ask you. Is that affectation or good common horse sense? And does that sound like the Ruth Chatterton of the myths or just an individual who has worked out her life along the lines of choosing what's best and discarding, like the low cards of a minor suit in a bridge, the things that will count for the least? As for not knowing many people—

"I have only a few friends, because I like to know and really talk to those. I don't consider, because I am in pictures, that I need to have a lot of strangers running in and out of my house. I wouldn't at home—would you?"

Well, would you?

HOLLYWOOD, in its quaint way of building up legends about notable personalities—there's the one that Joan Crawford hasn't had a square meal in five years, that Wally Beery punctuates every other word with a virile cuss word, but this is all beside the point—has also built Ruth Chatterton up as an intellectual. Countless tales have been told about her musical education, her knowledge of world politics, her command of foreign languages.

As a matter of fact, she is pretty smart, but her friends will tell you that the Chatterton home in Beverly is not so much an intellectual salon as a house of games. One of the favorites is charades. Another is "murder." Just at present backgammon is the rage.

And that down at the beach, the favorite pastime of the gang is to get Miss Chatterton into the kitchen and hard at work cooking. Certainly she can cook. Particularly fried chicken. Only she doesn't like to wash dishes.

Her passion for old shoes is the despair of her family. When it comes time to raid the closets for the donations to the Salvation Army and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, Ruth clings fanatically to her worn-out shoes. Not because of any economical streak, but because she loves to wear them.

On one occasion, I am told, Miss Chatterton, "dressed fit to kill," for a formal evening function, was caught by a member of the family stepping into her limousine in a pair of disreputable beach sandals.

"I'll just wear them in the car," she protested when a wail of horror went up. "Please, just in the car."

But nobody would budge a foot until she, much against her will, changed right then and there.

More "great lady" stuff? You decide.

THERE'S the anecdote of the sailor and the taxi dance hall. One night, with a party of friends, Ruth and Ralph sallied down on Main Street, Los Angeles, and visited a taxi dance hall. A sailor became very enamored of Miss Chatterton and asked her for a dance. She accepted. Danced not once but three times with him. Answered to the name of Ruth. Had a swell time and has been getting postal cards from him ever since.

She didn't tell him her last name, and at the time he didn't suspect her of being a picture star. Later he found out. But the postal cards still come.

One of the stories told of Ruth Chatterton is that she is frightfully cold and distant and that she regards most people with an impersonal disinterest. As a matter of fact, she has intense likes and dislikes. And she is terribly gullible. Because of this and because once her friendship is given it is yours, she has had some bad jolts. She never forgets anyone who has done her a kindness.

One of the "bums" of Hollywood of today—who in days gone by tossed her a casual helping hand—can thank Ruth Chatterton that he doesn't sleep in the gutter. He helped her just once. She has repaid him many fold.

Although the outside world knows Ruth Chatterton to be the epitome of dignity—has never seen her when she wasn't poised, gracious—her friends say that she and her husband love to romp. And he has been known to chase her all over the house.

His favorite method of disciplining her when she has done something outside the category of a "lady" is to lead her by the ear to a horrible portrait—a caricature of some disagreeable dead and gone ancestor—which hangs in the hallway and say "there, you look like that!"

Her penchant for chewing gum has also been the despair of the family for years. Instead of nice fresh juicy sticks, she likes nothing better than an old-broken-down wornout piece of well-chewed yesterday's gum. Because of this you are apt to come across little gum dishes almost any place in the Chatterton ménage.

Although she can trace her ancestry to the French Bourbons and the officials of the Church of England, although her father was a charming dilletante of the arts, her favorite relative was her grandfather on her mother's side who drank his coffee from his saucer.

"They tell me I am like him in many ways—and nothing pleases me more," she said. "He was the salt of the earth. A fine gentleman. Sturdy, independent, honest, truthful, capable."

I can imagine it would. And that she probably is—this Ruth Chatterton, who after all really isn't a "lady" but who *is* a gentlewoman.

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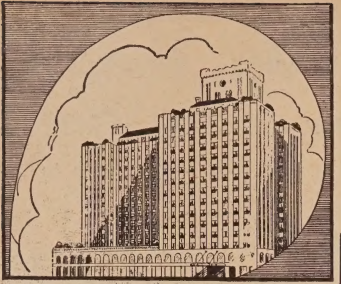

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Tala's Great Triumph

[*Continued from page* 25]

She flew to the phone and the casting office confirmed the statement. For a moment she and her sister, who is her constant companion, gazed at each other speechless. Said Tala finally in a choked voice: "Let's play tennis." And there was no beating her at the game that morning!

But after all she is not to make her initial appearance in *Marriage Interlude.* First comes *Mountains in Flame,* a spectacular drama of the Alps—Tala's own beloved mountains, and then comes the picture tentatively titled *Nana.*

Tala—whom Max Rinehardt invited to play in his theatres.

Tala—the daughter of a Polish noblewoman and an Austrian oil magnate.

Tala—the toast of Vienna.

The dazzle of diamonds, the froth of champagne, headlined love affairs . . . she laughs at them. Rollicking young laughter. "Pouf! What are they? The dream of a courtesan, perhaps. Certainly they are of no real interest." Not for her especially. The lavender glow on snow-covered peaks that comes with the twilight has the power to hold her spellbound. A sweep of lush green grass excites her as a star sapphire might others. She has a mad desire to throw herself on it, revel in it, luxuriate in it the way some do in soft satin. Tala is not a satin girl. She is a child of Nature heavily veneered with civilization. Guided by traditions but establishing new precedents. No one in the Bierl family had been on the stage before. One had to be brave to break down barriers of long standing. And there *were* barriers, very big ones, looming between Natalie Bierl and a career as an actress. Birell is merely the English version of her name and Tala is the derivative of her nickname, "Talusha."

UP UNTIL the time she was about fourteen she had planned to be a—please don't gasp—farmerette. "Lady of the estate" they'd call her in Austria. She had visions of riding horseback around vast acres of golden wheat lands the way her uncle did, of surveying the crop and giving directions. Every summer since she was a small child she had visited his estate in Poland. By herself, mind you! And she had her passport viseed just the way she had seen her mamma do it on several occasions. Those last days of school were the longest of the whole year for the youthful Tala. There was always so many new things to be seen at the "farm." A wee calf that had been born during the winter, a brand new batch of kittens, the peach tree she, herself, had planted, bearing its first blossoms.

When she talks about it somehow she reminds me of "Elizabeth in her German garden." The same serenity, the same delight in little things, sprouting things. Those days aren't so far off that they're lost in memory. They're very vivid yet to Tala. I can see her, a joyous youngster with flying yellow curls, clinging to the mane of her horse as she rode bareback beside her uncle, Baron Bogdanski. She always rode bareback—because the Baron's tenants would look up from their labor in the fields and clap their hands and cry—"Oh look! How fearless the little lady is! How wonderful!" Of course she fell off innumerable times.

"You have a saying," said Tala with her own particular twinkle, "that a person is 'stiff-necked' if she is vain. Well, I was vain . . . and the result was often a stiff back and the sorest muscles you can imagine!"

Once she tried milking a cow. "That," she declared, wrinkling her nose, "was a most disagreeable experience! Neither the cow nor I enjoyed it!"

And then, at the end of summer, the greatest event of all would occur—the harvest. Would the rain come too early and spoil those rich heads of wheat? Would a drought ruin them? Each morning Tala would rush from her bed to the window and peer eagerly at the sky. Even at that early age she sensed the drama of Mother Earth battling against the elements. It stirred her strangely. She wanted to be a part of that battle. During the threshing she was right on hand pretending to supervise the work, helping as much as she could. A small, gallant figure so intensely alive and earnest.

They would have a whole day of feasting when the wheat was safely in the barns. Oh, such a day! On the lawn in front of the baronial house the peasants in their brightly colored costumes would gather to dance and sing and feast from dawn until dusk. And Tala would dance with them. The boys—some shy, some bold and all terribly thrilled at having the "little lady" there—wove flower chains for her. It was the grand climax of her happy vacation . . .

BUT life can't go on like that indefinitely, Tala found. She was barely seventeen when the family fortune dwindled and nearly disappeared out of sight.

The youngest of five children, she had been petted and spoiled until she thought the world her own special little toy. Suddenly she discovered it wasn't. Her sisters were married, her brother had turned agriculturist. Without warning she slipped away to the stage.

It happened in Berlin. She had been attending the Bismarck College there and living with her aunt when she heard a theatre nearby was searching for a leading woman. Intrepidly, Tala went to interview the manager.

"What experience have you had?" he barked. Tala hesitated a moment and then named a play in which she had portrayed the *male* lead at school. Only she assured him she had been the feminine lead and that she had played it in a town in the provinces. He looked her over carefully. And then: "Here are some lines. Come back tomorrow morning and I'll give you a tryout." He gave her a book of three one-act plays and she stayed up all night learning every word of them!

The next day she was letter perfect when she faced the manager. She went through the rehearsal with high confidence showing no trace of the tremulous emotion that welled up within her . . . and that same night Tala Birell, daughter of Baroness Sahayi Dakowska, made her début on the stage.

An inauspicious event it was. But

it was a start. Determinedly she over-rode objections from the home circle. Met their protests calmly, unflinchingly. And then, quite unexpectedly, they began to be proud of her. She had stepped out of her sheltered nook and was doing her share of struggling in the fight for success. The Bierls rallied around . . .

Back in Vienna she learned to be grateful for any part at all, even "walk-ons" where she had but a line or two to speak. There were so many disappointments, so many heartaches. She'd go through the star's part in addition to her own in the privacy of her room and figure out bits of business to build up the character and she kept on hoping. Hoping . . .

Gradually she edged her way forward. Charell, a noted impresario, saw her and asked her to play in Berlin. She had been studying voice with Nietta Schubert, granddaughter of the great composer, and her singing had been favorably commented upon. One of Max Reinhardt's scouts heard her . . . brought her to that famous producer and he urged her to join his company that was then preparing *Es Liegt In Der Luft.* A young woman by the name of Marlene Dietrich was the star. She sang intriguing songs in a most fascinating manner. Tala never grew to know her. When Marlene was rehearsing or playing she sat in the auditorium watching her. Because Tala was to take that part to Vienna. When the great Reinhardt entered the theatre during a morning tryout you could hear a pin drop. He studied the players, said a few words to them and somehow the play became a vital thing. Brilliant.

ONCE more Tala was in her beloved Vienna. This time as a star. One success crowded upon another. Glamor surrounded her. She was fêted as only the Viennese know how to fête their favorite actresses. There was rumor of a romance between la Birell and a young grand duke who had dropped his title to become an outstanding figure in the republic. Tala has known the ecstasy—and agony—of love but that, she says with a rather sad little smile, is strictly her own affair.

It was Dupont, creator of *Variety,* which brought Emil Jannings stardom, who induced Tala to try pictures. He took her to England to play the lead in the German version of *Cape Forlorn.* After seeing herself in the first rushes, Tala swore she'd never be in another picture! She worked by day and cried by night. She was too terrible, she kept telling herself. But the picture made a tremendous amount of money. Tala was heralded as another screen "find." Came that first trip to America—and a contract with Universal. Now she's the white-haired child of the lot . . . about to try her wings in the Hollywood firmament. But she isn't one to be lost in the clouds of illusion. Those clouds that envelop so many who taste of transient glory. Not while the blue shadows on the mountains can fill her with a breathless awe.

Big News About Bing!

[*Continued from page* 36]

"Bing" and that's been his title for so long that he had to get his manager to solve the mystery so he could tell reporters who were besieging him.

"I sang in the choir as a boy and took part in school dramatics," Bing relates. "I especially remember *Julius Caesar,* because I was Caesar, and after Brutus stabbed me I lay there in a beautiful death scene until I saw that the descending curtain was going to come right down on top of me. I rolled over and sent the house into roars of laughter."

LATER Bing matriculated at Gonzaga University in Spokane and paid his tuition by organizing a band. Music was merely a means to earn his tuition until one night he was "spotted" and offered a job in a Fanchon and Marco presentation. Then Bing decided he didn't want to become a lawyer, after all, and took up singing seriously. In due time he became one of the "three rhythm boys" in Paul Whiteman's band. In this way he landed in Hollywood for *The King of Jazz.*

After the completion of this picture he had several small bits on the screen and was employed on occasions as a voice double. Then he got a job singing in the Ambassador Hotel's "Cocoanut Grove," where stars come to dine and dance. This engagement proved to be a big stepping stone in his career. First it led to his meeting with Dixie Lee, who was on her way to stardom, but gave it all up to become Bing's wife.

When he was in good spirits and all was serene in his love life, Bing would clown a bit, because he couldn't help it. One night Mack Sennett saw him and became convinced that the crooner had possibilities as a comedian. So Bing signed up for six short comedies. A good time was had by all, especially when Sennett began to see the shekels rolling in from these pictures.

"I guess Mack Sennett could make a comedian out of anyone," Bing says modestly.

After four of the comedies were completed, Bing came East to perform over a national broadcasting system to do two broadcasts a night and five personal appearances daily at New York's Paramount theatre. It looked as though Bing was to be permanently attached to the theatre.

Now, with a chance to appear in feature-length pictures, it seems that Bing's career is only just starting. And his chances are good. He is not handsome, as movie stars go, but he has a rugged charm and a grand flare for humor. He has self-assurance—gained no doubt from the daily run of five shows a day, two broadcasts, interviews, and an endless rubbing elbows with his admirers. He has a good speaking voice and he sings clear as a bell with all the emotion of the Great Lover he doesn't want to portray in pictures.

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What Happened in Grand Hotel

[*Continued from page 27*]

edge," said one of them, "she joined in the rehearsals. Before *Grand Hotel*, Garbo did not take part in rehearsals. She was always letter-perfect in her part. In this picture she went in and rehearsed, just as did the others.

"She stayed on the set all day, even remaining between scenes to work out future shots. Then, at the lunch hour, when the set was practically deserted, she remained with a cameraman trying to figure out angles for the next shot."

One idiosyncrasy displayed by Garbo in her love scenes with Barrymore aroused considerable amusement. During the rehearsals she insisted that the spotlight be equipped with a red filter, thus softening the light to a rosy glow.

Those who know the elusive Garbo temperament best ascribed this to the natural timidity of the great actress. Working with an actor strange to her, they explained, she doubtless felt more at ease performing in a soft and restful light.

Much of the serenity of the production of *Grand Hotel* may be credited to the fact that Director Goulding knew and had worked with all the stellar characters. For one thing, he is about the only individual who has the temerity to address Garbo as "Greta" during the making of a picture. He has also been known to address her as "dear," in the easy, affectionate manner of the picture industry. That is, easy with other people, but not with Garbo.

For Garbo is "Miss Garbo" to practically everyone, and there is nothing informal about it. Whether or not she fancied the intimacy of the Goulding mode of address, only Garbo knows. At any rate, she said nothing about her feelings on the subject.

ALSO, the distant Garbo revealed during the filming of the picture that she can take a joke, even when her dignity is threatened. One day Ramón Novarro, who played opposite her in *Mata Hari*, came to the *Grand Hotel* set to see her.

She had not yet arrived on the set, which depicted her room in the *Grand Hotel*. So Ramón hid in an adjoining wardrobe, which housed the sacred Garbo costumes.

Garbo eventually arrived and went into rehearsal, enacting an impassioned part while the rest of the company lurked in the vicinity awaiting the enactment of the Novarro "gag."

Suddenly the wardrobe door opened, to the astonishment of Garbo, who gave an excellent portrayal of sudden fright. Out stepped Ramón.

"Well, how many more of you are coming out?" queried Garbo, doubtless thinking of the old patrol wagon of the Keystone Kops.

It was revealed during the picture that Garbo has a robust sense of humor. She likes to see pompous dignity humbled. She can, for instance, get a good laugh out of a silk-hatted gentleman tripping over a cable, or a dignified general falling over his sword.

A social note was struck through Director Goulding's fondness for tea. Teacups and little cakes were all over the place. In fact, there was always water boiling for the brewing of the English beverage.

It was not especially surprising to see Garbo partake, but some astonishment was manifested over the sight of the burly Wallace Beery trotting around with a teacup in his fist.

As was to be expected, the celebrities had to be humored somewhat. Garbo sings a little German song, *Ich Liebe Dich*, in the picture. She knew the song, but wanted to refresh her memory as to the tune. So a piano and a pianist were supplied.

Joan Crawford, in the rôle of a secretary, had to operate a typewriter in certain scenes. Now Joan uses a certain make of typewriter at home. She wanted to make her performance realistic, and that certain type of machine was the only one she could operate realistically. So the studio scurried around and rented one.

Then John Barrymore developed a desire for certain books supplied as set dressings by the property department. It seems that these old books contained prints of a type he is collecting. He got the books he wanted, for which Brother Lionel unwittingly paid.

John got a price on the books from the property department, which inquired if he had a studio charge account.

"No, I haven't," said John regretfully, "but my Brother Lionel has. Just charge them to him.

"Why am I being billed for books?" roared Brother Lionel a few days later. "I haven't been buying any books."

"Oh, yes, you have," replied Brother John. "For me."

Incidentally, it took Lionel an hour each day to make up for his rôle of Kringelein, the little German who, incurably ill, decides to have one last fling at life in the luxury of the Grand Hotel.

But this was nothing compared to the makeup feat of Lewis Stone as the shell-shocked physician. It required Stone an hour and a half daily to make up. Half of his face had to look as if it had been torn away by gunfire. Also, an arm and leg had to be tightly bound to give the impression of artificial limbs. Stone required a vigorous massage at the end of each day's work.

There are seventy characters in the picture, and it is boasted that not one was selected as an extra. Goulding declared that every person upon whom the gaze of the camera fell was of supreme importance at that particular moment.

For, as has been suggested, the *Grand Hotel* itself dominates the picture and all the players. All the action takes place at the hotel. The lives of the characters are subordinate to the influence of the hotel itself. So, when a bartender mixes a drink, when a chambermaid makes up a room, they are important. They are, in effect, representatives of the hotel to the characters living under its roof.

Not the slightest detail was overlooked in making the hotel detail-perfect. All the lobby signs are in German. The telephone exchange has Berlin phone books. Even the flowers in the florist shop were arranged in accordance with the latest Berlin style of sharp, angular modernistic groupings.

Among the questions asked of the research department were the following:

Would a floor waiter be likely to have a flowing moustache? Answer, no.

How would a corpse be removed from a German hotel? In a basket.

How many points on a German baronet's coronet? Nine.

What style hairdress for a German telephone switchboard girl? Braids worn in coronet fashion suggested.

In conclusion, a fashion note. Greta Garbo wears a garment of her own for the first time in a picture. It is a mink coat.

Stars Confess Strange Hobbies

[*Continued from page* 45]

over the floor in Joan Peer's drawing room instead of across the sandy expanses of the Arizona desert.

Great Dane dogs are the especial joy of Harold Lloyd who has a large kennel full of them on his Beverly Hills estate.

The harum-scarum Fifi Dorsay is a profound student of Chaucer, even to reading most of the scholarly commentaries ever printed on him.

Marguerite Churchill can converse with a person in the sign languages of any number of Indian tribes, and that's a mighty odd hobby among Hollywood's strangest.

James and Russell Gleason, father and son, argue hotly over the love life of the goldfish, each pacing up and down a room with an authoritative tome in hand selected from the Gleasons' fine piscatorial library.

Girls, as a rule, don't collect antique swords and firearms, or know how to use them. But Bebe Daniels has as fine a collection as there is outside of a museum, and would be quite able to send one swiftly to eternity with weapons of various bygone centuries. And there would be nothing a poor fellow could do about it.

MANY movie stars consult numerologists, but Ina Claire is a practitioner of numerology, much sought after by brave women and beautiful men seeking to know the future. She calmly and unflinchingly explains her marital discord with John Gilbert by saying: "I have too much eight and eleven and not enough two—that's why I'm cultivating two; but of course Jack had altogether too much eleven, so you can see plainly why we clashed."

Ann Harding's collection of jokes of all nations; Richard Arlen's persistence in building miniature fish pools; Bob Armstrong's new poker game in which cards are dispensed with in favor of the license plates of passing Fords—yes, it must be a Ford; Buster Keaton's passion for autographed baseballs, and Jackie Cooper's persistence, despite several spankings, in filling the bureau drawers at home with pieces of insulating cable, old rubber hose, and pieces of wood, picked up on movie sets, are a number of other hobbies which seem mysterious and inscrutable.

Evalyn Knapp has collected over a thousand varieties of bird eggs. Some have been sent to her from people of thirty-seven different nations; others she has found in abandoned nests.

Clark Gable's pipes, nearly a thousand of them, culled from places as far apart as Patagonia and Peru, are a treat to behold—and something of a quaint mystery, for he seldom smokes!

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s "possums," weasels, armadillos, turtles and salamanders are the talk of his circle. He has intimated that in his old age he would like to live the life of Noah, on an ark, with two each of all the animals, reptiles, etc.

Charlie Chaplin is fascinated by lectures on occultism, and tries to slip into these lectures without attracting attention.

John Barrymore owns the only dinosaur egg in existence outside of public museums, and, at the slightest pretext, will discuss the most intimate habits of the ancient reptile who laid the egg; the egg itself ornamentally, and the proof that sterility and decadence existed in prehistoric times in view of the failure of a little dinosaur to get himself—or herself—hatched in those dear, bygone days of aeons ago.

That wild, sweet, flaming dame, Winnie Lightner, collects butterflies.

Ramón Novarro has one of the world's largest private collection of rosaries, and every year makes one or more religious retreats. He has built a mysterious staircase in his home, leading to an entrance that only a few choice friends are aware of—and his secret joy is to come and go without being seen, and to visit people who do not know who he is.

Victor McLaglen goes in for what he calls "outdoor chess." The game is played on a lawn a hundred feet long. The wooden chessmen are from three to six feet tall. The Kings, Queens, Horses, Castles and Bishops especially make a weird sight at dusk, as one aproaches McLaglen's home. They look like some ancient tournament, frozen for eternity. Moving the chessmen around, according to McLaglen, is great exercise. He and Lew Cody play it regularly.

If McLaglen is fond of the huge, Helen Twelvetrees goes in for the diminutive. Her weirdest hobby is collecting small poems—and how small! She nearly swooned with joy recently—the joy of a collector who has reached a zenith of acquisition—as she clipped from a current magazine a short poem titled "A Crowd." It read:

"We
Three."

Only a profound psychoanalyst could discover the "why" of most of the other weird hobbies indulged by prominent stars.

For—how could one casually account for Joan Crawford's seizure and collection of hats?

Or for Lilyan Tashman's collection of so many and so varied ornaments and household appurtenances shaped—brrrrrr!—like human hands?

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Alias Fredric March

[*Continued from page* 53]

income-tax report is a fire-breathing dragon, it is simply a well-mannered saddle nag to March.

"I like looking after my own accounts," he says. "I handle my own vouchers and checks, and keep daily track of my expenditures. It means only a few minutes a day keeping things in shape, and then everything is in readiness when income-tax time comes around."

How such an individual became not only one of the best actors in Hollywood but one of the leading romantic types as well remains a solemn problem to the natives. In fact, writers seeking bizarre copy about March come back crying loudly in complimentary fashion, "he shouldn't be an actor at all."

For March regards his public life as one thing and his private life as distinctly another. His "emoting" is confined to the screen. He will talk in a sparkling and intelligent fashion on such things as life, literature and even the trend of motion pictures, but he is emphatically not the type from which to glean information concerning love lives and the state of the soul.

MARCH has had some first-hand experience with the belief that an actor's career is affected by personal matters. He lost a perfectly grand leading lady through marriage, but doesn't rue the day because that leading lady is now Mrs. March. She was Florence Eldridge, whom he met while playing in stock at Elitch's Gardens in Denver.

"They told me it wouldn't do for her to appear as my leading lady any more," he recounted. "It seems the public doesn't regard it as romantic for husband and wife to be playing opposite each other. Of course, it doesn't seem to have done any damage in cases like Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—but that's the way they felt."

As has been darkly suggested, to find out anything about this modest Mr. March it is necessary to go to someone else. It is typical of Hollywood or March or something that a woman in picture circles, asked if she knew anything odd, unusual or distinctive about the actor, remarked:

"He says such lovely things about his wife."

'Tis said that no man is a hero to his valet. Few actors are heroes to the publicity departments of their studios. There the highest compliment that can possibly be paid to a player is to say he is not temperamental. March is awarded all the medals in sight on that score.

"He is a hard and conscientious worker," said one publicity writer of March. "He must have lost twenty pounds while making *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* He literally threw himself into his rôle. When he'd get finished at night his face would be drawn and there would be dark circles under his eyes.

"From time to time we would have to bother him about publicity stunts, in addition to his work before the camera. The ordinary actor would have indulged in temperamental outbursts. But March just mustered up his sense of humor, although his nerves must have been dangerously near the breaking point. When he would see me coming on some errand that meant extra toil for him, instead of going into tantrums he would grin and say something like:

"'So glad to have met you. What a pleasant chat we have had. You must come and see me again sometime.'"

March will admit that there were parts of the Robert Louis Stevenson picture that weren't much fun. For instance, the transformations from the charming Dr. Jekyll to the fearsome Mr. Hyde, and vice versa. Those took a few seconds on the screen, but—

"I had to sit motionless in a chair for an hour and a half while the changes were being photographed, the makeup being altered almost imperceptibly for each shot," March relates. "When I got through I was so stiff I could hardly move."

March did so well at portraying different personalities in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that he was sent right into *Strangers in Love,* where he appears as a couple of brothers. In this he was called upon for such interesting stunts as picking up his brother's body in his arms.

WHILE on the subject of dual personalities, it is not amiss to mention March's struggles to become like John Barrymore, which was ironically followed by the necessity of becoming unlike John Barrymore.

As everybody knows, March first attracted unusual attention by his work in *The Royal Family,* which was a satire on the Barrymore clan, and then repeated his success when the play was filmed.

"I didn't know Barrymore when I essayed my imitation, but I had observed his work," March says. "I met him when he came backstage after the performance, seeming much amused at my representation of him. You know, people had been wondering if he wouldn't be offended.

"'You ought to see Chaplin's imitation of me,' he laughed, and then he proceeded to imitate Chaplin's imitation of himself. Some of the humor was of a rather robust nature in that imitation."

March's first task in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was to de-Barrymore himself. Barrymore had made himself famous in that rôle in a silent picture and it was feared that March, through his cultivation of the Barrymore mannerisms, would seem to be giving another imitation where it was certainly not desired.

"Fortunately I had missed seeing Barrymore's picture," March recounts, "and Director Rouben Mamoulian urged me not to look at it until we had finished shooting. I had it run off the night we got through."

Whereupon March paid enthusiastic tribute to Barrymore's performance.

Whenever a college professor breaks into print with the declaration that movie actors are morons, Hollywood apologists haul out March as Exhibit A for the defense. Born in Racine, Wisconsin, he attended the University of Wisconsin, where he made the track team and managed the football team.

He won a scholarship which carried

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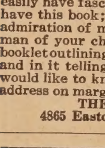

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a position at the National City Bank of New York, but fortunately for the dramatic art something happened.

"The scholarships were the idea of Frank Vanderlip, then president of the bank," March explained. "James Stillman, who succeeded him, didn't think so much about the scholarship idea. So I decided to go in for acting, which had always interested me. In school and college. I was always dabbling in dramatics and oratory."

March was in a group of sixty stage extras who were one day told that, if they wanted to study up on their art, they were welcome to attend a rehearsal of David Belasco's *Deburau* the next day. March was the only one who showed up. This strange exhibition of ambition on the part of an extra won him a job as assistant stage manager and a small part in the play.

He went up and up until his work in *The Royal Family* on the Los Angeles stage resulted in his entrance into pictures, where he is likely to be for a long, long time.

March has ideas about his work. He hopes that the day will come when "class" pictures will be regularly produced, much as the New York Theater Guild produces "class" plays. But he is not too high-brow about it.

"WHAT kind of person is Fredric March?" a fellow studio worker of his repeated after me and then proceeded to relate the following incident.

When Francis Dee was an unknown extra, she appeared in one of March's pictures. She had an opportunity to take part in a stage play at a little theater in Pasadena and was frantically trying to fit herself for the part, having had no stage experience.

During lulls in the picture, she would study her script, instead of following the usual extra custom of playing bridge or gazing into space. March's attention was aroused, and he learned of Miss Dee's predicament.

He offered his services, coached her and listened to her recite her lines whenever opportunity offered, even devoting his luncheon hour to the task. Just a nice, disinterested instinct to be of service to a fellow-mortal, which is none too common in Hollywood, or any place else, for that matter.

But you can take all bets that you don't learn about those incidents from talking to Fredric March.

Thru the Keyhole

[*Continued from page* 47]

world and hubby Rex Bell is not exactly adverse to the idea. But he'd like her to make a comeback—"just to prove what she can do." They're like two kids on a grand lark. Among the numerous offers Clara has received is one to join a circus. She's not sure in just what capacity. Fancy Clara as a "bearded" lady or a trapeze performer! Rex, of course, could always be a bareback rider. But as far as this scribe can see they'll do nothing for some time to come but double for a pair of love birds.

Eskimo's Centerpiece

THE newest thing at Hollywood parties is an ice basket. (No, no, Aunt Gwen, don't jump at conclusions thataway!) These baskets are truly gorgeous affairs made of vari-colored ice and they're so huge it takes two waiters to handle them. Usually they are full of glazed fruit. The man who specializes in making them has to work in a refrigerator and he wears thick padded gloves and ear muffs. They brought one in at George O'Brien's party at the Cocoanut Grove the other night. It was a tremendous success. George entertained about twenty-five people including Martha Sleeper—with whom he's seen quite often of late—and the Regis Toomeys.

Prince in Hollywood

THAT same evening Ivan Lebedeff dined at the Grove with a handsome young foreigner and two charming Continental-looking ladies. One waiter after another came up to Ivan and whispered that the table across the way from his was reserved for Prince Theodore of Russia. Finally, the Russian headwaiter, who had been a captain in the old Imperial army, stopped to tell Ivan the same news. He glanced at Ivan's guest and almost inadvertently came to attention. There was no mistaking the distinct Romanoff features. Prince Theodore, nephew of the late Czar, was dining more or less incognito with Ivan. For reasons of his own he did not care to be recognized generally during his short stay in Los Angeles. He courteously refused to meet even the stars. Ivan was put to it to gracefully acknowledge the hails of his Hollywood friends without introducing them to his guest.

Deserters to Desert

IF ANYONE is missing in Hollywood you can be certain to find him at Palm Springs. There's an exodus of cinemalites every weekend to the desert. Paul Lukas flies his own plane down whenever the studio releases him for a day. Last weekend we spotted Carole Lombard dancing with husband Bill Powell at the El Mirador. There happened to be a full moon and you know these desert nights. We could swear that when they went out on the loggia for a moment Bill stooped to get a kiss. Tch, tch, an old married couple like them! The scandal sheets will go broke if this keeps up much longer.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were there too . . . another old married pair (six months now, isn't it?) Lew asked Universal for a vacation so that he could get first hand information on the Indians in Arizona—he's to be a Redskin in his next picture, *Laughing Boy*. So far Lew has confined his studies to the reservation near Palm Springs and we strongly suspect that his observations—if any—have been made through a spyglass from the El Mirador tower.

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Let Me Develop Your Form to full feminine proportions

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

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YES, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm, shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily *you* can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.

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No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, *right now*, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, *safer* way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be!

• PROOF •

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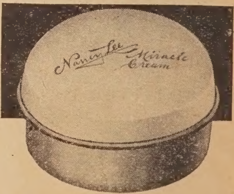
"I feel that I must write a few lines about your Miracle Cream method. It is just what you say it is. My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."

Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.



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This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, *free!* In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. Mail the coupon with only $1.00 for your large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my valuable FREE BOOK. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.

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Mystery At Valentino's Tomb

[*Continued from page 12*]

tino. Particularly is this true when it is recalled that women from all over the world still come to pay their last respects and silently grieve for the passing of the illustrious one, despite the fact that he has been dead *for six years!*

It is with that idea in mind that SCREEN BOOK and *Screen Snapshots* have gathered together cuttings from the best pictures of these great players to show them at the various theatres.

You and I may again see Rudy, the man who created sex menace, flash across the screen.

BARBARA LA MARR will symbolize for all time the scarlet superwoman. Although cinematically she lured men to their ruin, in real life she was never anything but her own worst enemy. Friends who stood by during her last illness marveled at her courage.

She knew that she had to go—but she faced death, unafraid—as she had faced every issue of her life. There was no fear in Barbara's makeup. Her career reads like fiction—but despite many idle statements, Barbara was often the victim of circumstances. But she more often won against circumstance than she lost.

Can one ever forget the affection which guided the thousands who waited for the bulletins concerning Wally Reid's illness?

It was Wally's boyish sweetness—his clean young manhood that made him beloved. He personified the ideal young American; they wanted him to live. And Wally, feeling the call of his friends to return to life and health and happiness, fought a gallant battle against death.

LOUIS WOLHEIM was always a fatalist.

Up to the last he met every issue where he found it, and met it face on and head up. A few weeks before he passed on we met him over a buffet supper table. We noticed that he had nothing but a piece of toast and a bit of lettuce on his plate. He looked thin and drawn.

"Dieting, Louis?" we asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I must lay off some weight for the rôle in *Front Page*."

Louis never made the *Front Page* and he knew when he talked with us that the end was in the immediate offing. But rather than have his adored wife and good friends worry, he had used an alibi.

Another kindly soul, to whom many in need appealed and who never turned anyone away, was the greatest of all screen comédiennes, Mabel Normand.

Her charities were manifold—she headed every list that bespoke a worthy cause—but her private benefactions were so numerous that they more often than not exceeded her income.

Mabel was often in need, giving all that she had when called because she felt the other's need was greater than her own.

It does not often come to mankind to live a full life—some three score years and ten—but to Theodore Roberts, Rudolph Schildkraut and Robert Edison came that gift from the gods. Roberts will be for all time the "Grand Old Man of Pictures."

LYA DE PUTTI and Alma Rubens were dark and vivid beauties, each loving life and living it to the full.

They had much in common. Something of their intense natures shone in all their screen work. They were strongly individualistic—apart from other cinema types.

And there was always a hint of tragedy about these girls. To those who knew them well, each conveyed, with a sort of reckless attitude, that they felt the course of their life was short. So they loved to sparkle and be gay—live for the day only.

After a long illness, Alma struggled back to life to see new health and a revivified career just around the corner. But she missed making the grade. A relapse came; she died, but not as we understand unhappy, because, like Wally Reid, she had won a greater fight and would not slip back into other ways.

Lya might have lived if she had wanted to—but love had gone out of her life—love for which she had sacrificed her career.

All seemed so hopeless to the charming little Hungarian beauty. She died because she would not fight for her life. It was a case of real heartbreak—she did not choose to live.

Bob Ames' whole attitude was "laugh and the world laughs with you," and he lived up to that creed with all his native, happy-go-lucky disposition.

His troubles sat on his shoulders lightly and that was why at forty-three he was still a juvenile.

THE first to pity others in misfortune—the last to ever think of himself—was Lon Chaney.

His absolute and entire self abnegation, with a dogged determination and sheer grit, was all that made possible the many difficult rôles he played. Some of those rôles caused him intense suffering—but he steadfastly denied that they did. Doubtless they hastened his death.

During his last illness he worked day after day in *The Unholy Three*, leaving the set to return to a bed in the hospital. He would not give up.

He was the kindliest of men—kind to man and beast. One day at the studio he climbed a roof to replace some small birds that had fallen from their nest.

There are many, many instances when he gave secretly to those in need. But he loved to cover all his kind acts with a rough, hardboiled manner. This hardboiled manner never deceived his friends, though Lon imagined it did.

He had his own creed. He believed that if, in his own heart, he wasn't ashamed to face his Maker, that was all that mattered. And we who knew him know that he faced the *Great Dramatist* just as he had wished to—unafraid and unashamed.

With all kind thoughts for Milton Sills, Clarine Seymour, Lucille Rickson, Charley Mack, Martha Mansfield, Olive Thomas and others of our motion picture dead, we will close this humble effort to pay honor to their memory.

They will live on—for, lovingly encased in film, they are indestructible.

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THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a cream-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears.

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Please send postpaid, in plain wrapper, large jar of THIN-O-CREME with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.95 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.
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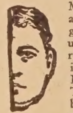

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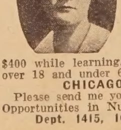

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and love was her game—the stakes were high—the risks were great—Read the diary of a modern girl in

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True Confessions

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True Confessions
May
10¢
Paid to be "Party Girls"

Now 10c

On Sale At All News Stands

Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page* 11]

AAA. **MISTER AND MISTRESS**—(M-G-M)—This delightfully simple comedy, formerly entitled "The Truth Game," deals with two fortune hunters who fall in love and marry without a dime. Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher and Robert Montgomery are in the cast.

AAA. **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—(Universal)—Fantastic horror film, with outstanding performances by Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox.

AAA. **THE NEW WALLINGFORD**—(M-G-M)—William Haines redeems himself with the powerful assistance of "Schnozzle" Durante, the comedy genius.

AA. **NO ONE MAN**—(Paramount)—Carole Lombard as a social butterfly who changes sweethearts at a fast rate. Ricardo Cortez and Paul Lukas are good.

AA. **NICE WOMEN**—(Universal)—Sirupy story of love versus money. Sidney Fox worth seeing.

AAA. **OVER THE HILL**—(Fox)—Sobby but interesting. James Dunn saves his mother, Mae Marsh, from the poorhouse, and weds Sally Eilers.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor revives screen musical comedies with a bang. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors.

AA. **PANAMA FLO**—(RKO-Pathé)—Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Bickford miscast in an impossible story.

AAA. **THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER**—(M-G-M)—Buster Keaton provides grand comedy as an American plumber in Paris who wins an heiress. Irene Purcell, Jimmy Durante and Polly Moran are in it.

AAA. **PENROD AND SAM**—(First National)—Child life comedy with Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan.

AAA. **PLATINUM BLONDE**—(M-G-M)—Clever newspaper story featuring the late Robert Williams and Jean Harlow.

AAA. **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—(M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable give good performances in an elaborate production with some thrilling aerial trapeze scenes.

AAAA. **POSSESSED**—(M-G-M)—A "kept woman" falls in love with her "keeper." Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

AAAA. **PRIVATE LIVES**—(M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in picturization of Noel Coward's brilliant love and divorce comedy.

AAA. **PRESTIGE**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding proves her versatility in this melodramatic jungle story which provides good rôles for Melvyn Douglas and Adolphe Menjou.

AA. **SAFE IN HELL**—(First National)—Dorothy Mackaill does well in a sordid drama of the South.

AAAA. **THE SCAR**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich makes war on men's hearts. Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna Mae Wong in the cast.

AA. **THE SILENT WITNESS**—(Fox)—Old-fashioned melodrama wherein a father stands trial for his son's crime. Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen have featured rôles.

AAAA. **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET**—(M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, stage favorite, is a great hit in the rôle of a mother who sacrifices everything for her son. Lewis Stone is outstanding.

AAA. **SKY DEVILS**—(Caddo-United Artists)—Hilarious war burlesque, featuring some great air stunts. Ann Dvorak, Spencer Tracy and William Boyd are in it.

AAA. **SOB SISTER**—(Fox)—Newspaper thriller with James Dunn and Linda Watkins.

AAAA. **SOOKY**—(Paramount)—Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan duplicate their Skippy triumph. That mean little Searls kid still hangs around.

AAAA. **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME**—(Universal)—A fine tribute to the late Knute Rockne, with Lew Ayres and former Irish stars furnishing genuine gridiron thrills.

AAA. **STAR WITNESS**—(Warner Brothers)—Chic Sales and Walter Huston offer an out-of-the-rut gangster picture.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY**—(Universal)—Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AA. **STEPPING SISTERS**—(Fox)—Amusing comedy, with Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell as three old-time burlesque queens.

AAAA. **STREET SCENE**—(Sam Goldwyn)—Powerful picturization of the famous Elmer Rice play. Sylvia Sidney, William Collier Jr. and Estelle Taylor are featured.

AAA. **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—(Universal)—Sophisticated preachment on modern morals. Sidney Fox, Paul Lukas and Lewis Stone.

AAAA. **SUSAN LENOX**—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo sparkle in a sombre drama.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **TAXI**—(First National)—James Cagney, as the fightingest man you ever saw, does his bit in a taxicab war. Loretta Young, George E. Stone and Ray Cooke.

AA. **THIS RECKLESS AGE**—(Paramount)—Good cast in a threadbare story. Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon, Richard Bennett and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—(Paramount)—Emotional drama for adult audiences, with distinguished performances by Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and Robert Ames.

AAAA. **TOUCHDOWN**—(Paramount)—At last! A football picture in which the hero does not score in the last minute of play. Richard Arlen, Peggy Shannon and Jack Oakie share the honors.

AAA. **TWO KINDS OF WOMEN**—(Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins, Phillips Holmes and Irving Pichel in a highly diverting story.

AAA. **UNION DEPOT**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Bang-up melodrama in a railroad terminal, co-starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Blondell.

AAA. **UNDER EIGHTEEN**—(Warner Brothers)—Marian Marsh decides to go wrong but changes her mind, because she prefers Regis Toomey to the bold bad Mr. Warren William.

AAA. **UNEXPECTED FATHER**—(Universal)—Amusing slapstick comedy with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

AAA. **THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Lil Dagover makes her American début in a fairly exciting melodrama.

AA. **WORKING GIRLS**—(Paramount)—Judith Wood walks away with honors in this big city comedy drama. Buddy Rogers, Stuart Erwin, Paul Lukas and Dorothy Hall in the cast.

AAA. **THE YELLOW TICKET**—(Fox)—A beautiful woman turns prostitute to escape Russia. Fine performances by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore.

AAA. **X MARKS THE SPOT**—(Educational)—Sally Blane, Lew Cody and Mary Nolan in a thrill-a-minute story of a newspaperman's fight against gangland.

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You too can enjoy the allure lustrous curls will captivate by the use of **CURL-O-WAVE.** Our booklet shows how to make the straightest hair curly. **FREE!** Booklet and sample of **CURL-O-WAVE**; enough for 2 weeks. Greaseless, odorless. Absolutely safe. Send 10 cents to cover mailing to **CURL-O-WAVE CO., 1611 Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.**

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I WILL PAY $250.00

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I am going to give $3,000.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS FORTUNE, IF I GIVE IT TO YOU? Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, what $3,000.00 cash would mean to you right now—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of $250.00 cash.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You To Do!

$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me what $3,000.00 would mean to you right now, if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is $250.00. Just sending an answer qualifies you for an opportunity to win $3,000.00 in final prize distribution. Think what an amazing opportunity—why, many people work hard for a lifetime without ever having such a vast amount of money as you may now win.

Think, NOW, What Would $3,000.00 Mean To You Right Now?

Would it mean a business of your own; would it mean investment in bonds; would it mean paying off a mortgage on your home or buying new furniture and clothes? Maybe it would mean an education for you. Just think what $3,000.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "What would $3,000.00 Cash mean to you RIGHT NOW?"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra $100.00 in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 cash prize offered **above.**

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Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer just won $750. Beatrice Lauter won $500. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

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Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to "What Would $3,000.00 Cash Mean To You Right *NOW?*" Answers must be postmarked not later than Sept. 15, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. 306-E Cincinnati, Ohio

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Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over $5,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,000.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,000.00 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3.000.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the $3.000.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use the Coupon or Write Letter With Your Answer

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$3,000.00 cash would mean this to me right now:
(Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):............

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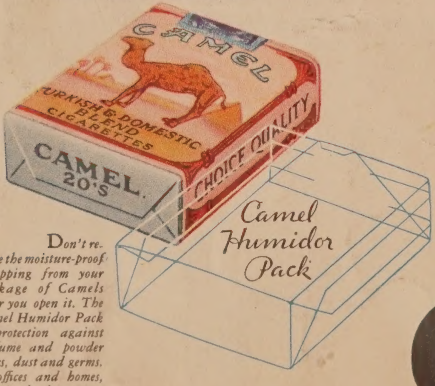
See radio page of local newspaper for time



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SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

JUNE

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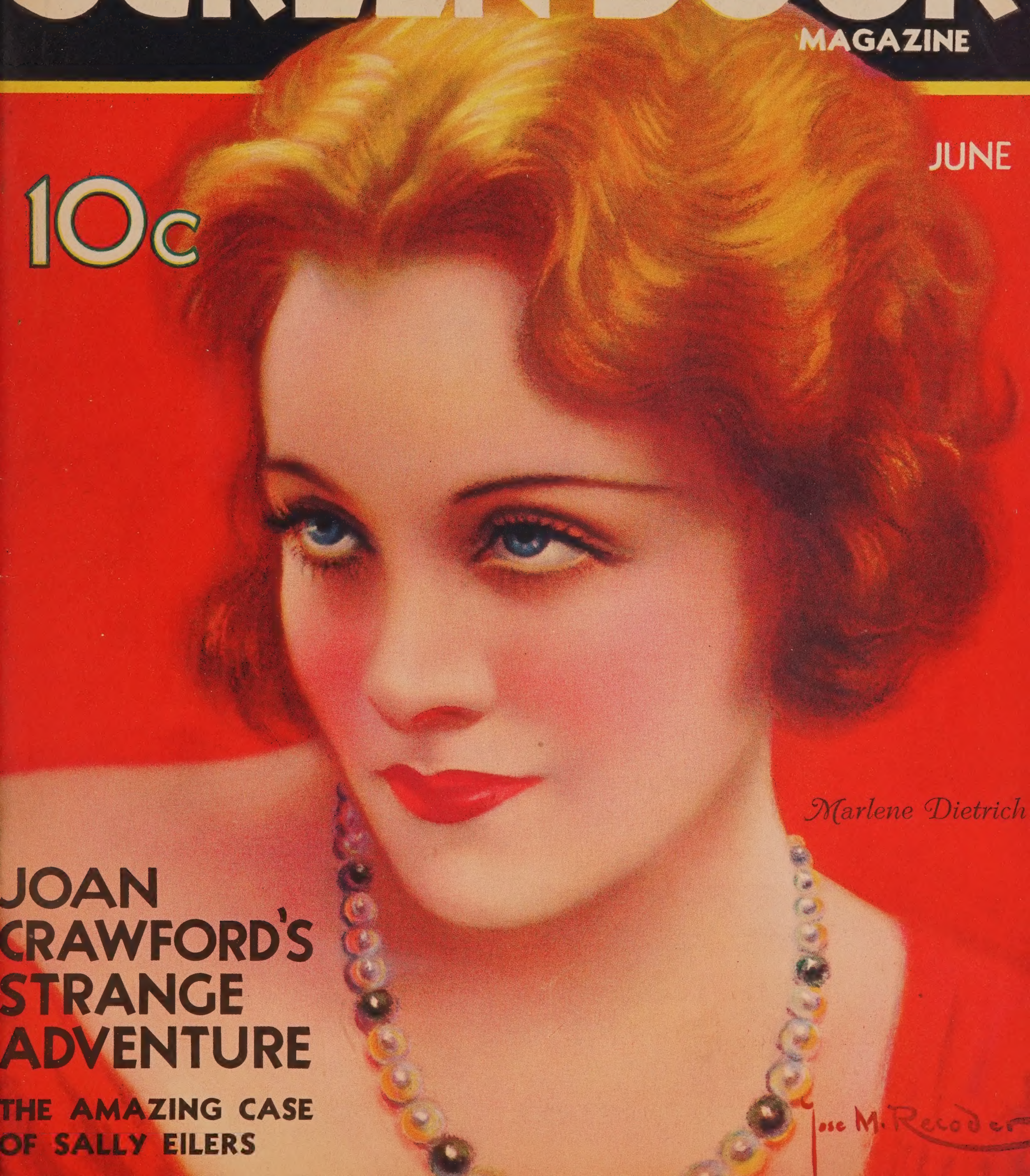
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Marlene Dietrich

JOAN CRAWFORD'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

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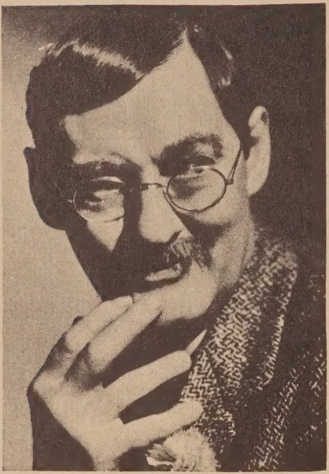
GARBO - BARRYMORE



JOAN **WALLACE**

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SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1932

Vol. VIII No. 5

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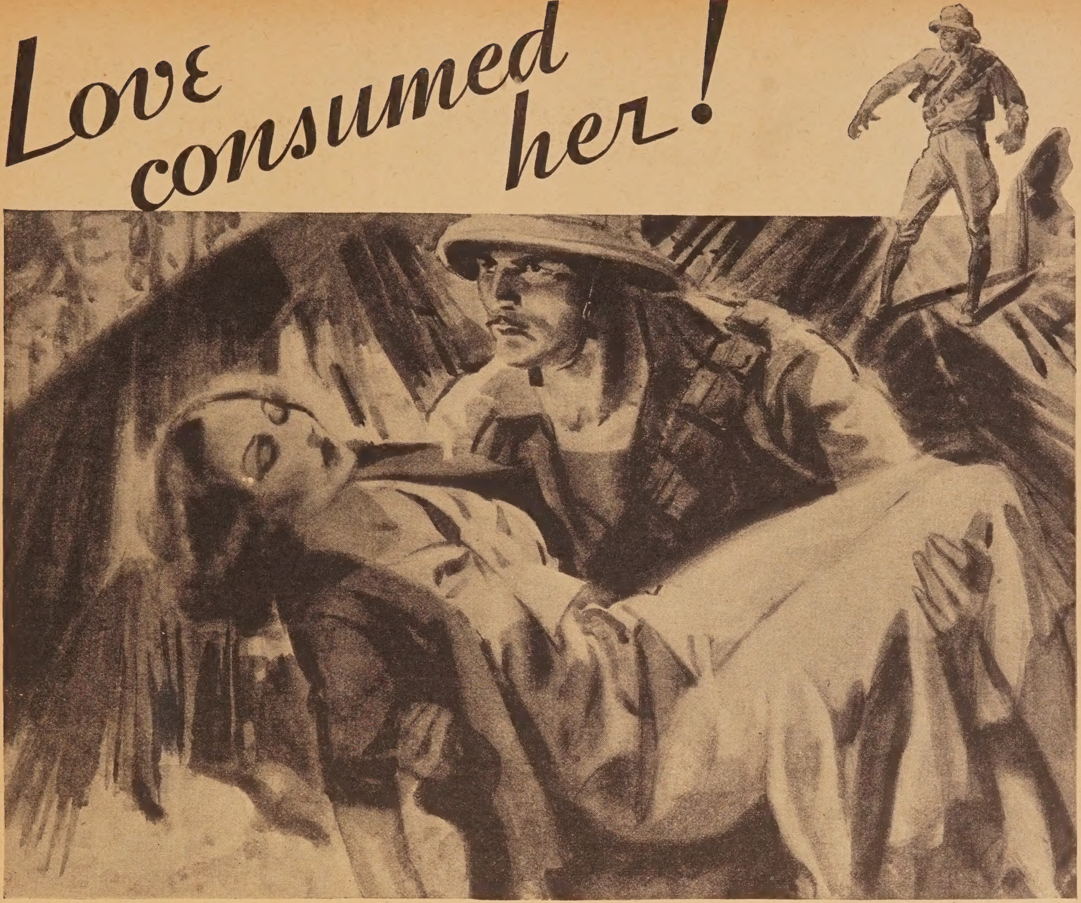
Love consumed her!



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom *love* consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from *"Thunder Below"*—a great Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount Pictures

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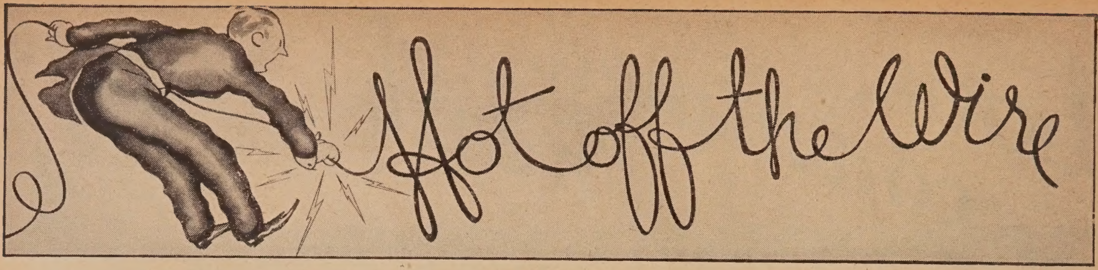

Last Minute News About Hollywood Favorites

Just as Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton take down the "just married" plaque, hubby's former sweetheart sues him for $250,000 worth of heart balm. Ann says she'll stick by Leslie to the finish.

Other recent marriages: Joan Bennett to Gene Markey; Betty Bronson to Ludwig Laurehaus; Dorothy Janis to Wayne King, Chicago orchestra leader.

Harold Lloyd bars visitors from the set of his new opus, *Movie Crazy*, to safeguard against the stealing of his gags. Picture will be finished in May but will not be released until October.

Eddie Quillan signed by Harold Lloyd to star in series of comedy features under Lloyd's direction and backed by his organization.

Jackie Cooper goes on personal appearance tour following completion of *Limpy*. Reported salary: $7,500 a week. Also on personal appearance tour are: Ben Lyon, Louise Fazenda, Leo Carrillo and Leon Janney.

Ann Harding has her hair curled for second time in her life in *Westward Passage*. Her next vehicle is to be *Just a Woman*.

Reports have it that Mary Pickford decides to give up plans of coming back in *Happy Ending* and would like to produce a picture with Clara Bow as star.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart expecting visit from the stork.

Randolph Scott to play lead in picturization of Western story from the pen of Will James, titled *Lone Cowboy*. Randolph set to go on location.

Josef von Sternberg's ex-wife, Riza Royce, withdraws her alienation of affections charges against Marlene Dietrich.

Richard Dix signs new contract with Radio Studio without repetition of last year's salary squabble, then goes into *Roar of the Dragon*, starring picture. Studio admits spending more money promoting Guili Andre, who makes her début in this film, than they ever plan to spend again on a new actress.

Mae Busch will return to the screen in *Doctor X*, opposite Lionel Atwill.

Bette Davis, who nearly stole Ruth Chatterton's picture, *The Rich Are Always With Us*, steals Ruth's leading man, George Brent—for personal reasons.

Mrs. Wallace Reid producing and directing picture which stars her son, Wallace Reid Jr.

Word South Sea Islands—Douglas Fairbanks shoots first scenes for *Tropical Knight*, modern Robinson Crusoe picture. He delights native islanders with showing of Mickey Mouse films.

Lupe Velez doing her stuff in Ziegfeld's new musical show, *Hot-Cha*.

Hits of the Month

Screen Book recommends that you place these top-notch pictures on your "must see" list.

GRAND HOTEL
(Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery)

THE DOOMED BATTALION
(Tala Birell)

SCARFACE
(Paul Muni, Karen Morley, Ann Dvorak)

SO BIG
(Barbara Stanwyck)

CARELESS LADY
(Joan Bennett)

THE WORLD AND THE FLESH
(Miriam Hopkins, George Bancroft)

THE WET PARADE
(Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan)

NIGHT WORLD
(Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke)

LIMPY
(Jackie Cooper, Chic Sale)

THUNDER BELOW
(Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Bickford)

Fredric March and Claudette Colbert scheduled to co-star in *Farewell to Arms*, vehicle originally intended for Gary Cooper. The Cooper boy failed to return from his travels on schedule.

Norma Talmadge will appear in a new picture soon. Her last was *DuBarry*, produced in 1930.

Edward Everett Horton working in *Roar of the Dragon* with Richard Dix between performances of *Springtime for Henry*, in which he is being starred at the Hollywood Playhouse.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell begin filming of *The First Year*, their new co-starring vehicle.

Inside stuff—'tis said that Zeppo Marx (believe it or not) rivals Bing Crosby with his crooning in *Horsefeathers*, the forthcoming Marx Brothers laughfest.

Barbara Stanwyck starts work on new starring film, *Mud Lark*. Scheduled to follow is *Brief Moment*.

Clark Gable and Wallace Beery to be teamed in talkie version of *The Big Parade*. Possible that Renée Adorée may be well enough to play her original rôle in the production.

Warner Baxter goes into production on *Man About Town*, new starring picture, following completion of *Bachelor's Affairs*.

Charles Butterworth gets important rôle in Maurice Chevalier's next, *Love Me Tonight*.

Richard Dix is going to be married again, but it's no news for scandal-mongers because it's just the idea of Chief Bellmard of the Kay Indian tribe. Dix is an associate member of the tribe and the chief maintains his marriage to Winifred Coe is not legal until he goes through the Indian ceremony. So Richard and Winifred are going through it again, this time with feathers and trimmings.

Renée Adorée, the little French girl of *The Big Parade*, discharged from a Prescott, Arizona, hospital as cured of the lung trouble that has kept her away from pictures for all these months.

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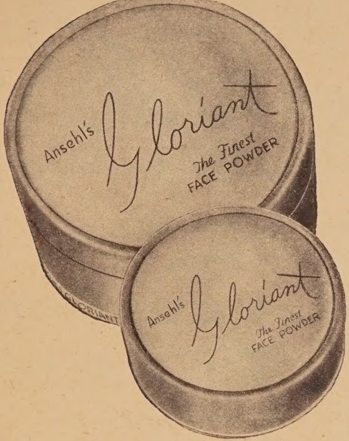

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341	**Gloriant**—Rose Ocre	10c
342	**Gloriant**—Cream Shade	10c
343	**Gloriant**—Blanche (White)	10c
344	**Adoree**—Natural	10c
345	**Adoree**—Sun Tan	10c
346	**Adoree**—Rachel	10c
347	**Vivani**—Liquid Face Powder	10c

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(Direct from Laboratory, All Full Capacity)

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403	**Sunkist** Tissue Cream	10c
404	**Sunkist** Cleansing Cream	10c
405	**Vivani** Beauty Cream	10c
406	**Vivani** Lemon Cream	10c
407	**Adoree** Beauty Cream	10c
408	**Vivani** Cleansing Cream	10c
409	**Vivani** Pore Cream	10c
410	**Bird of Paradise** Bleach Cream	10c
411	**Adoree** Tissue Cream	10c
412	**Adoree** Astringent Cream	10c
413	**Vivani** Vanishing Cream	10c
414	**Vivani** Cold Cream	10c
415	**Vivani** Rolling Massage Cream	10c

TOILET WATERS

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518	**Vivani** Casmol	10c
519	**Bird of Paradise**	10c
520	**Vivani** Bouquet	10c

LOTIONS

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631	**Adree** Glycerin and Rose Lotion	10c
632	**New Formula** Liquid Cleansing Cream	10c
633	**Vaza** Emollient Skin Balm	10c
634	**Vivani** Skin Tonic & Freshener	10c
635	**Vivani** Hand & Complexion Lotion	10c
636	**Adoree** Skin Tonic & Freshener	10c
637	**Bird of Paradise** Beauty Lotion	10c
638	**Vivani** Muscle Tonic	10c
639	**Vivani** Astringent	10c
640	**Vivani** Lemon Lotion	10c
641	**Adree** Cucumber Lotion	10c
642	**Adree** Benzoin & Almond Lotion	10c

BODY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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936	**Adoree** Body Powder	10c
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938	**Vivani** Bath Salt (Rose)	10c
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940	**Vivani** Bath Salt (Bouquet)	10c
941	**Vivani** Bath Salt (Wisteria)	10c
942	**Adoree** Deodorant	10c
943	**Adoree** Sachet (Lilac)	10c
944	**Adoree** Sachet (Jasmin)	10c
945	**Adoree** Sachet (Wisteria)	10c
946	**Vivani** Body Tonic	10c
947	**Vivani** Depilatory (Hair Remover)	10c
948	**Vivani** Deodorant (Creme)	10c
949	**Vivani** Deodorant (Liquid)	10c

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215	**Vivani** Bird of Paradise	10c
216	**Vivani** Jasmin	10c
217	**Vivani** Narcisse	10c
218	**Vivani** Lilac	10c
219	**Vivani** Perfume No. 2447	10c

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781	**Vivani** Lemon Shampoo	10c
782	**Vivani** Special Shampoo for Dandruff	10c
783	**Vivani** Hair Tonic	10c
784	**Vivani** Brilliantine	10c
785	**Adoree** Waving Fluid	10c
786	**Vivani** Wave Set	10c
787	**Adoree** Brilliantine	10c
788	**Adoree** Shampoo	10c
789	**Adoree** Hair Tonic	10c
790	**Vivani** Olive Oil Shampoo (New!)	10c
791	**General** Antiseptic Liquid Soap	10c

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170	**Vivani** Waterproof Rouge	10c
171	**Adoree** Lip Rouge	10c
172	**Vivani** Lip Rouge (New Beetle-ware Container)	10c
173	**Vivani** Eyelash Beautifier (Black)	10c
174	**Vivani** Eyelash Beautifier (Brown)	10c
175	**Vivani** Eye Shadow (Blue)	10c
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177	**Vivani** Nail Polish	10c
178	**Vivani** Nail Polish Remover	10c
179	**Adree** Muscle Oil	10c
180	**Vivani** Facial Pack (New!)	10c
181	**Lister's** Formula Antiseptic Mouth Wash	10c

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Body Beauty Preparations How Many
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Hair Preparations
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Miscellaneous Preparations
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Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AA. **THE BIG TIMER**—(Columbia)—Ben Lyon's destinies from hamburger cook to welterweight champ are guided by Constance Cummings without causing too much excitement.

AAA. **THE BROKEN WING**—(Paramount)—Lupe Velez and her lovers, Leo Carrillo, the town bully, and Melvyn Douglas, an American aviator, are all fine in a romance of Mexico.

AAA. **CARELESS LADY**—(Fox)—Joan Bennett, the hometown girl, gets glamor in Paris by a fake marriage. John Boles is the eventual husband.

AA. **DANGEROUS BRUNETTE**—(Warners)—Slow action story with Kay Francis splendid as employer who falls in love with her secretary, David Manners. Kenneth Thompson perfect in "heavy" rôle.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front which is a fitting companion piece to *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Large cast of notables does full credit to excellent story, including Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz, H. Gibson-Gowland and Albert Conti.

AAA. **THE FERGUSON CASE**—(Warner Brothers)—Sensational journalism is mercilessly flayed in this murder thriller. Joan Blondell, Tom Brown and Kenneth Thompson head the cast as news sleuths.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others who come to the Grand Hotel and have their entire lives changed before they leave.

AAA. **LIMPY**—(M-G-M)—Rich in human appeal is this story with Jackie Cooper as a cripple. Chic Sale, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Peterson good in dramatic parts.

AA. **MISS PINKERTON**—(Warners)—Good detective yarn with Joan Blondell in her first stellar rôle and George Brent, the new sensation, as the hero. Laughs and suspense.

AAA. **THE MOUTHPIECE**—(Warners)—Warren William as a criminal attorney comes through big in his first starring picture with able support from Sidney Fox and William Janney.

AAA. **THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US**—(Warners)—Ruth Chatterton is her old brilliant self in this sophisticated drama. Dialogue is sparkling and so is George Brent, who makes an impressive début.

AA. **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—(Universal)—Lots of trouble for Charles Bickford, the newspaperman who gets ambitious. Proper support from Pat O'Brien and Rose Hobart.

AAA. **SKY BRIDE**—(Paramount)—Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie teamed again, this time in a stunt-flying thriller, with Virginia Bruce as the lovely heroine.

AAAA. **SO BIG**—(Warners)—Drama of pioneer life with Barbara Stanwyck making the soil pay. Dickie Moore and George Brent also worth noticing.

AA. **STOWAWAY**—(Universal)—Racing picture with a thrilling plot. Maureen O'Sullivan, Tom Brown and Andy Devine take honors.

AA. **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN**—(Paramount)—Light story worth seeing with Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy who is very funny.

AAA. **THE TENDERFOOT**—(Warners)—Clever gags keep it humming with Joe E. Brown and Ginger Rogers at their best.

AAA. **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—(Paramount)—An entertaining picture with rollicking action and dialogue. Cast headed by Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Roland Young and Cary Grant.

AAA. **TRAGEDIES IN A NIGHT CLUB**—(Universal)—Realistic entertainment with gunmen and rogues. Mae Clarke the only light touch. Cast includes Lew Ayres, Boris Karloff and Hedda Hopper.

AAA. **THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE**—(Fox)—Exciting entertainment under smooth direction. Joan Bennett and Donald Cook head the hand-picked cast.

AAAA. **THE WET PARADE**—(M-G-M)—Vivid picture of the effects of prohibition. Splendid cast with Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Robert Young, Wallace Ford and Jimmy Durante.

AAA. **THUNDER BELOW**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead does a grand piece of acting in this picture laid in the tropics, wherein she is torn between her husband, Charles Bickford, whom she pities because he is blind and her lover, Paul Lukas.

AA. **VANITY FAIR**—(Allied Pictures)—An up-to-date setting for an old classic is highly successful with Myrna Loy as Becky Sharp, assisted by fine cast.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFTER TOMORROW**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell does his best work in a clever human-interest story featuring Marian Nixon and Minna Gombell.

AAA. **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—(Warners)—Richard Barthelmess brilliant in "big sacrifice" rôle, with Marian Marsh opposite.

AAA. **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—(Radio)—Highly colored drama of modern youth. Cast includes Arline Judge, Eric Linden, and Rochelle Hudson.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH** — (United Artists) — Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

AAA. **ARSENE LUPIN**—(M-G-M)—Mystery tale with the Barrymore brothers at their best. Karen Morley furnishes love interest.

AAA. **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—(Metro)—Bill Haines and Madge Evans in highly amusing comedy of radio broadcasting.

AA. **BEAST OF THE CITY** — (M-G-M) — Walter Huston in a tedious drama glorifying the American police.

AA. **BEAUTY AND THE BOSS**—(Warners)—Marian Marsh and Warren William do the best they can with an absurd story.

[*Continued on page 64*]

The Doomed Battalion marks the auspicious American début of Tala Birell and Luis Trenker. Tala proves to be not only beautiful but a remarkably capable actress as well in a colorful picture laid in the Austrian Tyrol

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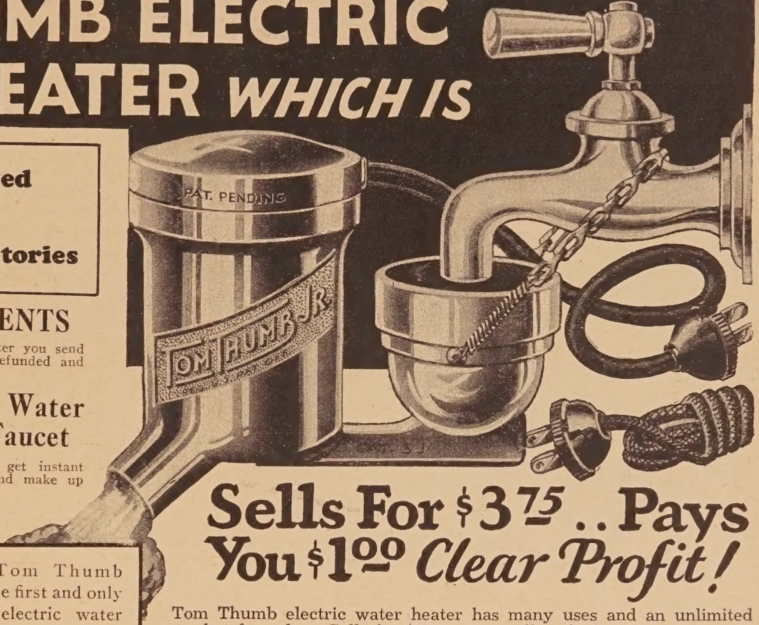

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No installation expense—just stick it on the faucet, ready for use.

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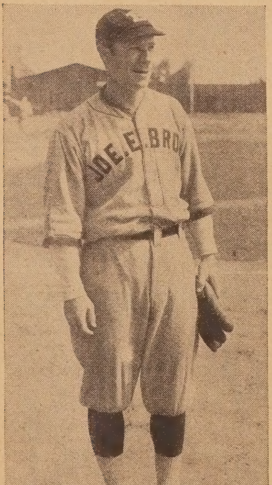
HOLLYWOOD GOES SPORT CRAZY

Screen folk put their whole hearts into the serious business of play

By Hal Howe

Bill Powell (left) and Dick Barthelmess can always be counted upon for a stirring tennis battle. They are among the outstanding racket wielders of the film colony and have acquitted themselves nobly when opposed to nationally ranked players



Joe E. Brown has his own baseball team, one that ranks with the strongest semi-pros in California

Doug Fairbanks not only is a crack golfer but a topnotcher in numerous other branches of sport

FROM a ringside seat at the Olympic club in Los Angeles came an excited voice, shrill above the din. One of the boxers in the squared arena was in imminent danger of losing his head. The ringside seat occupant, a famous Latin starlet, had already lost hers.

"Stop heem!" she admonished her fellow countryman as she stood upon her tiny feet, her face flaming and oblivious to the thousands about her.

"Knock heem cold! Keel heem! De beeg bum!"

The crowd yelled with glee in joining the shouts of warning to *her* fighter. The latter seemed to come out of his coma, looked over to where his fiery and beautiful partisan was standing while she adjured him to win—and did!

That's how Hollywood screen folk take their sports seriously. This seriousness is manifested in every form of sport activity—football, baseball, polo, tennis, aviation, horse racing, golf, *ad infinitum.*

But they're not satisfied to remain mere onlookers. Most of the screen èlite go in for sports themselves. Often, were they not busily occupied before the camera, they would become headliners in the sport activities they follow between pictures.

Only recently two screen stars opened up the baseball season at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, with opposing teams captained and owned by each. The Joe E. Brown and Buster Keaton nines are an institution in California with semi-professional rating.

Joe E. Brown once played professional baseball and was a much-heralded third baseman. Buster Keaton, he of the frozen face, has spurned offers to join the ranks of organized baseball.

In the realm of tennis, Connie Bennett holds her own against most of the rated amateurs. She serves and returns the ball with bullet-like velocity and is wicked at the net. The exotic Connie is quite another person on the tennis courts. Marion Davies is also a fine player. If she had taken her tennis seriously she might have become one of our ranking players.

Other stellar tennis exponents of the film capital are: Marian Marsh, Marian Nixon, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lee, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis, Patsy Ruth Miller, Anita Page, Dorothy Jordan, Madge Evans, Ann Harding and Joan Bennett. So rabid a fan is Joan that recently, while recuperating from a broken hip in the hospital, she drove in an ambulance to a tennis tournament where she witnessed the game from a cot.

The vivacious Dorothy Lee is expert in la crosse and cricket. In fact, she keeps interest in these sports alive in Hollywood.

THE girls also go for golf. Mary Pickford has taken it up and Wynne Gibson has the name of being the best feminine golfer in the colony, as well as an expert archer. Irene Dunne, however, has made a hole in one. Others to scintillate on the sward are Miriam Hopkins, Bebe Daniels and Anita Page.

Many of the men play golf. With high rating are Harold Lloyd, Ric Cortez, Leon Errol, W. C. Fields, the Fairbanks', Senior and Junior, Conway Tearle, Alan Hale, John Barrymore and Richard Arlen. Wheeler and Woolsey, pals in private and professional life, are great golf enemies. Harold Lloyd likes the game so well he has a nine-hole course on his estate.

[*Continued on page 66*]

SPORTS in HOLLYWOOD

Dear Friends

See your favorite stars doing their Daily Dozen.

Sports mean more than just plain fun for Hollywood celebrities — it means keeping in trim for forthcoming roles that require expert portrayal of sports life on the screen.

You too, can learn by watching them perform.

ask your local theatre to show Screen Snapshots Issue # 9 (ScreenBook Sports Special)

Sincerely
The Editor

We Welcome
Your Ideas and
Suggestions
WRITE
Screen
Snapshots
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Directed
by
RALPH
STAUB

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

Distributed by COLUMBIA PICTURES

Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

REMEMBER way back when? That's when we sat on the edge of our chairs and pulsated with the husky hero riding down the wide dirt street in a cloud of dust, his six-shooters giving him the right of way. His bronc knew what was what, and the angle at which the hero's sombrero was worn told the audience something or other.

And now the good, old westerns are back. Tom Mix is riding anon. Tom Keene has started a brand new series of the "up-with-'em" variety and other cowboy favorites are working once more. The good old days are back.

And we kids—for aren't we all?—can now thrill anew to the deeds of the hero.

The Editor Takes Off His Hat To—

The following stars for their brilliant performances:

Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below"

Tala Birell in "The Doomed Battalion"

Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us"

Barbara Stanwyck in "So Big"

Disorderly Houses

IN VARIOUS sections of this land of liberty, where potential theatre-goers must need seek their Sunday entertainment elsewhere, interesting legal skirmishes are being waged nowadays. What the result will be is destined to have a potent effect upon the boxoffice, for it is generally conceded that the Sabbath is the day of augmented receipts.

Over in the commonwealth of New Jersey, and more particularly in the district of Plainfield, a trio of theatre managers is specifically charged by the grand jury with maintaining "disorderly houses in habitual violation of the Sunday closing law."

"Disorderly houses?" Now you tell one!

Opportunity

THE day of opportunity is still with us. It has not been relegated to the shelf of inconsequence, as some pessimists might have us believe.

Consider the cases of Tala Birell and Sari Maritza and Tom Brown and Gloria Stuart and Robert Young. These young screen actors have just ascended to meteoric heights. No accidents, these. Each has been trained for a career. Each fitted himself, or herself, for the task confronting him. Hard work. None shunned it. They have become what they are *because* of it.

Theatre Chaperons

KIDDIES visiting our paladiums of entertainment are to be chaperoned and supervised and segregated. That is, in the great state of New York. Yes, sir, the morals of young America are to be meticulously guarded.

But there's a catch in even having a monitor for them. The films must first have had the approval of the board of education and—get this, please—the dignified lawmakers say, "and also providing there are seats available." Apparently, if there are no seats available, unaccompanied youngsters can't be chaperoned and supervised and segregated.

The Cure

NICHOLAS SCHENCK has summed it all up in one terse, illuminating sentence. The prexy of M-G-M says: "There is nothing in this business which good pictures cannot cure."

There's the formula. Studios won't even have to call in a doctor. There's one right on the lot.

The Perfect Goal

OF COURSE, there are others but the charming Norma Shearer comes to mind. She it is who is rapidly becoming the acme of perfection for American womanhood to pattern. And there's a reason, as a certain advertiser would say.

The attainment of perfection is ever her goal. Producers may be content to forget the "why's" and "wherefores" of a picture upon its completion. So long as it clicks at the boxoffice, the producer seems to be resigned to the serene occupation of adding up the profits.

Not so Norma. She must convince herself *why* her rôle has created certain reactions. That is one reason why she continues to grow better and better.

Kidnapers

WHEN the most famous baby in America can be ruthlessly and callously kidnaped, it is not so hard to believe those stories emanating from Hollywood anent protection from a similar fate. We no longer lift a skeptical eyebrow and dismiss such stories as "publicity."

When dispatches say that Mitzi Green is guarded by a private detective during her vaudeville tour, that Mary Pickford has to enlist the aid of the authorities and that various celebrities must take precautionary measures, we are now prone to regard such stories with seriousness.

JACK BRUNNING BLAMELESS—SAYS DIX

Expert's Advice Helped Him Solve Tax Complications Famous Star Declares

Jack Brunning, prominent income tax consultant, was in no way responsible for his recent income tax difficulties, declares Richard Dix, whose recent court troubles have been satisfactorily settled.

Upon investigation, Screen Tabloid editors find that the article in April Screen Book incorrectly quoted Richard Dix to the effect that his recent income tax troubles rested with J. R. Brunning, who is the star's present counsellor.

The editors regret this mistake, and in justice to both Mr. Dix and Mr. Brunning wish to apologize to them for any misunderstanding that has occurred as a result of this erroneous report.

In a recent interview Mr. Dix said, "I was very much embarrassed when the article in question was brought to my attention because Mr. Brunning was in no way responsible for the complications arising out of my 1927 and 1928 returns. I personally have a very high regard for Mr. Brunning, both as an income tax counsellor and an accountant of ability and integrity."

JACK BRUNNING and Richard Dix, seen chatting together while the star takes time off between scenes of his latest picture, *The Roar of the Dragon*. Brunning, a prominent tax expert, is personal advisor for Dix in the matter of how much of his salary check should go to the government each year. Prominent movie folk are among the many who look to Brunning each year to cure the headaches they suffer in trying to solve income tax puzzles

Arbuckle Plans Comeback

ALMOST A DECADE after an unfortunate scandal for which he was held blameless forced him to retire from the screen, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle is on the comeback trail. Immediately after his current appearances on the stage he plans to resume work in screen comedies

Greta Garbo's New Contract

Greta Garbo is said to be not at all excited over M-G-M's offer to pay her $10,000 weekly on a new contract to replace her present one which expires soon. Rumor has it that Greta might be satisfied with $14,000 instead of the $7,000 she now receives each week.

ANN HARDING SPLITS WITH HUSBAND

Couple Seek Divorce As Only Way To Happiness

ANN HARDING, fearful that her career might destroy the love between herself and Harry Bannister, has agreed to divorce

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister are figures in the most unique divorce case Hollywood has ever known. To all outward appearances they were enjoying happy married life, until they recently announced by letter their intention to separate. Ann's statement said that Harry was rapidly losing his identity and being looked upon as "Ann Harding's husband," which seems to again prove that statement that careers and marriages don't mix. Both indicated that they were as much interested in each other as ever, but that divorce was the only way they knew to regain mutual happiness. Ann is to have custody of Jane, the three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, and Harry is to have the privilege of seeing her as often as he wishes. A Reno divorce is expected to end "Hollywood's most perfect romance," as soon as Bannister has established a six months' residence there.

"ANN HARDING'S HUSBAND" is a title that Harry Bannister didn't want—hence the separation and impending divorce

GARY-LUPE ROMANCE MAY BE RENEWED

—Fink

LUPE VELEZ and Gary Cooper on the occasion of one of their last appearances together in public, just before they decided to call an end to their romance

Hollywood Suspects That Fire Of An Old Love Has Been Rekindled

Rumors are flying thick and fast around Movietown these days to the effect that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez have settled their misunderstanding and are "that way" about each other again.

On his return from a hunting jaunt to Africa, Gary kept his whereabouts a mystery. He couldn't be found in New York. He was not in Hollywood. Where, reporters and friends wanted to know, was he hiding? Dopesters have it that Gary and Lupe got together again for the first time when the famous westerner arrived in New York, where Lupe was creating excitement up and down Broadway with her brilliant performance in the *Follies.*

As this report came close on the heels of the story about Gary's sudden interest in the charming Contessa di Frasso of Rome, he has them all fooled. Reporters, checking up on the rumored reconciliation of Gary and Lupe, were unable to discover any evidences that such a thing had taken place, but they are mighty suspicious—else why should Gary be so secretive about his whereabouts?

In the meantime, the fiery Latin star continues on the stage in Ziegfeld's *Hot-Cha,* while Gary is preparing for his first rôle since returning to civilization, in *Farewell to Arms,* from the famous book of Ernest Hemingway.

MARIE PREVOST WINS WEIGHT BATTLE

BEFORE—Marie Prevost as she appeared playing the part of a stout girl in *Gentleman's Fate* only a few months ago

Movie Beauty Performs Sudden Miracle With Excess Poundage

There was a day when Marie Prevost was known as a girl with one of the most beautiful figures in Hollywood. That was when she was at the peak of her career as an outstanding star. But the talkies came and Marie temporarily lost out. Life in semi-retirement agreed with her too well, and it was not long before she became exceedingly plump. But the gay little comèdienne didn't mind—she returned to the screen in character rôles and did quite well. Recently, however, she decided to regain her slim figure. Immediately she began a severe diet and in no time at all she lost fifteen pounds. Today Marie is her old self again, more charming and petite than ever before. Her fans will hardly recognize the new Marie Prevost when they see her on the screen again. She has ambitions to climb to the top rung once more, which is the primary reason for the endeavor to regain her sylph-like figure.

AFTER—Her old self again! Sheer determination and strict diet have given Marie Prevost back her perfect figure

Lily Damita Denies Wedding

—*Bachrach*

TO REPORTERS WHO swarmed about her just as she left for a Hawaiian vacation, Lily Damita denied that she was secretly wed to Sidney Smith. Sidney, it is reported, happened to be on his way across at the same time—and on the same boat. Hence the excitement

Rudy Spikes Divorce Rumors

—*Fink*

EVERY SO OFTEN, Rudy Vallée and his bride of a few months, Fay Webb, are bothered by rumors that they are about to be divorced. On their recent visit to Hollywood, they blasted this theory, appearing together constantly—interested only in each other

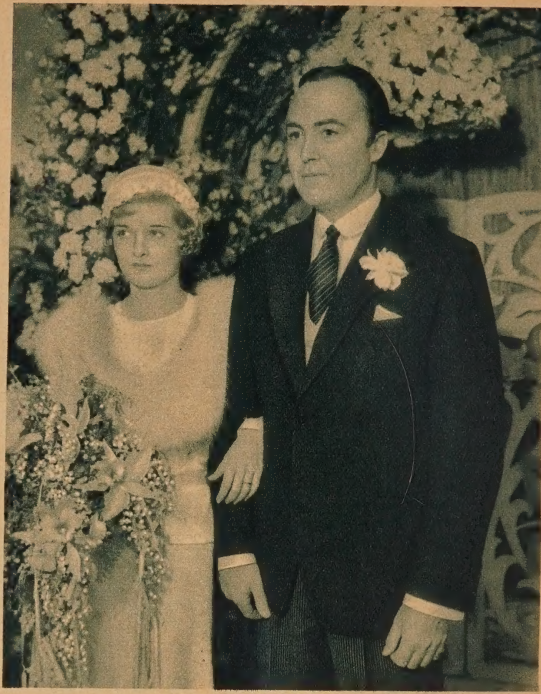
JOAN BENNETT WEDS GENE MARKEY

Romance That Started In Hospital Has Vivid Climax

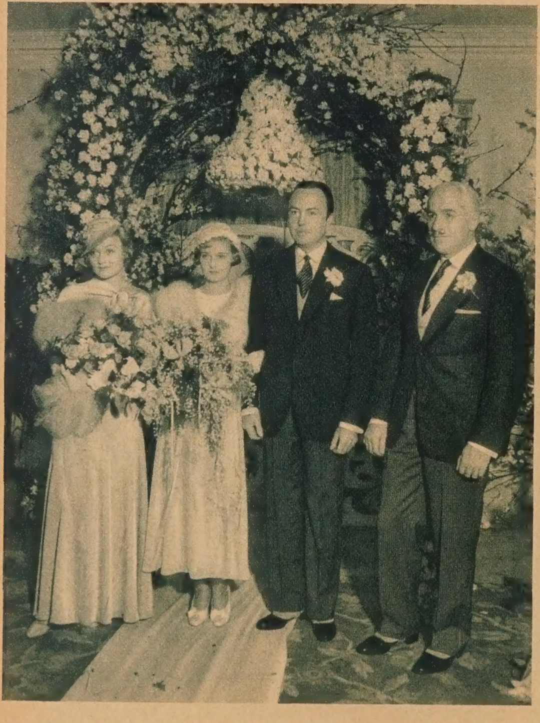
When Gene Markey paid a casual visit to Joan Bennett as she lay in the hospital a few months ago, recovering from injuries received when she tumbled from a horse, neither suspected that they would soon be wed. But after Joan's injuries healed, she and Gene began to go places together. And almost before Hollywood realized it, the youngest Bennett daughter blossomed forth with a huge engagement ring.

Unlike sister Connie's wedding to the Marquis de la Falaise, Joan announced that she wanted "everyone" to come. Newspapermen, thinking the ceremony was to take place at noon, found that the nuptials were really celebrated at eleven, and the show was over when they arrived. Joan, however, delayed her honeymoon to pose for countless pictures and sent them all back home happy. Even the huge crowd that gathered outside the Town House was given an opportunity to applaud the newlyweds. Joan Bennett is Mrs. Gene Markey now!

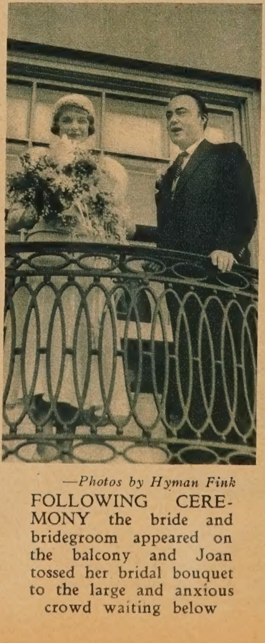
Regardless of this, the charming Joan is to continue her movie career, according to announced intentions. Husband Gene is said to be in accord with these plans.



JOAN BENNETT, gowned in white crêpe and fox fur, with a close-fitting turban of white tulle trimmed in orange blossoms, is the loveliest bride the movie colony has seen in a long time. Gene Markey, everyone admits, is the most handsome groom of the season



THE WEDDING PARTY: Constance Bennett, bridesmaid; Joan Bennett, the bride-of-the-month; Gene Markey, the handsome groom; and Captain Allen Clayton, who officiated as best man



—Photos by Hyman Fink

FOLLOWING CEREMONY the bride and bridegroom appeared on the balcony and Joan tossed her bridal bouquet to the large and anxious crowd waiting below

AFTER THE MAD scramble for Joan's corsage, little Mary Elizabeth Kendig emerged victorious with the only uncrushed orchid. Mary says she'll always treasure it.

Del Rio Refuses to Admit Legal Defeat

Attorney Wins Wage Suit; Dolores Seeks High Court Reversal

Dolores Del Rio believes she can secure a reversal of the judgment rendered against her by the Superior Court of California for $20,000, minus $4,000 credit there-to-fore paid. This sum of $16,000 is the amount awarded to her former attorney, Gunther R. Lessing, who sued for $31,000 which he claimed due for his services. Accordingly, she is carrying the legal battle to a higher court.

Dolores' first difficulties arose when she suddenly discharged Mr. Lessing and refused to pay him. He brought suit for the amount he believed due him for past services, with the result that the court found that he had faithfully performed all the services required of him and that he had frequently acted on his own initiative in undertaking to protect the star in matters not strictly legal, but in furtherance of her best interests.

SCREEN BOOK readers will remember the first account of this case in the January issue, calling attention to the report circulated that Dolores had been in danger of being victimized by unscrupulous persons who hoped to frighten her into huge out-of-court settlements. From facts brought our during the trial of the case, it later appeared that there was no foundation in these reports and that Attorney Lessing has a reputation for ethics and ability of the highest order.

DOLORES DEL RIO, who recently made a brilliant comeback to the screen in *Bird of Paradise*, has had a turbulent time in court. Although her former attorney secured a judgment of $20,000, in a recent wage suit, Dolores is carrying the case to a higher court in hopes that the verdict may be set aside

GUNTHER R. LESSING, the prominent Los Angeles attorney who, as friend and advisor to Dolores Del Rio, helped greatly in developing her career

Court Trouble Follows Ann Dvorak's Airplane Elopement

—*Acme*

LESLIE FENTON and Ann Dvorak, who flew to Yuma and were wed, all in one day, faced complications when suit was entered again Fenton for $250,000 in a breach of promise action. Ann, unperturbed, said she'd stand by her new hubby

HER DREAMS CAME TRUE

The story of Sari Maritza's rise to cinema fame

By

Grace Mack

Plenty of headlines were won by Sari Maritza in London when she went places with Charlie Chaplin. However, they are taboo now

When a child of twelve years, she visited Hollywood and saw Doug Fairbanks make *Robin Hood;* right there her dreams to become a screen star were born

SHE'S Patricia Detering-Nathan to papa and mamma but Sari Maritza to you. After writing dozens of names on slips of paper and trying to visualize how they would look in electric lights, she finally picked this one out of the air. And in case you're not up on your Hungarian pronunciation, say "Shar-i" with two dots above the "A" and "Ma-reet-za"—just like that.

She's five feet tall with a cute little figure and talkative blue-green eyes. Her blonde eyebrows are practically invisible. There's something chameleon-like about her face. At one moment she seems a mere child and then a changing expression—or perhaps it's her exquisite poise—brings a certain sophistication. At times, in talking with her, you would swear that she was Lily Damita.

Her background has a decidedly international flavor. She was born in Tientsin, China, on St. Patrick's Day. Her father is English and her mother Viennese.

At the age of twelve she made her first trip to America. Quite by chance she visited Hollywood and was taken on a tour of the Douglas Fairbanks studio. They were making *Robin Hood.* Doug was shouting through a megaphone to the fair lady who was about to make her escape from the castle tower. The young miss from China watched the procedure, wide-eyed. And then and there she made up her mind that she would be a motion picture actress when she grew up!

BUT schooling of course, had to take precedent. First, it was England. A very proper girls' school with a head mistress who thought that pink legs were very shocking and that little girls should wear black woolen stockings. Sari—or Patricia, as she was then—didn't care for that school and so she left and went to another. This one was more to her liking and she finished her work there and then went to a domestic economy school.

Her father thought she ought to know how to cook and keep house—just in case she decided to become a Mrs. Somebody-or-Other instead of an actress. After getting the lowdown on housekeeping she went to Switzerland to be "finished."

But all this education did not succeed in erasing the acting bug and at the age of eighteen she played in her first picture in Vienna. Then she was with Ufa in Berlin, and later in London.

It was while in London that she stepped into the limelight as Charlie Chaplin's girl-friend. She insists that there was nothing serious about this.

"I met him at a party," she says, "and he seemed to like me. I went out with him several times. He loved to dance the tango and we used to practice new steps in his hotel suite."

Sari loves to dance, but the partner must be good. She can't stand a partner who just walks around to the music. She hates talking when she dances.

She adores clothes, particularly French ones. Likes her evening gowns in black or white or pale green that brings out the greenish tints in her eyes. She doesn't care much about jewels but is quite mad about furs, with an especial weakness for sable and ermine.

She smokes her cigarettes through an extremely long, black holder which was given to her by Edgar Wallace, the mystery thriller writer. And *ssshhhhh!* She wears glasses, thick-lensed ones with silver frames, when nobody's looking. She's quite near-sighted and is always afraid somebody will accuse her of being "high hat" if she fails to recognize them.

Her first impression of Hollywood was that it was very much like a picture set. "The houses dotting the hillsides don't look quite real," she says.

[*Continued on page* 65]

Haunted by His Past!

By
Eric Ergenbright

A stirring scene from *All Quiet On the Western Front,* Universal's great war drama of two years ago in which Lew Ayres rocketed to cinematic glory. It is this characterization that has remained with Lew, drawing a striking parallel with his real life as he goes about his tasks from day to day

Disillusioned, Lew Ayres now fears his war rôle ghost

Lew Ayres wanted fame. And got it! He dreamed of stardom but when he zoomed to its dizzy heights, he became dissatisfied. "I'm not progressing fast enough," he will tell you. Lew is not the kind who can ever be content when still: he calls that retrogression

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, the picture that electrified the theatre-going world, has become history but the ghost of Paul Baumer, who died in the muddy trenches of Flanders, still haunts Lew Ayres!

Paul Baumer went from his classroom to war. He dreamed of winning undying glory on the battlefields. Instead, he won disillusionment.

You remember the picture. You remember how sincerely Lew Ayres lived that tragic rôle. You remember, too, that Paul Baumer's greatest tragedy was not death but the loss of his burning enthusiasm, the disintegration of his dream.

There is an uncanny parallel between the fictional life of that young German soldier and the life of the young actor who marched to stardom in *All Quiet.* Like Paul Baumer, Lew Ayres is cursed by too sensitive a nature. He too, dreamed of glory. He too, has found a measure of disillusionment.

True, the disappointments which have confronted Lew Ayres seem petty when compared to the horrors of war. But that is unimportant. The tragedy in each case is the realization that an enchanting vision concealed unpleasant facts.

Two years ago, as he completed his final scenes in *All Quiet,* Lew was deliriously happy. He knew that the combination of a great story, a brilliant director and his own ability had made him a star.

Stardom!

To Lew Ayres that meant the culmination of every hope, the gratification of every longing. He could take his place in the Hollywood hall of fame! He had sipped of that heady wine, applause, deeply enough to be blind to everything but a screen career.

He had not only dreamed of stardom, he had worked for it, thrown his job overboard, gone hungry, met with rebuff after rebuff until finally he was almost prepared to admit defeat and quit.

Lew had stood on Hollywood Boulevard, penniless. He saw the stars drive by in limousines. He had watched outside of swanky restaurants and witnessed famous folk sweep gaily by and enter. He had concluded that stardom was a heaven of happiness, untouched by any semblance of worry.

TODAY, Lew Ayres is wiser, albeit less happy. He is Paul Baumer returned from the trenches, hardened and matured by the realities of war. He has learned that stardom is a dangerous hazard.

Recently, while we sat in his dressing room, playing a game of chess (Lew, by the way, is a chess enthusiast), he said:

"You have probably noticed that [*Continued on page* 54]

JOAN'S STRANGE in GRAND

By Helen Louise Walker

Joan confesses that for the first time in her life she has suffered stage fright

"Oh, it's YOU!" thrills Lionel Barrymore as he scans a magazine and finds the lovely Joan Crawford pictured therein. Brother John looks on. This is an actual scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Grand Hotel*

Even Doug Junior approves of Joan Crawford's most recent fall into the ecstatic pangs of love

JOAN CRAWFORD is suffering from stage fright. For the first time in her life she knows that clammy, paralyzed feeling which comes with the conviction that she cannot do what is required of her in a scene. Her first appearance on the stage didn't do that to her. Her first test for pictures had no effect of that sort. The microphone which was the Great Terror for so many actors never affected Joan in any such fashion.

It is all because she has a new screen lover. His name is Lionel Barrymore. Working with him has reduced Joan to a state of complete twitters.

"Not," she tells you, hastily, "that he isn't lovely to me. Not that he isn't the soul of courtesy and co-operation. It is merely that he is so grand. I think he is the finest actor I have ever known—certainly the finest actor with whom I have ever worked. And he scares me to death!"

Grand Hotel, as everyone who reads must certainly know by this time, is a super-production with an all-star cast such as has never before been assembled for any picture. Both the Barrymores are in it. John plays opposite Garbo (it would be interesting to know whether that lady, like Joan, has experienced any diminution of her self-possession). Lionel plays the pathetic Kringelein who has come to spend his last

ADVENTURE HOTEL

This scene from *Grand Hotel*, in which Joan Crawford looks so adoringly into the eyes of Lionel Barrymore, is not all acting. She *means* it, says unabashed Joan. She adds it is a privilege to play opposite him

And now you see the very newest "crush" of Joan. Lionel Barrymore has caused her "jitters," she admits. He's her first veteran screen lover

days in the luxurious hostelry and Joan plays the little stenographer who gives him at last the affectionate human companionship which he needs so terribly and has never had.

Joan's acquaintance with really experienced troupers as leading men has been rather slight. She has "broken in" most of the masculine players on the M-G-M lot. 'Way back in the *Dancing Daughters* days, Johnny Mack Brown had his first important rôle playing opposite her. Robert Montgomery's first part in pictures was the lead with Joan in *Untamed.* Clark Gable played first with her in *Dance, Fools, Dance!* And Lester Vail had his first screen experience in that picture. Kent Douglas' first screen rôle was the one in *Paid.* Small wonder that it is a novelty for her to play opposite a ripened trouper like Lionel Barrymore!

"I had the jitters from the first moment I knew I was to play with him," she told me. "I kept telling myself that it wouldn't matter what I did in this picture because nearly all my scenes are with him and no one will notice what I do when he is on the screen. But remembering that, hasn't helped.

"What I couldn't know in advance was that when I watched him work I should be so overwhelmed that I should forget my own lines!

"I NEVER forgot lines before in my whole life. Never! But I do now. The first scene we did together was one of the final scenes in the picture—the one where I promise to stay with him until he dies. He was explaining to me that he never had had any pleasure in his life and that he needed me. He told me that he had money and that he would buy me things and that after he was gone I could have all the money that would be left. I wasn't supposed to cry in that scene. I was supposed to listen sympathetically and then agree to do what he asked.

"But, listening to him, watching him work with the tears rolling down his face (*how* that man cried!), I began to cry, myself. Inside of me at first—you know how you do—and then I began to blubber and pretty soon I was sobbing aloud—like a big baby. I couldn't stop, couldn't control myself at all. I just had to go away in a corner and have it out.

"He couldn't get the scene the way he wanted it. He would work and work and then he would say, 'I'm so sorry! You'll have to give me a little more time.' He would sit down and put his head in his hands and think about it for a while. Then he would try it again. We finally did all of it except the close-ups and he couldn't get those to suit him so we left those for another time. That is one reason he is really a great actor. He will not do anything until he can get it exactly right."

Joan's awe of the elder Barrymore is so great that she hardly speaks to him. "Good morning, Mr. Barrymore!". Like a small child greeting teacher. But she watches him every moment and treasures every remark he makes to her. If he says anything funny, it is funnier than anything anyone ever said before. Joan is convulsed. She seems almost to resent anyone else's attempt at witticism—it is so much less funny than Lionel's quips!

She dashes home at night to tell Doug what her idol has said, what he has done, how he has looked that day. "My new sweetheart" she calls him when she talks of him to Doug. But she wouldn't have Barrymore know it! Doug, much amused, professes frightful jealousy [*Continued on page* 51]

Minna Gombell celebrates with a "mad-hatter" party for Tony Sarg, the king of puppet masters

MINNA THROWS A PARTY!

PHOTOS BY
FINK

A few of the celebrities at Minna's party. Left to right, seated: Sally Eilers, Minna Gombell, Marian Nixon; standing: John Boles, Tony Sarg and Hoot Gibson

Buddies off-screen as well as on. That's Sally Eilers and Minna Gombell, who captured your heart in *Bad Girl* and recaptured it in *Dance Team*. These two girls are the pride of Fox studios—and the studios have reason to be proud

"My dear, what a grand party!" enthuses Thelma Todd to her hostess, Minna Gombell. These two blonde lassies, besides being two of Hollywood's up and coming actresses, are great pals

A chatty little group in one corner of Minna's house. Left to right: Austin Parker, writer; Minna Gombell, Kay Francis, and Tony Sarg, creator of the famous marionettes

The AMAZING CASE of SALLY EILERS

How Hollywood changed her from a mediocre screen player into a brilliant star

By June Woodard

SPRING came through the door with Sally Eilers. Spring in bright blue shoes, bright blue dress and a coat of lipstick red. Or at least that's the impression I had when Sally arrived, half an hour late, for our interview.

It seems almost inconceivable that Sally, vivacious, sparkling and radiantly alive, should have had such a difficult time finding a place on Hollywood's Magic Carpet.

Still, there are times when Hollywood has notoriously poor eyesight. That's the apparent reason why Sally wasn't found sooner. Her ascendency to the heights brought her by *Bad Girl* is one of the amazing cases of an amazing industry.

It is true that she caused a flurry of favorable comment when she played the lead in *The Goodbye Kiss.* Had she been free at that time to accept offers that were made her she might have climbed right on the Magic Carpet then and there. But she was under contract to Mack Sennett and he refused to farm her out. By the time she completed that contract, the memory of her promising performance in *The Goodbye Kiss* had become dim. She worked in various studios, to be sure, but in inconsequential rôles that got her nowhere. And that in spite of the fact that no less an authority than Flo Ziegfeld had labeled her the prettiest girl in Hollywood.

Sally's greatest success seemed to be in getting herself engaged. First it was Matty Kemp. And then it was Bill Hawks and Eddie Sutherland and that clever French director, Harry d'Arrast.

It was while she was "between engagements," as it were, that she was offered a rôle in a picture with Hoot Gibson.

"I had heard he was a very dangerous man and when he told me that I would have to go on location I explained to him that my mother would have to go with me. He said that was okay with him. The first night we were in the hotel at Atascadero a crib and high chair were sent to our room. Attached to the chair was a card which read: 'Mrs. Eilers—For your little girl Sally.' It was signed by Hoot.

"Well, I knew I was being kidded but I didn't care. But the funny thing was that by the time the picture was finished I found myself on the verge of falling in love with Hoot. He had taken me out quite a lot but he always saw to it that I was brought home early—and never once had he made an attempt to kiss me. That was certainly funny for a man who was supposed to be *dangerous.* In fact, it puzzled me quite a bit.

"One night he brought me home from a party. He said goodnight at the door. Following some rebel impulse I said to him, 'Why don't you ever kiss me goodnight?' He stammered and stuttered and said something about not knowing whether I would want him to or not. And while he was trying to make up his mind, I up and kissed him, and then ran into the house.

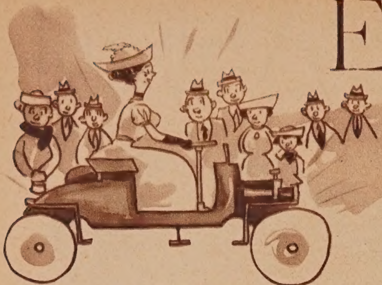
"Getting engaged had always seemed to be about the best thing I did

[*Continued on page* 49]

Flo Ziegfeld labeled Sally Eilers the prettiest girl in Hollywood, but for years the Film City refused to appreciate her, until finally came her unforgettable *Bad Girl*

The romance between Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers began when they played in a picture together. The latest report is that they may separate soon, but that's always the rumor about Hollywood married couples

Lois Gibson, Hoot's daughter by a former marriage, and Sally are comrades and spend much time together cantering over the ranch



EVOLUTION in

The social trend in the movie capital has ever been to follow the leader, but that's the life in Cinemaland!

HAVE you read about the latest case of bankruptcy in Hollywood? Don't let it get you down—it's the vogue now and is done by the best of people.

In fact, if you haven't a nice little bankruptcy in your home, you're quite passé. You simply don't belong. Didn't Mary Nolan have one? And the Duncan Sisters? And didn't Lola Lane get a lot of nice, refined publicity on hers? And didn't Vera and Ralph Lewis just file intentions? Dear, dear, yes. It may not be profitable but it is fashionable and right in line with Hollywood's evolutionary trend and one must, in Hollywood of all places, keep up with the *Jones*.

Time was, so they say (though I never believed it), when actors and their feminine counterparts lived pretty much as you and I. They ate at John's Café, not to be stylish (because it wasn't that kind of a jernt), but just to be sociable.

Most of the old-timers seem to think Pearl White brought on the curse when she purchased a home in Hollywood. Anyhow, it gave the real estate vendors a chance to sub-divide. The own-your-own-habit, once started, moved steadily westward until it reached the Pacific. Did it stop there? Not while yachts were still being built!

Of all those who purchased homes in Hollywood proper—or is it proper Hollywood?—few retain that property. Much of it went the way of all dirt—mortgages. But it takes more

Beautiful Norma Shearer bade a temporary *adieu* to her career to assume her greatest rôle, that of motherhood, only to return to the screen more radiant than ever

Charlie Chaplin sponsored a Hollywood restaurant and now it is one of the most popular in town

Bringing her baby to Hollywood didn't diminish the popularity of Ann Harding so femininity took courage. Harry Bannister completes this happy group—but now they have announced divorce plans

HOLLYWOOD

By Harmony Haynes

than a little foreclosure to stop the Escrow Indians. There were bigger and better buys in Beverly, and Mary Pickford lived there. When Douglas and Mary moved into their new home it was referred to as an estate and duly named *Pickfair* It was the last word in grandeur. That was many years ago. Now, it would be referred to as "just a modest little home in the hills," if that important couple didn't live there.

With *Pickfair* and *Falcon Lair*, the home of Valentino, beckoning, the trend was toward the hills. In fact, a star's family tree didn't mean nearly so much as his address.

Beverly was all right for those who were in the money, but what of the little boys and girls who couldn't afford it? After numerous financial disasters, the land companies hit upon an idea. All that the stars demanded was an address. To supply the demand was easy. Just extend the borders of the city—open wide the golden gate and let the victims in! So in a very short time Beverly extended from Doheny Drive to Brentwood and from the mountains to Culver City.

IF ONE wanted to breathe the salt air, there was Santa Monica. It was quite all right, because the Great Greta Garbo made her home there then. There were also beach shacks where one cooked on a gas plate and ate on the burning sands.

Marion Davies built a beach home that looked like a Beverly Mansion and soon Bebe Daniels, George Bancroft and Norma Talmadge followed suit. There wasn't much room in Santa Monica for such places but a few miles along the shore of the Pacific was an uninhabited beach. Ah, Malibu!

One movie mansion was built, then another and another, until it was a thriving little colony of picture people. There was one great drawback—no fire protection. But what's a little thing like a fire hazard during an evolution? One big fire didn't scare them; neither did two, nor even three. If you lost your shirt in the blaze you were just that much more important in the colony and the daily papers told the entire world just how much that shirt was worth, and even went so far as to show a picture of the garment—on the wearer, of course.

But a home in Beverly and a home at the beach weren't exactly enough. Not when Reginald Denny was entertaining in the High Sierras at a lovely mountain cabin, all rustic with expensive bear-skin rugs, electric lights, big open fireplaces and mountain ponies. No, in order to be *correct,* one must have a mountain cabin.

And a ranch! Harry Carey, a mere cowboy, was gaining a lot of newspaper space with his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He had it stocked with Navajo Indians, Indian ponies, Indian blankets and curios. He held rodeos and barbecues. It was a lot of fun. Besides, it caused a lot of comment.

Everyone who was anybody at all began buying country property and raising something—anything from cabbage to avocadoes. Bessie Love has a dairy ranch, Bill Hart has a horse ranch, deMille has a pheasant ranch, and Jackie Coogan raises hogs.

[*Continued on page* 61]

In the "good old days" when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks established *Pickfair*, it was an *estate* but now it is regarded as "just another place"

Perhaps no one in Hollywood has been more responsible for its evolution, than Gloria Swanson. She made it fashionable to vacation in Europe and even had an over-the-ocean clause in her contract. She is still a barometer

WRITER'S

MOVIE STARS

How autograph favorites who dare to

David Manners once had to stay after school and write his name five hundred times. Now look—it's a good thing he had that practice!

Although Norma Shearer is late for a party at the Ambassador Hotel, she pauses long enough to give two fans a break

Little wonder that Marion Davies' handwriting is perfect —she's scribbled her name more than fifty thousand times

Even the newcomers suffer! Sari Maritza had her hand in a bandage after a pen workout at her very first première. But she didn't mind it a bit, even if it was painful

Dorothy Christie, at the first showing of her new film, *The Unexpected Father*, surrenders cheerfully. She is a platinum blonde, so it's easy for fans to spot her

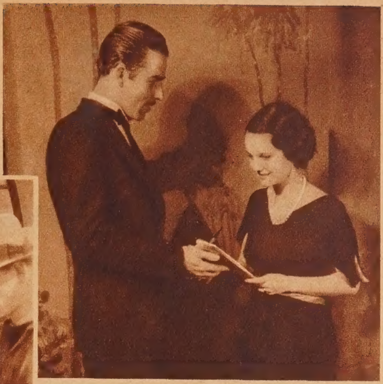
'Best wishes—Constance Bennett!" That's a prize for any autographomaniac. It's mighty nice of you, Connie, to be so generous

Rudy Vallée returned to Hollywood for the spring autographing season with a fountain pen that guarantees a thousand signatures to the gallon

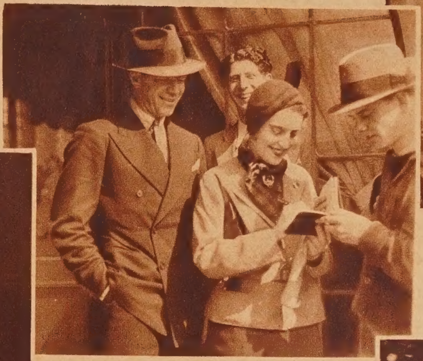
CRAMP—

ALL HAVE IT!

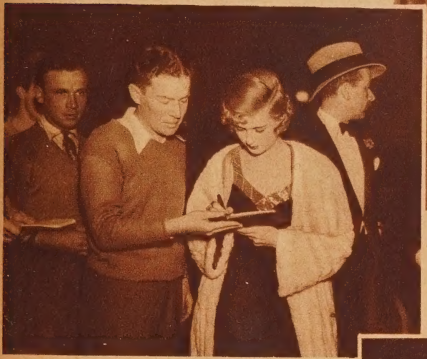
hounds mob screen
be seen out in public



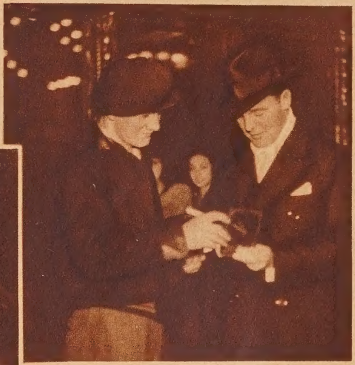
Oslon Stevenson, a movie newcomer, has the yen, too. Rochelle Hudson is signing a theatre program for his special benefit



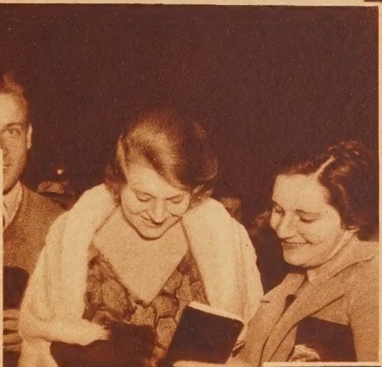
Bob Ritchie grins as he and Jeanette MacDonald are waylaid on the Boulevard. Writer's cramp seldom bothers him



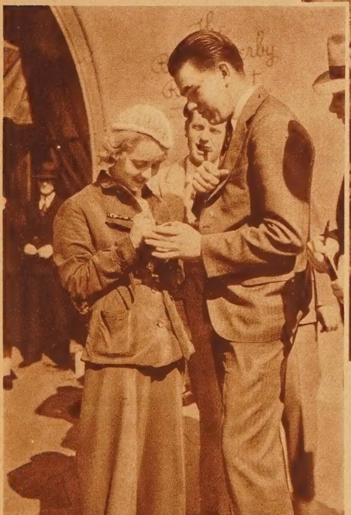
And here's Joan Bennett, letting her new husband, Gene Markey, cool his heels while her fans patiently await their turn



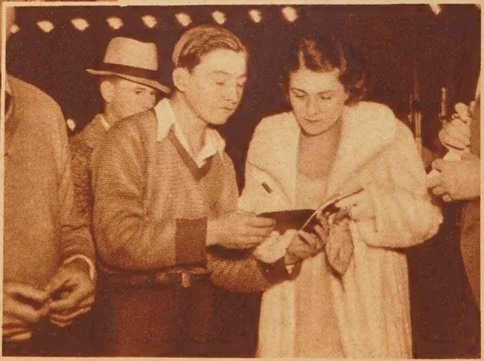
The firm handshake for which Neil Hamilton is famous is the result of being cornered so many times by ever-present autograph hounds.



Ruth Chatterton is always careful to see just what she's signing. An unscrupulous person once handed her a check and almost got away with the deception — but not quite



Bette Davis finds that it takes ten minutes to get from the door of the Brown Derby to her car. But she doesn't mind the job at all



A big moment for another movie fan, but just a part of a star's daily duty for Evelyn Brent who has been doing this sort of thing for years

—Photographs by Hyman Fink

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

Doctor In The House?

THE chances are that in any group of Hollywood extras there are representatives of every craft, art and profession. The other day George O'Brien missed the chandelier from which he was presumed to swing, and his head, striking the harder floor, gave in.

"Call a doctor!" was the cry. One of a crowd costumed as Mexican peons stepped from the ranks. "I'm a doctor," he said, and fixed George up as well as any medico before he stepped back to earn the remainder of his day's seven-fifty.

The Cat's Away

CAT or no cat, Mickey Mouse will play. Play Broadway, at that. For plans are in preparation for the leasing of a "Mickey Mouse Theatre," just as there is a "Belasco Theatre," an "Ethel Barrymore Theatre," and a "Mansfield Theatre." Now Mickey's name will be listed among the mighty. This new playhouse is to be devoted solely to showings of Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse cartoons and those smile-getting Silly Symphonies. And speaking of these cartoon creations, do you know that Betty Boop is now a star? Yes, sir, featured first like any of her Hollywood flesh-and-blood prototypes.

—*English*

Grandfather clocks aren't what they used to be. Wynne Gibson's tricky 1932 model is a combined electric clock and radio—just one of the many modern gadgets in her new Hollywood home

Rudy Vallée Chevalier

DURING the recent stage tour of Maurice Chevalier, one of the hits of his act was an imitation of Rudy Vallée imitating Chevalier. The great French entertainer first imitated himself—that is he sang a song as he imagined himself to sing it. Then he'd admit he must be all wrong because Rudy Vallée said he sang it "this way." Not only did "Mawruss" impersonate Rudy perfectly, but also imitated Willie Howard and others in their impressions of him.

The "Shanghai Lily"

MARLENE DIETRICH, this column's idol, has postponed her European trip in favor of a new Paramount contract. After the marvelous *Shanghai Express*, Mar-lay-na planned a holiday, but for this reason and that, she has decided against the vacation and so we'll be lucky in getting three more Dietrich vehicles within a year.

Shudder And Shiver Department

DRACULA, *Frankenstein*, *Murders in Rue Morgue*, and the rest of the eerie cinema shockers are to be topped by Universal's story of Cagliostro, the weird magician who served evil masters many centuries ago. How many *good* men of his day have so long been remembered?

The Ghost Talks

MORE often than not, the stories bearing movie star by-lines are "ghosted" by more erudite beings. But this isn't the case with Elissa Landi, whose third novel is on the book-shelves. Elissa writes 'em herself. The new one is *House For Sale*, the others are *Neilson* and *The Helmars*. The gal has talent in print as well as pictures. Maybe some day she'll star in her own stories.

"General Chang"

WATCH the war news from the Orient and you'll see the name of General Chang, Commander-in-Chief of China's Aviation Service. The old General is none other than Bert Hall, daredevil movie stunter and one time film actor. Some years ago, he even attained stardom in a flying film. Since then, the paths of destiny have led him far—and now he pops up as the Generalissimo of China's fliers. Incidentally, the correct Chinese spelling of his name is "Chan."

—*Richee*

Anyone who can stand to be vamped in every reel is invited to see Lupe Velez in *The Broken Wing*. Gary Cooper is back in Hollywood, but there's no sign of a renewed romance

For Mr. Caesar

AND won't Arthur Caesar wish he had thought of this one first: It's about his favorite sport—polo—in which the horses have better blood than the players. In any event, a Hollywood Hoozis began to learn the game. A friend asked his wife what she thought about it.

"Oh," was the reply, "it's quite exciting—we never know who's coming home first—my husband or the horse!"

Rough Affection

BEN LYON was appearing in Philadelphia. His beautiful wife, Bebe Daniels, paid him a visit. Bebe likes to shop but doesn't like a mob. She chose a sombre little business suit, a close fitting hat and a veil. She had no more than entered the store when she was mobbed. The police had to escort her to her hotel to keep her from injury at the hands of her ardent admirers.

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

Smoke Screen?

NORMA TALMADGE had everyone guessing when she started being seen here and there with George Jessel, but the guessing ceased when they remembered how Sue Carol, after having married Nick Stuart, was seen here and there with "the tall, good-looking blond." Norma's closest friends say that Jessel is just helping Norma play the little game of throwing news hounds off the right scent and that as soon as Paris makes her free, she will be tripping to the altar with none other than Gilbert Roland.

One For The Book

AND Aunt Beverly means the Dictionary. Ivor Novello, 'ome in 'Amstead 'Eath after a siege of 'Ollywood, defines the bally, bloomin' spot as "a suburban seaside town where the people work harder than anywhere else."

Taking A Bow

NOT new, but neat, is Alice White's story about the movie star who fell overboard, and when the steamer's spotlight played on him, took so many bows that he drowned!

—Ferenc

"An outside cut, please, Adrienne Dore. And if you can carve that roast as well as you have a place for yourself in the hall of cinema fame, we'll be satisfied"

Virginia Bruce, now famous for being picked by Flo Ziegfeld as one of Hollywood's three most beautiful girls, is flying high these days. She caught airplane-fever while working in *Sky Bride* and can't get over it, nor does she feel inclined to

Obliging Monster

FAN mail is still full of laughs. Someone sent Boris Karloff a letter which read: "Dear Monster: Please send me a picture of Slim Summerville." He did.

Write To Her!

TO THOSE who haven't forgotten the little butterfly girl of *The Big Parade*, let us tell you that Renée Adoree is so much improved that she is ready to leave the tuberculosis hospital near Prescott, Arizona, and move into a home of her own in that city. Prescott will claim her as one of its citizens for perhaps a year yet.

"Heigh, there!" Jimmy Dunn is caught in the act of shouting his famous greeting to a pal while strolling down Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood

Bargain

REAL ESTATE in the movie colony seems to have taken a grand slide. Who ever would have thought that the $100,000 beach home of Jesse L. Lasky would be up for sale at one-third its value?

Better Than Garbo

GEORGE ARLISS is as crowd-shy as Garbo only no one seems to consider it worth writing about in his case. That's our excuse for telling this on him. During a showing of one of his pictures, he sat in the manager's office all evening. When it came time for him to make his personal appearance, he couldn't be induced to walk down the isle. No, sir, the engineer of the building had to lead him through the boiler room.

Tables Turned

LAWRENCE TIBBETT once wanted to sing in his college glee club and was refused. That was because they didn't think his voice good enough.

Another time he wanted to sing in a Hollywood motion picture house and was refused. That was because they didn't think his clothes good enough.

Wonder what they think now?

Young Jack

HE ISN'T exactly "young Jack" anymore. He's John Barrymore, now, but time was when he was the scapegrace of the family. Upon one occasion, so goes the tale, he wrote Uncle John Drew for a loan, but, instead of an enclosure, the famous actor sent John a piece of his mind, so to speak. Among other things he suggested that John get down to business. John did, and his first stroke of high finance was to sell his Uncle's letter to an autograph collector for more than the amount of the loan he had requested.

Message From Home

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL may be in New York but her *heart* is in Hollywood. Every evening after the theatre, she stops at the desk in her hotel for a telegram. If there isn't one there, she doesn't look sad. Not Marguerite, she rushes to her apartment in a hurry. She knows that it will be only a few minutes before the phone will ring and George O'Brien will be saying something like this—well, it's none of our business what he says, is it?

Bebe Helps Out

WIVES can help a fellow out even if they are two thousand miles away. Ben Lyon proved that when he was making a personal appearance in St. Louis. He was on the stage, doing his stuff. He stepped over to the side and turned on the radio. Bebe Daniels' voice filled the theatre. She was broadcasting from New York.

"It was my most successful personal appearance," Ben declares.

Little Left

THE Rudolph Valentino estate, thought for the past five years to be over one million dollars, turned out to be but one hundred and thirty thousand, and that amount will doubtless be wiped out by income tax. The estate has been in litigation for several years but is expected to be definitely wound up shortly.

Modern Hock Shop

HOLLYWOOD really has "gone Hollywood" at last. It seems that there is a little pawn shop right off the boulevard, very handy and very necessary in case the contract isn't renewed. But it is a blight upon the reputation of the glittering city. Mr. Money-Lender was requested to take down the familiar old three-balls and put up an elaborate Neon sign, quite in keeping with the rest of the street.

The Neon sign was easy, but what name could he give his shop that would not be offensive and yet be able to hint that he was willing to lend money on winter coats? Some wiseacre suggested The Hollyhock Shop. Not Bad! But Pawnsetter would be just as good.

Lynn Browning, who won a free trip to Hollywood a year ago in a contest conducted by Fawcett Publications, decided to try her luck in the movies. Now she's one of Mack Sennett's most promising comediénnes. Nice work, Lynn!

If you think this isn't a trick, try it sometime. Virginia Brooks is balancing one side of Tut Mace, the human teeter-totter, with Rita Flynn as the other steadying influence

"Shhh!" William Powell and Carole Lombard aren't telling anyone the secret of how they manage to remain so completely devoted in the city where every morning newspaper serves another divorce. May they stay that way!

—*Lippman*

It's a holdup! Joe Brown and Ginger Rogers threaten to take Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK'S editor, for a ride unless he tells everybody to see their newest picture, *The Tenderfoot*. The editor escaped uninjured but admits to having been dazed from the devastating look in Ginger's eyes

Keep Out

IF YOU'RE thinking about going to Hollywood to become a movie star—don't. Times are tough in the cinema city. For instance, of 17,500 extras registered at the Central Casting Office last year, only six hundred averaged one day's work weekly. And only two hundred made as much as eighteen dollars a week regularly. The wise will heed the warning of the "Keep Out" sign on the Hollywood door. For the present, anyway.

Order By Number

AND now you can get them out of a catalog! Vilma Bristow, film actress, was among the first women in Hollywood to file a "mail order" divorce in Mexico, state of Chihuahua. Don't bother to leave home, girls, just get rid of your male through the mail.

High Class Extras

MAYBE being a member of the Russian aristocracy wasn't being exclusive after all. Nearly four hundred were used as extras in the making of George Bancroft's *World and the Flesh.* These unfortunates were forced by the revolution to give up their former rôles of "real aristocracy" in Russia and find solace in "reel aristocracy" in Hollywood.

S-O-S

EVERY time you see a Radio Picture you'll notice the trade-mark flashed before the title of the film. It shows a radio station and you hear the sound of radio communication. Know what it says? The flashes spell: "A Radio Picture." No trouble at all, we thought you'd like to know.

Gables Are Coming

IRONICALLY enough, one person who has profited by Clark Gable's startling success is his former wife, Josephine Dillon—and not via the alimony route either.

The first Mrs. Gable is a voice teacher, with a small studio in Hollywood. Despite an enviable standing in other cities, her success in the film capital had been only comparative until it was learned that she had coached Clark in the early days of his struggle to become an actor.

Now, friends say, a path is being worn to her door by aspiring youths who want to know just how one should set about becoming a second Gable.

Guss Who?

JOAN CRAWFORD was telling me that she got the funniest letter she ever saw the other day. It was in a long envelope, very formal and delivered on a tray.

On the outside was written Gussie Crawford. Opening it she found a picture of herself taken while striding along a la Garbo with dark glasses, felt hat and everything. Under the cut was typed:

"Gussie Garbo? No. Guss again. Gussie Crawford? Whee, you guessed right."

Pun my word but she got a huge wallop out of it.

[*Continued on page* 53]

SHIP AHOY!

The stars take to the ocean for rest and relaxation between pictures

"Give me a yacht and a cool night in May—and nothing else matters," says Phillips Holmes, a true lad of the sea. What about the girl, Phil?

There is no more enthusiastic yachtsman in Hollywood than Richard Arlen, who is the proud skipper of his own private vessel. Dick and his wife slip away for a cruise every time they get a chance

The skipper of any boat can feel perfectly safe with sea-going Wynne Gibson at the helm. What we mean, the gal is one swell little sailor, and do the deckhands ever jump to obey her commands!

—Photography by Don English

DOUG GOES NATIVE

Fairbanks Sr. turns modern Robinson Crusoe to film a new adventure in the South Sea Islands

The South Sea Islands constitute the exquisite setting for Douglas Fairbanks' new picture which is of the adventure type and is tentatively titled *Robinson Crusoe in the South Seas*

By Jack Grant

Maria Alba, the leading lady in Fairbanks' new picture, and Doug are wished a *bon voyage* by Mayor Rossi of San Francisco and his little granddaughter, Eleanor Rossi

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was about to embark for another glorious adventure in a distant part of the world. There was even more activity than usual in his dressing rooms at the United Artists studios. People rushed madly hither and yon. Trainers hurried, secretaries scurried about.

"I leave tonight for San Francisco," he said. "Tomorrow I will sail for Papeete, Tahiti. There the yacht, *Invader*, will pick up our party and we'll cruise the South Seas.

Robinson Crusoe in the South Seas, which is the temporary title of the picture, has a definite story, a highly farcical one, in fact,

"I play a modern Robinson Crusoe, or rather a modern fellow who suddenly becomes obsessed with the desire to turn Crusoe. There is no shipwreck to make him a castaway on an uncivilized South Sea isle, nor is there a girl back in England who effects his regeneration after he has 'gone native.' He just gets the urge to do a Crusoe and leaves the yacht—with no equipment. But he keeps the dog, for Robinson Crusoe had one, too.

"Of course, it is the dog who most easily reverts to type. The man gets his drink from cocoanut milk. The dog finds spring water. The man eats fruit until the dog flushes game. In many respects, the man is taught by his four-footed companion.

"Then, too, our Robinson Crusoe finds his man Friday. When he sights the native in the bush, he knows him immediately to be Friday. What he doesn't know, is that the islander is Friday the 13th.

"A hand-to-hand battle ensues, for the native is a member of a cannibal tribe. The modern Crusoe is finally captured by the tribe but not until he has discovered a lovely girl whom he names 'Saturday.'"

Maria Alba, who came to Hollywood via a beauty contest conducted in Spain by Fox Films, has gone with the company to enact the rôle of Saturday.

William Farnum and Earl Browne have other leading rôles and Edward Sutherland will direct. Tom Geraghty, the writer, with whom Doug has worked on many stories, also sailed. The party includes, of course, the usual array of cameramen, sound experts and technicians, not to mention business managers and interpreters.

"WE HAVE some rather elaborate laugh situations worked out but they wouldn't seem funny to audiences if they were known in advance," Doug went on. "Suffice to say this is *not* to be a travelogue. It is a

[*Continued on page* 60]

When Barbara Stanwyck engaged in a dispute with Columbia regarding her contract, an argument that was only settled by law, Frank Fay was held responsible by gossipers. "Tish and a cupla tushes," says Barbara. "Fay was all mixed up in that and yet he had nothing to do with it"

BARBARA DECLARES WAR!

And reveals the real Frank Fay, daring her interviewer to print what she says!

By Jack Grant

"WHAT'S the use? You wouldn't print it anyway!" But with that, Barbara Stanwyck, one of the finest dramatic actresses the silver sheet knows, began to talk. That Frank Fay is the ideal husband, is quickly to be garnered from the frank-spoken Barbara. She objects in no uncertain terms to having her spouse held responsible for her ruptured relations with Columbia.

The gossipers may have painted Frank Fay as the domineering male, that Barbara was supposedly just a puppet in his hands who danced only when he pulled the strings, but the mere insinuation of anything like this is enough to bring about a whole cascade of laudatory words, each tumbling forth in an eager defense of the hapless Frank.

A few of these insinuations once broke into print not so long ago and Barbara, Irish and red-headed, refused to allow herself to be interviewed. For several months she did "a Garbo" and simply would not see anyone. In her pique she contended that the derogatory statements were too inane to warrant a defense.

"I got sick and tired of answering such-and-such silly questions," she said.

"One day a woman interviewer asked me why Fay wouldn't let me use makeup. I didn't answer her. I simply punched her on the nose!"

It might be well to note at this point that Barbara is as delightfully slangy as she is vivid. She damns things that she believes need damning without fear or favor. She calls a shovel a spade—when it is.

"Punching" folks "on the nose," as nearly as I could gather, has something to do with putting them in their place. She told of so punching a number of people. She refers to her husband, by the way, always as Fay, never as Frank.

"Another dame asked me why Fay didn't allow me to wear high-heels. I saw no reason to answer her. I merely took her to my closet, showed her a shelf full of the highest French heels and said, 'Does that look like I don't wear 'em?' Then I socked her on the nose.

"It happens that I am more comfortable in low-heeled shoes. But whose business is it, except mine, what kind of shoes I wear?

"Listen, this is the Twentieth Century. No husband in this day and age could get by with the stuff Fay is supposed to pull on me. The idea of saying he [*Continued on page* 55]

THEY'RE DIFFERENT

New portraits of stars who have no equal in Hollywood

—*Hurrell*

CLARK GABLE

A paradox is a man liked by both men and women. Clark Gable, the virile Dutch boy from Ohio, is one. There was no glamorous discovery of him when he drifted down to Hollywood from Oregon. He did screen bits that fell his way in between the times he played in stock. For over five years he wandered in and out of the films, and believe it or not, girls, no one paid much attention. Then out of a clear sky someone discovered his dazzling personality and parts were built up for him in "Dance, Fools, Dance," and "A Free Soul." There was no ballyhoo but you were invited to take a peek. He was a sensation. Now he's the fair-haired boy of the screen and you'll see him next in the plum of the season, "Strange Interlude," with Norma Shearer

—*Freulich*

TALA BIRELL

Our first lesson on Tala Birell, Universal's exotic lady from Vienna, Austria, is the pronunciation of her name. The first "a" is like in Alice and the last name is accented on the last syllable. Pretty, isn't it? She was originally Natalie Bierl, but juggled the letters in her name for her American début. Her first picture is "The Doomed Battalion," with Luis Trenker, famous ski jumper from the Austrian Tyrol, as her leading man. "Nana" is scheduled for her next, in which she has a rôle so entirely different from her first that it will prove her versatility. She stands out as having no actressy hallucinations of grandeur, but frankly thrills to the glorious coloring of California skies and mountains, and can think of nothing more devoutly to be wished than being liked by American fans

—*Ferenc*

GEORGE BRENT

Life was just a round of danger for George Brent until he said goodby to Ireland, his native heath, and saluted the goddess of Liberty. While most young fellows were getting second-hand thrills from newspaper headlines of the Irish struggles, young George was in the thick of the fray. By night he was gravely doing butler parts on the Dublin stage but daytime he was Michael Collins' special messenger. After a bit the British discovered his dual rôle and he decided on safety in America. He is the same height, six feet, one inch, as Clark Gable and much the same type. He attended college in Dublin, is unmarried, and makes his screen début in "So Big", to be followed by "The Rich Are Always With Us"

MIRIAM HOPKINS

A soft-voiced Southern girl isn't the type of person to battle her way to fame, so Miriam Hopkins just strolled into it. Her first screen role of the prim princess in "The Smiling Lieutenant" was never a part built for stealing purposes, and Miriam made no play for camera advantages, yet she blithely marched off with the honors of the show. Miriam was a popular Broadwayite long before she ever thought of a Hollywood career. But since she has become such a meteoric success in films she is as enthusiastic about the West Coast as she once was about the East. Her next appearance will be in "The World and the Flesh" with George Bancroft, and she again displays that unforgettable quality in her portrayal

—*Elmer Fryer*

WILLIAM POWELL

A wise man changes his mind when the occasion demands it, but William Powell stands apart from the multitude of wise men in that he has graciously changed his whole viewpoint of living since he first came to Hollywood. Bill used to enjoy sitting down to a pipe and uttering caustic remarks to a convivial. Hollywood was a hick village and its inhabitants were grandstanders, was the gist of the philosophy. But when he discovered he was wrong, he looked the film industry in the face and apologized. Carole, his clever wife, sowed the seed of the new conclusion. Powell's new attitude even registers in his screen self as could be seen in "High Pressure." But wait till you see him in "The Jewel Robbery"

—Hurrell

MADGE EVANS

If you were to pick a typical American girl, it's ten to one Madge Evans would be your choice, in spite of the fact that she received a large part of her education abroad. Her eyes are frank and blue under level brows. Her hair is golden and curly but in spite of her femininity there's determination in her finely chiseled face. Although only half past twenty-two, Madge has the rare distinction of being the only person in films to attain stardom twice, but in two entirely different guises. The first time she was a child star who made audiences weep, but the second time she came back as an exponent of the great younger generation who knows what it's all about. Her next is "Huddle," a football picture, with Ramón Novarro, with whom she first made her comeback hit

CAGNEY WINS BY KNOCKOUT!

Help yourself to a ringside seat and watch Jimmie punch his way to fame in a dynamic new prizefight rôle

By Grace Mack

MAYBE you're asking why he needs *gloves* when he gets along so nicely with bare fists. Well, the idea is this:

Mr. Public Enemy Cagney will next be seen in a prizefight picture, *Winner Take All,* so he'll have an opportunity to do a little real socking for a change. And since prizefighters, synthetic or otherwise, always retire to some cloistered spot for training, young Mr. Cagney migrated to that desert Paradise, Palm Springs, to put himself in condition. But if you have any idea that this came under the heading of an actor's holiday, just follow Mr. Cagney. . . .

"He'll meet you at the pool in ten minutes," the clerk at the hotel told me.

In a few minutes I heard a *concerto* of ecstatic gasps from the bevy of blondes lolling about the pool. My psychic sense told me that Cagney must be arriving. With him was his trainer, Harvey Perry, amateur flyweight champion. Introductions.

"Dive in and get a swim before lunch," ordered the trainer. (Imagine anybody telling Cagney what to do!)

"Looks cold," said Cagney, shivering.

"Jump in or I'll throw you in," said the trainer, a laughing-eyed chap about Cagney's size and age.

I fully expected Cagney to come back with something like: "Oh, yeah? You and who else?" To my amazement he said very humbly: "Okay, papa." And without further ado he dived into the pool.

"You seem to have him pretty well tamed," I commented.

"Say, by this time in the day that boy hasn't the strength for any back talk." The trainer grinned. "You see it's like this: I'm working him hard. He's gotta pull a real fight in this picture. Funny as it sounds, a picture prizefight is harder than a real fight. He'll come up against a real fighter. That means he's gotta be in condition to take it as well as dish it out."

BY THIS time Cagney was out of the pool and the conversation was interrupted while the trainer gave him a brisk rub with a Turkish towel.

"Come on over and get dressed before you get cold," he told him.

As Cagney finished his *toilette* we talked of the days when he was a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's . . . of the theatre . . . *The Grand Street Follies* in which [*Continued on page* 52]

—*Irving Lippman*

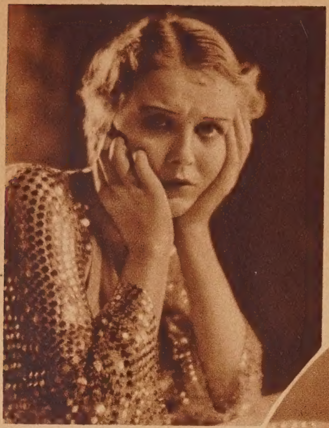
The knockout kid, Jim Cagney, has been socking blondes and smashing boxoffice records for a year, and now he comes to the screen in a prizefight film, *Winner Take All*

—*Irving Lippman*

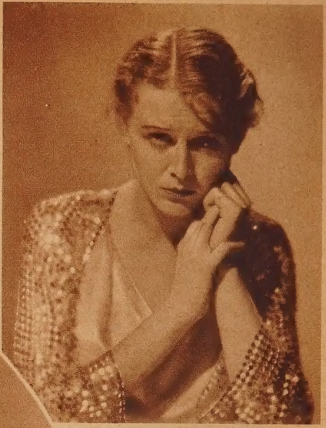
"Take that, Simon Legree!" says Jimmy Cagney, calmly sprawling his hardboiled trainer on the canvas. "I'll teach you to diet me on boiled salmon and green salads!"

A GENIUS PERFORMS

Presenting a dramatic study of Gloria Stuart, the new sensation

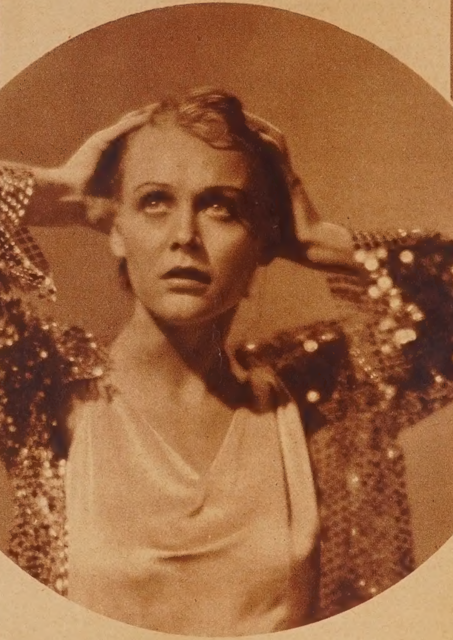


The mobile face and eloquent hands of startling Gloria Stuart express fearful uncertainty. "Are you to be trusted or should I place my confidence elsewhere?"

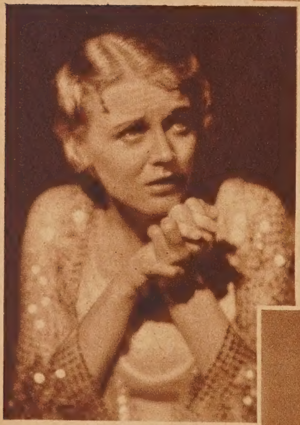


"You've hurt my feelings terribly," is the reproachful impression this talented pantomimist, Gloria, conveys to the guilty one and she doesn't have to say a single word

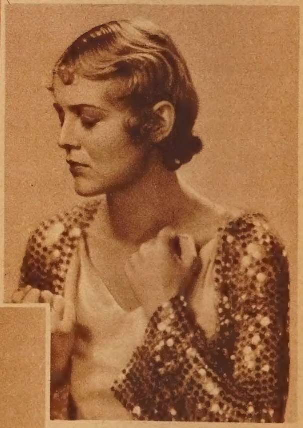
—Photography by Ray Jones



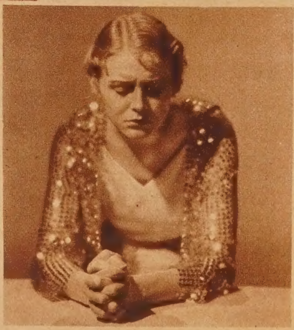
Once in a generation do two major film companies struggle to sign an unknown, but such is the strange case of Gloria Stuart, new Universal contractee



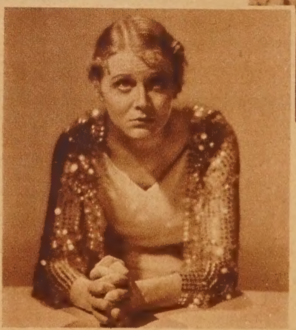
Can't you tell that Gloria Stuart is terror-stricken? She won't have to depend on shrill screams to key the audience to a tense situation when she emotes before the camera



There's grim determination behind the resolution that Gloria has made, but can't you just tell she knows that it is going to be hard to carry out?



The dramatic instincts of a genius are apparent in Gloria Stuart as she kneels down in sorrowful though silent entreaty



"Oh, please, please, answer my prayer," says Gloria fervently and stubbornly with mute lips and eyes and clenched hands

THRU THE KEYHOLE

Whispers from Hollywood

By
Jerry Lane

He's simply got to get away by himself "or go nuts!" The quotes belong to Clark Gable, the great lover of the screen, who admits he gets "fed up" on it all and craves solitude and quietude

'TIS said all great lovers are lonely men. Valentino was often so blue that the very atmosphere around him dripped tears. John Gilbert goes into the doldrums every other fortnight and you can't drag him out for days. And now *Clark Gable* . . . Never suspected it of Clark, did you? BUT—just last week-end your Hollywood correspondent was driving up to the mountains in the teeth of a storm that threatened to chew one to pieces. On the edge of Saugus we spotted a 16-cylinder Cadillac that looked strangely familiar, parked in front of one of those Bar-B-Q all-night stands. Got out to investigate and sure enough there was Gable—coat collar turned up, hat pulled over eyes, legs wrapped around a stool and dunking a doughnut in coffee like the old master, himself. Gable—doing a Garbo!

"Had to get away," he told us between bites. "Did you ever have that feeling that you had to get off by yourself or go nuts? I'm heading for the desert—probably drive all night."

I happened to know that no less than four hostesses were clamoring for his presence at their parties that same night. Four of Hollywood's most beautiful stars they were, too. And Whataman Clark sought the solace of rain splashing against his windshield and the eerie desert!

What, No Bread!

CHUCKLE, if you will, at this story from Edwin H. Knopf, author-director and brother of the publisher. Knopf went into his library one morning to find his colored butler, Tom, surrounded by dictionaries and encyclopedias. Mary, the butler's wife, was dusting. She went out after a minute and Tom apologized for the liberty he had taken. Would Mr. Knopf be kind enough to tell him the meaning of something? Mr. Knopf would do his best.

"Well sah," said the darky, "now that Mary's gone out, will yah-all please tell me *what is sweetbreads?*"

Perhaps They've Cold Shoulders

THEY'RE calling Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer "the original Damon and Pythias team done in ice!" They're so frozenly polite to each other. They say the nicest things about one another in the most glacial tones. I heard Joan say, "How-do-you-do?" to Norma the other day. Very courteously—but I swear before that sentence thawed in mid-air two minutes had passed by. Back in 1925 Joan was extra in *Pretty Ladies* in which Norma played the feminine lead. It was Joan's first glimpse of a movie camera and she was decidedly the hey-hey girl at the time. Norma wasn't so taken up with her cavorting about. Like Japan and China, they've never openly declared war on one another but they've indulged in a succession of skirmishes . . . The last one waxed into a real battle for the same parts—polite but none the less heated. If Joan gets the lead in *Red-Headed Woman* it'll be a draw.

Pertinent and Impertinent

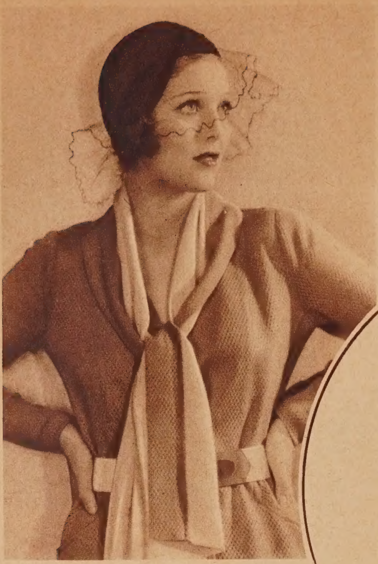
RICHARD DIX' ranch, "Paradise," has become everybody's Paradise. For years that old hermit refused to let his hiding place be known but now that he's married the secret of its location is out and his friends are wearing a path to the door . . . Connie Bennett has been in the hospital with an infected wisdom tooth. She had to undergo an operation on it and as soon as she came out of the ether she called for her Hankie. Remember, some few years ago, when Gloria was very ill in France and she, too, wanted her Hankie? A succor to suffering ladies—that's the Marquis . . . The carpet will soon be laid for Joan Blondell and George Barnes, Ronald Colman's one-thousand-dollar-a-week cameraman. All they're waiting for are his final divorce papers . . . Loretta says she's been awfully lonely of late. Herb Somborn, another of Gloria's ex's, has been doing his best to fill the bill . . . It didn't take Mae Clarke long to change her mind when she learned John McCormack's second marriage had hit the rocks. Saw her dining with John three times last week at the Brown Derby—in Hollywood that's as good as an announcement. Now what are the ethics in a case like this? Mrs. McCormack No. 2 told the court she couldn't stand it any longer because John was still in love with Colleen Moore. Colleen marries Al Scott in Florida and John starts going places with Mae. Please, Emily Post, should Mae wear white, back or red at her wedding? . . . Five moments after he met Sari Maritza, Jack Oakie asked her to dine with him that night. It was a week before he got a date. At the last Mayfair party he watched her all evening dancing with another man. Jack apparently is this, that and those ways about Sari. And the little English girl with the Russian name goes merrily on her way . . . Do you recall how Weldon Heyburn choked Greta Nissen to death in *The Silent Witness*? It worked like a charm—and now they are married!

Lionel Bars Dust

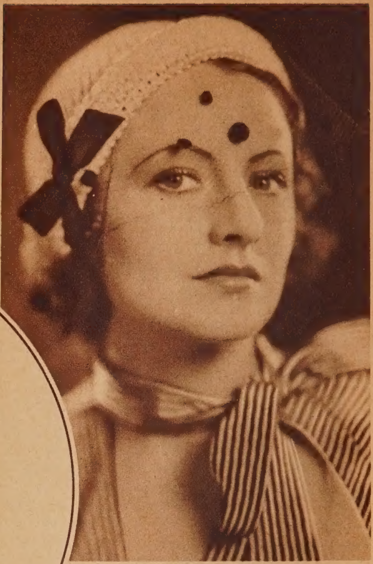
WE'RE indebted to Arthur Millier, newspaperman and artist, for this one: Once upon a time before he dreamed of a weekly salary check in four figures, Lionel Barrymore studied painting. Then he had a Suppressed Desire to etch. A short time before he began work [*Continued on page* 58]

Hat variety is
Fashion's theme
song nowadays

Miss 1932 Goes High-Hat

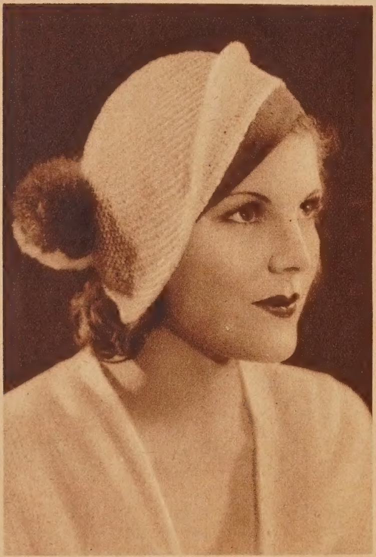


See how veils go flaring about the face this spring. Loretta Young thinks this close-fitting black felt is smart with such a veil. It certainly adds distinction to Milady

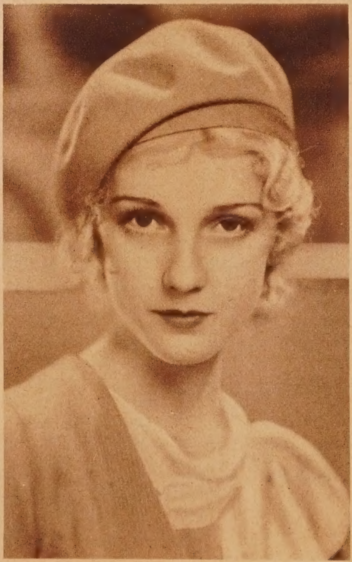


Jill Esmond prefers a less obvious, though equally smart and effective black nose veil with her chic white straw turban for the summer

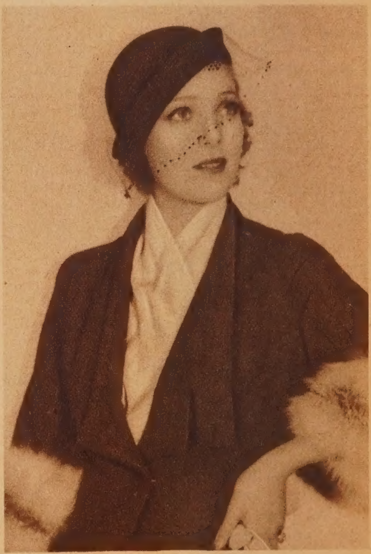
Hats by courtesy of the Luther Company, Los Angeles.



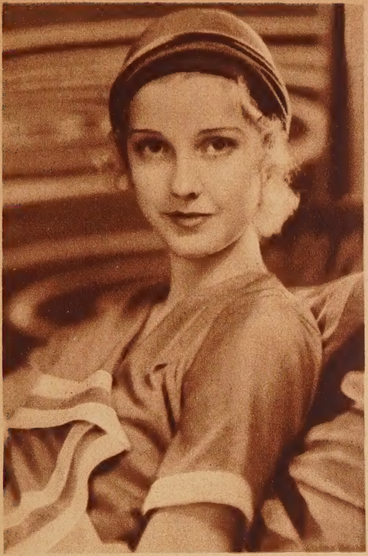
Tams are all over the place, the good old-fashioned kind with a pom-pom square on top. Ruth Hall prefers hers done in straw. This one is cream and red and it must come down on one side



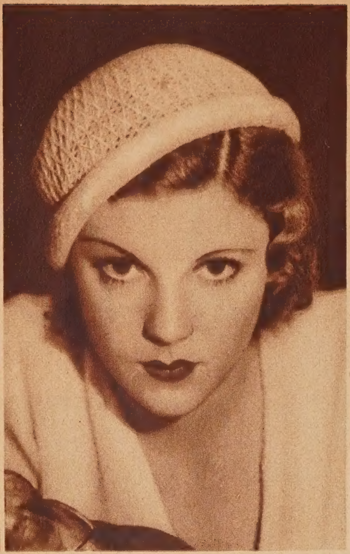
Anita Louise models this powder blue béret just to let you know the voguish way they are perched this year—off the forehead and cockily bloused over on one side



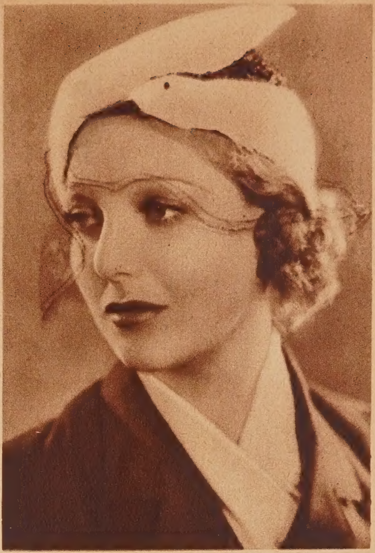
Loretta Young shows off the new cuffed brim we've been hearing so much about. It's navy blue shining straw and is the most practical thing in spring styles for traveling



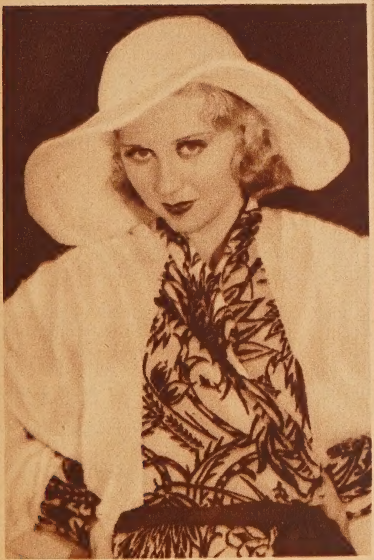
The younger set refuses to reliquish its hold on those Frenchy little turbans, so Fashion has modified them a little in the style Anita Louise wears in lipstick red



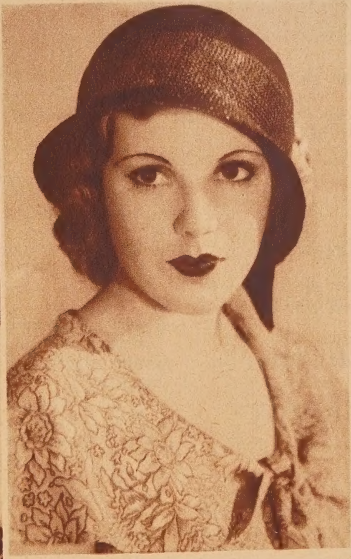
Softies are the thing for a sweater season, and that makes them ultra gay now. You can roll the brim and do most anything with them and still be as fashionably hatted as Ruth Hall



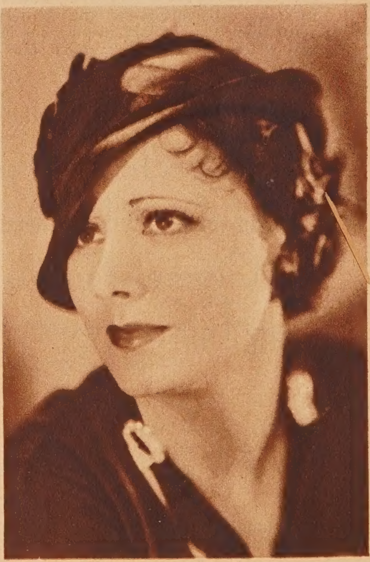
Daytime formal wear finds Loretta Young in this sharkskin black straw with a modernistic swan curved about it and the gossamer veil draped in a jaunty fashion off one eye



Your wide beach hat must be terry cloth, with the brim starched for stiffness, but the crown soft for comfort. Isn't that a thought? Adrienne Dore wears a white one to match her beach robe



Sailors are pleading for recognition again and they are going to get plenty of it. Ruth Hall's unusual version of the old sailor is fine brown straw on the bottom with the crown topped in brown roshanara



A hat just made for an old-time coquette is Irene Dunne's little bonnet of fine velour with black satin bows for pert trimming. It finishes off a black satin afternoon dress to perfection

Who
Lucky

Jean Harlow is not a Hollywood Cinderella girl, in spite of publicity to the contrary. She spent three difficult years playing bits before she was awarded her first major rôle in *Hell's Angels*

—*Ernest Bachrach*

Dorothy Lee, though she was born in the shadow of the Radio lot, had to make good on the New York stage before she could persuade that studio to give her even a try-out

—*Hurrell*

Stardom seemed a simple matter to Anita Page, who was brought to the movie colony by Harry Thaw for the leading rôle in an independent picture. But when Thaw called off his plans, Anita was left in the cold to thaw herself out alone

In which it is proven that the Aladdin route to Cinema fame is nothing but a pretty myth

A STUDIO executive found Lew Ayres playing a saxophone in the gaming resort at Agua Caliente and signed him for the major rôle in *All Quiet on the Western Front!*

Howard Hughes took one brief glimpse at Jean Harlow's platinum blonde tresses and boosted her to fame in *Hell's Angels!*

Cecil B. de Mille was a close friend of Joel McCrea's wealthy Dad, so naturally he started Joel right in playing featured rôles!

Clara Bow carried off the honors in a beauty contest, was given a long-term movie agreement, and immediately took her place as the "Queen of It!"

Alice White had not the slightest ambition to become an actress until an agent espied her working as a script girl and literally jerked her into the big money!

Fox needed some young folks for *Prep and Pep*, picked up Frank Albertson in the streets of Hollywood, and—you know the rest!

It all sounds so simple when told by the press agent.

But seven years spent in the whirl of things in Hollywood have convinced me that Cinderella's glass slipper was cracked and Aladdin's magic lamp had burned itself out long ere Thomas Edison launched what was destined to become the fourth largest industry.

Hard work and heart-breaks have preceded recognition in the case of every player who has won success.

That, however, doesn't seem to appeal to the romantic minds that develop the publicity campaigns!

POOR Lew Ayres! Imagine his surprise when he read the newspapers after being cast in Universal's *All Quiet on the Western Front.*

A big-hearted producer had taken a fancy to him at Caliente! Simply forced the rôle onto him!

Lew did his best to smile, but he found it somewhat difficult as his thoughts wandered back to the hungry months he had endured while seeking a chance in pictures . . . . to what eventually looked like a break for him . . . . only to be followed by another year of pleading for work

Said Star?

Months of illness followed Edwina Booth's journey into the jungles where she played the part of the white girl in *Trader Horn*. Yet the report was freely circulated that she went to Africa merely as a lark, even though under contract

—*Hurrell*

Norma Shearer's success is sometimes attributed to Irving Thalberg, her producer-husband. People forget that Norma spent ten years fighting to gain a foothold

—*Preston Duncan*

Despite the fact that Joel McCrea was hailed as a sudden discovery, it really took him nine long years to crash the movie gates

By Bob Moak

within the gates, before he finally got a worthwhile part.

"I guess the fellows who wrote those stories had never tried life as an extra," Lew said after he had been acclaimed.

"Why, I got the bug for the films when I was in high school in San Diego, and only played in orchestras because I had to eat while trying to find someone who would give me a chance in the studios. It was two years before I got a bit in RKO-Pathé's *The Sophomore*, and there was another long idle spell before I landed with Miss Garbo in *The Kiss*. They said I made good there, but even that didn't help. My worries were far from over.

"Now that I'm making money, I'm saving it," he added. "I don't want to go through another starvation period."

"Rich society girl wins big rôle," screeched the headlines when Jean Harlow was picked from a horde of applicants for the feminine lead in *Hell's Angels*, costly air epic.

"Another Hollywood Cinderella!" sighed an envious feminity.

But that was far from the case.

Jean had a single idea in mind when she came to Hollywood from Chicago following the failure of her matrimonial experiment. She would try pictures.

That was three years ago.

Like any other, she registered at Central Casting Bureau—and got some work. Hal Roach saw her in the background of one of his two-reel comedies, and promoted her to small parts.

But that wasn't very permanent. It wasn't long before she was forced to resume the rounds of the casting offices.

She played a minor rôle in a Clara Bow picture.

After dozens had been tested for *Hell's Angels*, she decided to try her luck.

Things came easier for her after that.

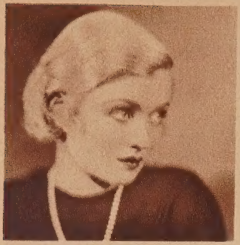
JOEL McCREA'S memory stretches back to the occasion upon which he asked his father's intimate, the great de Mille, for "atmosphere work," and suffered the pangs of his first defeat when that worthy handed him a dime with the remark: "Now, Joel, run along and buy yourself an ice cream cone."

Joel admits he was pretty young—about twelve, as he recalls it—and the years that intervened before he finally did receive a studio check were long and discouraging.

He devoted school vacations to sincere efforts to land in the mob scenes. Then, in Joel's last semester at Pomono college, Sam Woods, famous director, viewed a campus play in which Jean Woods and Joel portrayed the leading characters. Sam gave him a small part in a Marion [*Continued on page 56*]

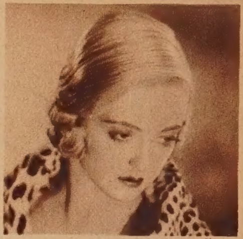
SEEING DOUBLE!

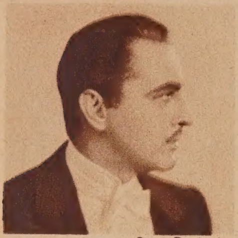
Some famous stars have famous twins


Constance Bennett

Constance Bennett and Bette Davis

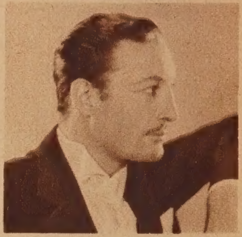
CONSTANCE BENNETT owes her success partially to the fact that she is a highly individualized type. Imagine her surprise now to find she has a double who is forging right ahead. Bette Davis, to the right, is the girl. She used to play ingenue parts and nobody noticed the resemblance to Connie, but when the glorified Bette flashed across the screen in *The Man Who Played God* everyone ah'd and oh'd over the striking resemblance.

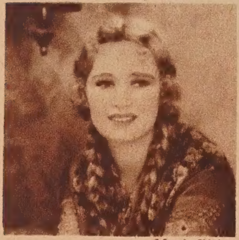

—*Elmer Fryer*
Bette Davis


—*Fred R. Archer*
John Barrymore

John Barrymore and Warren William

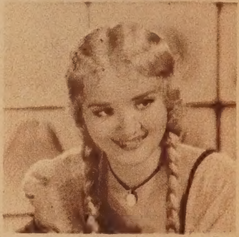
EVERYONE is supposed to have a double lurking some place in the world, but who ever thought there existed one for John Barrymore? On the right is Warren William who will match profiles with John any day. They talk alike, too. And as if physical likeness weren't enough, they both have a penchant for yachts and possess a mighty keen wit apiece. Maybe you thought Warren was John when you first saw him in *The Honor of the Family*.

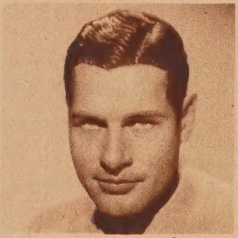

—*Ferenc*
Warren William


-*Mack Elliott*
Dolores Costello

Dolores Costello and Marian Marsh

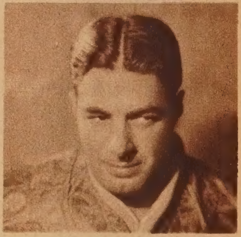
WHEN Dolores Costello left the screen in order to become a devoted wife to John Barrymore and a mother to little Dolores, Warner Brothers decided to fill the vacancy by signing little Marian Marsh, at the right. She has big eyes and golden-brown hair like Dolores, but Dolores is larger than Marian by two inches and nine pounds and they don't play exactly the same type of rôles. Don't you think they could pass as sisters?

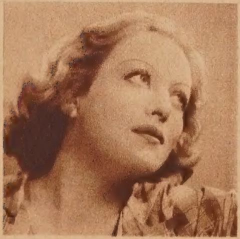

—*William Walling, Jr.*
Marian Marsh


—*Otto Dyar*
Richard Arlen

Richard Arlen and Irving Pichel

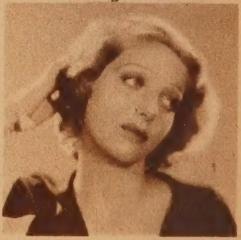
RICHARD ARLEN, to the left, is a romantic young hero while Irving Pichel, to the right, is a character actor of parts and a swell villain, yet they are as alike as two peas in a pod. Although Dick has the same glint in his eye and the same dent in his chin as Irving, somehow one would never suspect Dick of branding a lady as his "double" did Tallulah Bankhead in *The Cheat*. They are both leading Paramount players.


—*Shalitt*
Irving Pichel


Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford and Loretta Young

THE camera plays a trick when it makes Joan Crawford, to the left, and Loretta Young, across the page, look alike, because Loretta is of much slighter build and they are of entirely different coloring. But there's an expression in their mouth and eyes that's similar and the contour of their faces is exactly the same. As long as that's the kind of thing the camera brings out, you have them twins on the screen.


Loretta Young

The Amazing Case of Sally Eilers

[*Continued from page 23*]

in spite of the fact that I was going places with Hoot all the time, he never mentioned getting married. One day he invited me out to his ranch house for a Sunday party. A lot of people were there and everything was very festive. Hoot took me to one side, saying he had something he wanted to show me. Well, imagine my surprise when we were alone to have him say:

"'This is your engagement party—and here's your ring!'"

AFTER her marriage to Hoot Gibson, Sally became so interested in being mistress of his big ranch near Saugus that her picture career became less important. There were always week-end parties at the ranch, or else she was flying off across the country in Hoot's plane. It was while on one of these trips that she was offered the lead in *Quick Millions*. She hurried back to Hollywood. The rôle, she discovered, was that of a gangster's moll.

"And if you click in this," she was told, "there's a chance that you might get the lead in *Bad Girl*."

"I had read that book several years ago," says Sally, "and somehow I'd always felt that I could play *Dot*. When I was actually chosen for the rôle my happiness was complete."

Sally's performance in *Bad Girl* sent her stock skyrocketing. In some magical way she made one feel that she *was* the girl in the story. Undoubtedly it was Sally Eiler's sympathy and understanding of such a character which enabled her to give so realistic a performance.

It took Hollywood a long time to discover Sally's capabilities. But now that the discovery has been made it looks very much as though she is on that Magic Carpet to stay.

When you see that thrilling Universal aerial serial, *The Air Mail Mystery*, you should know that Al Wilson is the dare-devil responsible for those blood-tingling moments. He is one of Hollywood's famed stunt aviators. He plays with James Flavin and Lucille Brown in this spectacular air drama

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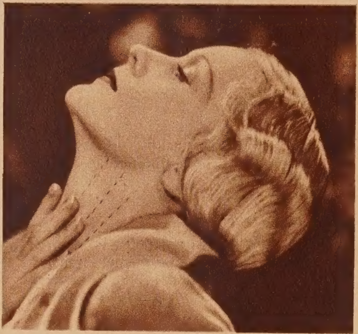
BEAUTY HINTS OF THE MONTH

A famous screen beauty tells what she does to keep her neck lovely

By Judith Wood

EDITOR'S NOTE—As a novel service to SCREEN BOOK *readers, each month a different screen player divulges one of her personal beauty secrets. In this issue Judith Wood explains how a little care will develop a lovely, smooth and firm neck.*

Judith Wood finds brisk patting under the chin with the back of her hand an excellent precaution against signs of double chin



To combine massage and exercise, Judith throws her head back and draws her fingers from the chin to the base of her neck

After massage and exercise Miss Wood rubs ice over her neck, as she considers this an excellent astringent and builder of tissue

"HOLD that line" has become a nationally familiar football phrase, but has it become your own motto where essential beauty of your neck is concerned? It is never too early to start treating the neck. Even a child's face needs care, and during adult-childhood — between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five—is the time to start thinking of "How will I look when I'm forty?"

A famous beauty expert says, "A woman's face is her own secret, but her neck is her confession." What wise words those are — and words to be heeded. It isn't difficult to realize that the fast pace of our modern age will assuredly etch our faces and necks into tiny lines—which, when neglected, show up at that questionable age of "over thirty-nine." And it is strange how common it is to see a rough and wrinkled neck under a well-cared for and youthful looking face.

I have a simple treatment which I hope, and feel, will be helpful to anyone else who desires to "keep her secret." We must not for one moment cease trying to be as attractive as the next girl, and should make it a point never to be too busy to "watch that line."

The first step in my simple treatment is the patting process. I use a rich, nourishing cream which can be patted on smoothly. It refreshes at the same time it tones the skin. The patting is done gently with the back of the hand and should be continued from three to five minutes. But under no circumstances should the cream be vigorously rubbed in.

Many times when I have not the time, nor the energy, to bother with creams and pattings, I do just a few minutes exercise of my neck by throwing the head backward and simultaneously drawing the fingers from my chin, down to the base of my neck. This not only exercises but combines massaging with it. I seldom do this more than three times a week. A happy medium, I think, for keeping the neck-line smooth and firm without strengthening the muscles too much.

Following massage and exercise, I apply ice packs. As a rule, I wrap a small cube in a handkerchief or square piece of muslin, and apply it with long firm strokes in an up-and-down fashion from the hollow of the throat to the tip of the chin. This is a simple measure and a treatment which acts as both astringent and tissue builder.

Of course, with all the necessary aids to beauty today, we may think there is no time or necessity for worrying about a part of the body as inconspicuous as the neck. We are too busy, perhaps, trying to blend our powders, plucking our eye-brows, and arranging our coiffeurs. I am *sure* many a woman who has devoted much time to the care of her face and figure, hands and hair has thoughtlessly overlooked the just as essential beauty of her neck.

Back in the days when fashion decreed generous curves for the ladies, the average feminine neck was a thing of beauty. However, since strenuous reducing has become the edict of the hour, even the most fastidious of women wake up to find their necks flabby and wrinkled because they had not been given the proper care during the process of reducing. When the weight begins to disappear the skin around the neck and chin is not elastic enough to snap back into place instantly and it hangs loose. However, this can be easily remedied if the reducing one continues to massage and exercise her neck daily in the manner described, while the pounds roll away. In this way the surplus skin is gradually worked back into place and a firm, well-toned neck is hers as well as is the slender figure for which she has been striving.

Remember these three things: Not one of us can *afford* to neglect it. A crêpy, uncared-for neck is just as evident as though a chalk line were drawn between it and a more beautiful face. Again—hold that line! And I do not refer to football!

Joan's Strange Adventure in Grand Hotel

[*Continued from page* 21]

of his "rival." But it isn't a joke to Joan. She is suffering from an acute attack of hero-worship.

After all, Doug knows he shouldn't make fun of her because his admiration for John Barrymore has been just as intense and just as worshipping for years and years. He and Joan have long and animated arguments over the relative merits of the famous brothers.

"LIONEL'S simplicity is superb," Joan burbles. "There is nothing theatrical, nothing of the *poseur* about him. He sits hunched over in a corner of the set, peering over the funny little glasses he wears for this part, looking so absolutely like the ill, repressed, timid Kringelein—and he never misses anything. He is making mental notes of every single thing that occurs. You can *see* him doing it.

"There is much of the child in him, as there is in most artists. When he can't get a scene to please him, when he has to try it over and over, he gets so impatient with himself. He stamps his foot and mutters. *'What's* the matter with me? *Gosh!'*

"He is always losing his mustache. We are constantly poking around in corners and peering among the feet of the extras, under tables and chairs, behind doors, hunting for the thing. When we find it, he slaps it on his lip without ever looking in a mirror and cries, 'All right! Let's go!'

"The other day he said suddenly, 'I think you are not very happy in this part, Joan. What is it? What is wrong?' I admitted that I actually had stage fright, playing with him and he gave me a little shake and said, 'Don't be ri-di-cu-lous! You are just silly! Silly! You're absurd!' And then he walked away."

The first time that Joan and Barrymore met, really to talk and become acquainted, was the night of the opening of Doug's picture, *Union Depot*. Joan gave a buffet supper at their home afterwards and she invited the Barrymores. Lionel was, as usual, grave and casual and perfectly at ease, inspecting their house, ejaculating his approval of this picture or that rug. When supper was served, he informed Joan that he was on a diet.

"I'll just have a cup of coffee," he said.

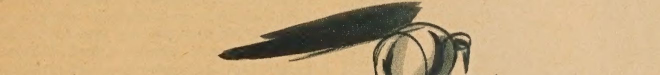
A little later Joan, moving among her guests, came upon him with a heaped plate before him. And Lionel was doing ample justice to his food. He looked at her with round-eyed serenity. "I repeat, Miss Crawford," he remarked, between mouthfuls. "I AM on a diet." And that was that.

"THE *privilege* it is to work with such an artist . . ." Joan chants, ecstatically. "Every single one of us can learn from him and I intend to get everything out of it that I possibly can. I think that the consciousness that he is a Barrymore with all the traditions of a famous stage family back of him means nothing at all to Lionel, so far as his ego goes. He is simply himself—and as fine an artist as he knows how to be, by giving intense attention to every tiny detail of whatever he does.

"He is devoted to the rest of the family and when anyone praises his work, his answer is usually, 'You should have seen John in such-and-such a rôle!' Or, 'How I'd like to see Ethel do *this!'*

"He is as fine a person as he is an artist!"

Joan is given, of course, to terrific enthusiasms. But I have never seen her in quite such a state as she is just now.



"I ordered the set dressed up for a bridal suite!"

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Cagney Wins by Knockout!

[*Continued from page* 41]

I had seen him do a tap dance that I have never forgotten. We talked of art . . . his interest in drawing . . . woodcuts . . . his taking piano lessons . . . practicing for hours at a time.

"And you should hear him sing," kidded the trainer.

"A bathroom tenor?" I inquired.

"Yes, if you've got a good imagination," Cagney chimed in. "But you see, I'm never willing to give up until I'm sure I'm licked. I always think that if I try a little harder I may get on to the thing. It's that way with singing. I've taken a few lessons. I'm going to take more. In the back of my head is the idea that some day I may actually learn to sing."

He speaks in a low voice, very fast, and makes quick nervous gestures. One gets the impression that it was only force of circumstances that made him an actor; that his real love is drawing and music. But the stage offered him more money than he could get as an artist—at a time when he had to help feed seven hungry mouths.

A friend of his was in a show. He told Jimmie that they needed dancers for a musical comedy called *Pitter Patter*. Jimmie applied.

As he tells it, about forty persons were lined up and told to dance simultaneously. Jimmie took a look at the fellow next to him, watched what his feet were doing, and imitated him. After a while the dancing instructor said: "The short fellow with the red hair, step out." And Little Red stepped out—and into a job which lasted thirty-two weeks. Thus began his career in the theatre.

Dry those tears! Sylvia Sidney looks every bit as charming with her hair bobbed as she ever did. For the first time in eight years she has had her tresses shorn, being the last of Paramount actresses to join the bobbed-hair ranks. In *Merrily We Go To Hell* you'll see her thus for the first time. Wally Westmore, of Paramount's makeup department, is the gentleman with the shears

"I never amounted to much in New York," he says very frankly. "I had good enough rôles but they weren't important. Pictures have given me an opportunity which I probably never would have had on the stage."

IT WAS not until we were seated at the luncheon table that the conversation veered back to his routine.

"How about a little liver and bacon for me, Simon Legree?" Cagney looked at the menu and then at the trainer.

"Uh-huh, trying to take advantage of me, aren't you—just because we have company," the trainer kidded. "Listen—you're going to eat boiled salmon and a green salad—and like it!"

"Okay, papa," he said with mock humility.

The boiled salmon and the salad arrived. Jimmie tried to snitch a pickled peach when the trainer wasn't looking.

"What do you do after lunch?" I inquired.

"Well, after lunch we take a walk, about a couple of miles. Then we go over to the gym and do some boxing. You ought to see the gloves this guy gives me. They feel like they were lined with sandpaper. After we've boxed a while we take a turn at the chest weights and throw the medicine ball. Then, if I'm still on my feet, we have fifteen minutes of setting up exercises—just to break the monotony.

"As a bonus for all this, I get a hot bath and a rub. And when it comes to picking out all the sore spots on my body, papa is a positive genius. He has at least ten thumbs and they all feel like little steel rolling pins. Some fun! By this time it's five o'clock and he gets soft-hearted and lets me rest for an hour. Then we have dinner. And I have to watch him go right through the menu from soup to ice cream while I struggle along with a little piece of steak and some lettuce."

"And after dinner?"

"He takes me down to the gas station and has some air put in my heels—and then we take *another walk*. When we get back to the hotel he lets me cut out paper dolls for the rest of the evening. Or, if I feel the urge I can do a little tatting."

Through all of this conversation the trainer, who has a grand sense of humor, grinned broadly.

"But just you wait," Cagney went on. "I'm going to get even with papa before this little bout is over. We've got a date in the ring—before the cameras—and when I get through with him, according to the script, papa's the little boy who will be cutting out the paper dollies.

"Well, there's just one favor I want to ask of you, Jim," said the trainer with pretended seriousness. "Don't fight with grapefruit!"

But whether it's grapefruit or gloves, that's one fight for which I want a ringside seat. Don't you?

Ann Dvorak, latest Cinderella to intrigue Hollywood, has another mighty fine performance to her credit in *Love Is a Racket*. Her sensational success in *Scarface*, which marked her first rôle on the screen, won her a long-term contract from Howard Hughes

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 31]

Frosty Gag

AFTER the picture was finished, Bill Powell gave Mervyn LeRoy, director, an ice-bucket with this inscription, "First Prize Motion Picture Worrier's Contest."

Lamp This

THERE is nothing wrong with William Haines' salesmanship line. Recently, while spending an evening at the home of Doug and Joan Fairbanks, Bill clumsily bumped into a table and sent an attractive lamp crashing to bits. "Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized Bill, "but I have some almost like it that I'm selling in my antique shop."

Cinderellas All

DOLORES DEL RIO attended a party given for her while on location in Honolulu, wearing an elaborate evening gown—but no shoes! It seems that at this certain location, the American women had formed the habit of going barefoot, and naturally, Dolores was a gracious guest. However, we cannot help but think how funny one of Hollywood's best dressed women must have looked with tiny sun-browned feet peeping from beneath a clinging scarlet gown.

Leap Year Toll

JOEL McCREA, playing Dolores' leading man in *Bird of Paradise*, was said to have had twelve proposals of marriage while there. As we understand it, the Hawaiians do not deem marriage necessary, so the proposals simply remain "proposals."

Royal Treatment

ALICE WHITE learned that one of her fans wrote a column for a local weekly. Alice, who some day plans to be a writer, took a great interest in Lucile Carlson's ambition, and said, "You can't write without a typewriter." Then she promptly had one sent to the surprised girl.

Joan Scores

JOAN may be the youngest of the Bennetts but she proved that she had a mind of her own when it came to such a personal thing as managing her own wedding. Sister Connie and Papa Richard both had "ideas" about the proper place and way for a Bennett to be married but little Joan insisted on directing the wedding scene herself. She chose the Town House for the wedding for sentimental reasons. It was here that her romance with Gene Markey began—when Joan was recovering from the accident which kept her out of pictures for several months.

Incidentally, Joan's graciousness to the press, the photographers, and the uninvited guests who crowded about the Town House, eager for a glimpse of the bride, afforded a talkative contrast to Connie's high-hat behavior when she became the Marquise. Joan and Gene stepped out on the balcony and bowed and smiled to the crowd who had blocked the street in front of the Town House. And, later, when the bridal party departed amid a shower of rice, Joan graciously tossed her bouquet into the crowd. Connie, not to be outdone by her sister's gesture, impulsively tossed her corsage. And was it snapped up by the crowd? Plenty.

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UNITED HOTELS

—Robert W. Coburn

And why shouldn't he g-nash his teeth and say grrrr? One day Joel McCrea left some belongings on the beach. Some native children had discovered them while he was gone. This happened in Hawaii, where he filmed *Bird of Paradise* with Dolores Del Rio

Haunted by His Past!

[*Continued from page 19*]

I am moody and discontented sometimes, and I suppose you can't understand why. As a matter of fact, I *ought* to be perfectly content. Lola Lane and I are devoted to one another and very congenial. I'm earning a good salary—a fabulous amount compared with the wages I might earn in some other line of work. I have a comfortable home and some tried and proved pals. Above all, my name is in electric lights.

"But I'm not satisfied. I'm not progressing fast enough. And I don't like to think of that. To me, standing still simply means dying by inches."

Knowing Lew, I think I understand his complaint. He is temperamental—an honest case, incidentally. He came to the top of the Hollywood ladder in one great leap. Having landed there, he slowly recovered from the thrill and discovered that he could go no farther at the same, giddy pace. Already a star, it only remained for him to retain his position.

Some people may be able to do that and still keep their interest at a fever pitch, but not Lew Ayres. His disposition is such that he must have action, constant stimulus. He would have worked furiously for years to reach the spectacular goal of stardom, but once there he could not be content.

He's much too sensitive to stand the gaff of adverse public opinion without flinching. Last year he played in one or two pictures that could hardly be compared with *All Quiet on the Western Front*, particularly *The Iron Man*. The critics "panned" him severely, and it hurt deeply. He has the courage to accept constructive criticism, but he felt that he should not be saddled with all the blame for that picture.

EVEN more so he resents gossip which has accused him of being "high-hat," of "going Hollywood" and snubbing his one-time friends. The stories were unfounded and he knew it. Yet his sensitive nature rebelled.

"Don't mistake me," he said in explaining his reaction to the caustic stories about him that found their way into print. "I'm no hypocrite to wail about 'the curse of being famous.' I wanted fame. I got it.

"There is satisfaction in being pointed out. I like to receive fan mail, for it flatters my pride to know that people are interested in me. I'm not so blasé that I don't get a tremendous kick every time I see my name on a billboard or a theatre marquee.

"But I've found out that there is another side to the story. Now and then pretty nasty things are written, not only about me, but about others in Hollywood's limelight. They hurt. Sometimes I wish that I were just an extra, trying to crash the studio gates. I want that thrill of fighting for something and winning it. The fight means more than the victory.

"I'm not stupid enough to believe that one great part will carry me indefinitely. There's nothing more pitiful than an '*ex-star*.' I'm saving money, salting it away in good securities. I want to be ready for the fade-out when it comes. And I believe that the length of a person's professional life depends largely on the rôles he is given."

You see, Lew Ayres, for all his dreaming about stardom, has discovered that a famous motion picture personality is merely a workman with a boss. Paul Baumer made a similar discovery after donning the gray of the German army.

THAT'S what the Lew Ayres of today thinks. Two years ago he would have been thinking about just one thing, the glory of being famous. He has been disillusioned.

Lew, like Paul, will probably find a new inspiration. Perhaps he will lose himself in his work. Perhaps he is too critical of himself. Perhaps—well, perhaps he is happier in his work than he realizes.

Paul Baumer and Lew Ayres. The ghost of the German soldier who fell with a sniper's bullet in his heart *has* haunted the actor. What will be the story's end?

Barbara Declares War

[*Continued from page* 34]

won't let me make up my own face or wear the kind of shoes I like! They've got him all wrong.

"I'm not trying to pose as any little Nell that ain't been done right by but I'm tired of telling people one thing, then having them go away to write something else. Where they get the ideas they do I can't savvy.

"I'm impetuous and do a lot of things I'm sorry for as soon as I do them. If they would blame me for the messes I get into, it would be all right. But they don't. They blame Fay. He's been accused of everything under the sun. I've gotten so I half expect to hear that it was Fay who set fire to our house at Malibu.

"TAKE the argument I had with Columbia over salary. Fay was all mixed up in that and yet he had nothing to do with it. He wasn't even in town.

"This is what really happened. I'll tell it to you straight, though you probably won't print it.

"I was reading a magazine one day and I happened to run across a story that told how much money the picture stars were getting. I suddenly got the idea that my salary wasn't big enough and I took it into my head to call up Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, and tell him I wanted more. He told me they couldn't raise the ante. I got hot-headed and said:

"'All right, I won't work!'

"He said: 'All right, dont!'

"Then we both hung up.

"That night I phoned Fay in New York to tell him what I'd done. He said: 'Holy cow!' or something and hopped the first train for Hollywood.

"Fay minced no words in telling me I was wrong. He said a contract was a contract and I should have lived up to my agreement. But he couldn't go around saying to everyone he met, 'My wife is a chump. She didn't do the right thing.' Of course, he couldn't. He'd better not! What we talked about in private, we kept private. In public, he did the only thing he could do. He backed me up.

"I can always count on Fay to stand by me, right or wrong. That's the kind of a square-shooter he is. Why, if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be in pictures today.

"After I made *The Locked Door* and it flopped, I was all washed up. Fay stuck by me all the way through and tried to make the ordeal as easy as possible. He put up such a fight for my rights that he probably made himself unpopular. Anyway we both left the studio before Fay started in *Putting on the Ritz.* He was scheduled to play the part Harry Richman later came on to do.

"Fay literally begged producers to give me a chance. At last he got the Warners to make a test. I did the third act from *The Noose*, the rôle I played on Broadway. But Warners didn't like it. I take an occasion every once in a while to remind them that they passed up the opportunity of giving me a break.

"Finally Fay went to see Harry Cohn. He offered to pay my salary if Cohn would give me a picture to do. No one thought I had the ghost of a show as a dramatic actress. Fay was the only one who believed in me. He high-pressured me into *Ladies of Leisure.* I *had* to make good to justify his faith.

"Does that sound like a man who is the Simon Legree they claim he is? There isn't a jealous bone in his body. He is the most thoroughly pleased person in the world over my success.

"No, Fay had nothing to do with my decision to demand more money from Columbia. He thought I was wrong but he stood up for me.

"WE WENT to law on account of the Columbia contract. We knew we were licked but I was stubborn enough to want to fight it out to the last ditch. I hypnotized myself into believing that I didn't care whether I ever made another picture.

"I wouldn't talk to anyone at the studio but they sent a man out to the beach to talk to me. He was very nice and attempted to persuade me to call it all off and go back to work. My dander was up and I refused to see it his way.

"Finally he asked what I intended to do if I left the screen. I suggested that I might return to the stage. He pointed out that the studios were controlled by bankers who also financed the stage. If I broke my contract, I might be blacklisted.

"I said that if stage and screen were closed to me, I would go into vaudeville. He advised that vaudeville was also banker-controlled. I lost my temper and very sarcastically asked, 'Do you think the bankers would mind if I sat right here on the sand?' He saw he couldn't do anything with me and left it at that.

"When the court decided in favor of Columbia, Harry Cohn called me by phone. He very kindly suggested that I come in to talk things over with him. I was still on my high horse and slammed the receiver on him.

"I told Fay and all that night he argued with me. It was his contention that when a man was big enough to let

[*Continued on page* 59]

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Neil Hamilton has always been fond of solitaire but those days seemingly have been left behind, at least since Patricia Louise has become old enough to engage in the game. Little Pat is a cute trick, herself. *The Woman in Room 13* is Neil's newest picture

Who Said Lucky Star?

[*Continued from page* 47]

Davies picture. Joel made the most of his part and M-G-M gave him a twelve-months' contract on the strength of it.

However, the cashier who presented Joel with his weekly envelope seemed to be the only one who knew he was on the lot.

During his stay with M-G-M, Joel accomplished just one thing. He became acquainted with Gloria Swanson. It was she who took him to William Le Baron, vice president of Radio.

Once more he received a contract. Again he was forgotten.

Then, just before his contract was to expire, he was given the juvenile lead in *The Silver Horde.*

Constance Bennett happened to see the production. Since that time, Joel has played opposite her in *Born to Love* and other offerings.

But his climb consumed exactly nine years. Discouraging years, too. More than once he has been on the verge of dropping out.

AFTER playing in two films, Clara Bow remained idle—and penniless—for a whole year before she again walked before a lens.

For four years she had dreamed of a movie career. Then, one day, she read the announcement of a beauty contest, the winner to be given a screen contract. She personally delivered her photographs to the board of judges.

Elmer Clifton paid her fifty dollars a week in *Down to the Sea in Ships,* filmed on Long Island. He liked her work, and cast her in a second feature. That failed to click at the boxoffice, and Clara was forgotten.

There followed months of trudging from agency to agency. She came to Hollywood, and B. P. Schulberg hired her the very day she planned to return to New York and forget her longings.

Alice White is another who carried her own photographs from studio to studio before she was given a test. Meanwhile, she did secretarial work to support herself and her grandmother.

When Alice stepped into pictures, Clara Bow was well on her way to stardom. Alice referred to the red-head in her selling arguments to casting directors. Exhibiting her portraits, she would demand:

"Don't you think I look like Clara Bow?"

No, Alice didn't ride in on a tidal wave, either—the press agents notwithstanding.

MORE than once I have checked a smile while the wiseacres related how the divining rod was waved for Frankie Albertson and he awakened to find himself up among the famous names.

In reality, it was a weary, weary road that Frank had to travel.

Let him tell it himself:

"When I was thirteen and attending Hollywood High, James Cruze, then directing for Paramount, used to give me some extra work during vacations. I wanted to be an actor, but I decided that with all the thousands of atmosphere people there are in Hollywood, no one would ever see me.

"So when I was graduated, I got a job in the laboratory at Paramount. I did everything from sweeping the floor to running errands. However, I was at least inside the fence, where I could watch my chance.

"Next I became a prop boy. That kept me on the stages and I got to know directors and assistants. I told them what I wanted to do.

"One day an assistant informed me that Fox wanted some young actors for *Prep and Pep,* and I didn't lose any time in getting over there. Incidentally, they gave me a small rôle. That led to a better one in *The Farmer's Daughter,* and then they gave me a contract.

"But don't let anyone tell you those jobs in the laboratory and prop departments weren't back-breaking ones."

No one, however, put up a braver and more determined battle for a place in the cinema sun than did Norma Shearer. For more than ten years, Norma fought to gain and hold success.

"If you had it to do over again, would you attempt it?" I asked Miss Shearer a long while ago.

"No!" was her emphatic reply.

From childhood, Norma had wanted to be an actress.

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When she finished her schooling, she swooped down on New York. With her sister, she landed in a touring chorus. That took one year. Then she went back to Broadway, with movies in mind.

There were months of spasmodic meals; worry over the room-rent and clothing and shoes while she canvassed the studios.

After three or four small parts, there came a lull and she was forced to return to the parental roof in Montreal. Her funds were exhausted.

When she had accumulated another meager horde of gold, she tried it again.

As her money dwindled once more, she cut down on her food purchases and walked great distances to save carfare. She was imperiling her health, but she vowed to do or die this time.

Slowly—very slowly—jobs were opened to her. Occasionally, she would find herself earning ten or fifteen dollars a day, then she'd step back into the extra lines.

But Norma stuck it out. Now she's glad she did.

But try it again? Not Norma Shearer!

It's all a nightmare to her, as she gazes back over those early years.

WHEN the cast was announced for *Trader Horn*, Edwina Booth was pictured as a "discovery"—a wealthy physician's daughter who was going to Africa as a lark. The fact that she had eagerly sought and done extra work for two years was overlooked.

Months of illness followed her journey into the jungles. Now she is employed in serials when her health permits.

When Sue Carol flashed onto the horizon, she was publicized as the heiress who was inveigled into taking a camera test for the fun of the thing.

None but Sue has ever told the real story of how she labored to get onto the screen.

"The first six years are the hardest," Jean Arthur will inform you.

She had posed for great artists in New York before she trekked Westward. It wasn't so hard for her to obtain a job when she arrived in California. She played minor rôles for a while, and as a reward she was "fired."

Directors and cameramen had complained to B. P. Schulberg, the Paramount boss, that Jean was cold, too restrained and lacking in fire. Mr. Schulberg told her as much.

That was the turning point for Jean.

She cut loose on Mr. Schulberg *a la* Pola Negri. She hammered the Schulberg desk with her fist. She stormed as she strode up and down his office. She shed tears of rage.

"Why, they're all wrong, Miss Arthur," Schulberg finally told her. "Apparently they haven't given you a chance to show what you can do. You'll make a great emotional actress. Go back to work."

Next they cast Jean in *The Saturday Night Kid* with Clara Bow and she stole half the show.

IT ALL looked simple to Anita Page when Harry Thaw brought her to Hollywood to star in an independent picture. Anita had never been before the cameras. And here she was stepping right into stellar rôles. At least, she thought so!

But upon reaching Hollywood, Thaw called off his plans as quickly as he had conceived them.

Anita was out in the cold.

Those were dark months when she and her mother besieged the studios. She was given one or two tests, but that was as far as she got for a long while. Many a night Anita cried herself to sleep.

Dorothy Lee, who recently came into stardom with Radio, was born in the shadow of that lot when it was known as FBO. But try as she would, she could get a trial neither there nor elsewhere.

Then she disappeared. She went to New York, made good on the stage, and with the coming of talkies, Filmdom "found" her.

Dorothy's wait was by no means a brief one.

Marjorie Beebe, the cómedienne, began her campaign to conquer Movieland when she was only twelve, but she was twenty-three when she finally attained her goal.

Marjorie's parents had moved to Los Angeles from Kansas City. Near her new home was a neighborhood theatre, managed by Jed Buell, now personal representative for Mack Sennett.

"Every afternoon, this red-headed kid would dash from school to the Elite, showering me with questions about the movies and ways and means of becoming a star," said Buell. "That went on for three years. Even then she was an accomplished mimic with a real sense of humor.

"When she was fifteen, I couldn't withstand her pleadings so I took her to Universal, and got her some extra work. They used her in two pictures, then dropped her.

"Years later, Fox gave her a chance, and planned to elevate her to stardom in *The Farmer's Daughter*, but something happened, and she was out.

"It was Mack Sennett who really saw her possibilities and developed her talents. That was twelve years after she arrived in Hollywood."

BETWEEN jobs as an extra in his starting days, Dick Arlen dug ditches to provide food and shelter for himself. Now Dick's a star, but it required eight years to make the grade.

Dick had a buddy, Charlie Farrell, also an extra. They couldn't work at the same time because they had only one respectable suit of clothes between them. Five years intervened before Charlie was selected for *Seventh Heaven*.

M-G-M didn't welcome Greta Garbo, even then an experienced actress, when Mauritz Stiller brought her to this country. In fact, they refused to take her.

It was through Director Stiller in Germany that Greta received her early training.

M-G-M wanted Stiller—badly. And to get him, they had to take Garbo, too.

Josephine Whittell had long been a Broadway comedy star, but when she wanted to try the talkies, she had to start in the smallest of rôles.

So the cold hard truths seem to indicate that those who would soar to the celluloid heavens via the Cinderella and Aladdin route haven't much of a chance.

And the advent of the talkies has only served to decrease the speed with which the upward climb can be made!

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Thru the Keyhole

[*Continued from page 43*]

in *A Free Soul* he determined to release this Desire. Lionel discovered etching wasn't so simple. It required the patience of a Job to lay a good ground on his plate. When particles of dust in the air settled on it after the eighth attempt he was in a frenzy. He vacuumed the rugs, slammed shut the doors and windows, removed his clothes and took a shower. Then, clad very much *au naturél*, he carefully approached his plate, heated it, melted and dabbed his wax upon it—and the ground he laid was perfect.

Nary a Shot Fired

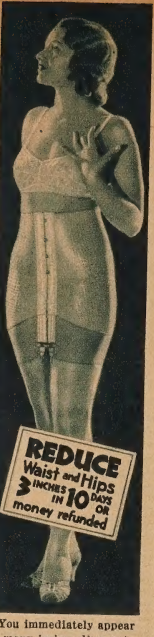
ALL of which reminds us of the many rumors that floated hither and yon about the alleged jealousy that would flare up between those Barrymore boys when they began working together. Oh, yes? Well, *Arsene Lupin* came off peacefully enough and on the *Grand Hotel* set John and Lionel were devotion itself. They have a habit of going off to a secluded corner, slumping in two small chairs and "cueing" each other. Funny thing to hear Lionel tell younger brother Johnny: "You missed three words in that last line, old man!" . . .

Equally funny to hear Garbo and Joan Crawford in another corner giggling like school girls. The two have struck up quite a friendship during this picture. Joan always has admired the scrumptious Swede

There hasn't been half the fireworks expected in *Grand Hotel*. No shots fired. All the stars have eaten out of each other's hands—and if there *have* been a few bites they've been minor ones. Joan had the-boy-who-plays - her - victrola - between - scenes find out the favorite records of other members of the cast and play them. Just a great big happy family . . .

Ben Has Hands Full

SPEAKING of parental devotion and what not—Hollywood's gayest playboy of former years, Ben Lyon, has gone paternal in a big way. The little Lyon, Barbara Bebe, set up a howl the other night for the first time in her eight months of existence. Daddy Lyon was sure something ailed the child so he took her away from the nurse and paced the floor with her for four hours! Barbara, being a wise child, went to sleep and started howling again only when he laid her down. Her future is a matter of considerable worry to Ben. He's going to be the very strict poppa when it comes to young men callers. If Barbara turns out to be as popular as mother Bebe was, he'll have his hands full!



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Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
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29x4.75-20"	2.50	1.00
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30x5.00-20"	2.95	1.20
28x5.25-18"	2.95	1.25
29x5.25-19"	2.95	1.25
30x5.25-20"	2.95	1.25
31x5.25-21"	3.10	1.25
28x5.50-18"	3.20	1.30
29x5.50-19"	3.20	1.30
30x6.00-18"	3.20	1.30
31x6.00-19"	3.20	1.30
32x6.00-20"	3.20	1.35
33x6.00-21"	3.20	1.35
32x6.50-20"	3.50	1.65

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30x3½	2.25	.85
31x4	2.95	.95
32x4	2.95	.95
33x4	2.95	.95
32x4½	3.20	1.35
33x4½	3.20	1.35
34x4½	3.45	1.35
30x5	3.60	1.60
33x5	3.60	1.65

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Send $1 Deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct **5%**. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at ½ price. **Order today—save money.**

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Mr. Hardy said to Mr. Laurel—

"*It is amazing*"

Then Mr. Laurel said he would like to know what *his* writing said. So he asked for an analysis, and this is what *he* thinks of it:

"*Please accept my thanks and sincere appreciation for the work you have done in analyzing my character through the medium of handwriting. The analysis is very good and you seem to know more about Stan Laurel than I do myself.*"

Stan Laurel

Mr. Laurel's writing tells of optimism. He looks for a better day tomorrow, which means that he is cheerful. He goes ahead. He thinks quickly. He builds some air castles, which give him a goal to make for himself.

You may not have the same traits—but your writing shows *your* innermost character—secrets about yourself that you may be surprised to learn. The real YOU is in your writing, and when you get acquainted with yourself you can earn more money, gain more happiness, and have far greater chances of winning success.

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I am sending you a stamped, addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing and I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells, ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed. JSB

Policy In Honesty

IT PAYS to be honest—even in Hollywood. Allan Lane could tell you! Recently his name was erased from the Fox payroll and he was heading back for Broadway when he bethought himself of the four dollars he owed Scotty, Jack Warner's secretary, for theatre tickets. He went out to First National and was handing over the cash in Warner's outer office when J. L. W. in person walked in. He recognized Allan as an ex-member of his stock company. "Why did we ever let *you* go!" he asked the world in general and sent Allan to the casting director to be signed to a seven-year contract. You'll see him as the juvenile lead in *Two Seconds* . . .

How To Get Inflated

NO LONGER do stars rush orders through for pink caviar at $12 per pound when they're going to entertain. No sir-ee! Most of them prefer to serve rich conversation instead of rich food. It's so much better for the figure (their own and the one in their check books). The newest thing is the "deflation buffet dinner"—Hollywood's concession to the Wall Street woes. Only it's been my experience that one does a bit of *inflating* at them. Sylvia Sidney's guests the other night had a perfect riot making their own sandwiches. Rye bread was served and great platters of swiss cheese and cold meats, to say nothing of the various relishes, preserves and Russian salad (don't ask me what was in it, but it was the best thing I've ever eaten). Everyone seemed to enjoy the evening immensely —and they ate twice as much as they ordinarily do at a formal dinner.

The Fredric Marches line up steaming dishes of fragrant spaghetti and such things on their buffet and their guests help themselves—liberally. Fredric, incidentally, is a hilarious person, far different from his sober impersonations on the screen. He makes up very naughty verses and chants them in a sing-song voice until you're nearly rolling on the floor.

Mocking the Turtle

THE great horn toad and turtle race is on at Palm Springs. They're issuing entry blanks and all in regular race track style. Mervyn LeRoy calls his toad, "Little Caesar" and Rouben Mamoulian has named his two entries "Dr. Jekyll" and "Mr. Hyde." Two good directors gone in for the slow motion process . . .

Hollywood Expose

RUTH HALL, the beautiful ingénue who is gracing Warner Brothers flicker-films these days, is Spanish and her real name is Ibanez. Furthermore, her uncle is Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the famous author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Torrent, The Temptress* and other best-sellers. (Garbo has played in most of 'em, incidentally.)

The amazing part of it all is that any girl should willfully keep so noted a relative in the background. It's against every Hollywood tradition.

Fate of an Extra

AN INTERESTING item recently appeared in a metropolitan paper. It told of the days when Leon Trotzky, now exiled leader of the Russian revolution, was a movie extra. It was in the Brooklyn studio of the old Vitagraph company that Trotzky, then obscure and unknown, appeared with Clara Kimball Young in *My Official Wife*. His salary was $5.00 per day which he sadly needed to pay the rent of the bare little room in which he lived.

Backgammon for Reducing

SYLVIA SIDNEY would rather play backgammon than eat lunch. Every noon she tries and usually succeeds in luring someone into a game in her dressing room. And not until later does the poor victim discover that he is supposed to go without lunch, or nibble a sandwich between plays.

Barbara Declares War

[*Continued from page* 55]

bygones be bygones and had the courtesy to phone me, he deserved better treatment. I saw the light just about the same time we saw daylight. That afternoon I went down to see Harry Cohn and apologize.

"We had no trouble in coming to terms. My salary was even raised from $20,000 to $25,000 a picture.

"I get all burned up when I hear Fay accused of being the cause of the rumpus. He had nothing to do with it. Everything wrong that was done, I did all by myself.

"I'm really going to punch somebody in the nose if they don't lay off Fay. We did a week together on a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. We thought it would be fun to do our old vaudeville act again.

"A critic on one of the papers didn't like us. That's all right, but why did this person have to intimate that Fay was pushing me in the background to grab all the laughs in the act? Why shouldn't he take the laughs? Fay is the comic and I'm just his feeder. It has *always* been like that.

"The same critic said it was a shame that Fay made me dance. *Made* me dance? Why, I was a dancer long before I ever spoke a line. I'd rather dance than eat. I worked hard limbering up again for the act. I wasn't very good but I had a good time. *Made* me dance!

"They say Fay is through in pictures. Don't you believe it! He has had some tough breaks in having been badly cast. The title of his last picture was enough to hurt any star, *God's Gift to Women*. Imagine that! When Lew Cody heard about it, he begged Fay to persuade them to change the title. Lew had a terrible time living down *The Butterfly Man* title once tied on him.

"Fay is a long way from through. He has just finished a picture he produced with his own money; written, directed and acted by himself. That's trying—and I'll always take off my hat to a guy who tries."

And there you have Barbara Stanwyck's frankest interview, printed, despite her dare, just as she told it. You must know by now that here is a great girl, a regular trouper and a real wife.

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Furthermore, the new Sem-Pray container has push-up bottom. Use like a lipstick. Fingers never touch. Carry it with you for MANY 3-minute beauty-youth treatments a day, any time, anywhere. *Always look as if you had just come from a beauty parlor.* A wonderful foundation creme too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly, prevents caking or spottiness. If you want to see new beauty this very night, go to any drug store today for a large economy size container of Sem-Pray. Only 60c.

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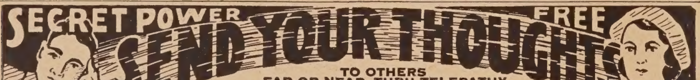

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BETTY DREW, P-6
799 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Doug Goes Native

[*Continued from page 33*]

story of a modern, a very modern Robinson Crusoe and it will have a strictly farce treatment. It may even be fantastic with the introduction of radio and television on a so-called uncivilized isle.

"The whole thing could be done in Hollywood on a technically perfect duplication of a South Sea Island. But I'm definitely through with this sort of thing. I'll make my pictures from now on in their natural locales.

"The movies belong to the world. By some strange quirk of fate, movie making has been centered in one very small portion of the world, namely Hollywood.

"Through the medium of travelogues, the scenic topography and even some of the more obvious customs of people in foreign lands have reached our world screens. But what of the folk lore, the untold tales and traditions?

"There is enough untouched material in the South Seas alone to keep cameras grinding for years to come. When we finish *Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas,* I am going to ship part of the crew to Hollywood. Then with my friends and the technicians who want to come with me, I will film some of the native legends against their breath-taking beautiful backgrounds.

"How would this story do for a short one or two-reel feature? It is a native tale of the South Sea Islands:

"A man is roasting a pig over an open pit when another man comes by. The stranger is not invited to partake, but he sniffs hungrily and finally, unable to bear it longer, starts to move on.

"But the pig-roaster stops him. He demands pay. It is his contention that inasmuch as he is cooking the meat, everything, even its odor, belongs to him and no one else has any right to smell it without paying. The second man counters that the odor is in the air and air is free.

"They take their controversy to the village wise man. He listens carefully to both sides of the story and, asking them to abide by his decision, demands a coin from the stranger.

"Taking the coin, he turns to the pig-roaster. 'Listen,' he says, striking the coin with a rock 'Did you hear that tingle? It is your pay. A charge for air is paid in the air.'"

FAIRBANKS told several other stories in a similar vein. We heartily agreed that they would make the finest screen short features.

This, then, is Doug's thrilling adventure that is taking him half around the globe. He will pioneer in taking the world's screen out of Hollywood back into the world.

HEART NEWS!

DIVORCING
Ann Harding and Harry Bannister
Aileen Pringle and Charles Pringle
ZaSu Pitts and Tom Gallery

MARRIED
Dorothy Janis to Wayne King (orchestra leader)
Ann Dvorak to Leslie Fenton
Doris Deane (former Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle) to E. S. Hartz
Joan Bennett to Gene Markey
Greta Nissen to Weldon Heyburn

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS
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the Original All-in-one Cream which is an important part of my system. Every case has my personal attention. Wrap dime and send it NOW. Why pay 50c or more when you can have as much of my Wonder Cream for 10c. My Guarantee--*money back if you say so.*

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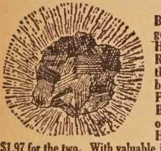

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Your Fan Mail

And What Happens To It

Would you like to know what *really* happens to the letters you send the stars?

Do they receive the letters addressed them by fans? Do they actually reply to them, themselves? Or does someone just hired for that purpose? Read the July

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

and learn the Fate your letters actually meet.

Evolution in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 25]

HOLLYWOOD must always go to the correct places. For instance, cafés. It was the Brandstatter boys who started that idea. "Eat where the stars eat," was their motto and with their *Piccadilly* and *Trocadero*, they cleaned up a small fortune on the Boulevard.

Then something had to be done about a more exclusive place. That something turned out to be the Montmartre.

Here tourists came to watch how their favorites used a knife and fork. It was at the Montmartre that Joan Crawford won fame as a Charleston dancer.

Charlie Chaplin had sponsored Henry's café at the other end of the boulevard. Therefore Chaplin ate there. When this became known, Henry had to increase his place to ten times its original size.

There was no music at Henry's. There was no dancing but there was much conversation. Who was going to make a picture, who would direct and who would be starred—all could be learned if one lingered over the coffee long enough.

But again it wasn't exclusive. Stars didn't mind being stared at. On the contrary, they loved it. But for the proprietor to give as much attention to an extra as he did to a star? That was too much!

They banded together and with the Brandstatter boys, the Embassy Club was opened. It *was* exclusive! Only members and invited guests of members were permitted there. After a trial at exclusion, the Embassy was opened to the public in order to popularize it.

Herbert Somborn hit upon a happy—and profitable—idea. Herbert was once the husband of Gloria Swanson. He launched the Brown Derby. "See you at the Brown Derby" is now the general Hollywood salute, and the smile Somborn wears tells you how well he is doing.

Paris is another correct place for a star to go. This is also charged to Mr. Somborn, for when he was Gloria Swanson's husband, he insisted that a yearly trip to Paris be written into Gloria's Paramount contract. People had gone to Europe before but it was considered quite a journey. But now, one just runs over to Paris on a little shopping tour between pictures.

The trek to Honolulu is almost as correct. Dorothy Mackaill started vacationing there and soon the islands were dotted with stars such as Laura La Plante, Janet Gaynor, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Charles Farrell.

ONE must not only go to the correct places, one must do the correct things. Yachting, for example. John Barrymore, rover at heart, invested a tidy fortune in a large, sea-going yacht. Now, everyone couldn't afford one so large but Richard Arlen, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Bickford, William Powell, Hal Roach, Mack Sennett, all have turned out to be great lovers of deep-sea fishing, not to mention sailing and other water sports.

Flying, too, is in. War pictures caused that in the first place. Richard Arlen, Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Beery, Clarence Brown, Ann Harding and Hoot

[*Continued on page* 63]

DO FOLKS CALL YOU "Big Fat Ox" BEHIND YOUR BACK?

REDUCE SAFELY

Don't cover your eyes from the truth. You know how people ridicule fat folks so don't be the butt of these cruel jokes any longer!

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Not only will surplus fat gradually vanish and give way to a smart slender figure but your whole physical being will benefit. Kruschen is not only SAFE but it's a splendid HEALTH-BUILDER—a blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

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An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

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Through the Federal course many have found fascinating careers. Many Federal students now earn from $2500 to $6000 a year. Learn at home in your spare time the Federal Way. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing.

Send us your name, age, occupation, and address, and we will send our book, "A Road To Bigger Things," and Vocational Art Test free.

Federal School of Illustrating
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Just send me your name and address for FREE information. Let me tell you my secret of a slender, alluring form—how you can quickly reduce your bust measure and restore firm, shapely contours. Write TODAY.
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Just send your name and address and I will tell you FREE how to reduce your bust, banish fat and lift the sag. Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity.

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Send for FREE information telling how Revolutionary Invention makes it easy to correct Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Failing Vision, Old Age Sight, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., **at home without glasses.**

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Vahrah Beverly at 65. Taken 1932

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Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland

By Hal Howe

FREDRIC MARCH paid a steep price for an ocean-side lot near Laguna Beach, California. When he prepared to build a home on it three years later, he discovered that owing to an ever-changing tide-line, his property was entirely under water.

Luis Trenker, imported by Universal for starring rôles in current productions, was commissioned by Emperor Franz Joseph to lead the *Kaiserjaeger* in the World War. The members of this singular organization were Alpine guides and sportsmen and all of their fighting was confined to the Tyrolean slopes.

Stan Laurel has worn the same derby hat on the stage and screen for twenty years.

Pete, canine star of *Our Gang* comedies, is never permitted to eat or drink anything given him by anyone other than his master.

Janet Gaynor might never have been a screen star if far-seeing Fox officials had not laid out $250 to straighten her teeth before she took the crucial camera test.

John Barrymore was at the wheel of his sailing yacht, the "Mariner," when it won the America-Honolulu race a few years ago.

James Cagney won his first stage job as a "hoofer," although he didn't know the difference between an Irish jig and a buck-and-wing. But Jimmy managed to "get by," learning as he went along. Not only that, the "run" lasted thirty-two weeks.

Mary Pickford positively cannot cook. She is afraid of gas stoves and has never lighted one.

Lew Ayres has never used any make-up. The face you see on the screen is untouched by the cosmetic art.

Billy Bakewell is on the threshold of stardom, but he still dries the dishes for his mother on those evenings when he dines at home. It's a custom he has followed since he was six years old.

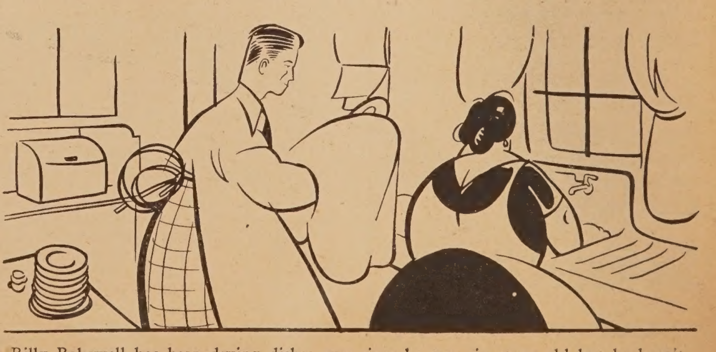
Being a co-ed, Frances Dee applied for a job as an extra in a college picture. An assistant director looked her over. "You'll do, and you'll probably be the only college girl in the outfit," he said, "but that's o. k. by me." That's how Frances broke into the movies.

Half an hour after her arrival in Hollywood, Tallulah Bankhead phoned the Los Angeles agent for a famous line of foreign cars, and, sight unseen, purchased a town model. Thirty minutes more, and the auto was at her door, and the dealer had Tallulah's check for $15,000.

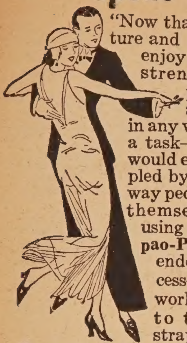
Helen Twelvetrees is forced to continue the use of her ex-husband's name despite the fact that she is now married to another. It was while she was the wife of Clark Twelvetrees that she rose to popularity in the films.

Anna May Wong and Marlene Dietrich, seen together in *The Shanghai Express*, are firm believers in the old adage that "a prophet is without honor in his own country." Anna May left America, land of her birth, to become the rage in Berlin, while Marlene came over from Germany to win stardom on this side of the Atlantic.

Bridge, the game so popular with movie folks, is said to have been the real cause of the marital difficulties between Bernice Spear and Bert Wheeler. Their only arguments, according to those who know, were staged at the card table.



Billy Bakewell has been drying dishes ever since he was six years old but he hasn't learned how yet! At least, he's still practicing on dishes washed by his Mamma



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BETTY WATSON, Astrologer
882 Linwood Ave. Columbus, O.

Evolution in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 61]

Gibson, not only own planes but pilot them.

Polo is also very smart. It's quite expensive but nothing is out of reach in Hollywood. Stables are owned by Will Rogers, Ronald Colman, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Ricardo Cortez, Clark Gable, Hal Roach, Edward Hillman (husband of Marian Nixon), and Sidney Bartlett (fiancé of Alice White).

Not so many years ago stars were married quietly, or not at all. Then Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque were married at a large church wedding. The oddest thing about the wedding was that it was sponsored and paid for by Samuel Goldwyn, himself.

Defying all traditions that matrimony robbed stars of their allure, he staged the greatest show Hollywood had ever known with his own two stars as the central figures. The idea took like wild fire. Hollywood was the scene of such weddings as those of Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Eaton, Ethelyn Claire, Ruth Roland, Bessie Love, Dorothy Lee, June Clyde, Rita LaRoy and Bebe Daniels.

Then Loretta Young and Grant Withers flew off to Arizona to say "yes" to each other and came back to find themselves front page news. This would never do! If one must do the unusual, one must, that was all.

So off to Arizona flew Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire, June Collyer, John Gilbert, Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Mackaill, not to mention Aimee Semple McPherson and her mother, Ma Kennedy.

SPEAKING of weddings brings on the subject of divorce. Reno is still the breaking point for the stars. Why? Maybe because a little girl named Gladys Smith (better known as Mary Pickford) divorced Owen Moore there away back in 1920. Hollywood didn't forget and a Reno decree still answers social requirements. Nancy Carroll threatened Reno's popularity when she obtained hers in Mexico. But Reno is still a popular haven for the discontented. But what city isn't?

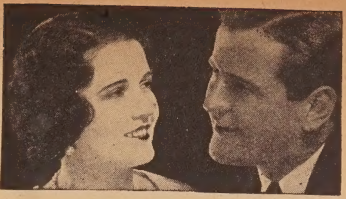
Talking pictures not only brought stage people to Hollywood but it also brought babies. The Barrymores, the Drews, the Costellos, the Bennetts were all great believers in children. Why should pictures be any different than the stage?

Ann Harding, Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Nancy Carroll, all brought their babies to Hollywood and it didn't affect their popularity at all. In fact, it added to it.

Dolores Costello left the screen for the purpose of presenting John Barrymore with an heir. She didn't plan to return even though her public clamored for her. Then Norma Shearer announced that she was temporarily leaving the screen to become a mother. She promised to return as soon after the blessed event as she was able. She came back more radiantly beautiful and more popular than ever.

But it is practically all over now. Hollywood folk will go right on becoming fathers and mothers, but it takes a good case of bankruptcy to make the front page nowadays.

And after that? Well, goodness knows what!



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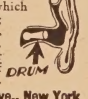

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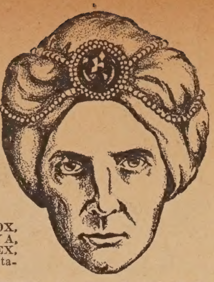

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R. K. Y.—Will I have trouble getting all my money back?

Ans.—The party you loaned the money to will pay this all back to you in small installments. It will take over a year before you get the whole sum back.

H. I. E.—When will I marry?

Ans.—You will meet the party whom you will marry on July 4 and will be married during August of this year. I get this party's first name as being Sam.

Mrs. C. C. L.—Will my son continue at the same job he now has?

Ans.—Your son will continue where he is now employed. In about three weeks he will be put on full time. You have nothing to worry about in the way of work. Business is improving for both of you financially.

T. H. H.—Will I get a job, the one I am after, or a different kind?

Ans.—You will get the traffic job next month.

S. R. T.—I received my horoscope and am well pleased with it and am sending for one for my husband. Will I sell or lose my home?

Ans.—You will not be able to meet the mortgage on your place. I advise you to sell the place for what little you can get out of it, or perhaps I should say that the company from which you bought the place will give you some little refund if you sign a quit claim deed.

R. H.—Should I marry the fellow against my parents' consent and do I really love him?

Ans.—I believe if your parents had given their consent you would have found out that you do not love him. He's not worthy of you. The things you have heard about him are true. You had better not go against your parents in this matter.

S. V. W.—Would it be safe for me to gamble in card games?

Ans.—I do not advise you to play cards with the bunch you are going around with. There seems to be someone playing with you unfairly.

B. M.—Will I get any money on the case now pending?

Ans.—You will receive a settlement for the sum of $5,000. You should receive it around the 25th of July.

S. R.—Will I be married this year?

Ans.—You will if you say yes to the boy who is proposing to you about twice a week. This boy really loves you and you will be married to him late this fall, as he seems to get an increase in his salary at that time.

B. W. M.—Please tell me will I ever be able to walk again?

Ans.—I believe the doctor has given you the right information when he says you will never walk without crutches. The company where you were employed at the time of the accident will make a very large settlement with you out of court.

B. D.—Will I succeed in this number game?

Ans.—You are going to be one of the winners in this prize contest.

W. D. S.—Should I accept the offer on my mining property in Idaho?

Ans.—I would advise you to investigate and inspect these mines before you accept this offer. As the stars indicate at this time there will be a large profit or large loss in your life at present. I see that those mines should not be sold at present.

A. L.—Will I always be employed in this city?

Ans.—You will teach another year in your present town. Next year you will be employed in a western city as a teacher. During this Montana engagement you will meet your future husband whom you will marry the following year.

E. T. O.—Why doesn't my husband write to me?

Ans.—You will receive a letter from your husband within only a few days. He has found work and will send for you and the children.

R. M. P.—Am I ever going to be married again?

Ans.—You will be married within the next three months to your next door neighbor.

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If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading inclose $2.00 for the two readings. J-6-32

Let's Go To The Movies

[*Continued from page 8*]

AAA. **BROKEN LULLABY**—(Paramount)—Phillips Holmes, Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll in a powerful post-war drama.

AA. **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—(Fox)—Will Rogers fans will like this, although not up to his previous standard.

AAAA. **THE CHAMP**—(M-G-M)—Great story of father and son love, superbly acted by Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper.

AAAA. **THE CHEAT**—Packs a real wallop. Tallulah Bankhead becomes involved in a gambling debt, tries to crawl out—can't do it, and goes straight to you-know-what.

AAA. **COCK OF THE AIR**—(Caddo)—Billie Dove and Chester Morris stage a unique romance in military setting. Excellent.

AAA. **COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—(Universal)—Knockout comedy of motion picture making, featuring Charlie Murray and George Sidney.

AAA. **CROSS EXAMINATION**—(Independent)—Excellent murder trial, with good performances by H. B. Warner, Sally Blane and Donald Dillaway.

AAAA. **THE CROWD ROARS**—(Warners)—James Cagney handing you thrills in a sensational racetrack story.

AAA. **THE CUBAN LOVE SONG**—(M-G-M)—Weep and laugh with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez in this fine musical romance.

AAA. **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—(Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie in a knockout comedy-drama of dancehall life.

AAAA. **DANCE TEAM**—(Fox)—Sally Eilers and James Dunn paired again in a knockout vehicle that beats *Bad Girl*.

AA. **THE DECEIVER**—(Columbia)—Bangup murder mystery, with Ian Keith, Dorothy Sebastian, Greta Grandstedt and Natalie Moorehead.

AAA. **DELICIOUS**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor do their wistful romance stuff all over again, but you'll like it anyway.

AAA. **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—(Universal) Swell Western, with thrills aplenty furnished by Tom Mix and Tony.

AAA. **DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen proving convincingly that sudden wealth does not always bring happiness.

AAA. **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—(Fox)—Human-interest story of life on the police force. Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy good.

AAAA. **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—(Paramount)—Fredric March in the dual rôle of Stevenson's famous story, with excellent support by Miriam Hopkins and Rose Hobart.

AAAA. **EMMA**—(M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in her greatest picture. You'll laugh and cry.

AAA. **FALSE MADONNA**—(Paramount)—Interesting entertainment with Kay Francis as the lady crook.

AAA. **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—(Warner-First National)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball comedy. Evalyn Knapp is the love interest.

AAA. **THE FLESH IS WEAK**—(M-G-M)—This delightful comedy, formerly entitled *The Truth Game*, deals with two fortune hunters who fall in love and marry without a dime. Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher and Robert Montgomery are in the cast.

AA. **FORBIDDEN**—(Columbia)—Mediocre story with good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy.

AAA. **FRANKENSTEIN**—(Universal)—Harrowing drama of the man who creates a monster from dead bodies. People with strong hearts can stand it.

AAA. **FREAKS**—(M-G-M)—Grotesque and powerful story of circus life, featuring Leila Hyams, Wallace Ford, Olga Baclanova, Rosco Ates, and a host of sideshow freaks.

AAA. **THE GIRL OF THE RIO**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio's comeback as a dance hall heroine in a modernized old classic.

AAA. **GIRL CRAZY**—(RKO-Radio)—Musical film that is perhaps Wheeler and Woolsey's best. Mitzi Green a knockout.

AAA. **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM**—(United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are three slick gold-diggers who dig deep and often. A comedy hit.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN**—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt disguises himself and becomes the lover of his own wife, Lynn Fontanne. Superlative entertainment.

AAA. **THE HATCHET MAN**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young give brilliant performances in a Chinese tong drama.

AAA. **HEART OF NEW YORK**—(Warners)—Hysterical comedy by Smith and Dale, George Sidney, and Anna Appel in Park Avenue setting.

AAAA. **HIGH PRESSURE**—(Warner Brothers)—William Powell at his very best in a whirlwind comedy. Evelyn Brent is his girl.

AA. **HOTEL CONTINENTAL**—(Tiffany)—Crook drama possessing entertaining qualities, with Peggy Shannon and Theodore von Eltz carrying the leading rôles.

AAAA. **HELL DIVERS**—(M-G-M)—Great picture packed with action, thrills and humor. Superb acting by Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau.

AAA. **THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN**—(Universal)—Interesting love story about a young doctor and his girl. Excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and John Halliday.

AAAA. **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—(Warners)—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Brian sparkling in clever satire on American hero-worship.

AAAA. **LADY WITH A PAST**—(RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett wears divine clothes as the lady who goes to Paris to get herself a past, but Ben Lyon steals the show. David Manners is charming.

AAA. **THE LOST SQUADRON**—(RKO-Radio)—Thrilling air story enacted by Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Eric Von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong and Hugh Herbert.

AAA. **MANHATTAN PARADE**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Hollywood's answer to "Once In a Lifetime," with Smith and Dale, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Lots of laughs.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO DARED**—(Columbia)—Jack Holt and Constance Cummings in an excellent mystery that keeps you guessing.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—(Warner-First National)—George Arliss gives an excellent performance in a fair story, ably supported by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale and Donald Cook.

AA. **MICHAEL AND MARY**—(Universal)—English-made production dealing with the bigamy problem. Herbert Marshall and Edna Best carry honors.

AAAA. **THE MIRACLE MAN**—(Paramount)—Splendid revival of famous silent, featuring Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris.

AAA. **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—(Universal)—Fantastic horror-film, with outstanding performances by Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox.

AAA. **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

AAAA. **PALMY DAYS**—(United Artists)—Eddie Cantor revives screen musical comedies with a bang. Charlotte Greenwood is runner-up for laugh-getting honors.

AAA. **POLLY OF THE CIRCUS**—(M-G-M)—Marion Davies and Clark Gable give good performances in an elaborate production with some thrilling aerial trapeze scenes.

AAA. **THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER**—(M-G-M)—Buster Keaton provides grand comedy as an American plumber in Paris who wins an heiress. Irene Purcell, Jimmy Durante and Polly Moran are in it.

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AAA. PRESTIGE—(RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding proves her versatility in this melodramatic jungle story which provides good rôles for Melvyn Douglas and Adolphe Menjou.

AAAA. SCARFACE—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. SHANGHAI EXPRESS—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich makes war on men's hearts. Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna Mae Wong in the cast.

AA. THE SILENT WITNESS—(Fox)—Old-fashioned melodrama wherein a father stands trial for his son's crime. Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen have featured rôles.

AAA. SKY DEVILS—(Caddo-United Artists)—Hilarious war burlesque, featuring some great air stunts. Ann Dvorak, Spencer Tracy and William Boyd are in it.

AAA. STEADY COMPANY—(Universal)—Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AAA. STRANGERS IN LOVE—(Paramount)—Highly amusing farce, with Fredric March, Kay Francis and Stuart Erwin getting the laughs.

AAAA. SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION—(Radio)—Deeply human and moving story, with excellent dramatic acting by Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne.

AAAA. TARZAN, THE APE MAN—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. TAXI—(First National)—James Cagney, as the fightingest man you ever saw, does his bit in a taxicab war. Loretta Young, George E. Stone and Ray Cooke.

AA. THIS RECKLESS AGE—(Paramount)—Good cast in a threadbare story. Buddy Rogers, Peggy Shannon, Richard Bennett and Charlie Ruggles featured.

AAA. TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—(Paramount)—Emotional drama for adult audiences, with distinguished performances by Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and Robert Ames.

AAA. UNION DEPOT—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Bang-up melodrama in a railroad terminal, co-starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Blondell.

AAA. UNDER EIGHTEEN—(Warner Brothers)—Marian Marsh decides to go wrong but changes her mind, because she prefers Regis Toomey to the bold, bad Mr. Warren William.

AAA. UNEXPECTED FATHER—(Universal)—Amusing slapstick comedy with Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

Her Dreams Came True

[*Continued from page* 18]

"I have a feeling that I'll wake up some morning and they will all be moved away."

IN SPITE of her Continental background, she sticks to water as a beverage so prohibition doesn't bother her in the least.

She thinks that strangers should be furnished with a Social Guide Book to Hollywood. "I'm always afraid I'll make a social error and ask about the health of the wrong wife—or husband. Social relationships seem to change overnight in Hollywood. I find it difficult to keep up with them."

Sari has no less than three morals clauses in her contract with Paramount. These are perhaps no more than some others have but this girl of European headlines hopes there won't be any of the wrong sort over here. That would probably be a swell way to make it null and void.

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Hollywood Goes Sport Crazy

[*Continued from page* 10]

Among the outstanding male tennis players are Fredric March, Ben Lyon, Bill Powell, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Gilbert Roland, Clive Brook, George Brent, Warner Baxter, Bob Montgomery, Theodore von Eltz and the two Fairbanks'.

Strange as it may seem, the feminine contingent shines brightest in aquatic sports. Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Evelyn Brent, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis, Dorothy Mackaill, Janet Gaynor and Leila Hyams are extraordinary swimmers. Few mermaids ever presented more grace than these girls.

Dorothy Mackaill is particularly daring. She is never so care-free as when off alone in the briny deep. Thinking over her problems, she returns to the beach ready for whatever comes up on the morrow.

Bebe Daniels likewise finds her greatest relaxation in swimming. Leila Hyams adores deep-sea fishing and whenever she can spare the time goes to sea aboard a lugger. She has landed, single handed, sword fish, jewfish and other denizens of the deep.

MANY of our first gentlemen of the cinema are yachtsmen. Charlie Farrell, Dick Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, Dick Arlen, Bill Boyd, Conrad Nagel and John Barrymore own sailing craft or power boats. They delight in taking the wheel and know what is happening below in the engine room. They know their ships and if the engine needs repairing or the sail mending they can do it.

If you are looking for a thrill go to the Uplifters or Midwick Clubs where Will Rogers, Bob Montgomery and Jack Holt play polo. Bill Powell and Doug Junior have also recently gone in for "galloping shinny." Another polo threat is Clark Gable.

Aviators of Screendom have been often publicized. Reginald Denny, Wally Beery, Ben Lyon, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Clarence Brown and Harry Bannister are all top-notch flyers. The wives of three, Bebe Daniels, Ann Harding and Sally Eilers, often take flights with their husbands. Each flies under dual control.

The latest flying recruit is Mary Pickford. She has become airminded and the whole colony awaits with interest her entry into the field.

Excluding the cowboy heroes who must of necessity ride, film horsemen and horsewomen are numerous. Joel McCrea, Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen, Hobart Bosworth, Joan Bennett, Lois Wilson, Bebe Daniels, Fredric March and Greta Garbo are equestrians par excellence.

Sports? Hollywood contributes real ones from the reel colony. The sportively inclined take their favorite pastime with zest and enthusiasm, displaying the same seriousness that has led to fame on the screen.

She Stopped His DRINK HABIT

Try It FREE

The Happy Reunion

Wives, mothers, sisters, it is you that the man who drinks Whiskey, Wine or Beer to excess must depend upon to help save him from a ruined life and a drunkard's grave. Take heed from the thousands of men going to ruin daily through vile bootlegger's Whiskey, and the horrible stuff called home brew from private stills. Once he gets it in his system he finds it difficult to stop—but you can help him. What it has done for others is an example of what it should do for you. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of GOLDEN TREATMENT. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for April 1, 1932.

State of Minnesota }
County of Hennepin } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared S. F. Nelson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Managing Editor, Jack Smalley, Minneapolis, Minn.; Business Manager, S. F. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

S. F. NELSON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1932.

(Seal) FERN H. SEWALL.
(My commission expires January 12, 1937.)

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I am going to give $3,000.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH THIS FORTUNE, IF I GIVE IT TO YOU? Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, what $3,000.00 cash would mean to you right now—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of $250.00 cash.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You To Do!

$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

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Think, NOW, What Would $3,000.00 Mean To You Right Now?

Would it mean a business of your own; would it mean investment in bonds; would it mean paying off a mortgage on your home or buying new furniture and clothes? Maybe it would mean an education for you. Just think what $3,000.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "What would $3,000.00 Cash mean to you RIGHT NOW?"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra $100.00 in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 cash prize offered above.

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Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer just won $750. Beatrice Lauter won $500. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

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Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to "What Would $3,000.00 Cash Mean To You Right *NOW?*" Answers must be postmarked not later than Sept. 15, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. 306-F Cincinnati, Ohio

JUST THINK DEAR $3,000.00 CASH ALL OUR VERY OWN!

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over $5,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,000.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,000.00 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3.000.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the $3.000.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

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$3,000.00 cash would mean this to me right now:
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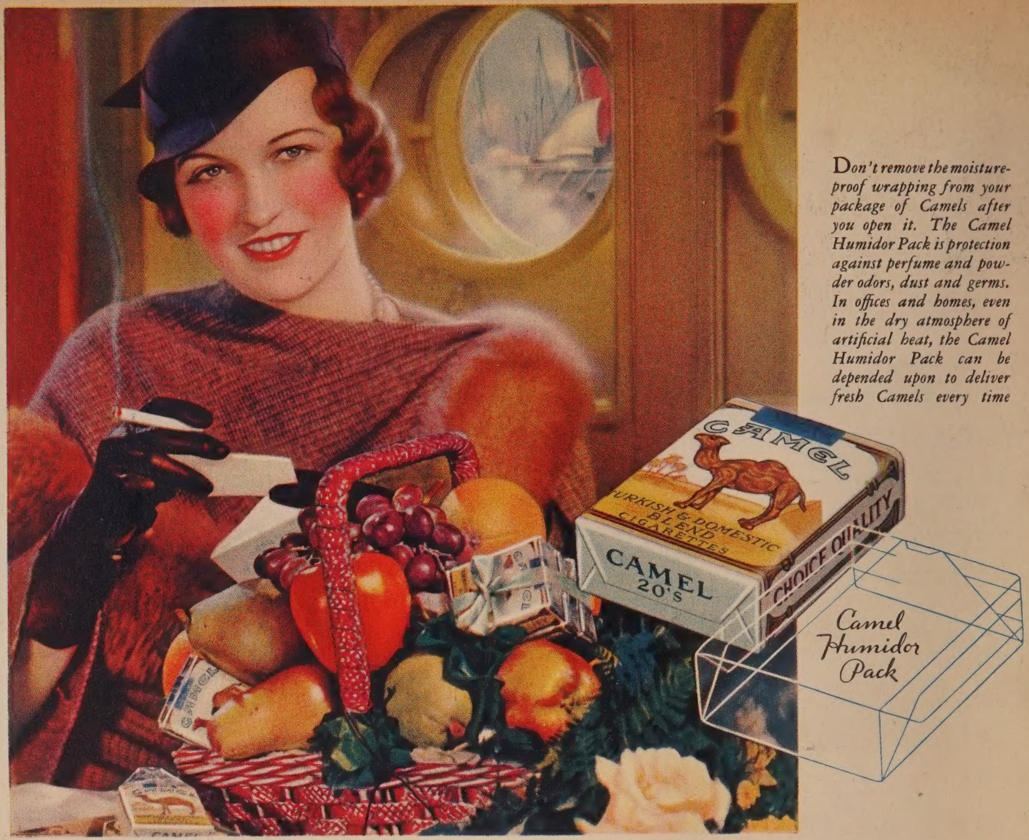

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She smokes FRESH cigarettes

. . . not parched or toasted

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That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

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Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

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SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

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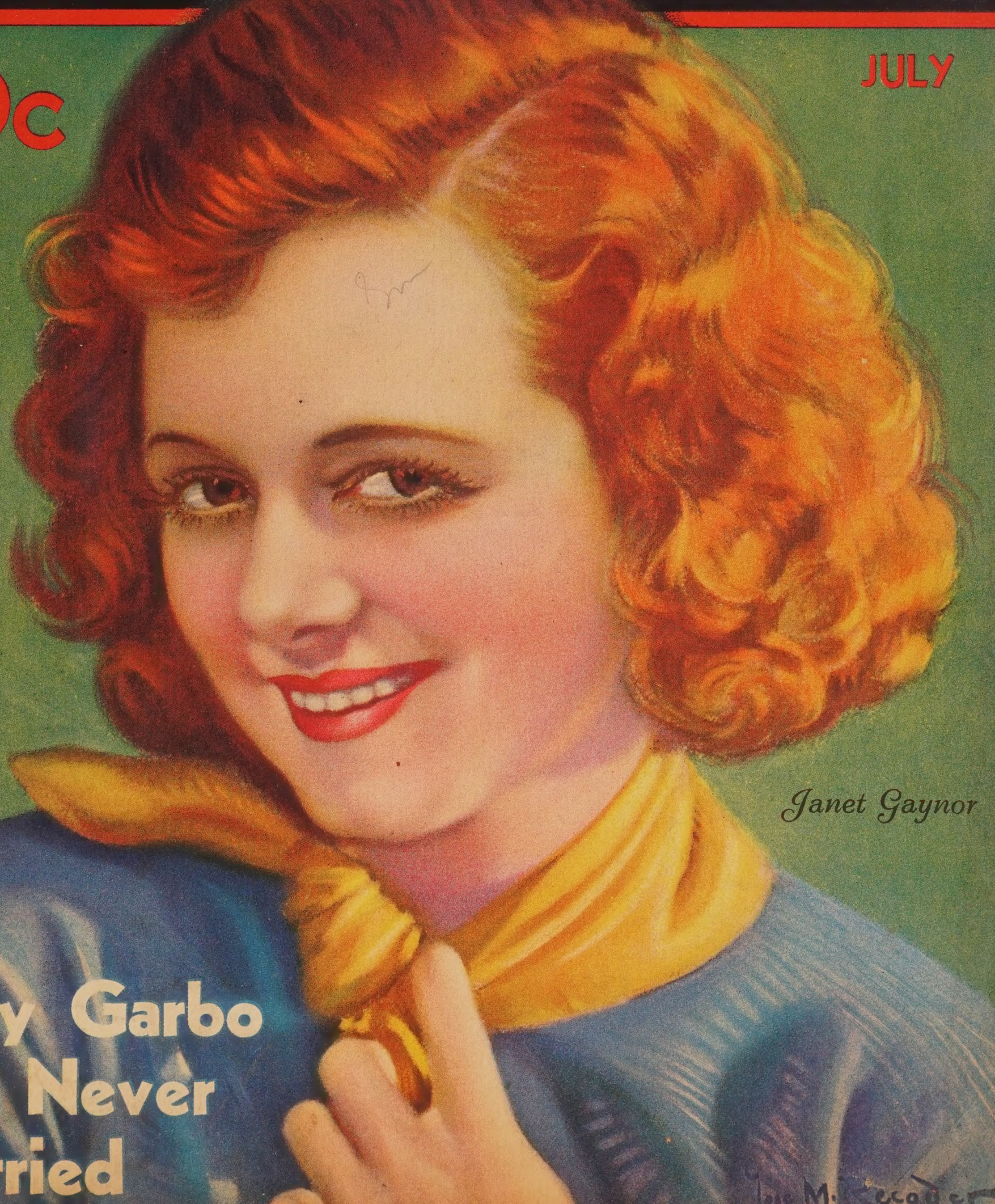
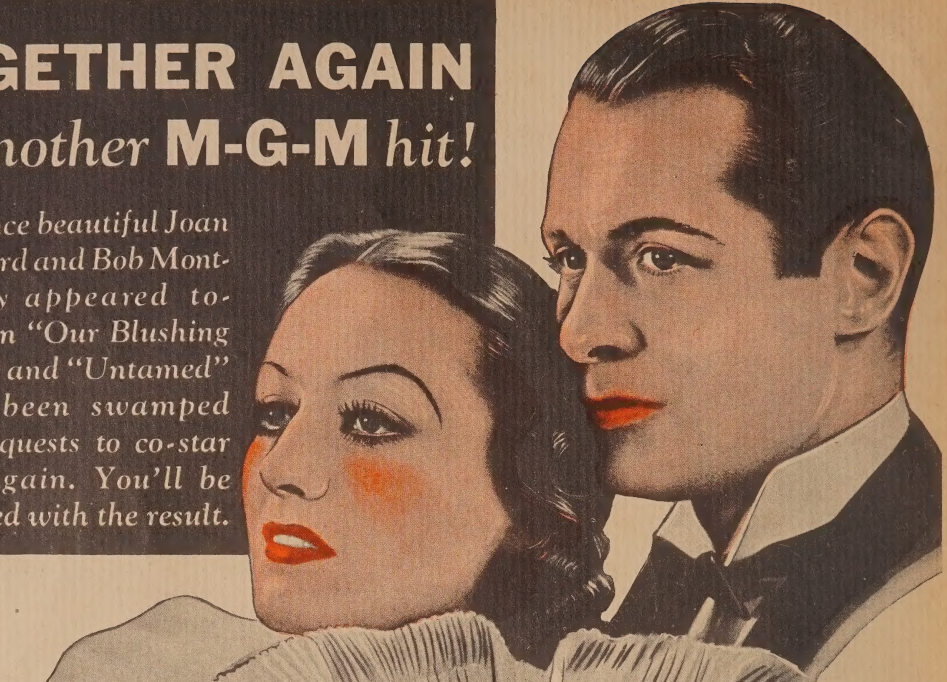


Janet Gaynor

Why Garbo Has Never Married

TOGETHER AGAIN
in another **M-G-M** *hit!*

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.



Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S
production

Letty Lynton

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with
NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"TOM BROWN of CULVER"

Homeless and an orphan—facing life without promise—picked up by kind-hearted men and sent to Culver to make a man of him. He *rebels—fights—loses*—WINS. What a lesson in patriotism—what a thrilling climax for the street gamin who became *TOM BROWN OF CULVER.*

Cast: **TOM BROWN, H. B. WARNER, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, RICHARD CROMWELL** and others.
Directed by **WILLIAM WYLER**

Universal Pictures

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Carl Laemmle
President
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

JULY, 1932

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Merrily we go to hell

FREDRIC SYLVIA

MARCH • SIDNEY

WHO could go to Hell quite so merrily, so charmingly, as FREDRIC MARCH? Here he plays, as no one else could, the brilliant, irresponsible playboy reporter who wins society's most sought-after heiress—but doesn't love her until he loses her! Perfect as he was in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde", he shows his remarkable versatility in playing this gay, debonair, insouciant character so well.

ADRIANNE ALLEN
'SKEETS' GALLAGHER

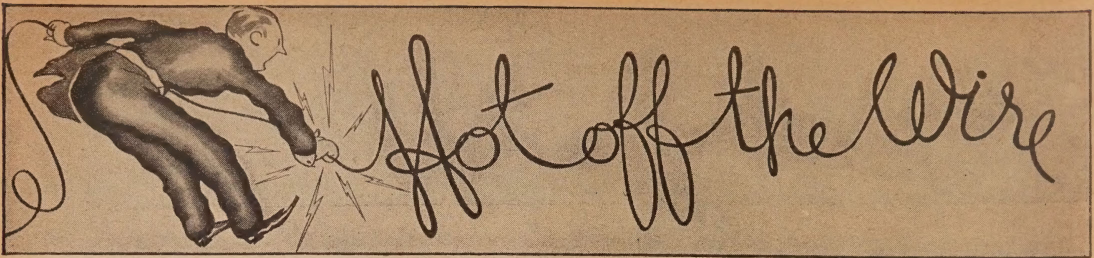
Directed by Dorothy Arzner

THOUGH she tried her best to keep their marriage from going the way everyone predicted it would—he toyed with Love until he couldn't have it! The story was tremendously popular as a novel and newspaper serial under the title, "I Jerry, Take Thee Joan". As a Paramount Picture MERRILY WE GO TO HELL is not only "the best show in town"—it's one of the very best of the year! See it, by all means!

SYLVIA SIDNEY at last gets a chance to play a child of the rich—and appear in the gorgeous clothes she can wear so well. As the debutante darling of the "Four Hundred" she is simply exquisite, and her characterization excels anything she has ever done before.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.



News of the Moment Direct From Hollywood

Miriam Hopkins wins title rôle in *Passionate Stranger,* Ernst Lubitsch's next for Paramount. Lubitsch directed her once before in *The Smiling Lieutenant.*

Zita Johann, Broadway favorite, crashes the talkie citadel and is placed under contract by RKO.

Sari Maritza, whom Paramount has ballyhooed in rather spectacular fashion, finally cast for her American début. She is to be co-featured with Roland Young in *Cloudy With Showers.*

Nancy Carroll, blonde these days, may next be seen in a Universal production. Rumor has it she is about to sign on the dotted line.

Bela Lugosi fully recovered from three broken ribs, sustained in a fall through trap door at the Carthay Circle theatre where he is playing in *Murdered Alive.* Property man forgot to place ladder under trap.

Gary Cooper, back from the wilds of Africa, apparently is to get into harness pronto. He is slated to appear in *The Devil and the Deep* opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

Mary Nolan's name no longer appears in the cast of *The Arm of the Law,* in which Rex Bell, spouse of Clara Bow, is starred. She has been replaced by Lina Basquette.

Connie Bennett's scheduled next, *Unmated,* will have to wait. She is doing *Hollywood Merry-go-round* for RKO first.

Lionel Barrymore again signs with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His new contract calls for both acting and directing.

Now that Richard Barthelmess is back from a protracted sojourn abroad, he will start production on *The Cabin in the Cotton.*

No sooner had Clive Brook returned from six weeks' trip to his native England, than he put on grease paint for *Bride of the Enemy,* in which Paramount co-stars him with Claudette Colbert.

An original screen yarn, not yet designated, is to be M-G-M's newest starring vehicle for Marie Dressler. Polly Moran will be in it.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Sieber are reunited again, he having just arrived from Germany for another visit. Marlene Dietrich, the Mrs. Sieber of private life, procured a brand new home in anticipation of the reunion, hoping thereby to gain some privacy.

Cecil B. deMille's *Ten Commandments* to be re-filmed by Paramount. Leading rôles slated for Gene Raymond, Sylvia Sidney, Irving Pichel and Sari Maritza.

When Alice White completes personal-appearance tour, she will be set for screen comeback. This is to be via Universal, it is whispered.

John Mack Brown signed by Paramount for series of westerns.

After considerable jockeying, Joan Crawford gets lead in *Rain,* to be made at United Artists under direction of Lewis Milestone. M-G-M to share in profits.

Conchita Montenegro spurns Spain and makes application for United States citizenship.

Réné Adorée suffers relapse and is again in Arizona, seeking health.

Hits of the Month

Place these top-notch pictures on your "must see" list:

BROWN OF CULVER
(Tom Brown)

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION
(Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne)

RADIO PATROL
(Lila Lee, Robert Armstrong)

THE MISLEADING LADY
(Edmund Lowe)

STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE
(Wynne Gibson)

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL
(Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney)

LETTY LYNTON
(Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery)

RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY
(Tom Mix)

Edwina Booth and Harry Carey, *Trader Horn* stars, teamed again in independent production. To make *Last of the Mohicans.*

Miriam Hopkins buys farm in Connecticut but denies she's going to farm it.

Personal appearances being made by Regis Toomey, El Brendel, Johnny Weissmuller, Mitzi Green, Lilyan Tashman, Fatty Arbuckle, Pola Negri, Jimmy Durante and Leo Carillo.

Suit for $150,000 damages instituted by Estelle Taylor against Frank Joyce, theatrical agent, for injuries sustained in automobile accident last Christmas.

Aileen Pringle seeks divorce from husband whom she has not seen since 1924. Charles Pringle, the husband, son of Sir John Pringle, now on his plantation in Jamaica.

Ann Harding, whose impending divorce suit startled Hollywood, reported on verge of nervous breakdown. Regardless, she continues work at RKO.

Greta Garbo goes on location. First location trip by her in nearly three years. To Santa Barbara and Laguna with *As You Desire Me* company.

William Bakewell, M-G-M juvenile, sought by Carl Laemmle Jr. for two Universal productions.

Dorothy Jordan loaned by M-G-M to Fox for juvenile lead in Will Rogers' picture.

Norma Talmadge denies but friends say she will start divorce proceedings, either here or in Reno. British International Pictures offer her contract for one picture in England.

Charlie Chaplin due back most any day. Word received by friends to the effect that early summer will see him at his studio.

Jean Harlow has definitely captured a coveted rôle, *The Red-Headed Woman,* a choice morsel that was sought after by many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars.

George Arliss announces he will not make another picture until he has vacationed in England.

Never Worked on Own Lot; Loaned Again!

For a year and a half Anita Louise has been a contract player of RKO, yet she has never worked on her own lot! Now she is working at the Roach studio, playing the feminine lead for Laurel and Hardy in their current feature, having just been loaned to that studio by RKO.

Paul Lukas has been assigned his first starring vehicle by Universal. To picturize novel of Louis Bromfield, entitled *No. 55.*

Clarence Brown, M-G-M director, in Europe on annual vacation. Flew to New York in his own plane.

Recent trans-Atlantic passengers included George Arliss, Marc Connelly, Frank Borzage, Ernest Torrence and George Jessel.

Mother of Alice and Marceline Day has filed bankruptcy proceedings, listing her liabilities at $1,026 and her assets as nil.

Mary Astor and spouse, Dr. F. Thorpe, enroute to the South Seas where they will await the "blessed event."

Hoot Gibson had to explain to the court why alimony payments of $250 had not been paid to his first wife.

Lina Basquette, injured while making a western when she fell from a horse and dragged a considerable distance with her foot caught in a stirrup, has practically recovered.

Nils Asther made defendant in suit for $400 brought by J. Hartley Russell, San Francisco attorney, who claims that amount was advanced Nils' wife, Vivian Duncan, during her bankruptcy proceedings.

Sharon Lynn and Peggy Ross now playing with Pasadena Community Playhouse while waiting for picture assignments.

Louise Fazenda is once again herself, following a Canadian vacation which she found necessary upon the completion of a several months' vaudeville tour.

Anna Sten, German importation of Samuel Goldwyn, is getting acquainted with Hollywood. Quite a fanfare upon her arrival.

Polly Moran didn't have a laugh in her entire system when she appeared on the stand to tell the court about $500 which she entrusted to a friend two years ago for an oil investment. She hasn't seen either the friend or the money since.

Ralph Forbes is being seen on the stage in *Let Us Divorce,* the first time the English actor has appeared behind the footlights here for several years.

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Don't delay. There's a coupon at the bottom of this page. Send it to Miss Costello today—by return mail you get the special Gift Package which is our way of introducing this amazing sanitary invention to new users.

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The center of this new pad is completely *swathed.* Not built up in layers with harsh edges that may harden and irritate.

Thus—due to the total absence of *edges*—it can never "cut" or chafe. Nor can it ever cause discomfort by "packing" while in use.

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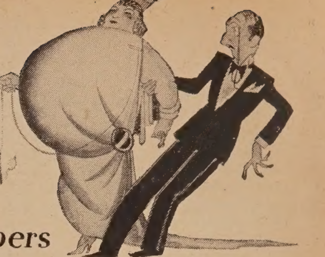

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:

AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **BROWN OF CULVER**—(Universal)—Tom Brown makes fine début in title rôle as cadet in thrilling military school story. Slim Summerville funnier than ever.

AAA. **FIGHTING MARSHAL**—(Columbia)—The hero starts as an escaped convict and ends in the togs of a dead marshal, marking somewhat of a brand new plot wrinkle. Tim McCoy is the shootin' guy.

AAA. **FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY**—(RKO)—Plenty of fighting and gun-play in this western thriller by Tom Keene. Barbara Kent competent.

AAA **HIGH SPEED**—(Columbia)—Buck Jones zips through this one in a racing car, instead of in the saddle. Fast, snappy entertainment.

AAA. **IGLOO**—(Edward Small Productions)—Actually filmed within Arctic Circle, this tale of love and adventure will thrill and entertain.

AAAA. **LETTY LYNTON**—(M-G-M)—Melodramatic tale of illicit love which co-stars Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery. Sterling performance by Nils Asther as the heavy. Will click well with Crawford fans.

AAA. **LOVE AFFAIR**—(Columbia)—Pretty much Dorothy Mackaill's picture but she gets excellent support from Humphrey Bogart. Plenty of plot matter around an aviator and inventor.

AA. **LOVE STARVED**—(RKO)—Young love gets romantic with Helen Twelvetrees, Eric Linden and Arline Judge. Story of four-flushing.

AAA. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March never seen to better advantage. Adrianne Allen also acquits herself nobly. Excellent job of directing on part of Dorothy Arzner. Picture based on novel, *Jerry and Joan.*

AA. **THE MISLEADING LADY**—(Paramount)—Stuart Erwin, as an escaped "nut" sustains the tempo with Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe doing the best they can in a lightweight story

AA. **RADIO PATROL** — (Universal) — Fast moving and exciting and shows a new way to catch criminals. Lila Lee stages fine comeback. Good performances by Robert Armstrong, Russell Hopton, Andy Devine and June Clyde.

AAA. **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony struggle against evil forces amid the wastes of Death Valley. Beauty, action, romance. Lois Wilson and Fred Kohler excellent.

AAA. **ROADHOUSE MURDER** — (RKO)—Novel twists and plenty of thrills mark this newspaper yarn and murder mystery. Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan give stirring performances, pepping up a peppy entertainment.

AA. **SINNERS IN THE SUN**—(Paramount)—A pleasant evening's entertainment. Built on the old formula of the poor girl and boy who want the expensive things in life but when they get them, they are not so desirable. Chester Morris, Carole Lombard and Adrienne Ames please.

AAAA. **THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE**—(Paramount)—Every audience will be shaken with emotion by this tear-jerker, at the same time shouting the praises of Wynne Gibson and Cora Sue Collins, four-year--old who gives amazing performance.

AAA. **STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—(Tiffany)—Most novel murder mystery yet produced. Based on the story, *The Illustrious Corpse.* Undertaking establishment sees much of the action, with plenty of suspense and comedy. Eugene Pallette, Harold Waldrige, ZaSu Pitts and Theodore Von Elm clever.

AAA. **STREET OF WOMEN** — (Warner Brothers)—Kay Francis, Allan Dinehart and Roland Young in an amusing but dramatic story of an inspiring love. Excellent dialogue, beautiful photography and gripping interest. Don't miss it.

AAAA. **TWO SECONDS**—(Warners)—If you like your realism straight, you'll go for this in a big way. Thrilling, chilling drama in which "Little Caesar" Robinson goes to the chair. Superb directing by Mervyn LeRoy.

AA. **THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi does herself proud, abetted by Neil Hamilton, Myrna Loy and Ralph Bellamy in a story of marriage, intrigue and sacrifice.

AAA. **WORLD AND THE FLESH**—(Paramount)—Heavy drama in days of Russian revolution. George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins make most of their rôles.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AFTER TOMORROW**—(Fox)—Charles Farrell does his best work in a clever human-interest story featuring Marian Nixon and Minna Gombell.

AAA. **ALIAS THE DOCTOR**—(Warners)—Richard Barthelmess brilliant in "big sacrifice" rôle, with Marian Marsh opposite.

AAA. **ARROWSMITH** — (United Artists) — Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

AAA. **ARSENE LUPIN**—(M-G-M)—Mystery tale with the Barrymore brothers at their best. Karen Morley furnishes love interest.

AAA. **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—(Metro)—Bill Haines and Madge Evans in highly amusing comedy of radio broadcasting.

AA. **BEAUTY AND THE BOSS**—(Warners)—Marian Marsh and Warren William do the best they can with an absurd story.

AAA. **BROKEN LULLABY**—(Paramount)—Phillips Holmes, Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll in a powerful post-war drama.

AAA. **THE BROKEN WING**—(Paramount)—Lupe Velez and her lovers, Leo Carrillo, the town bully, and Melvyn Douglas, an American aviator, are all fine in a romance of Mexico.

AAA. **CARELESS LADY**—(Fox)—Joan Bennett, the hometown girl, gets glamor in Paris by a fake marriage. John Boles is the eventual husband.

VA

AAA. **COCK OF THE AIR**—(Caddo)—Billie Dove and Chester Morris stage a unique romance in military setting. Excellent.

AAA. **COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—(Universal)—Knockout comedy of motion picture making, featuring Charlie Murray and George Sidney.

AAAA. **THE CROWD ROARS**—(Warners)—James Cagney handing you thrills in a sensational racetrack story.

AAA. **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—(Paramount)—Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie in a knockout comedy-drama of dancehall life.

AAA. **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—(Universal) Swell Western, with thrills aplenty furnished by Tom Mix and Tony.

AAA. **DEVIL'S LOTTERY** — (Fox) — Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen proving convincingly that sudden wealth does not always bring happiness.

AAA. **DISORDERLY CONDUCT**—(Fox)—Human-interest story of life on the police force. Spencer Tracy, Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy good.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front. Large cast of notables does full credit to excellent story, including Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz, H. Gibson-Gowland and Albert Conti.

AAA. **THE FERGUSON CASE**—(Warner Brothers)—Sensational journalism is mercilessly flayed in this murder thriller. Joan Blondell, Tom Brown and Kenneth Thompson head the cast as news sleuths.

AAA. **FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD**—(Warner-First National)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball comedy. Evalyn Knapp is the love interest.

AAA. **THE FLESH IS WEAK**—(M-G-M)—This delightful comedy deals with two fortune hunters who fall in love and marry without a dime. Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher and Robert Montgomery are in the cast.

AAA. **FRANKENSTEIN**—(Universal)—Harrowing drama of the man who creates a monster from dead bodies. People with strong hearts can stand it.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others.

AAA. **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM** — (United Artists) — Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans are three slick gold-diggers who dig deep and often. A comedy hit.

AAAA. **THE GUARDSMAN**—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt disguises himself and becomes the lover of his own wife, Lynn Fontanne. Superlative entertainment.

AAA. **THE HATCHET MAN**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young give brilliant performances in a Chinese tong drama.

AAA. **HEART OF NEW YORK**—(Warners)—Hysterical comedy by Smith and Dale, George Sidney, and Anna Appel in Park Avenue setting.

AAAA. **HIGH PRESSURE** — (Warner Brothers)—William Powell at his very best in a whirlwind comedy. Evelyn Brent is his girl.

AAAA. **HELL DIVERS**—(M-G-M)—Great picture packed with action, thrills and humor. Superb acting by Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan and Marjorie Rambeau.

AAA. **THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN**—(Universal)—Interesting love story about a young doctor and his girl. Excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and John Halliday.

AAAA. **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—(Warners)—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Brian sparkling in clever satire on American hero-worship.

AAAA. **LADY WITH A PAST**—(RKO-Pathé)—Constance Bennett wears divine clothes as the lady who goes to Paris to get herself a past, but Ben Lyon steals the show. David Manners is charming.

AAA. **LIMPY MAKES GOOD**—(M-G-M)—Rich in human appeal is this story with Jackie Cooper as a cripple. Chic Sale, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Peterson good in dramatic parts.

AAA. **THE LOST SQUADRON**—(RKO-Radio)—Thrilling air story enacted by Richard Dix, Mary Astor, Eric Von Stroheim, Dorothy Jordan, Joel McCrea, Robert Armstrong and Hugh Herbert.

AAA. **MANHATTAN PARADE**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Hollywood's answer to "Once In a Lifetime," with Smith and Dale, Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Lots of laughs.

AA. **MAN WANTED**—(Warners)—Slow action story with Kay Francis splendid as employer who falls in love with her secretary, David Manners. Kenneth Thompson perfect in heavy rôle.

AAA. **THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—(Warner-First National)—George Arliss gives an excellent performance in a fair story, ably supported by Bette Davis, Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale and Donald Cook.

AA. **MICHAEL AND MARY**—(Universal)—English-made production dealing with the bigamy problem. Herbert Marshall and Edna Best carry honors.

AAAA. **THE MIRACLE MAN**—(Paramount)—Splendid revival of famous silent, featuring Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris.

AA. **MISS PINKERTON**—(Warners)—Good detective yarn with Joan Blondell in her first stellar rôle and George Brent, the new sensation, as the hero. Laughs and suspense.

AAA. **THE MOUTHPIECE**—(Warners)—Warren William as a criminal attorney comes through big in his first starring picture with able support from Sidney Fox and William Janney.

AAA. **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—(Universal)—Fantastic horror-film, with outstanding performances by Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox.

AAA. **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

AAA. **PRESTIGE**—(RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding proves her versatility in this melodramatic jungle story which provides good rôles for Melvyn Douglas and Adolphe Menjou.

AAA. **THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US**—(Warners)—Ruth Chatterton is her old brilliant self in this sophisticated drama. Dialogue is sparkling and so is George Brent, who makes an impressive début.

AA. **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—(Universal)—Lots of trouble for Charles Bickford, the newspaperman who gets ambitious. Proper support from Pat O'Brien and Rose Hobart.

VA

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich makes war on men's hearts. Clive Brook, Warner Oland and Anna Mae Wong in the cast.

AA. **THE SILENT WITNESS**—(Fox)—Old-fashioned melodrama wherein a father stands trial for his son's crime. Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen have featured rôles.

AAA. **SKY BRIDE**—(Paramount)—Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie teamed again, this time in a stunt-flying thriller, with Virginia Bruce as the lovely heroine.

AAA. **SKY DEVILS**—(Caddo-United Artists)—Hilarious war burlesque, featuring some great air stunts. Ann Dvorak, Spencer Tracy and William Boyd are in it.

AAAA. **SO BIG**—(Warners)—Drama of pioneer

[*Continued on page 72*]

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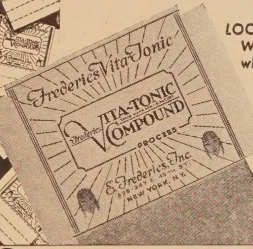

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THE STARS DESERT HOLLYWOOD

Screen favorites are the world's champion tourists. Always on the jump!

An exacting profession often plays havoc with the best laid plans. When Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier had to make *One Hour With You* re-takes, they left for New York the very night Jeanette had asked hundreds to a birthday party for Bob Ritchie

Whenever Adolphe Menjou bids Hollywood farewell, he's always accompanied by plenty of luggage. Much of it contains hats, his sartorial weakness. He simply must have his changes in chapeaus, you know, if he is expected to get ahead

By Hal Howe

"HERE today and away tomorrow," might well be the slogan of our screen folk, for like the ubiquitous quail, they go at a moment's notice. Often, they must forswear domestic propinquity at the call of an exacting profession, which sends them hither and yon.

For instance, Colleen Moore cut short a honeymoon in the Bahamas to return to Hollywood to play in *The Church Mouse*. From there she went to San Francisco to engage upon a tour that will take her all over the country.

Dolores Del Rio's starring rôle in *The Bird of Paradise* demanded a trip to Honolulu and a several weeks' separation from her art director-husband, Cedric Gibbons. Joel McCrea had to interrupt his romance with Tallulah Bankhead to accept the nomination as Dolores' leading man in the Hawaiian opus.

Tay Garnett, well-known megaphonist, returned to Hollywood from New York without his young and attractive wife, Patsy Ruth Miller. Patsy went on a personal-appearance tour. Prior to the Garnett's trip east, Patsy had visited Tahiti with Lila Lee, it being Tay's plan to also go. Production plans interfered and he was denied the trip.

Doug Fairbanks is now in the South Seas filming another adventure picture. Mary Pickford remains to prepare for her next starring vehicle. These plans include journeys across country and back again. However, Maria Alba left a brand new husband to join Doug's expedition as leading lady.

Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald were called to New York to make retakes of *One Hour With You,* on the very evening Jeanette had planned to celebrate her fiancé's birthday in Hollywood. Hundreds of invitations were recalled and Bob Ritchie's natal day was not celebrated.

Just what Gary Cooper's excursion to Africa, with Lupe left behind, had to do with breaking up that romance is still a matter of conjecture. Lupe

[*Continued on page* 67]

TRAVELING STARS

Always on the go!

Africa - Honolulu - Europe
South Seas - Mexico
Alaska - Havana, even to
the South Pole.

Continually leaving their homes and families - to make pictures in far away places - so that you, "their public" may have variety of entertainment.

"Between pictures" - again on the go! to far away places - to forget for a while the continuous studio "grind" and recuperate from days and nights of hard work under the big arc lights.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

Directed by

RALPH STAUB

Distributed by

COLUMBIA PICTURES

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Your Ideas and
Suggestions

Watch for Special SCREEN BOOK Novelty each month.

Frankly Speaking

About Hollywood and the Movies

IF LACK of opportunity prevented you from seeing some of the masterpieces of your favorites in the past, don't despair. In all probability, you'll get another chance. Not long ago, some astute exhibitors determined upon an experiment, so they dug up some early Clark Gable films and sat back to see what would happen. They quickly sat up and took notice, though. The revivals found a responsive chord on the part of Gable admirers to an unexpected extent. Now you may expect to see similar old-timers on the screen, a sort of revival that apparently has struck a responsive chord in the entertainment desires of fans.

The Editor Takes Off His Hat To—

The following stars for their brilliant performances:

JOAN CRAWFORD in "Letty Lynton"

WYNNE GIBSON in "Strange Case of Clara Deane"

FREDRIC MARCH in "Merrily We Go To Hell"

TOM BROWN in "Brown of Culver"

Secret Desires

JIMMIE CAGNEY shoves a half grapefruit into Mae Clarke's face. Eddie Robinson kicks Margaret Livingston in the—er—slats. Joan Blondell receives a spanking. Loretta Young takes it on the chin. Evalyn Knapp gets her face slapped. And the male portion of the audience howls with glee. And roars with amusement. And laughs. So the question naturally arises: Is all this laughter at women being smacked around nothing other than a manifestation of wish-fulfillment? Are the men substituting other women as the object of the rough tactics?

Sons Carry On

NAMES made illustrious on the screen by the fathers, will continue to be emblazoned in electric lights by the sons, in a few cases. The name of Chaney will live, if Creighton Chaney attains his heart's desire through his recent contract. Noah Beery Jr. is another to recently embark upon a screen career. Young Fairbanks and Willie Collier have already gone a long way toward perpetuating the names of their famous dads.

What They're Making

NOWADAYS, one can hardly ask screen players what they are making without fear of getting the identical reply. Invariably it is: "Not half enough!"

Made In America

WHEN the Danish athletes participate in the Olympics at Los Angeles this summer, their chesty chests will sport an official seal designed by Jean Hersholt, Hollywood's old maestro of character actors. He was commissioned to undertake this task by no less a person than the King of Denmark. It was a royal recognition of his artistic prowess.

A Lula Of A Hula

IN *BIRD OF PARADISE,* newest opus of the delectable Dolores Del Rio, you will be treated to the fieriest and most fervid hula that you ever paid a dime to see in the long-ago yesterday. It is said that when the dance-director took a looksee at the native hula down in dear Hawaii, he sadly shook his head.

Too tame. Inert. Then he hied himself back to Hollywood. And the hula is now a lula!

On The Job

THINGS have been happening at a great rate over on the Universal studio lot. First came the discovery of Tala Birell, the European star who makes her début in *The Doomed Battalion.* Then Gloria Stuart, a great new find, appeared. Now Paul Lukas, a longtime favorite, is given his first starring rôle in *No. 55.* Back of all this is the astute management of Carl Laemmle Jr., the screen's youngest producer. Hollywood needs more like him.

More Competition

IN THESE competitive days, there are at least two of our screen players who are giving plenty of competition to the boys and girls of the scribbling fraternity. They have successfully stepped from the screen into another field of endeavor. Elissa Landi has four or five novels of distinction to her credit and Roland Young scores with his *Not For Children.* That's not a warning; just the title of his book.

The Great Unknowns

THE spotlight is being turned on Hollywood's two great Unknowns but we'll probably know no more about them after it is turned off. Greta Garbo and Eric von Stroheim, known as Enigma, are together in *As You Desire Me.* There are perhaps no two others in all film history known to so many—yet to so few.

EXTRA

SCREEN TABLOID

ALL THE NEWS

JULY, 1932

CLARA BOW STARTS ON NEW CAREER

She Quits Her Desert Ranch Hideout To Accept Fox Contract

Clara Bow has hit the comeback trail! After mystifying Hollywood for months by shunning all offers to return to the screen, she has at last succumbed to the overtures made by Fox and will stage her bow under that studio's banner in *Call Me Savage*, the famous novel by Tiffany Thayer. The salary, an authoritative source reveals, is in the neighborhood of $125,000 for each picture.

Until Clara made her sudden decision, she had steadfastly refused lucrative offers from almost every studio in Hollywood because she was not satisfied with the type of rôle offered. Now, however, she feels she has just the kind of play that will put her back at the top in a jiffy.

The desert ranch to which she and Rex Bell scurried about six months ago, is temporarily deserted, but Clara indicated that she intends to spend every spare minute away from the studio there, living in quiet seclusion.

CLARA BOW waves a cheery hello to visitors as Rex Bell steadies her frisky cow pony. Clara is a little more buxom now, but healthier and happier because of her long sojourn on the ranch

HIDDEN AWAY in the vast California desert, far from the prying eyes of tourists, is the home of Clara and Rex. This is the first published picture of their ranch love nest

CLARA AND REX hike to the summit of their ranch—five thousand feet above sea level—for a romp in the snow when the desert sun frowns too severely

Jack and Estelle May Re-marry!

Despite denials to the contrary, Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, are to be re-wed, Hollywood rumor has it. The two are frequently in each other's company. "Business reasons," they both chorus. Just by way of emphasizing this, the former champion helped his ex-wife select Malibu Beach property for a summer home recently.

JOAN CRAWFORD MOURNS LOST PETS

Passing of "Woggles" and Five Puppies Mourned By Countless Fans

"Woggles" was the movie colony's most popular dog. As Joan Crawford's pet Scottie, he received a deluge of fan mail from admirers far and near. In fact, "Woggles" was perhaps the happiest dog in the world, particularly when he became wedded to "Typhoon," who presented him with an astonishingly large family of seven sons and daughters. A short time ago, "Woggles" suddenly became ill and passed away. Soon afterwards, while servants at the Fairbanks home were away, five of the puppies were mysteriously drowned. "Typhoon" and the two puppies, survivors of the tragic train of events, are seeking to take the place of the lost ones in Joan's heart. But it can't be done—there will never be another quite like the debonair "What-a-man Woggles."

Why the doglets were drowned is still shrouded in mystery but the tragedy, for such it is to both Doug and Joan, has resulted in carefully guarding the remaining Scotties. A close watch has been placed upon them and if the perpetrator of the drownings is ever caught, the two screen players promise to spare no efforts in having justice meted out.

Actress Denies Heart Theft!

"RIDICULOUS!" was Claire Windsor's answer to the $100,000 heart balm suit, charging that she had alienated the affections of Alfred C. Reid Jr., with whom she appears above. Miss Windsor and Reid, who have known each other only a short time, expressed complete surprise at the action taken by Mrs. Marian Reid, prominent society woman

ABOVE: "Typhoon" and her two miniature Scotties who escaped the Fate that took the lives of "Woggles" and five of Joan Crawford's cherished puppies.

BELOW: "Mr. Woggles" as he appeared shortly before his untimely demise, escorting his mistress to work

MAE MURRAY FACES COURT BATTLES

Former Star Sues And Is Sued In Two Recent Legal Skirmishes

Claiming that she tripped on a stage elevator in a Brooklyn theatre, Mae Murray asks $250,000 for a broken bone in her left foot. According to the complaint, the fracture has resulted in her pedal extremity being less beautiful than it was before the mishap and that as a consequence, her earning capacity has been vastly impaired. The court was informed, in her claim for financial redress, that her dancing can never be the same again.

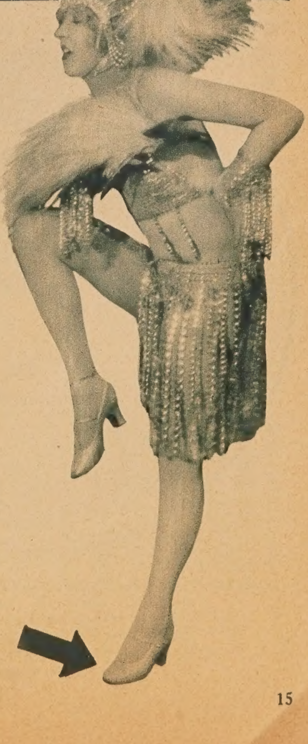
Almost simultaneously, Mae was asked to appear in a Los Angeles court to explain why she had refused to support her brother, William Koenig, his wife and two children. Under the laws of California, a sister is responsible for the support of her brother. In spite of this, Mae declared she would contest any action forcing her to refund the approximate sum of $200 which the county had expended on the Koenig family. Mae stated that she had ceased giving her brother money when she realized that by so doing she was encouraging him to become a parasite.

MAE MURRAY has been in court before, but this time her trouble was unusual. She was being sued for $200 expended by the county on a brother whom she refused to assist financially. Her aid encouraged him to live in idleness, Mae said

Divorce Rumors Are Blasted

—*Fink*

FRANK FAY AND BARBARA STANWYCK squelched rumors to the effect that they were "on the outs" by arriving in Hollywood hand-in-hand after an extended personal-appearance tour through the East. They were greeted by "Dad" Fay



A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS was the value set by Mae Murray on her left foot in a damage suit against a Brooklyn theatre. She says the fracture she suffered impaired her dancing ability. Arrow points to the expensive foot

STORK RUNS WILD IN HOLLYWOOD

NICK STUART AND SUE CAROL have announced that they are returning to Hollywood from their vaudeville tour to celebrate a "blessed event" scheduled in the fall

BESSIE LOVE has deserted the screen to play the more important rôle of Mrs. William Hawks, mother of baby Patricia, just ten weeks old

GLORIA SWANSON'S ten-year-old daughter, Gloria II, has a sister now. The event took place in London, whence Gloria and Michael Farmer, her wealthy sportsman-husband journeyed. Michele Bridget is the newcomer's name

Visits From Long-Legged Bird Expected By Numerous Film Families

Is the stork busy! His ballyhooed personal-appearance tour in Hollywood this summer and fall gives promise of being one of the most popular the old bird has ever played. Here are some of his playing dates:

Mary Astor and Dr. Frank Thorpe.
Mae McAvoy and Maurice J. Cleary.
Irene Mayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, and David O. Selznick, RKO vice-president.
Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody.
Mr. and Mrs. John Miljan.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes.

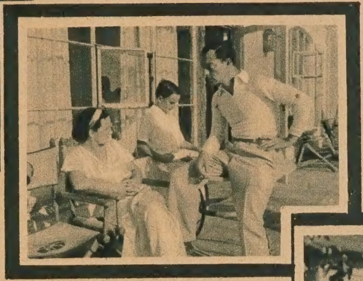
BAD BOY KEATON IN DOMESTIC WAR

Buster Plays Hookey; Starts Exciting Family Battle

After what appeared to be a narrow escape from the divorce courts, harmony once more reigns in the Buster Keaton-Natalie Talmadge household. At any rate, an armistice has been proclaimed and for the time being, at least, lawyer's fees are being saved.

The trouble started when Buster boarded a plane with his two sons for a jaunt to San Diego. Mrs. Keaton, fearing for her youngsters, had the plane stopped at a local landing field. On returning home, Buster and the boys found that no fond mother awaited them. They promptly set an old-fashioned coal-oil lamp in the window to guide the erring footsteps home, and Buster mailed phonograph records containing songs suggesting that he and Mrs. Keaton talk it over. At last "The Mrs." returned and all is serene. "She knows I adore her,' said the sad-faced comedian. "I guess I've been a bad boy."

MR. AND MRS. BUSTER KEATON



MR. AND MRS. KEATON have declared a truce and are back together again in their beach home (above) where all is serene. At the right Buster and his two sons, Jimmy and Robert, are seen repenting their airplane ride

Huston In Wet-Dry Debate

WALTER HUSTON and Aimee Semple McPherson as they appeared just before their recent wet-dry debate, staged to publicize *The Wet Parade*. With the aid of her devotées, Aimee staged a great show which attracted many Hollywood celebrities

Knee Sends Phil To Hospital

PHILLIPS HOLMES was forced to take time out from his newest picture for a sojurn in a local hospital while doctors operated on his injured knee. Phil is back on the job now, fit as a fiddle

WHY GARBO HAS

Has Garbo ever been really in love? Why has she never taken a mate? Read the answers here

Garbo has turned platinum blonde! But only for her new picture, *As You Desire Me*. She has flatly denied that following this film she will return to Sweden to wed Wilhelm Sorensen, who was for a time her most intimate friend in Hollywood

WHY is it that the most alluring woman on the screen today has never married?

What strange reason exists which keeps the most excitingly beautiful Garbo from committing matrimony?

Search as you may, you cannot find any woman—any actress—who arouses the myriad passions which this glamorous Swedish actress is capable of arousing. Garbo tops them all. She always will continue to be more alluring than any other woman.

There is Gloria Swanson, with a terrific magnetic attraction for the opposite sex. There is Norma Shearer, who represents the most polished, the most ultra-modern note when it comes to being a sex-menace. There is the slim, golden Constance Bennett, whose romantic affairs have whipped up an international furore. There is a delectable list of charming women, whose feminine qualities have swooped them to the starriest heights, romantically and financially.

But Garbo goes her silent way—alone. She has been the theme for countless stories. The colorful, far-away lady has not found protection behind her wall of exclusiveness. Never has she been able to draw her mantle of reserve closely enough about her.

Those exquisite features of hers have been analyzed by some of the most famous analysts in the country. Her horoscope has been cast as many times as the proverbial fishermen's nets of Galilee. Astrologists have to admit that they

The whole world thrilled to the romance of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, when these two figured as the principals in such torrid love scenes as this from *Flesh and the Devil*. In private life, Gilbert swept her off her feet

NEVER MARRIED

By Marcella Burke

do not know the exact hour of Garbo's birth. Such a detail is of the utmost importance, they say, if a horoscope is to be accurate. Some astrologists have said that Garbo has great success in love, as well as in her career. Others say she will never marry, but that great loves will be an integral part of her existence.

When Garbo was only sixteen years old, Mauritz Stiller, the director, discovered her. It was through him that Garbo was persuaded to take up acting. He made one picture with her in Sweden.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted this talented director to come all the way to America to make pictures for them, he consented only if they permitted Greta Garbo to accompany him. If Stiller accepted a contract, Garbo must have one. Anxious to procure Stiller at any cost, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials accepted his proposition. And so it was that these two foreigners sailed for America.

Garbo was shy and frightened. She clung to her beloved Sweden. Perhaps because of the terrific wrench of leaving her mother and little brother and sister, Garbo clung more tenaciously than ever to the man who was bringing her to a strange country. From the very beginning Stiller comforted and guarded her faltering footsteps. It is all part of the history of Hollywood—the romance of Stiller and Garbo.

THE strange way that Garbo was ignored upon her arrival in the little cinematic city of Hollywood is also history. She was given flowers at the station and photographed, but it was upon Mauritz Stiller, the great director, that the real attentions were showered. Garbo was not smartly dressed. She was awkward and timid. She shrank then, as she does now, from the crowds.

America was bedlam. It was a vast, crowded place of loneliness and misery to the homesick Swedish girl. A test was made of Garbo a few weeks later which caused the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials to shake their heads. The timid young Swede was "out," as far as they were concerned. They began to wonder if Stiller was in his right mind.

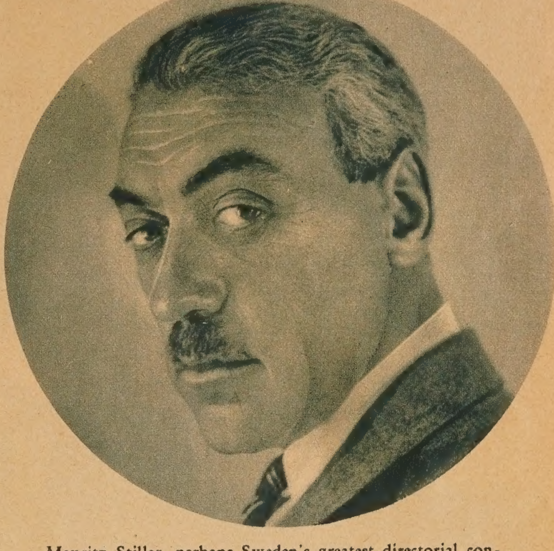
And don't ever believe for a minute that Garbo didn't resent their criticism, their superiority and indifference. It all cut deeply. When she told Mauritz what had occurred he was thrown into a black rage. He whipped into the head office and announced, in no uncertain manner, that Garbo was the greatest actress in the world and that none other than he, Stiller, would direct her in a test. This he did.

Garbo glowed under his careful direction. Here was the great man who not only worshipped her, but who spoke her language.

It was only a few weeks when lo! Garbo's name was on everyone's tongue. She became the rage of the American public. Today she is the most popular actress throughout the entire world. Utter one adverse criticism of Garbo and international complications are imminent.

As the months passed, Garbo's salary jumped from two hundred and fifty dollars a week to six thousand dollars. Later this was even increased. She was a great success. Stiller was forced into the background. He was in no way the success that Garbo was. It was this same success which finally separated Garbo and Stiller. It was John Gilbert who widened the breach between the two.

It was inevitable that Stiller should bow to the obvious. With true Continental grace he took his departure for Sweden. He died a short while afterwards. His friends say death was due to a broken heart. At the time of his demise Garbo was involved in a seething grand passion for John Gilbert. For Gilbert, the handsome, dashing young man, had figuratively swept Garbo off her feet.



Mauritz Stiller, perhaps Sweden's greatest directorial contribution to Hollywood, was directly responsible for the career upon which Garbo engaged. He brought her to this country, fought for her, directed her, worshipped her

Their pictures exploded on the public like a tumultuous volcano. Their love scenes were the most torrid ever shot in Hollywood. People gasped but wanted more. Even the censors were numbed into delightful acceptance of these sexiest pictures.

The Garbo era came in, as did the Gilbert era. These two stars became household words. Young, old and in-between fell captive to their romantic spell.

THE next bombshell which exploded brought more synthetic enjoyment to their fans. The story leaked out that these hot, fierce love scenes were not turned on merely at the given word of a director. No, sir! Garbo and Gilbert had fallen in love with each other.

Their romance thrilled the whole world. When John kissed Greta the audience felt like tip-toeing out as the lights came on in the theatre. They felt like "peeping Toms."

Nothing more perfect could have happened for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Garbo and Gilbert were the biggest box-office attractions in the country. Gold poured into the producers' coffers.

Then this romance came to an end. Gilbert promised Garbo everything he owned if she would only marry him. He pleaded with her time after time. Rumors were that Garbo finally went to some little Mexican town quite prepared to marry Gilbert. At the last moment, very much frightened, she ran away and hid until the train arrived to carry her back to Hollywood. However, that is only one story.

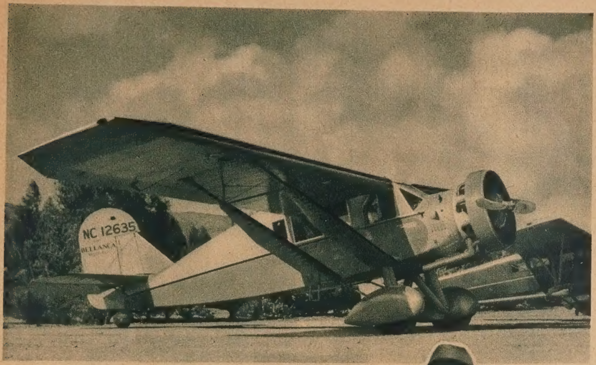
Another is that Garbo succumbed to John's pleading and got as far as the Santa Ana marriage bureau but turned and fled, leaving John a heartbroken bachelor. Whatever the real truth is no one will ever know, unless Garbo chooses to tell the story herself. But to cherish an idea that this might ever happen, would be as ridiculous as imagining that historical bit of stone in the Egyptian desert becoming garrulous.

The one thing we do know is

[*Continued on page* 59]

RACETRACK FEVER

Revealing a popular pastime of Hollywood favorites



Wallace Beery's huge private plane takes many weekend trips to Agua Caliente, carrying pleasure-bent stars who enjoy the thrill of hoof-beats

With the aid of powerful binoculars, Charlie Ruggles keeps his eye on the flying hoofs. Charlie evidently has picked a winner

Seen on their way to the grandstand, Donald Dilloway with Dorothy Jordan

Edward Kane, movie detective hero, and "Public Enemy" James Cagney are close friends and ardent followers of the horse flesh sport

Eddie Cantor caught in the act of placing a bet. He always looks surprised, anyway, so it's hard to tell when he wins or loses

HITS THE STARS!

Scenes at the world-famous Agua Caliente racetrack

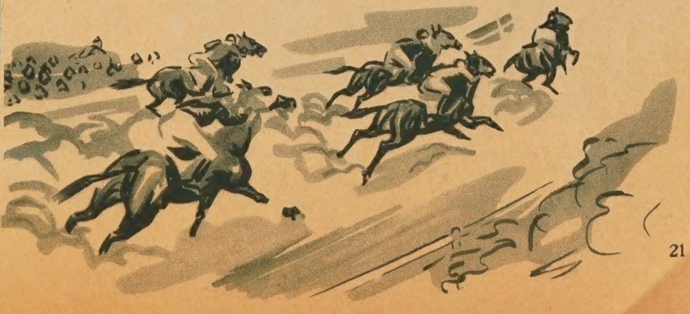
The racetrack at Agua Caliente, filled to overflowing with people from all over the world. It's a great hiding place for movie stars!

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks Jr. are feverish racetrack enthusiasts. Even though she's picked a number of winners, Joan doesn't gamble

Buster Keaton and Dorothy Lee look forlorn; their favorite nag came in after everybody had gone home

Just a couple of racetrack barons, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler. Woolsey cleaned up and Wheeler lost, but he's not crying—much

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Cagney on the way from the Casino. It's here that one can gamble—if he has anything to do it with



What Happens to

Now you can know what fate is in store for the thousands of letters which fill the Hollywood mail pouch

By J. Eugene Chrisman

Irene Dunne is seen holding an armful of mail from pioneer women after the release of *Cimarron*. These hardy feminine fans saw in Irene the same ambitions and the same frustrations as their own—so they poured out their hearts in letters that kept the star busy answering

DO YOU know the names of the two young stars who, after the release of their first big hit, received thousands of letters from young married couples asking advice on bringing up babies? What dark-haired star receives more letters from Sweden than Garbo? Who is this screen siren to whom most inmates of our penal institutions tell their troubles? What featured player often finds plugs of chewing tobacco among his fan gifts, and why? What star attributes his recovery from a recent serious illness to the letters of encouragement received from children?

The habit of writing to the movie stars is like a certain highly publicized dental affliction—four out of five seem to have it. It is impossible to obtain exact figures but the fan letters which pour into Hollywood by every boat, train and plane number into the millions each year. The fan-mail department of the M-G-M studio handles a half-million such letters each twelve months. Other studios which maintain fan-mail departments, First National, Universal and Paramount, likewise handle huge numbers. Fox studios, however, do not handle fan mail for their stars and each player is required to make some personal arrangement for its care.

Where does this tremendous volume of fan mail come from? Better ask where it does *not* come from! So widespread is the appeal of the screen that the peoples of all races, creeds and walks of life do their share in swelling the contents of the Hollywood mail bag.

These letters range from the "pash" notes of love-smitten swains, who worship the fair ones of the screen from a distance, to long, critical missives from erudite college professors. There are letters from lonely farm-women seeking some contact with the brilliant world which is denied them. Begging letters arrive in profusion but the majority seem motivated only by the desire to address kind letters to their favorite players.

EVERY phase of human emotion and experience is reflected in these letters. A young Hungarian farmer writes to Robert Montgomery saying that only four thousand dollars will enable him to marry the girl of his choice and settle down as a landed owner. Four thousand dollars, he naïvely points out, will scarcely be missed by Bob, while to him it will mean a lifetime of happiness. A mother in Cedar Rapids asks Norma Shearer how to cure thumb-sucking in her two-year-old son and a girl in a confectionery store seeks advice from Connie Bennett as to how to hold her beloved whose interest has strayed to the cashier of a soda fountain up the street. A farm girl, who wishes to become a social success, tells Rose Hobart that two of her evening gowns will do, if she doesn't care to send more.

Don't think the stars don't like their fan mail. They love it. Letters from admirers are the barometer of their popularity. Just for a moment let us step into the fan-mail department at M-G-M, where Miss Edith Farrel, who has been in charge for eight years, will outline how this problem is handled.

"As soon as the mail comes in," explains Miss Farrel, "we sort it into three classifications. First, we eliminate those letters which are utterly moronic, those which are evidently from cranks and those containing get-rich-quick schemes or

Your Fan Mail?

Joan Crawford seems to have some food for thought! She devotes much of her spare time to reading the many thousands of letters that come to her every week from admirers. She refuses to allow her studio to handle the mail addressed to her, preferring to do it personally

When You Write the Stars:

Don't ask for money.
Don't ask for gowns worn in pictures.
Don't invite participation in a get-rich-quick scheme.
Don't villify; be constructive.
Don't ask for a star's false teeth.

CONGRATULATIONS ROBERT! We the undersigned residents of Waukegan and North Chicago extend you our sincere best wishes upon your elevation to stardom. We are looking forward to seeing you in your first starring picture "SHIPMATES" when it comes to the Publix Genesee Theatre Thu-Fri-Sat May 28-29-30
SIGNED

Congratulations in this form were received by Robert Montgomery from citizens of Waukegan and North Chicago when he was elevated to stardom. The scroll contains several thousand names of well-wishers and is among Bob's most prized and cherished possessions

other objectional matter. These we destroy. Next, we select those which request some routine information which can be answered without sending them to the star. Last, are those which we feel merit the personal attention of the star.

"Letters in foreign languages unfamiliar to the player, are handed to translaters and a transcript is made and attached to the original. Those which go to the players for personal attention are immediately taken to their dressing-rooms. Joan Crawford is the only star on our lot whose mail does not pass through our department. She prefers to see it all and sort it according to her own ideas."

Fan mail is not as heavy at present as it was several years ago but what it has lost in quantity, it has made up in quality. There are more intelligent and constructive letters received than formerly. Foreign mail is far heavier than in the silent days. The Spanish-speaking countries lead, with Japan a close second.

CERTAIN stars, it seems, attract letters from certain types and classes of people. When Alice White was in her heyday, she was the pride of the battle fleet and the bulk of her fan mail came from Uncle Sam's jack tars. Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson, Tom Keene and other hair-pants heroes, receive most of their mail from youngsters. During Tom Mix's critical illness some months ago, he received more than twenty thousand letters and wires from youthful admirers, all encouraging him to get well. To these letters, Tom largely attributes the fact that he won his battle with illness.

Since *Cimarron,* Irene Dunne has received hundreds of letters from pioneer women who saw in her Sabra Cravat, the pioneer spirit of their own youth. Sidney Fox, petite Universal star, seems to draw offers of matrimony as honey draws bees. Scarcely a day that she does not receive one or more proposals, ranging from a Polish Count to a lonely Alberta homesteader.

After the hit of *Bad Girl,* Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers received thousands of letters from young couples, parents and prospective parents, asking advice on rearing babies. Since *Redskin* was made in the old silent days, Richard Dix has been a favorite of the Indian.

Dolores Del Rio, daughter of Old Mexico, receives more mail from Sweden and other Scandinavian countries than does even Greta Garbo, while Garbo seems to be the favorite of men in prison. Constance Bennett's fans seem mostly interested in clothes while Joan Crawford's advice is sought by many girls who would prefer to succeed via the "easiest way."

No sooner had Ann Harding learned to fly than aviators all over the world sat at their desks. Joel McCrea and Clark Gable probably lead in mash notes from lonely maidens. Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor receive more mail than in the silent days.

COLLEGE students, mostly feminine, go in big for "Fan Clubs." The members of one "Joan Crawford Club," organized while they were in high school, still cling together and ask Joan's advice, even though they are now college seniors. Joan also has what is

[*Continued on page 64*]

Eye-Opening the

Introducing the daring new
dom of movement as well as to

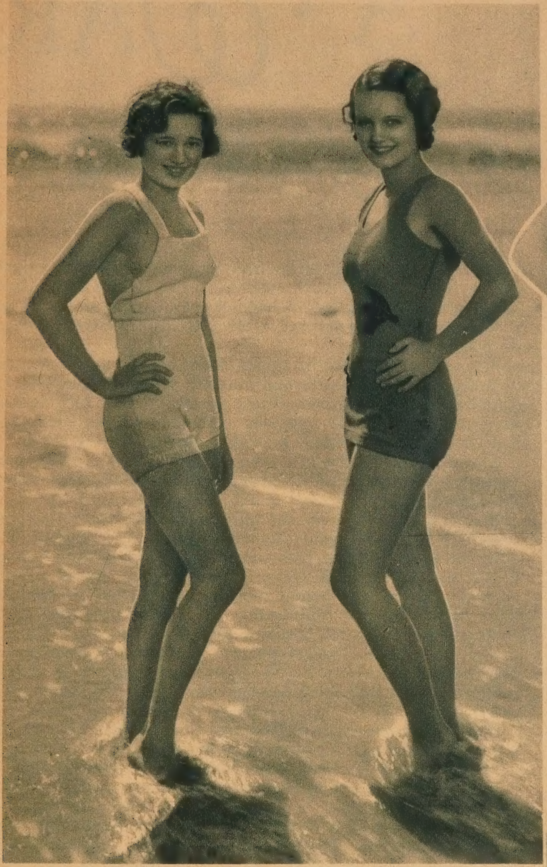
—Otto Dyar

There's no excess yarn in the suit the gorgeous Carole Lombard dons when she takes off to sea. It is a symphony in white and bright blue and has the waist-line marked by rows and rows of purling

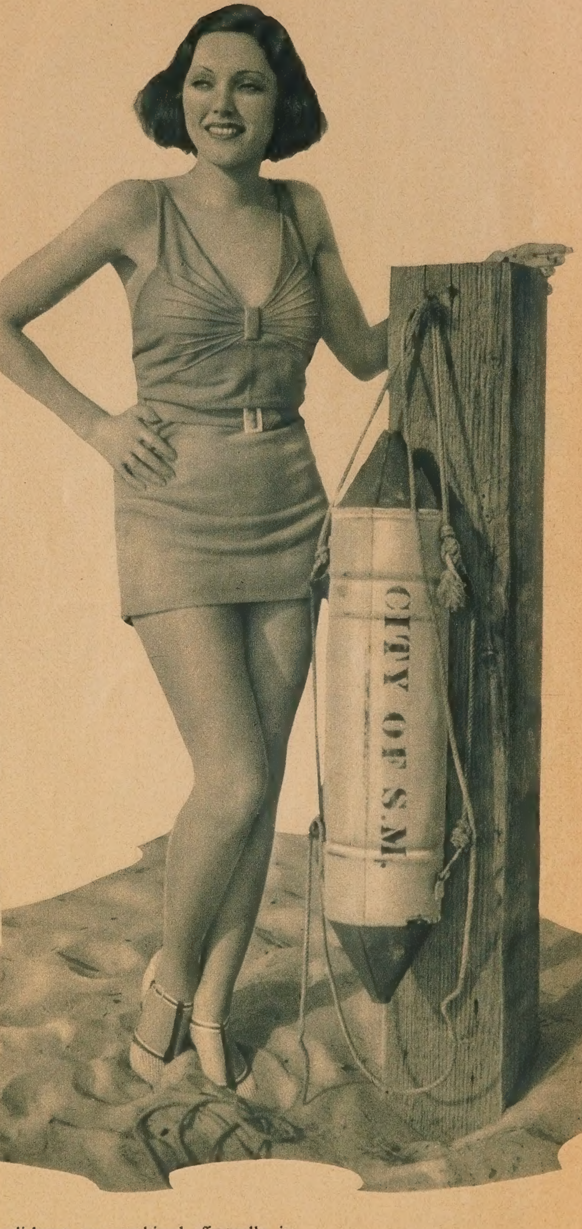
Sari Marítza goes in for the new brassiere-and-trunk type of swim suit which is gaining in popularity among film folk. They are just the thing for strenuous exercise on the beach and, of course, to allow the sun to get in his most beneficial work

New Swim Season

beach styles planned for free-
permit a maximum of sun tan



Arline Judge and Rochelle Hudson pause on their way for a refreshing plunge in the surf to display their choice in bathing styles. Arline's suit is of the backless variety while Rochelle prefers the boyish type



Practicability and modishness are combined effectually in Adrienne Ames' attractive bathing togs. It is a one-piece suit with fitted brassiere top and is cut low in the back. The new suits are sunfast and offer a wide variety of color shades

THE GIRL WHO STARTED A WAR

Film history made by Gloria Stuart's spectacular advent

By Grace Mack

Beautiful Gloria Stuart made her bow before a motion picture camera in a way that none other ever had. The studios came to her, instead of her going to the studios. Then two companies locked horns in an exciting battle for her services

THE girl who inflamed a war between two major studios to the extent that Moviedom's czar had to rule which studio was entitled to her services, is the girl who reversed the time-honored custom of crashing the mystical gates of cinema fame.

After reading dozens of stories about beautiful and talented damsels who spent months and years knocking on studio doors, listening in vain for those magic words: "Come in!" it may be a relief to read of one who reversed the procedure and had the picture producers knocking on *her* door.

Gloria Stuart is the girl who has that unique distinction. In fact, she's a true-to-life example of the *mountain coming to Mahomet!*

She had grown up in the shadow of the studios without ever making the slightest attempt to crash their gates. Her only acting experience had been in high school and college theatricals and with a Little Theatre group, as an unpaid amateur. Then, one bright morning, she awoke to discover that the world (as represented by picture producers with contracts in hand) had beaten a path to her door.

Was young Miss Stuart thrown into a dither by this unprecedented occurrence? She was not! She had always rather expected that *some day* something like this would happen.

She has an unusual philosophy, this twenty-two-year-old girl. Or perhaps it is a sort of fatalism.

"I had always felt," she says with calm confidence "that if I were good enough somebody would seek me out."

CONSEQUENTLY, it surprised her not at all when the representatives of two major studios, Universal and Paramount, after seeing her work at the Pasadena Community Theatre, started battling for her services. Will Hays was called in as referee. Gloria stood by while the controversy raged. Universal won the decision and she put her name on the dotted line.

Oddly enough, she never had any interest in pictures. As a matter of fact, she was slightly snooty about them then. She had her baptism of camera-fire playing the ingénue lead with Kay Francis in *Street of Women.* It turned out to be a real thrill and now her enthusiasm for pictures has jumped to fever heat.

In order that you may be up to date on this new Cinderella: She's a native Californian and has never been out of the state. Went to high school in Santa Monica and to the University of Berkeley. There she found romance on the campus in the person of Blair Gordon Newell. He was looking for an apartment with frigidaire. Gloria had one to sublet. He came to look at it, looked at Gloria instead, and forgot all about the frigidaire.

And what man wouldn't. She's a [*Continued on page* 69]

Her Own Critic

Sidney Fox analyzes her own career

By Austin Frane

SIDNEY FOX, Universal's petite, half-pint of loveliness doesn't like Hollywood. She is disappointed in her screen career and believes that she has been a failure! And all because she is unable to realize her own dreams of perfection.

"I hate myself so on the screen," she wailed as she curled up like some forlorn kitten among the cushions of the divan, and drew her mouth into a rosebud pout. "Every time I see one of my pictures I want to run away and hide and never come back. I envy people like Joan Crawford, who can make herself whatever she wishes on the screen. I don't dare look at the daily rushes for fear I won't be able to finish the picture!"

Sidney Fox is a girl who demands perfection in herself. Into her brief twenty-one years she has packed the experience, the accomplishment and the triumphs of a life-time. She has been in Hollywood but little more than a year and a half, yet her work on the screen has won for her a high place in the minds of producers and public. Still she wails of failure!

"They tell me that I was good in *Strictly Dishonorable,*" she told me, "but I was mortified. I loved the play and I loved my part—but the girl you saw on the screen was not the girl I wanted to put there. I knew just what she should be and I tried to put her there but when I saw how far short she had fallen of my vision, I was heart-broken. It was like having dreamed of painting a beautiful picture and then waking to find it was only a daub of paint!"

The man who said that nice things often come in small parcels must have been thinking of Sidney Fox. Seldom does Nature's alchemy succeed in concentrating so much charm, grace and pure feminine loveliness into a mere one hundred pounds of girl.

Reared in the environment of Park Avenue, failure of the family fortunes forced her to earn her own way while yet barely a child. At fourteen she decided to be a lawyer and started her career over musty tomes of Blackstone in the office of a well-known New York lawyer. At sixteen she decided that the career of a newspaper woman offered more of life, and as the conductor of a heart-throb department she poured out advice to the love-lorn.

Still her eager mind was not satisfied and she sought the stage as an outlet for her abounding energy and inquisitive mentality. Carl Laemmle Jr. saw her in a Broadway show and offered her a contract. Now that stardom is almost within her grasp, the old-restlessness has once more gripped her.

"Why do I think I'm a failure in pictures?" she repeated, looking at me from beneath those rather heavy brows and smiling. "Because I'm an intensely practical person. I am drawing a salary that means I must pull at the boxoffice. I am not deceiving myself into believing that I have justified the investment as yet. With the

[*Continued on page 62*]

To meet Sidney Fox is to think of her as a girl who should be protected by a mother and a father and a brother or so. Actually, she is a most efficient young woman, who has fought her way through life since a child of fourteen. There is no sham about her, even to doing her own marketing

Keep this UNDER

GOBS OF GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

Director: "Hey! I said in your *right* arm!"

AFTER a lotta years in Hollywood, your Aunt Beverly believes that smoke marks fire where filmland rumors are concerned. The greater the smoke the hotter the rumor. And that's why we're laying odds that there'll be a split-up in the Clark Gable ménage before the summer roses fade.

It's not one of those "good-will-flights" either, but a serious matter in which the older woman loses out to a more youthful charmer. The new idol wouldn't be human if his new success and new environment hadn't called for a domestic readjustment.

To state both sides, though, Mrs. Gable has denied, frequently and vehemently, that there is anything wrong. She declares the girl-in-the-case to be "my best friend," and says visits to the lawyer were on "family business." All this may be true, but suspicions linger.

He's An "Actress"

WHEN the University of Pittsburgh stages its collegiate play, the "leading lady" will be none other than Regis Toomey. The Pittsburgh U. is Toomey's alma mater. That's why he consented to be "guest actress."

Connie Takes Orders

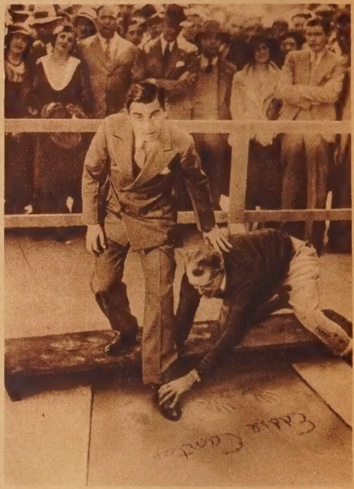
CAN you imagine a lowly extra ordering Connie Bennett around? Well, it happened the other day at Radio-Pathé Connie's playing a waitress in *The Hollywood Merry-go-round.* And did the extras get a kick out of saying: "Step on it, sister! How about a little service? Think we want to wait all day!"

Yes, Gardening

JOHN BOLES asked Boris Korloff if he was doing any gardening.

"Well, yes and no," replied Korloff.

"What do you mean, yes and no?"



Eddie Cantor certainly puts his foot in it this time! He's the latest star to leave his name, foot and hand prints recorded in the cement forecourt of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood

"Well, I sit on the sidelines and root for my wife while she does the gardening. I suppose you might call me a vicarious gardener."

Pals

A CONTEMPORARY advises you not to pay any attention to the rumor that there is rivalry between Clark Gable and George Brent. They're pals, says the erring sister, and were on the New York stage together before they thought of movies. Yes, they were pals . . . before they thought of movies. But they haven't been since Clark ritzed George when Clark had clicked—and George hadn't. If possible, George will take that Gable crown and pull it down over his ears.

The Young Master

MAYBE now that Mervyn LeRoy is the *young* master, as D. W. Griffith is the *old* master, maestro LeRoy won't like this old one dug up, but the midgets that have been cluttering up the studios bring it to mind.

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

--*Hester*

Four of Hollywood's ace comedians, Oliver Hardy, Stan Laurel, Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton, find life pretty serious business. The eyebrow-knitting is caused by the necessity of thinking up new gags for their next pictures

Mervyn, master or not, is diminuitive in stature. And he smokes long, black cigars that make Herr Lubitsch's stogies look like cubebs. Once he took his troupe on location, and loitered about the hotel lobby clad in knickers and puffing his smoke. And an old lady complained to the clerk that if he didn't notify the parents of that little boy that he was smoking, she'd move from the hotel!

Hollywood Can Take It

TIMES haven't been so hot out in this neck of the woods. Conditions have affected the movies and the stars, too. But instead of "doing a Dutch" or bemoaning their fates, what do the little movie stars? Why, they up and give a hard times party.

Dresses were gay but not gaudy, neat but not noisy. Calicoes had the Chanel touch, to be sure, and Eric von Stroheim proved he bought his clothes at a two-pairs-of-pants place by wearing both pairs.

But, no foolin', ostentation isn't fashionable any more in the best cinematic social circles. And now, more than ever, the generosity of the industry and its members are evidenced in manifold charities. They're cheerful in their giving, too.

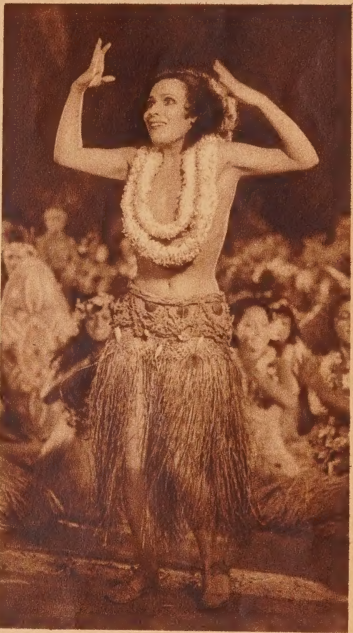
Glimpse Of Gotham

NO NEED of going to New York this season. Just visit the movies and you'll see *Back Street*, *Central Park*, *Madison Square Garden*, and lots of other sights—not to mention sounds—indigenous to the metropolis. Cameras are clicking every day, making background and atmospheric shots for Hollywood pictures.

In *Love is a Racket* there is a faithful reproduction of Sardi's restaurant, where the New York stage folk and the Hollywood visitors meet. And Sardi's red-headed check girl, Renée Carroll, is heroine of the story. She'll be portrayed by Marjorie Peterson, another Broadway carrot-top gone Hollywoodways.

A Dix-ie Lullaby

IT WON'T be long now before you'll hear that there's going to be a family in the household of Richard Dix and his bride, Winifred Coe. If ever a couple were cuh-razy for kids, it's Rich and Winifred. Present plans are that they won't stop with one, either. Or two, or three, for that matter. Mrs. Dix is distinctly a home girl; she believes that children are several of the reasons for matrimony. She's a swell girl—and a wonderful wife. Rich is being a good husband—and loving it.



Even the Hawaiians learned a thing or two about their own dance from Dolores Del Rio. In *Bird of Paradise* she out-hulas the natives themselves

Jewel Of A Name

TIFFANY, the jewelers, won't let the movie people call their company Tiffany. Right out in court the New York outfit showed their name had done $350,000,000 worth of business in forty years—before there were any movies. The judge was so impressed with the figures that he granted an injunction.

That's Hollywood

A FEW of the Paramount boys were whooping it up the other day and discovered that Hollywood is a paradox.

They found out that the Cinema *city* is really a *suburb*; a *trailer* is shown *before* a picture; stars can be *noisy* when *still* pictures are taken; but *sound* films require *silence*!

The bright lads went still further and ascertained that *long* shots are on the screen for *short* periods; electricians use *whistle* boxes to *silence* lights; the *slower* a camera turns, the *faster* the action; a moving picture doesn't move; a sound-mixer doesn't mix; most stars are featured players, and *press* agents *suppress* stories!

Farewell—And Hail!

IT'S kind o' creepy to see Leo Nomis on the screen, and read his name in movie casts months after the dare-devil stunster spun to death when his 'plane dove 1,000 feet to earth while *Sky Bride* cameras clicked.

Nomis was a member of the daring Hollywood Circus of which Dick Grace, Frank Clark, Roy Wilson and a few more are members. They all know it's coming sooner or later. They're all living on "borrowed time." Leo's time ran out—that's all. A great guy, a gallant gentleman, a fearless flier.

How To Title Talkies

NAMES are funny things any way you take 'em. A look over 12,000 titles of movies made in the past fifteen years gives a somewhat new slant on motion pictures generally.

For instance, you might think the word "Girl" or "Lady" would rate high, but "Man" is ahead with a hundred usages. There are more "girls" than "ladies" by one hundred to fifty. Next to "man" comes "love!" Love appeared in the title of one hundred and forty films.

"Woman" is way back of "Man" with only eighty odd mentions, but "Her" comes out with a hundred titles to its credit. "Heart" doesn't do badly, and "One" is the favorite number. "Fighting" does well, too.

Of the colors, white is most popular, although red and black have had their partisans. "Sin" is way down with only thirty titles to its credit. So now you can make up the ideal movie title. It will be something like *White Man Loves One Girl*, or—oh, make up your own. Aunt Beverly's all-time title is *His Woman*, with, of course, its variant, *Her Man*.

Citizen Sennett

AFTER all these years Mack Sennett, né Michael Sinnott of Canada, has become an honest-to-goodness American citizen. Mack is a welcome addition—he's done a lot for the country. He's given us Charlie Chaplin, custard pies, Keystone Kops, and he introduced the ocean to the bathing girls. For all of which we're truly thankful.

Tiny Tots

IF YOU can believe what you hear, Paul Whiteman and Margaret Livingston are planning to play Papa and Mama to a little stranger before Winter comes. And the same is said of Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller.

Make Up Your Mind

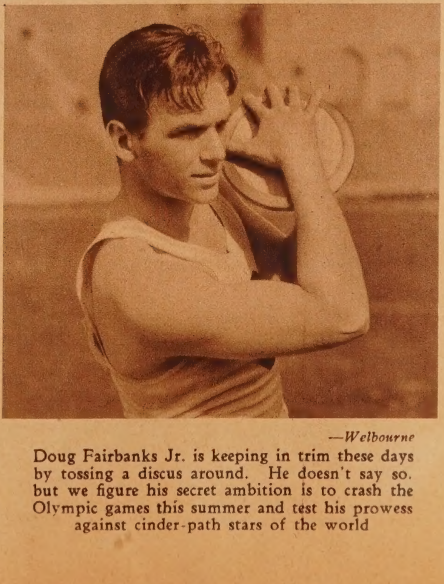
WHILE Norma Talmadge wearily asserts that she has a mind to call off that divorce from Joe Schenck, the busy-bodies have her all freed and re-wed (1) to George Jessel, (2) to Gilbert Roland, (3) to an Unknown. Maybe Norma's fooling us. Maybe all the details are settled and she is re-wed right now. You never can tell about movie stars.

Welcome Back

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, the beloved "Fatty" of earlier and happier film days, has begun his come-back campaign most auspiciously. He'll get $1,500 a week for St. Louis appearances and will make the grand vaude tour after showing 'em in the Missouri city.

—*Fink*

An action photo of Billie Dove, taken as she strolled down Hollywood Boulevard on a shopping tour for some thingamugigs



—*Welbourne*

Doug Fairbanks Jr. is keeping in trim these days by tossing a discus around. He doesn't say so. but we figure his secret ambition is to crash the Olympic games this summer and test his prowess against cinder-path stars of the world

—*English*

Charles Ruggles' idea of a bang-up party is to have his friends over for a few games on his new tennis court. Charlie, even with a béret, is one of Movieland's best racketeers

each month and know all the latest Hollywood gossip

What's In A Name

ONCE upon a time there was a girl whose name was Jeanne Wollinsky. She went on the stage and then she was Jeanne Wollin, the only sky being that overhead. Later she went into the moving pictures. And now she's Jean Sorel.

Author! Author!

YOUNG DOUG FAIRBANKS is considered one of the most promising of the Hollywood juveniles, but it's likely that Doug takes more pride in his writing than his acting. Right now he's working on the adaptation of a story in which he will star on the screen. It is called *Revolt,* and Doug'll have no kick coming if the story isn't good. Unless, of course, he kicks himself, which isn't probable.

Mary, Mary

POOR Mary Pickford! In all the fifteen years she's been in Hollywood she's never seen a Hollywood party. That's what she told the prisoners in the jailhouse she recently illumined with her blonde cheerfulness.

Also, Mary declared that although she had never seen Clara Bow, she might make a movie with the Brooklyn Bonfire. We also learn from Mary that step-daughter-in-law Joan Crawford, leaves parties at nine P. M.

More impressive, perhaps, was Mary's memory of the days when she walked New York streets and looked at the price side of the menu before she selected her fifteen-cent meal.

Chris Columbus Goldwyn

WHEN better stars are discovered, Sam Goldwyn will discover 'em! He's brought a deal of talent to the screen during his career, but never has he found a star with such potential brilliance as is possessed by Anna Sten, who comes from Germany to make Hollywood pictures.

Taking his cue from the raves of the critics who saw Anna in the Jannings picture, *Tempest,* Sam signed her on the dotted line. She's a little like Dietrich. But she doesn't have to be a "second" anyone.

George Cuts In

AT LEAST George Bancroft has confidence in himself and his pictures. He's always been battling for a percentage of the profits made by his pictures. Now he's won. Beginning with *The World and the Flesh,* in which he plays with Miriam Hopkins, Bancroft gets a guarantee and a split. So when you see the film, you'll know part of that admission goes to Hollywood's He-Man.

Gold In Them Hills

NO FOOLIN', there *is* gold in the hills surrounding Hollywood. In fact, there's real yellow pay-dirt right under the paving of the Hollywood streets. But the law doesn't allow you to dig it up.

However, Buddy Rogers' dad has staked out a claim in the Golden West and is panning out a day's pay from the good earth. It's doubtful, however, if Pa Rogers' day's pay is as large as that which Buddy knocks out in the Ziegfeld show and with his band.

Sweet Marie

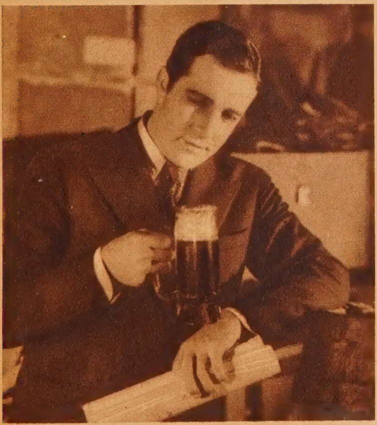
AUNT BEVERLY is worried about Marie Dressler. Years of arduous trouping have taken their toll. It's okay for the youngsters to put in those long hours at that studio grind, but not so good when the salad days have passed.

As it is, our "Sweet Marie" is so tuckered out by the end of the day that she lives a life of practical retirement. Of course, she doesn't have to do it. But mere money doesn't take the place of applause in the heart of an actress. And Marie would never be happy sitting home in Hollywood.

Perseverance's Reward

OUT in these hyah hills there are a score of men, good and true, who have labored for from fifteen to fifty

[*Continued on page* 70]



—*Jones*

John Boles is more than a little suspicious of the contents of this mug. What looks like "beer" is very apt to be cold tea, with a little vinegar and sugar added to make it foam

—*Fink*

On his night off, a movie actor is very likely to visit a theatre. Since you'd never guess, the gentleman under the high-top hat is Fredric March, paying his way in to see that old trouper, Richard Bennett, perform in *Cyrana de Bergerac*

—*Fink*

In a great big hurry is Sally Blane—Loretta Young's sister—bound for luncheon at the Brown Derby

Little Caesar Is On the Spot!

There have been many rôles enacted by Edward G. Robinson since his famous *Little Caesar* but the public has a long memory, which seemingly thinks of him primarily as the lord of the underworld

Eddie Robinson plans to take the famous screen gangster for a ride

By Carlisle Jones

EDWARD G. ROBINSON can't seem to "get away from it all." He is threatening to retire, temporarily, behind a beard.

Robinson occasionally played bearded rôles on the stage, but he has never camouflaged his own face in pictures. In *The Hatchet Man* he did things to his hair and the shape of his head, but he left his face alone.

The *Little Caesar* legend, he thought, would be forgotten after that picture. The Chinese makeup, the soft robes, the peculiar philosophy of the avenging oriental, he believed, would erase from the public's mind the memory of the gangster leader who "could dish it out" but who "couldn't take it."

However, the public has a long memory and Robinson's theory was short-lived. One day recently it was abandoned completely during the making of *Two Seconds* on the Warner Brothers lot, when clippings of the advertisements from certain outlying New York theatres showed that *The Hatchet Man* was being billed there as *Little Caesar in Chinatown.*

From that moment Eddie Robinson has been looking for a bearded rôle.

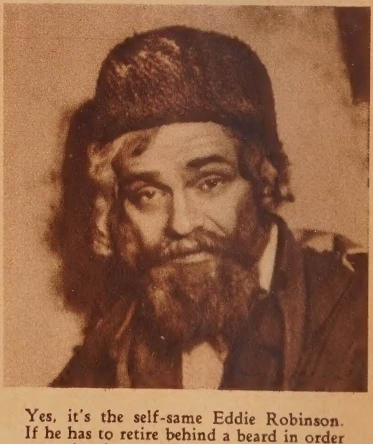
Behind whiskers Robinson figures he may lose Caesar definitely and for all time. Like Alexander, he wants new worlds to conquer, and he wants to start the campaign free of the ominous influence of the gangster he made so famous.

If it takes a mustache and beard to accomplish the permanent demise of the fellow Caesar, Robinson is ready to play such a part—and might, if necessary, even grow the whiskers.

"It might not be a bad idea to play a part where I changed the appearance of my face, at that," Robinson confided. "I've never depended much on makeup, because it has always seemed more important to me

[*Continued on page 72*]

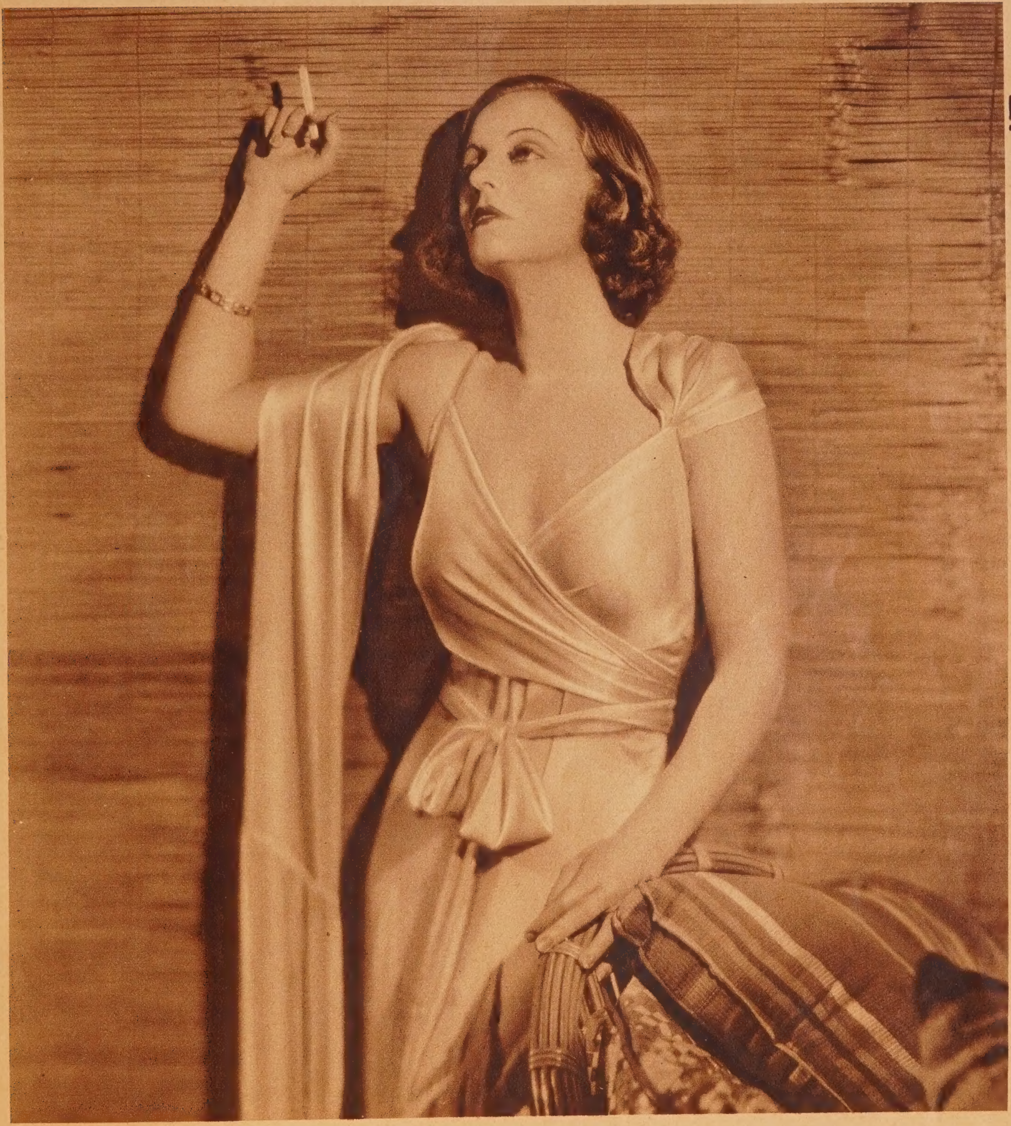
Recently Eddie toured Europe where he saw Mussolini and was given an audience by the Pope. That was training for another Hollywood stay, he chuckles



Yes, it's the self-same Eddie Robinson. If he has to retire behind a beard in order to make the public forget *Little Caesar*, he declares that he is ready to do it

Prize Portraits

Masterpieces of Hollywood's camera art



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

—*Eugene Robert Richee*

The pungent rhetorical wit of Tallulah Bankhead, which has made even blasé Hollywood gasp at times, is her natural heritage. Her grandfather employed his rhetoric in the senate halls while her father's voice rose in congress. Alabama claims her but England, where she scored her first successes, knows her as the greatest American actress. Her newest for Paramount is "Thunder Below," a tense, gripping story in which she decides between love and duty

There is no more versatile celebrity in the film colony than the junior Fairbanks, as witness his proficiency as a painter, sculptor, poet, scenario-writer and art designer, to say nothing of acting, a talent by which he comes naturally. Take it from Joan Crawford, he also is a mighty fine husband. "Central Park," one of Warner's big specials, affords him another rare opportunity to scintillate, marking another step in perpetuating the Fairbanks name in the hall of fame

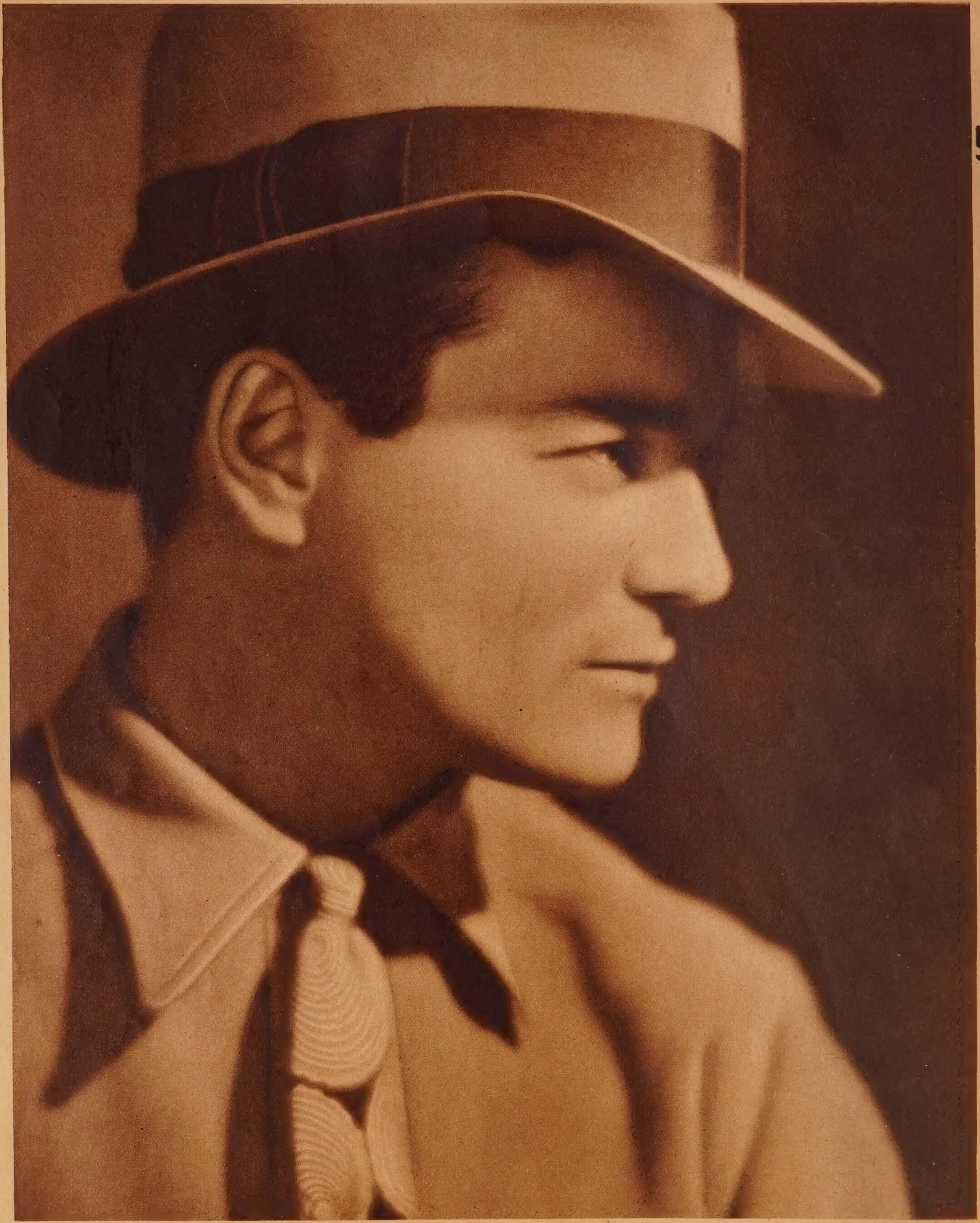
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

—Elmer Fryer

JOAN MARSH

—Hurrell

Even though she only celebrated her eighteenth birthday this month, the talented Joan Marsh has already climbed quite a few rungs of the ladder which leads to screen success. Her first appearance was at the tender age of three, when she played in a Mary Pickford picture. Fox borrowed her from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to enact the leading rôle in "Precious." When one studio borrows a player from another, you know, the heights are in sight



Lew Ayres is an Indian now! The Navajo tribe welcomed him to its campfire and made him an honorary member, ceremoniously giving him the tribal name of Laughing Boy. It's all to give him a sympathetic understanding of Indian lore for his current picture, "Laughing Boy," in which he portrays a young brave. In order to give a true characterization Lew spent several weeks with Arizona Indians, before he began work on the picture

LEW AYRES

—Freulich

MAE CLARKE

--*Ray Jones*

Going up as fast as any girl on the screen, Mae Clarke, Universal's up-and-coming emotional actress, has come to the fore as one of the younger set who seems headed for stardom in the near future. Her latest rôle is opposite Lew Ayres in "Night World", as in "The Impatient Maiden", a picture which further augmented her prestige. She frequently has been called the most unaffected actress whose name adorns the roster of a Hollywood studio

GARY'S AFRICAN ADVENTURES

Gary's crowning glory was the bagging of four lions, the legal limit

Gary Cooper, home from stalking big game in far-away Africa, cleans his pet gun before stowing it away to resume the career that was temporarily abandoned due to illness brought on by over-work

The closest call for Gary was the fierce charge of a bull rhinocerous

The thrilling account of Gary Cooper's jungle experiences

By Eric Ergenbright

BRONZED and enthusiastic, the African big game hunter, Gary Cooper, is back in Hollywood. With him he has brought more than sixty magnificent trophies to attest his prowess as a stalker of wild beasts.

When he left the United States, nearly six months ago, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown as the result of overwork and mental strain. He returns a new man. His health is completely regained and he again shows the dynamic energy which carried him in record time to the cinema heights. In one thing he is unchanged—he is still Hollywood's most reticent male star. However, he became enthusiastic the other day when recounting some of his experiences in the heart of Africa. It is certain that he met with many thrilling adventures.

The hunting party, which included Countess Dentice di Frasso, formerly Dorothy Taylor of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Preston, traveled three thousand miles up the Nile from Cairo, crossed the equator at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet, and established a permanent camp in Nairobi, the richest hunting ground remaining on the Dark Continent.

"It is a hunter's paradise," Gary declares enthusiastically. "The nights are bitterly cold in spite of the fact that it is on the equator. We slept under several blankets during our entire stay. Game of all kinds range over the veldt in such abundance that it is bewildering. It is open country, permitting long-range shooting. Yet the occasional stretches of tall veldt grass offer plenty of danger when the hunt is for lion.

"I bagged four lions, the full limit allowed one person. After each kill I found myself so trembling with excitement that I could hardly stand. A lion's charge is a thrill that can never be forgotten. Usually a wounded cat takes refuge in the long grass. It is almost impossible to detect it there, for its dusty coat blends perfectly with the dun-colored vegetation.

"When it finds itself cornered, it will charge in almost every case, and believe me, it moves with the speed of lightning. The hunter sees a flash of its tail and a scurry of dust and knows that he is either going to bag the lion or be bagged himself within the next few seconds. Experienced hunters tell me that several sportsman are killed every year by wounded lions, principally because the average novice is tempted to fire too soon."

Gary's one narrow escape from death was during a rhinocerous hunt. With several

[*Continued on page 66*]

SYLVIA SIDNEY LOOKS AT MEN

A popular star shrewdly catalogues current screen lovers

Dick Barthelmess—
the Husband Type

Chester Morris—
the Dominant Type

Paul Lukas—
the Tender Type

Ronald Colman—
the Romantic Type

By Gladys Hall

THERE are four kinds of lovers, according to Sylvia Sidney. Although she denies ever having been seriously in love, the petite Paramount star admits that she has been sufficiently intrigued by Cupid's antics to make a profound study of the men she has encountered in her work. Her conclusions are definite. She says:

"It is easier to catalogue men than it is to catalogue women. Because *men never change*—not unless they have some great catastrophe in their lives or some mighty triumph. War might change a man, or Famine, or Death—not the small, day-to-day things. Not even Time.

"Women change all the while, from year to year, from month to month, sometimes from day to day and from hour to hour. The woman of thirty-five is no relation to the girl she was at sixteen. The man of thirty-five *is* the boy he was at sixteen.

"You can take a man and paint a portrait of him *with one* word. He is the 'Romantic Type.' Or the 'Dominant.' Or the 'Tender.' Or the 'Husband.' One of these words is the keynote to each individual man. You cannot describe a woman so easily. A woman is too changeable. She is tender one hour and savage the next. She is the courtesan today and the submissive wife tomorrow. She is dominant and compelling in December and yielding and dependent in May. She is a mixture. A potpourri.

"And so, there are four types of lovers. There is the Romantic Lover. The man who instantly makes a girl think of roses and moonlight and summer seas. The man who calls to mind, at a first meeting, honeymoons and wedding bells and lavender and old lace; soft music and mocking birds and dark, secluded spots—and kisses—

"Oddly enough, when you ask me to give an example of the Romantic Type, Lewis Stone comes to my mind. I say 'oddly' only because he is not, after all, in [*Continued on page* 68]

"There are four distinct types of lovers," declares Sylvia Sidney. She admits that she has always preferred the company of men many years older than herself although she has never been seriously in love

CATCHING THEM OFF

Robert Montgomery and Joan Crawford, the best of pals, stop to exchange bits of the latest Hollywood gossip when they meet on the Metro lot. Joan is wearing her rose-colored glasses as usual

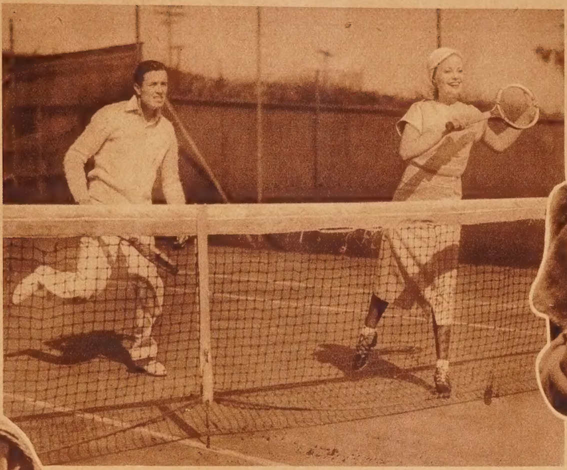
Sally Eilers steals away from the set for a few moments to talk things over with "Senator," her brand new Scotty

Ever see this trick? Chester Morris plays "stooge" for Prince Tan, who made his movie début in *Sinners in the Sun* something to be remembered

Wynne Gibson, disguised in her old-fashioned costume for *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*, hurries back to work after a brief lunch hour

GUARD!

Seeing the stars as they really are—at work and at play



The camera sneaks up on Billy Bakewell and Joan Marsh during a fast match at the Palamar Tennis Club. Whenever time permits, that's where you'll see them

Lucile Browne, Hollywood's new "serial queen," parades down the boulevard by herself

Vincent Lawrence, dialogue writer, bends an attentive ear while Harold Lloyd explains a bit of "business" for his new picture, *Movie Crazy*

JAPAN GUNS M

Karen Morley digests the morning newspaper, looking neither to the right or left, while on her way to work

Wynne Wins

Wynne Gibson is Hollywood's madcap, yet she is on the verge of attaining stardom for her fine dramatic ability

By

Lynn C. Doyle

The red-haired Wynne Gibson can be held responsible for the flip-flop of many a swain's heart but her own remains serene

The ladder of cinematic success is being climbed by Wynne Gibson in no uncertain manner. Still, if she is to become a "type," she says she would rather quit films than to be "embalmed while still alive!"

"MADCAP" is the only word that properly defines Wynne Gibson. She was born with a twinkle in her eye and mischief as her middle name.

Even today, though outwardly and officially she has reached woman's estate, she has the alert, restless, what-shall-we-do-next air of a healthy and happy child.

She is a great practical joker and delights in shocking people. Trying to be serious with Wynne is fatal. That's the signal for her to start clowning.

"Cupid, Stay Away From My Door!" might easily be Wynne's theme song. As far as anyone knows—even her mother—the little sharpshooter has never winged her once. She has her fingers crossed against Romance.

"I haven't had any time to fall in love," Wynne answers breezily. "I'm having too much fun with life. And love is such a terribly serious business. It cramps your style.

"From what I've seen, it's too much like being sick. You feel terrible all over. You run a temperature. You act funny. You can't sleep. You forget how to laugh. Can you imagine little Wynne getting that way? Let's talk about something more cheerful."

THERE, in a few paragraphs, you have a pen-portrait of the little madcap who is being picked for stardom within the next year by some of Filmland's shrewdest appraisers of talent.

If you think the likelihood of being a star is keeping her awake nights, however, you don't know Wynne. She probably looks upon it as just one of Fate's gags.

A few days ago I dropped in to see her and sounded her out on the question. Her answer was a laugh and a question as to whether I took sugar in my tea.

"Now I'll ask *you* a riddle," she countered again, when I refused to be put off with either hospitality or repartee. "Name two players who will be stars a year from now!"

Undismayed by the twinkle in her gray-green eyes, I assured her that I was prepared to lay odds on Wynne Gibson to be one of them.

"You're a perfect gentleman," she retorted, "but your gallantry won't have the slightest thing to do with making me a star—if such is to be my fate.

"Stardom is one thing I never worry about," she went on, a trifle more seriously. "Now and then, in an idle moment, I amuse myself by trying to imagine how I would feel—and then I laugh at myself for wasting even a flight of fancy on the idea.

"It's one of those things over which you [*Continued on page* 63]

WHAT ABOUT THIS HEADLINE HUSBAND?

By Dick Mook

Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray has always held a fatal attraction for women but he is reputed to be strictly a one-woman man, regardless of what gossip says

The marquis, who, himself, says he has been designated most everything from a gigolo to a fortune-hunter, is pictured here with his present wife, the beautiful Constance Bennett

The truth about Constance Bennett's husband

PROBABLY no man in pictures has received more unwanted publicity during the past two years than the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, with the possible exception of John Gilbert.

In his own words, he has been pictured as everything from a fortune-hunting foreigner to a glorified gigolo.

Yet, the Marquis has always exercised a fatal attraction for women. His first serious heart attack occurred when he was twelve years old. He fell in love with a girl quite a few years his senior—and she with him. To quote Kipling, "he learned about women from her" and he has gone right on learning ever since.

Curiously, he is essentially a one-woman man. When he is in the throes of a love affair he, unlike most Hollywood beaux, has time nor eyes for any one but the object of his affections.

A year ago, when Constance was making *Born To Love* and *The Common Law*, there was a coolness between them for a short time. Henri went quietly on his way and maintained his small but well-ordered house in Beverly Hills.

A number of women thought this an opportunity to prove their attractiveness and, at the same time, show Constance that she wasn't such a charmer after all. They showed him marked evidences of their favor—but he simply wasn't interested. He was in love with Constance and, although temporarily estranged, he ignored other women until a reconciliation had been effected.

When the papers printed news of his wedding to Constance Bennett, they contented themselves with saying he was the former husband of Gloria Swanson. Few bothered to mention the fact that he is also a successful director and writer.

He has written several stories. *Their Paris Divorce* appeared in a national weekly publication. He has directed a number of French versions for RKO which are reputed to have been excellently done. Recently he signed a contract with M-G-M to synchronize the sound and dialogue on all French versions of their pictures.

YES, the Marquis is quite a personage in his own right, yet the principal thing the public knows of him is that he has been married to two of the most glamorous women who ever faced a camera. Constance once complained bitterly to me:

"I think it's so unfair," she said, "not only in the case of Henri, but in the case of any man who marries a prominent woman, for the public to refer to him as Mr. Whatever-his-wife's-name-is. In many, many cases the husband is just as successful as the wife but his business simply doesn't put him in the public eye as hers does."

Few have bothered to find out anything of the Marquis as a man. Now, for the first time, SCREEN BOOK gives you an accurate picture of him.

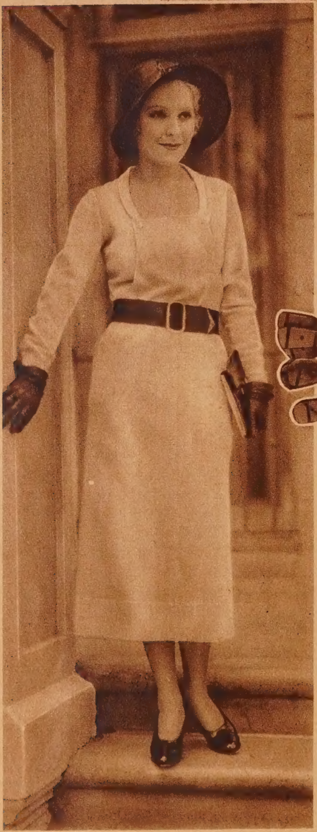
In this country, the name de la Falaise may not stand for a great deal but in France it's a different story. Not long ago, I wrote some friends of mine in

[*Continued on page* 61]

June's Summer

There's summer romance in the Delft blue horsehair braid hat June Clyde wears so well

June might be symbolizing her name in this delightful concoction of lace, tulle, cobwebby net, flesh satin, luxurious white fox —summer's ideal wrap



Every good wardrobe has an ever-ready knock-about dress proper for street wear. June prefers the waspy combination of yellow flat crêpe dress with black accessories

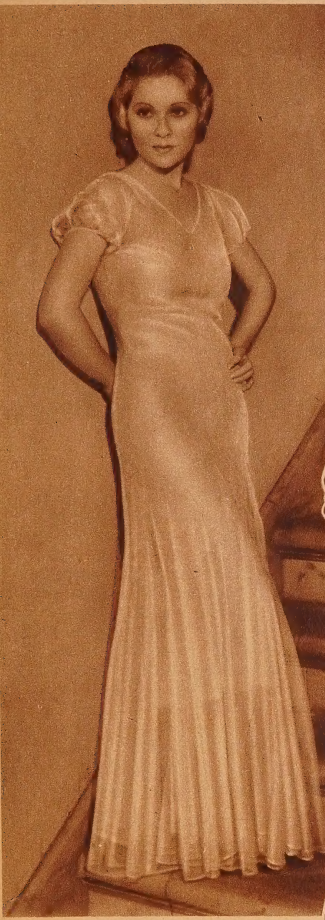
Scotch plaid is back on the golf links. In June's case it's the material for a divided skirt which doesn't interfere with any strokes. Of course a Highlander's tam tops off the dress

"IT'S a summer for good sports," says June Clyde. "Informality is the keynote of the mode. When Charles Carroll Jr. designed these frocks for me he thought of freedom of movement as much as fashion. Flat crêpe is again the headliner material."

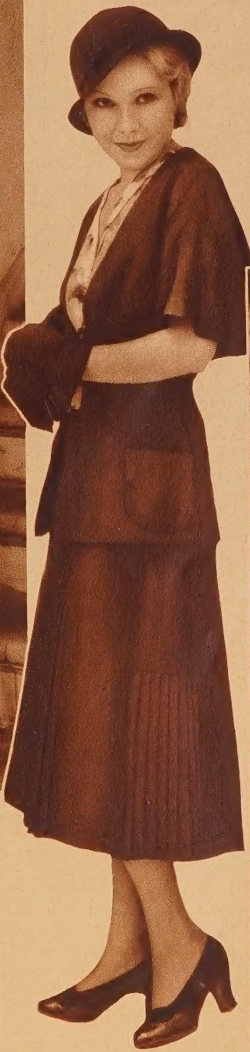
Fashion Finds

Take your tips from June Clyde in selecting that summer wardrobe

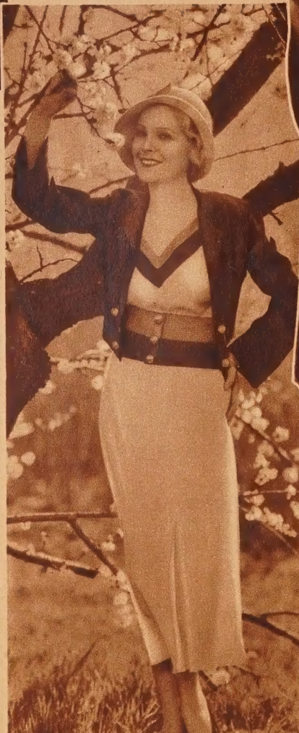
—*Photography by Ray Jones*



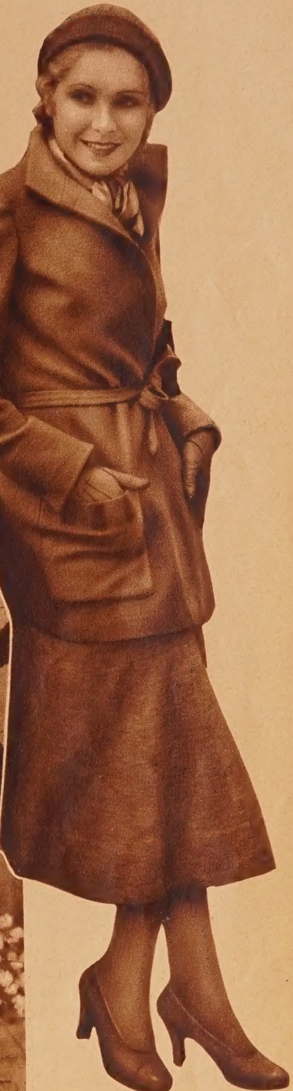
A perfect dinner dress for warm days is one made of creamy lace to the hips with inset net gores for fullness. Do you see the puffy sleeves?



June gives a smart tip for a work costume in this crêpe suit. When the jacket is removed, a sleeveless blouse completes the dress



Three cheers for the red, white and blue! And what a snappy sport dress combination it makes for June Clyde along with modish brass buttons. The softie hat is white



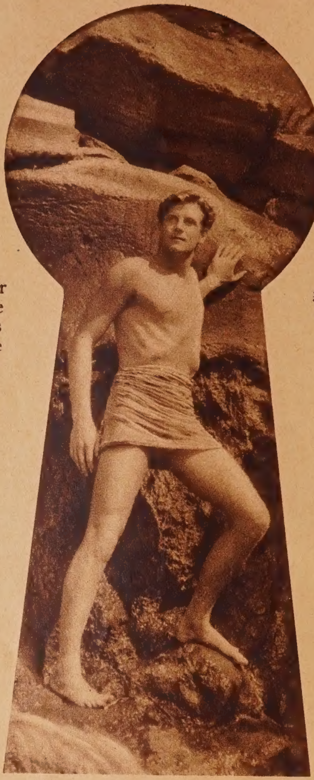
A woolly jacket in the newly popular three-quarter length style is the thing to snuggle into on cool vacation days. June Clyde chooses one in caramel brown and wears flashing orange accessories with it

JUNE CLYDE is one of Universal's most promising young players. She is a sparkling comédienne but crashed the movie gates because of her ability to sing and dance. Her current rôle is an important one in *Back Street*, a Universal special.

THRU the KEYHOLE

Shhh! It's From Hollywood

By
Jerry Lane



Some of the folks in Movietown are beginning to seriously ponder if Joel McCrea really meant it when he said: "No more women!" Anyhow, nothing delights him more than being alone, just so that he's away from the gay whirl

WHAT does Hollywood's most popular bachelor do on a night off? Three guesses. Wrong! Joel McCrea has had exactly one evening to himself in all the time he's been back from that location trip to Hawaii. His company's been rehearsing days and working nights. Now, wouldn't you think there were telephone numbers in his little black book that he was just aching to call? Joel has a wider choice of "dates" than any other man in town. Brunette "dates," blonde "dates" and the cutest little redheads. . . . But no. When the director tells him he can have time-out he doesn't sprint to the nearest 'phone booth. Not Joel. Instead, he gathers up the old tent, the cot and the frying-pan and heads for a secluded spot on the beach, all by his ownsome. After three weeks at Waikiki you'd imagine he would be tired of sand. Must be those sad sea waves whisper secrets, for often he spends the whole night listening to them. Wonder if Joel could have meant it when he said he was off women. . . . . . ?

Moral: Stay A Year

WILL ROGERS drove his swanky new Packard roadster to the studio for the first time the other day. He parked it outside the restaurant and everybody let their soup get cold while they went out to investigate. The car is Mrs. Rogers' "welcome home" present to Will after his three months' jaunt around the world. He took off his hat, scratched his head in time-honored Rogerian fashion, and drawled: "If I'd a stayed away a year she'd have given me a Rolls-Royce!"

Hollywood At Ease

HOLLYWOOD goes off-guard at lunch time. Peek in on this: Tallulah Bankhead pouring tea for Noel (*Private Lives*) Coward and the Four Marx Brothers over in the Paramount commissary. You should see Groucho eat artichokes. . . . . . . Miriam Hopkins in blue satin pajamas passing the catsup to Austin Parker. He may be her husband but she doesn't seem to mind a bit his beauing Thelma Todd to these and those places. . . . . . . A gawky, six-foot-two waitress casting amorous glances at Fredric March. He gets the best service in the dining room. . . . . . . Out at M-G-M Jackie Cooper wants noodle soup with plenty of noodles in it. In passing, Hedda Hopper gives him a wicked wink and Jackie swallows a piece of ice. . . . . . . Clark Gable, wearing an ordinary suit coat with his tuxedo trousers, casts about for a vacant table, finds none and finally sits down with two women cutters and a writer. Are they thrilled! Too bad they wasted money on food because they'll never know whether they ate it or not. . . . . . . In the Paris café on the Fox lot great excitement prevails. Two visiting celebrities from another studio are coming in, Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery. They're arm-in-arm and they stroll through to the private dining room followed by the eager gazes of Jimmie Dunn, Peggy Shannon and Elissa Landi. Funny, what fans the stars themselves are. Joan and Bob are working on the huge Fox ship for scenes in *Redeemed*. So far they're written in the autograph books of fifteen Fox contract players. . . . . . .

Heart Trouble

LESLIE FENTON'S courtship of Ann Dvorak had all the earmarks of a tornado. They met at a party New Year's Eve. They didn't see each other again until they played together in *The Strange Love of Molly Louvain*. That first day on the set the director couldn't pull them apart. Leslie went completely ga-ga and Ann took to composing poetry. Now they're married and Fenton is defending a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar breach-of-promise suit. A gypsy once prophesied that he was going to have heart trouble.

Eddie Breaks Down and Confesses

AT LAST! Edward G. Robinson has revealed the real reason for his stupendous success. Every actor will tell you that you can't travel far on ability alone; you've got to have the "breaks." Robinson wasn't getting them. He was a pet of the Theatre Guild, yes, but that didn't mean he was on intimate terms with a bank balance. While he was on tour he went across the border into Mexico and an old Indian approached him. He was half-starved and he pleaded with Robinson to give him a few pesos for his ring. It was a strange ring of hammered-silver with a blood-red ruby (you've seen Eddy G. wear it in all the pictures he's played in.) The Indian told him it was a luck-piece, a charm to keep away the Evil Ones. Eddy laughed and gave him some coins. He didn't laugh later when he came to Los Angeles and Warner Brothers signed him out of a clear sky—to do *Little Caesar*. He began to regard the ring with respect. After the ovation that production received he wouldn't have parted with it for a million. Now he's in the big money. And if you watch him closely between scenes you'll see him rubbing that ruby. Acting hasn't had much to do with his rise, Eddie would have you believe. So it must be the ring.

A Chance Bet?

LIFE has its compensations. Ah, yes. Helen Twelvetrees drove down to Agua Caliente and almost lost her shoes and stockings at black jack Saturday

[*Continued on page 65*]

NORMA TAKES A DARE

By
J. Eugene Chrisman

Young women who become intrigued by the sophisticated characterizations of Norma Shearer are advised by the actress not to follow her precept

Norma Shearer braves public opinion in the most daring rôle of her career

NORMA SHEARER, noted since *The Divorcée* as the most daring of screen sophisticates, has just completed the most daring rôle of her career. Not even the heroine of *A Free Soul* or *Let Us Be Gay* can compare in shocking power to Nina, the sex-tortured woman of Eugene O'Neil's *Strange Interlude*.

"I admit that it is far more daring in conception than any of my previous rôles," says Miss Shearer, "but probably even Nina is not to be my most sophisticated.

"It was during the filming of *The Divorcée* that I learned I was to become a mother. My contract was nearly fulfilled and I had decided to retire to be a mother to my baby and a wife to my husband, for at that time I did not believe that marriage, motherhood and a career could be combined. I have, as you see, learned that they can. Sophisticated parts have done it."

If Nina is not to be the end of Norma Shearer's daring, where *will* it stop? Those who know the tragic story of *Strange Interlude*, realize that no such character as Nina has ever been put on the screen—Nina with her frustrations, her search for sexual expression, her unrestrained giving of her body to the maimed and the final tragedy of her illegitimate son. It is doubtful if any other actress would attempt it. However, Miss Shearer is not dismayed.

This scene of Norma Shearer and Cobert Kirkland in *Strange Interlude*, pictures *The Divorcée* in anything but the beguiling rôles she is noted for. Yet, none more daring has ever been enacted by Miss Shearer than in her latest vehicle

"I think my previous rôles will prove that sophistication does not need smutty lines, lewd scenes or display that is vulgar. The sophistication lies rather in that they deal with the real emotions which sway men and women and complicate their lives. We should not be afraid of sex on the screen, so long as it avoids vulgarity. I would be the first to decry vulgarity in pictures, but it is the more daring and more sophisticated side of life which forms the most interest."

THAT Norma Shearer's ability to portray such characters does not come from experience of her own, is shown by a study of her life and her career. In her first search for screen fame, she did not run away from home, as so many girls have. On the contrary, her mother accompanied her from their Canadian home to New York. When she came to Hollywood, her mother also lived with her, quietly and conservatively.

[*Continued on page* 56]

HIS HERITAGE of HATRED

Eric Linden is spurred to fame by father who deserted him

By Clark Warren

The tragic story of Eric Linden's childhood is one of Hollywood's most pathetic chapters. It was his great love for the mother who sacrificed all for him that steadied his ambitions, but hate for his father was always a potent factor in his climb

TWO violent emotions, Love and Hatred, are responsible for the success of Eric Linden, star of *Are These Our Children?* His love is for his mother, who slaved to give him bread when he was hungry; his hatred for the father who deserted them when he was seven months old.

"I do not know where my father is," he told me, his small, brown eyes blazing, "and I do not want to know. He deserted my mother when I was a baby, leaving her with five small children to support. When I was a youngster, I used to get out an old portrait of his and curse it. That isn't the way a boy should feel about his father, but I think he's earned it."

Eric Linden's mother has had a strange and sorrowful life. Her father experienced some tragic episodes, which so embittered him that, with his wife, he settled on a small island off the coast of Sweden, in the Baltic sea. There Eric's mother was born. No other inhabitants were on the island and until she was sixteen years old she had never seen a human face save those of her parents.

Her father was a hard man and when at last she could endure it no longer, she stole a small rowboat and set out for the mainland through the wild Baltic waters. In Stockholm she obtained work and there met Eric's father, an actor in the Royal Theatre. After four children had been born to them, they moved to America. There was no place on the New York stage for the Swedish actor and at last, discouraged and bitter, he disappeared, leaving his family to shift for themselves. As a servant, a nurse and at anything she could find to do, Eric's mother struggled to keep her brood.

"None of us has ever heard of him again," says Eric. "He was a weakling and I do not see why I should be expected to do anything but despise him. I suppose I will be criticized for saying that, but at least I'm being honest."

AS SOON as he was old enough, if eight years is old enough for a boy to face life, little Eric got a job to help make his mother's lot easier. He went to work as an errand boy for a hat-shop at a wage of two dollars a

[*Continued on page* 60]

The animosity that Eric Linden emotes in this scene with Arlene Judge in *Are These Our Children?* has never been difficult for him to display. All he has to do is think of his father and enmity, disdain and bitter dislike are quickly registered on the facile countenance of the youthful actor

KAY'S DREAM of ROMANCE

Kay Francis outlines her conception of an ideal honeymoon

By Jewel Smith

YOU can cease calling her "Clothes-horse" right now, and more appropriately rename her "Race-horse." She looks like a winner!

Kay Francis, aristocrat of the screen, tall, graceful, young, one of Hollywood's best-dressed actresses, might well be insulted at being compared to a horse. But she should not mind being branded "thoroughbred." There's something about the proud beauty of her head, the round, firm curves of her well-kept figure, and her unhaltered amount of grit which reminds one of a Kentucky pride stepping out to win the race.

And Kay is stepping out to win the greatest race of her life. She has never worked so hard, so untiringly, so ambitiously. In two months, she has completed three pictures at Warner Brothers under her new contract—a record to quake the strength of a male, let alone that of one hundred and twenty-eight pounds of feminine flesh.

But Kay has not wavered either mentally or physically. Where a less well-equipped actress undoubtedly would break under the strain of all-day and all-night work, Kay, long years ago, prepared herself for such a task. During college days, she was an all-round athlete and knew the fundamentals of physical perfection. At that time she ran the 100-yard dash in twelve seconds flat. In the years following, she has kept up her athletic attainments through the equally strenuous game of tennis. She is Hollywood's most excellent player. Her health secrets are simple—exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.

Mentally, she is equipped with an honest and ambitious mind, backed by the courage of her own convictions.

Knowing these things, one will understand that Kay is not drifting away on a tide of enthusiasm. Her feet are sound on the turf. She is off at full speed ahead, taking no detours, and following only the right road to the definite goal which she has in mind.

Why this terrific speed, this break-neck race to somewhere? This absolute disregard of rest between pictures? The answer is easy.

At the end of that road there is a prize—and Kay is exerting her entire physical fitness and ability to reach it.

A LITTLE over a year ago, when I interviewed this Blue Ribbon girl, she talked of her recent marriage to Kenneth MacKenna and their complete happiness.

Today, she talks of but one thing—to take her husband and to get away from it all.

Naturally, the first conclusion Hollywood drew when Kay Fran-

[*Continued on page* 55]

—*Elmer Fryer*

Kay Francis, tall, graceful and one of Hollywood's best dressed actresses, is truly an aristocrat of the screen

David Manners appeared with Kay Francis in *Man Wanted*, one of the three pictures which Kay has completed in two months' time in her frantic race to reach the goal of her dreams

MYSTERY TALES

Nine famous stars relate their weird, occult experiences

IT ALL began one evening at the Lyon's beach home. The waves were singing a lullaby out in their front yard, and inside, the guests were chatting in that pleasant, relaxed mood that follows a thoroughly enjoyable dinner. The soft lamp-light threw an iridescent glow about Bebe Daniels' head as she leaned back in her chair, when someone suddenly remarked, "Bebe, you have a perfect aura around you tonight. Have you a sixth sense?" And Bebe replied jestingly, "Of course! I have in-cense, too, and occasionally I like a bit of non-sense."

She thought for a moment and then she said seriously, "Yes, I believe I *must* have a sixth sense. At any rate something forewarned me once of a disaster or I wouldn't be here now to tell about it." The story she told was singularly curious, particularly in view of the fact that so many departed stars figured in it.

"I was working in *Speed Girl* and one night I had an extraordinary dream. It was one of those vivid dreams where everything is intensely real so that when you wake up you're lost for an instant. It seemed as if I were going up a gravel walk toward an enormous white Colonial house that was surrounded by a wide-spreading lawn. The rooms were filled with actors I knew who were dead—John Bunny and Barbara LaMarr among them. The only two there who were alive at the time were Valentino and Mabel Normand. They came to meet me and asked if I intended to join them. I told them I was sorry but I couldn't stay.

"The whole thing made such an impression upon me that I felt groggy in the morning. I could see that white house wherever I looked. After breakfast, though, I stopped thinking about it and left for location.

"We were some miles away from Los Angeles in a section that was entirely new to me. I had never been there before. I was supposed to drive a car at racing speed in that particular scene and the director told me that the girl who was to 'double' for me had been taken ill. We were behind in our production schedule so, without any premonition whatever, I took the wheel and said, 'Let's go!'

"Theodore Roberts rode beside me and a cameraman straddled the hood. We were going ninety miles an hour when my coat collar started blowing up against my face. I shouted to Theodore to put it down and he accidentally stuck his finger in my eye. It began to water. The other one watered in sympathy. Mascara got into them and my eyes became so inflamed I could scarcely see.

"I swerved to an eight-foot ditch on the side of the road and, in that instant, I caught a glimpse of a white house. A white Colonial house with a wide-spreading lawn! In terror I realized we were facing Death. I've never known quite how

The night before an aërial battle was to be filmed for *Hell's Angels,* Ben Lyon dreamed of falling to his death and, consequently, refused to fly. The plane he would have occupied crashed and one man was killed

A bronze Buddha in Clara Bow's Chinese den, her favorite room, exerted a mysterious and malign influence in the lives of all who came in contact with it. Five men who loved the room's exotic atmosphere met tragic deaths

OF THE STARS

By Jerry Lane

Sylvia Sidney declares that mental telepathy brought her father to her aid when she was suddenly taken ill while playing with a road show

On two occasions, a strange presentiment has prevented Joel McCrea from meeting accidental death. Now he obeys such hunches religiously

Ruth Chatterton frequently has been puzzled by an unaccountable, subconscious familiarity with places and people entirely unknown to her

I managed to get the car back to the center of the road. I pushed on the brakes with all my strength. When we came to a stop I fainted."

WHAT was it that warned Bebe of danger? Certainly not her sub-conscious mind, because the night before she had not expected to do the fast driving. Perhaps it was that elusive, psychic something referred to as "sixth sense." Whatever caused it, the presentiment saved Bebe by making her immediately aware of her peril.

"I had a similar experience," observed Ben from where he lounged at his wife's feet. "It occurred during the making of *Hell's Angels.* As much as I've flown, I have never dreamed about it except the time I had this nightmare. *That* was enough to last a lifetime. I thought I had been forced to bail out of a 'plane and my parachute wouldn't open. There appeared to be thousands of 'chutes around me—all sailing smoothly—and I tried wildly to grab one. Each time it would slip out of my grasp just as I imagined I had it. I woke up with the cold sweat streaming from me and my body tensed as if I were actually falling. It didn't make me any too happy to remember we were due to take shots in the big Gotha that day. The hunch not to go up was so strong I decided to play it. Lucky for me I did," Ben patted Bebe's hand reassuringly. "The Gotha crashed that morning . . . one man was killed . . . others were injured . . . Boy, since then I heed my hunches!"

It may be that actors—like aviators and artists—are more psychic than the rest of us, for since that after-dinner hour at the Lyon's I've discovered a number of them who have had unexplainable forebodings, and strangely mysterious occurrences in their lives that are beyond human interpretations.

Joel McCrea, in spite of his healthy tan, always turns a little pale when he relates this incident. As a lark one summer, he and two of his friends shipped as deckhands aboard a Panama liner. They were given shore leave when the boat docked at Colon. It was hot, insufferably hot, and the boys decided, true sailors that they were, to spend the afternoon at the ocean. They found a cool, blue lagoon that looked especially enticing. After days of being *on* the water, it would be heaven to be *in* it, Joel thought, as he stripped off his shirt. Not for nothing does he hold several west coast swimming records—he's a true amphibian.

"Last one in is a scared cat!" called one of the boys in the time-honored custom. Joel rushed to the edge of the embankment, prepared to dive . . . and paused. A light surf scudded merrily over the rocks on either side of the lagoon; it was a tempting sight. Joel turned and slowly walked back to where he had thrown his clothes. His pals were already in the water yelling lustily for him. But something held Joel back. He couldn't go in. What was the matter with him anyway? "The heat must have made me cuckoo," he told himself angrily as he pulled on his shirt.

There was a piercing scream from below. Joel rushed to the rocks. The youngest of the trio was fighting for his life—fighting a hideous, white-bellied monster . . . When Joel and the other boy dragged him free, they saw the shark had bitten off their pal's hand . . .

"And that," said Joel quietly, "is why I follow these queer impulses that keep me from doing what I'm all set to do. They saved me a second time—" That happened just a year ago when he was returning from a week-end party at a Northern California ranch. "I had planned to come back with the other guests in a car and, at the last minute, I changed my mind for no reason at all. I said I'd take the train down and they laughed at me so I gave as an excuse that I had some scripts to read. That night, when I got into Los Angeles, the newspaper headlines seemed to rise up and hit me. The whole party had been killed when the auto was struck by a trans-continental train . . ."

Then there's the hair-raising experience Maureen O'Sullivan and her family went through three years ago. They took a house for the summer at

[*Continued on page* 55]

When Richard Bennett, first to make the name illustrious on the stage, played *Cyrano De Bergerac* in Los Angeles recently, the alert cameraman caught him in his dressing room with his two equally famous daughters, Constance (left) and Joan

JOAN BENNETT EXPOSED

By Conway Felton

The truth about this scion of the Broadway Bennetts

MARRIED at sixteen. A mother at seventeen. Divorced at nineteen. A career at twenty.

She went on the stage to escape the boredom of what she terms an "unexciting existence."

As independent as a queen—and quite as lovely, is Joan Bennett.

Barely twenty-one, she is of that *delighted* age where bright sunlight has no terrors for her. On second thought, the youngest Bennett is winsome, rather than beautiful. A face small, clear, thin and very blonde. The chin determined, the mouth full, somewhat large, sorrowful, wistful, and to the male of the species, probably maddening. Unforgettably scarlet. The nose whimsical and dainty. The eyes of a strange green radiance. Very large and trustfully wide open. Frank as a child's—yet—unfathomable.

It is a face to trust, to adore, yet not to understand.

The hair, honey-colored, half curling, with a dull burnish, brushed back from an exquisite brow, falls over each side of her face concealing delicate little ears.

Her figure, as she came forth to greet her interviewer, was clad in soft, turquoise-blue satin, descending to her ankles. It is slight to thinness, that figure. Straight. Lithe. Fine. Alive. In some strange way reminding one of a flame. Narrow little sandals of blue-kid encased her feet. Entrancing picture.

There is a frank camaraderie about Joan Bennett, if she feels one is a friend. Otherwise—well, it's just too bad, for she can draw into her shell of reserve with the alacrity of a turtle. And that's that.

She has a brilliant mind. Not for pastime did the Royal Bennetts of Broadway send their youngest to the best schools in New York, Paris and London.

AN INDEFATIGABLE reader of the best literature in both English and French, she speaks with the fluency of a native. History, biography, and modern novels are her delight. She not only can talk intelligently on world-wide topics of the day but can lead the conversation into channels that set a battle of wits, rather than gallantries, into action.

After Joan Bennett suffered a fractured hip when she fell from a horse, doctors told her that she must learn to walk all over again. Today she is the perfect acme of grace

She has poise. She is cool, unruffled. Speaking with slow, calm, soft-toned intonations she denotes a mind given to concentration. She is a cosmopolitan. As she walks along the Galleria of the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles, or glides between tables at a Mayfair dinner-dance, or crosses the floor of the Cocoanut Grove at The Ambassador, one feels she might be giving a lesson in the art of adjusting oneself to a new environment.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Jimmie Pays Off!

Nobody can Dunn him for a cent nowadays

By Clark Warren

Jimmie Dunn is a graduate from the School of Hard Knocks, who had to go to bat for himself when eight years of age. At least, he began helping his "Mom" then. The greatest thrill of his life came about recently when he paid his debts, including even those of his father

JIMMIE DUNN is back in Hollywood, a new and sparkling Jimmie whose famous Irish grin is more contagious than ever and whose eyes twinkle more merrily. The reason? Let Jimmie tell you.

"I've got that grand and glorious feeling," grins Jimmie, "that a guy has when he finds himself for the first time in his life not owing a thin dime in the world! Say, it's almost enough to make me go in debt again, just to get the kick of paying it back!"

Jimmie recently returned from a personal-appearance tour of New York and other Eastern cities. It's the first time Jimmie had been back since he turned the movie world upside down in *Bad Girl, Over the Hill* and *Dance Team.* Perhaps you think it wasn't a thrill for him to ride along Broadway with a squad of motorcycle police clearing the way, the same old Broadway that he once tramped, hungry and unknown.

"Say, I got the surprise of my life when I got off at Grand Central station! Sure, I thought there would be a reporter or two and perhaps a photographer but when I looked out and saw half of New York waiting for me, I got buck fever. And did I feel good riding up to my hotel behind those cops? I kept telling myself, 'Aw g'wan, this can't be Jimmie Dunn! What would that big mick be doin' with a police escort? It must be a couple of other guys!'

"Did I pay off my debts? Eleven thousand dollars worth, that's all! Aw, I'd rather not talk about that. People might think I was a mug for wanting it to get in print. My old pals on Broadway and a lot of my friends were mighty good to me when I was down and out and it wouldn't be fair to tell about it. Some of those debts were my father's but 'Mom' and I felt we owed 'em, so I cleaned the slate while I was about it.

"I looked up every guy I could ever remember borrowing from and I hope I didn't miss anybody. Some of 'em ran as low as two bucks and some as high as three thousand.

"Handing out those checks was the greatest thrill I ever expect to have. I'm back, ready for another picture and this time I start at scratch. That's the best eleven thousand bucks I ever hope to spend."

IF YOU know the story of Jimmie Dunn's life, you know that it hasn't been an easy one. His father was a stock broker and while there were times when the Dunn cupboard was bursting with prosperity, there were also times when, like Mother Hubbard's, it was bare. Jimmie didn't leave school to become an office boy at eight dollars a week because he wanted to.

"There was one debt I will tell you about," said Jimmie as we sat in the gym where he was toiling to keep fit. "You see, when I was fooling around Broadway, practically unknown and not getting much dough, I borrowed a car one week-end and drove up into Connecticut to see a girl. I had a couple of drinks but I wasn't drunk by any means. Anyhow, I had a little accident and when the driver of the other car smelled my breath, he had me arrested.

"I tried to explain to the judge but he socked me for one hundred and twenty bucks and three days in jail. I didn't have any dough so it looked like

[*Continued on page* 59]

DANGER SIGNALS!

Revealing how the fire of genius threatens the brilliant screen career of Fredric March

By Potter Brayton

Kay Francis plays opposite Fredric March in *Strangers in Love,* the film that caused him to stop working

THE fire of genius is threatening to ruin the career of Fredric March! His strenuous screen characterizations are consuming his vitality and undermining his health.

Worn out by the difficult dual rôles in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Strangers in Love,* March barely escaped a physical collapse while preparing to begin work on *Merrily We Go To Hell,* his new picture.

Freddie thought he merely had a stomach ache. It persisted. He spent days in a Hollywood clinic, having a rigid checkup. "Nerves shot," came the verdict. If he didn't give up his strenuous picture schedule, they said, the trouble would spread from stomach regions to other parts of the body and result in a complete nervous breakdown.

"Go to some secluded spot and rest and play and put all thought of pictures out of your mind for at least five weeks," the doctors said. So Freddie and his wife, Florence Eldridge, packed their things and quietly slipped out of Hollywood.

Paramount, realizing the serious condition of his health, was forced to postpone for two months the production of *Merrily We Go To Hell,* for fear its strenuous dramatic requirements might prove too much for him.

Freddie March put so much vitality into his picture rôles that he nearly suffered a nervous breakdown. After a long rest, he has finished *Merrily We Go To Hell* and is now in perfect health

FROM his appearance, you might guess that Fredric March is one of Hollywood's most *unactorish* actors. He is the type, who, were you to pass him on the street, would cause you to remark mentally, "There goes an up and coming junior member of some law firm—or else he's a young business executive."

In reality, seldom is a thespian so sincerely and intensely wrapped up in his art as is the tempestuous Mr. March. With more than respect due his charming and talented wife, I would go so far as to say that the turning out of an inspired performance is the most important thing to him in life.

Hollywood has come to associate art with long hair, temperamental demonstrations, and an excessive amount of "*boloney*" handed out around the studios by "arty" stars regarding the importance of "my career." This is true, solely because too many stars are more concerned about the riches and glory of success than they are with giving a perfect performance to the screen.

Whatever drives Fredric March, drives from within. He is gifted with the creative power of genius, and he knows what to do with it. It wasn't in him to sign his John Henry to his Paramount contract, and then sit back and twiddle his thumbs. Every new rôle finds him striving to improve his art—and learning. Every bit of pantomime and every line he rehearses on the set is done with a determination and an emotional force that seems literally to sap his vitality.

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Mystery Tales of the Stars

[*Continued from page* 51]

Brighton Beach in England. It was a cheery, pleasant house at *113* Brighton Drive and they wondered why it had stood vacant so long before they moved in. They had the answer the first night they were there. Shortly after twelve (why do ghosts and such things love the midnight hour so?) Maureen was awakened by a rhythmic pounding that grew louder and louder as it came down the hall. When it reached the door of the nursery where her baby sister and the nurse slept, it was like thunder. Maureen was so terrified she couldn't move until her mother came rushing into her room, and together they went to the nursery. The noise stopped as they approached. They found the nurse hugging the baby in a paroxysm of fear. "It's probably something wrong with the plumbing," Mrs. O'Sullivan said, trying to be practical. The household went back to bed and the next morning everyone was inclined to treat it as a joke. But that night it ceased to be a laughing matter. The same thing happened again. They summoned electricians and plumbers, but the wires and pipes appeared to be in perfect working order. After the third night the nurse gave notice.

"I can't stand it any longer. I'm a nervous wreck!"

So were the others. Mr. O'Sullivan came down from London and the first thing he heard about was the terrible rapping. He was highly amused at what he termed "superstitious absurdity." At twelve that night he was not so amused. The noise was actually weird. As much as they searched they could find nothing to create it. The baby was sleeping in Maureen's room and they had a new nurse. The rapping, however, continued to end with a grand finale at the nursery door.

Unfortunately, the O'Sullivans had a two months' lease on the place so they didn't want to move. It was not until the last day of their stay that a solution—a very gruesome one—was given. They learned that the man who had built the place had shot his infant daughter accidentally while cleaning a gun and, in his despair, had then turned the gun on himself. What connection had that with the noise? Enough to satisfy Maureen, at least.

Often, when families are closely united, there's a sort of mental telepathy among them. Perhaps you've noticed it in your own. Sylvia Sidney declares it's uncanny at times. For instance, she was taken very ill while on the road with a show, and her mother, who accompanied her, telephoned her father in New York. The operator reported there was no response at their apartment. Mrs. Sidney tried all night to reach him without success . . . and at seven-thirty in the morning Dr. Sidney strolled into their hotel.

"I just felt you needed me," he explained. "I was playing bridge at the club last night and all of a sudden I got up and told the men I had to catch the next train for Washington. And here I am."

Sylvia *did* need him. They were to operate on her for appendicitis within the hour. Her father called in the capital's leading physician for consultation and he diagnosed her trouble as a sprained ligament in her back. Her appendix was perfectly normal!

Sue Carol says she can't stub her toe without receiving a wire from her mother in Chicago—"Are you hurt seriously, dear? Do you want me?" She didn't write her mother when she had to have her tonsils out, but the day she entered the hospital Mrs. Lederer arrived. "I knew something was wrong with you, darling. I came as fast as I could."

Ruth Chatterton frequently has the unique sensation when she visits houses or places new to her, of recognizing them. Sometimes it becomes embarrassing. Not long ago she attended a dinner at a Pasadena home for the first time. When she went into the drawing room, she was startled to find that she knew intuitively that the baby grand piano was a rosewood Chickering—that the walls were panelled with green satin brocade. To test herself she asked her hostess—"You have some very wonderful Sevres plate, have you not?" "Yes, but how did you know?" And Ruth found it a bit difficult to explain just how she *did* know! At dinner she carried on an animated conversation with a famous pianist. Finally she said in a puzzled manner—"I've never met you before, but I remember this conversation and I have anticipated every one of your answers." What surprised her more was his remark—"Yes, I remember it, too!"

What's back of it all?

There is just one reason why Richard Arlen has respect for spiritualistic mediums . . . and it's the same reason why he wouldn't go near one again for a fortune.

He was vacationing with his family at one of the lakes in Minnesota when he encountered his first and only medium. The man also claimed to be able to tell fortunes through crystal gazing, and he had quite a following in the summer colony. Dick and a couple of his friends decided, boy fashion, to call the man's bluff. They hopped in a canoe and paddled a mile across the lake to pay him an impromptu visit. Much to their disappointment the man looked like any ordinary human being. He entertained them with all kinds of stories but, as they were preparing to leave, he said very seriously—

"You boys take my advice and stay out of the water tomorrow!"

Naturally, it was nothing but a dare to them. Early the next day all three were splashing about in the lake. Before ten o'clock one of Dick's chums had drowned . . . no one knew just how. "It might have been merely a coincident," Dick observes, "and then again, it might not!"

Of all the mysteries in Hollywood (and they are legion in number) there is not one with so many dramatic highlights as the mystery of Clara Bow's Chinese den. Nor one quite so unfathomable. I saw the den only once. It was just off the living room in Clara's small bungalow. It had lighted candlesticks and incense burning before a fat bronze Buddha. There were other Buddhas and Sivas nodding from their brackets in the wall. The windows were covered with scarlet velvet and a pie-shaped divan occupied most of the space. I thought of it at the time as "Clara's retreat." She adored it. Something in its oriental, mystic atmosphere soothed her.

Yet, *five men who learned to love that room—to find peace it it—met tragic deaths.* One of them was Ian Hansen . . . killed on the beach road late one night . . . The Buddha has a ghastly grin . . .

Rex Bell never cared for it particularly. It was Clara's "make-believe" room to him. He laughed at the Buddha and strummed the red-lacquered guitar. Rex has been able to do more for Clara than any other person. He brought a clean gust of air with him when he came . . . shooed away the oriental bogies. I don't suppose anyone will ever know what the spell of that Chinese den was. It's dismantled now—gone.

But the other mysteries remain intact, unsolved. Have you any answer?

Kay's Dream of Romance

[*Continued from page* 49]

cis announced that she was finishing her contract in as short a time possible in order to take a year off, was that she had plans for a baby. But Kay denied it—the bunnies will do for a while. Then there was another report—that she was going to Europe, but that, too, was blasted. Then what?

KAY FRANCIS, in this breathless, non-stop race from one picture to another, has just one goal in mind—an overwhelming longing that has gone unfulfilled for three years.

"Ever since my entrance into films in 1929," she told me, "I have hoped against hope that the studio program would afford me sufficient leisure to make a hurried trip to Havana. Contrary to any reports, I do not plan to retire from the screen. Nor do I intend to take a full year for the trip; it will be three months at the most.

"I know I need a rest, and no doubt it is the Spanish blood of my grandmother stirring in me, which suggests Havana. I have been there once, but I must go again. It is something entirely different from the ordinary tourist's curiosity. Really, I have had what amounts to a hunger for it ever since I went there for the first time.

"I couldn't afford to return then. Besides, my theatrical ambitions overshadowed everything else, and for the next few years I thought of nothing but succeeding on the stage. By the time I was able to consider the trip financially, I was never able to get away at the right season. Winter is the season in the East Indies, you know, and winter is a star's busiest season in the studios.

"But now I'm beginning to see my way clear to go. I am ploughing ahead as swiftly as studio schedules will permit. I'm going to complete as many pictures as they'll let me in the least possible time—and then, for that long vacation—Havana—my honeymoon."

Danger Signals!

[*Continued from page* 54]

AND so, Fredric March stopped work. Somewhere in the heart of Southern California's vast, golden desert is a little ranch. There went Freddie March, trying to forget the most vital thing in his existence—his art. Studios are wearisome factories. Physically he enjoyed such peace and quiet as he hasn't known in years. Mentally, it was the battle of his life.

But Freddie has the indomitable will of genius. He'll *get there.* Big obstacles have always seemed little in his way. He was a go-getter, a nervous dynamo of almost limitless power, 'way back in 1920 at the University of Wisconsin, when he was a track star, senior class president, active in *Haresfoot,* the men's dramatic association, partook in Union Vodvil, and at the same time managed to maintain an enviable scholastic record.

Freddie is a bundle of nerves—but not of the "nervous wreck" variety. If anything, he is over-fired with nervous energy, a sort of human motor that has no *off* switch.

It's worth the price of a good show to watch him rehearse or work before the cameras. His is true temperament. He gets so wrapped up in his part that you begin to think he has worked himself into some sort of trance that succeeds in obliterating the world of reality. You actually can *see* him throwing himself deeper and deeper into the thing he is doing. You have a mad desire to rush onto the set and throw a pail of ice water over him, or give him a brisk shaking before it is too late and Mr. Hyde—or whomever he is portraying—consumes him!

In *The Royal Family,* he portrayed an impetuous, high-strung, and erratic young thespian. Freddie may not like this, but—allowing for a little exaggeration—his off-stage manner is strikingly suggestive of that character.

Once satisfied with his lines, he rushes onto the set, taking his place before the cameras with the other characters. And, until the cameras are ready to go, he continues to mutter his lines and shake his fist, squinting at the actor whom he is to address, but not seeing him.

He studies every movement and every line religiously to the veriest detail. Often he will stop the cameras in the midst of an apparently perfect "take" to say that he feels a certain bit of action has been timed awkwardly, and ask the director to tell him how he can make the sequence move more naturally.

FREDRIC MARCH is, in spite of his keen sense of humor, not a comedian. He was a riot in *The Royal Family* because he was impersonating a famous comedian. His interest while making that picture was to give as pat an impersonation as he could—in the meantime, if he made you laugh, it was all right with him.

That is why many critics referred to John Barrymore's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* as "John Barrymore doing a blackface;" whereas, they refer to March's version as ". . . gruesome, but by far Fredric March's most artistic triumph . . . ." Freddie put everything he had into making Mr. Hyde a beast, and bringing out everything weak and everything fine in Dr. Jekyll.

"I conceived Mr. Hyde as more than just Dr. Jekyll's inhibited evil nature," Freddie told me, when I commented on the fact that—in contrast to the John Barrymore version—the two characters looked nothing alike. "I saw the beast as a separate entity—one who could, and almost did, little by little, overpower and annihilate Dr. Jekyll. And I tried to show the devastating results in Dr. Jekyll as well. To me, those repeated appearances of the beast within him were more than just a mental strain on Jekyll—they crushed him physically as well. I tried to bring this out by increasing lines and shadows of Jekyll's makeup as the picture progressed, until, in the last scenes, he looked as though he already had one foot in the grave. Hyde was killing Jekyll physically as well as mentally."

The making of that picture, with its tiresome changes of makeup—makeup that was, at the least, *uncomfortable,* with its extreme demands for every drop of emotional and physical effort that Freddie could wring from himself—was one of the great moments in his thirty-four years of existence.

Fortunately, it was enough of a strain to make his nervous system raise an objection. A rest in the desert brought him back to the studios, physically able to give his best to the powerful part that awaited him in *Merrily We Go To Hell.* Had the stomach disorder not occurred when it did our Freddie undoubtedly would have prematurely plunged himself, body and soul, into this picture, and, unable and unwilling to elude the compelling force of his tempestuous genius, would have come out of it with his health seriously—if not permanently—impaired.

Providing his pictures continue to have the power deserving of his ability, Fredric March's path leads straight to glory. *Still waters run deep*—Freddie doesn't look the genius—but its flame is all but consuming him!

My Love Affair With Connie Bennett

August SCREEN BOOK *offers the surprise of the year in this amusing account of Connie's whirlwind romance long before she became a star.*

Be sure to read it in the August issue on sale June 29.

Dorothy Sebastian, dressed in a spiffy new white summer suit, seen on her way to work

Norma Takes a Dare

[*Continued from page* 47]

No breath of scandal has ever touched her. That she and Irving Thalberg are well mated and happy, cannot be gainsaid. Certainly, she has never had the opportunity to acquire personal experience to guide her in her daring rôles.

"How do I account for it? Because it is silly to contend that an actress must have *lived* and actually acquired a past, before she is capable of portraying that type of woman on the screen or stage. Of course, there must be intelligent observation; most of all, it requires imagination.

"If the contrary were true, then members of the demi-monde would make the best actresses, wouldn't they?"

"NORMA is the most perfect wife and mother I know," said a friend recently. "She separates her two worlds sharply. When she leaves the studio, after completing a picture, she likewise leaves it mentally. Until the script of her next picture is ready for her to read, she seemingly doesn't know that pictures exist."

"But the influence of your pictures on impressionable girls?" I asked Miss Shearer. "Don't you think many girls might be encouraged to emulate your tactics?"

"I wouldn't advise them to," she laughed merrily, "for it couldn't be done. Not that I mean it would be impossible, but because in a picture things are *made* to work out. That has been attended to by the skill of the author before the picture begins. No matter how clever and attractive a woman might be, it could never be enough to bring things out her way in real life as we do on the screen."

Miss Shearer feels no apprehension about the daring of her part in *Strange Interlude.* She faces it with the same serene confidence that she confronted each picture after *The Divorcée,* when it was said by many that no reputation of the screen could survive the increasing sophistication of her rôles. She has a way of accomplishing things, has Norma Shearer.

Joan Bennett Exposed!

[*Continued from page* 52]

However, Joan Bennett craves her "big" moments. The demon of artistic unrest possesses her. She seems to have inherited all the fire, vitality and courage of her famous father. But she will tell one:

"Mother and I are just alike. Constance is like father. Mother and I understand each other perfectly, but Connie and father are identical in their reactions."

JOAN has the greatest possible admiration for "Connie."

"Constance is one of the cleverest girls I know," says Joan. "She has a splendid grasp on business affairs. She understands finance as few women ever do. And with it all, she is so genuinely feminine."

Joan's little girl, now three and a half years of age, is her "one and only hobby. She is the big thrill of my life," she tells one. Adrienne, known to her playmates as "Ditty," looks exactly as Joan did at her age.

To hear the little mother talk of her daughter's education and development, gives one another slant on this most amazing Bennett. Joan has no illusions about the practical problems of child training. Her vision is clear. She has the situation well in hand. While she was in the hospital she gave a great deal of thought to "Ditty's" well being. Every day, promptly at three o'clock, the child was brought to the bedside of her mother and they "talked things over."

"I believe the first five years of a child's life are of the utmost importance," says Joan Bennett. "A child probably learns more, fundamentally, in the first five years of his life than at any other similar period—things that contribute largely to the formation of his character, I mean, and of his personality. I have engaged an English governess for 'Ditty,' who will be instructed in the proper use of English and will be taught to master the many facets of personal deportment.

"Under no conditions should a parent deliberately lie to a child," continued the mother who looks like a little girl herself. "I do not mean that we should volunteer information, nor that we should evade certain situations. But, if ever a child finds his parents are lying to him, he loses confidence in them, and also his respect. They, in turn, lose a certain amount of control over the child."

Joan has determination. She has courage. Joan can be depended upon to finish anything she undertakes. She is a shining example of the modern girl, who, having decided upon a goal, sets out to reach it with a fighting spirit that would shame many males.

Then, too, there's that demon of unrest, again! Joan has been away from work since her accident, July 28, 1931.

"The accident was all for *something* in the pattern of my life," she says philosophically. "If for no other reason than that it has revealed to me just exactly what *kindness* is. The kind thoughts directed toward me by people everywhere have given me an incentive for greater achievement. I am sincerely appreciative.

"I have learned that *kindness is a big thing!*"

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Lilian Bond's Beauty Hints

An English beauty gives some new and helpful advice on the care of the skin

By

Lilian G Bond

—*Hyman Fink*

Lilian Bond keeps her glowing English complexion soft and velvety by daily cleansing with Max Factor's lemon cold cream, which bleaches slightly while it cleanses

—*Hyman Fink*

Is your skin sallow? If it is, Lilian Bond points the way to a blooming complexion. Just pat ordinary cow's cream on your face daily and allow it to remain for ten minutes

SUMMER is here with its golfing, tennis, swimming, motoring, and, if you will, flying. We well know the tendency of any of these modern activities to coarsen the texture of our skin. Every hour of the day, during these pleasureful months, we must keep in mind a few simple preventatives against harshened skins.

All of us want to be wide-awake, modern women who love to participate in outdoor activities. Naturally, the first thing we think of in keeping the skin soft and velvety under trying conditions, is a good cold cream. I use Max Factor's lemon cream for this purpose. It is a light, wonderfully smooth mixture which bleaches ever so slightly, and at the same time seems to stimulate tired facial muscles.

Your summer program, as well as mine, will take you to the nearest swimming hole. Don't suffer worries that the venture might result in a peely skin, dry and most unbecoming, with which to meet your weekly engagements. A carefully prepared skin will stand assault by any of the elements.

Before taking that dip, let's use a fine mineral oil, something which you know to be rich and penetrative. This will not wash off during the joyful swim, and on its completion may be wiped off with a soft towel, leaving the skin smooth and unaffected, even by saltwater.

The greatest amount of skin care necessarily will be given when you return home to your boudoir. Something which I have found exceptionally fine for before-retiring treatment is the use of common, ordinary, cow's cream. Complexion enthusiasts advise it internally, as well as externally. I have always used it for both. For the latter, just pat it on as you would a powder base, and allow it to remain from five to ten minutes. It is a remarkable tissue-builder, as well as a retainer of youthful contours, and should, if used successively, give pleasing results.

I AM also a contender for an old-fashioned skin-beautifier which happens to be one of the most simple and inexpensive imaginable. It is the morning dew facial-bath. Of course, this necessitates your getting up early enough to scoop the dew from your front lawn, but is well worth the effort. Like rain-water, it has proven one of nature's greatest beauty aids.

It is an old English custom, no doubt, as I do not hear of its use so much here, as in that country where I was born. I have only recently discovered, however, that Max Factor has perfected a preparation which gives practically the same results as Mother Nature's "tears." I refer to his "skin freshener," which is patted briskly into the cheeks in such a way as to circulate the blood and make the skin fresh and firm.

After these basic aids, there is always the problem of a "permanent makeup"—cosmetics which successfully buffet the elements and still remain natural looking. I have recently consulted Max Factor on his new "harmony makeup," as he calls it. It is a combination of powder, rouge, lip-stick and eye-shadow, harmonized in color to give individuality, as well as personality. I really feel it has done both of those things for me.

Along with it, there is a new preparation of non-run mascara which beautifully holds its own in the warmest of weather and the most strenuous of sports.

This, too, comes in the proper shade of brown and black to blend into the other makeup without that unnatural contrast so commonly seen in these days of frank makeup.

With such fine connoisseurs of makeup as Max Factor, combining knowledge of medical science with the art of retaining skin beauty all year round, I do not believe we need worry about those rough play-boys, Mr. Sun and Mr. Wind—do you?

Why Garbo Has Never Married

[*Continued from page* 19]

Garbo did not marry Gilbert, although the world felt positive that she had been deeply in love with him. Subsequently, John married Ina Claire and Garbo withdrew into herself a little more, if that were possible. The marriage of Jack and Ina didn't last long and Hollywood has always felt that the Swedish siren retained her place in his heart.

With the exception of Gilbert, all the men for whom Garbo ever cared have been foreigners. Gilbert was the only American in her life. Nils Asther figured prominently in her private life but only in a Platonic way. Their friendship lasted longer than most, due to the fact that Nils never attempted to make love.

With William Sorensen comes another picture. She met him several years ago when she visited her native Sweden right after the death of Stiller. He followed her to Hollywood, where the romance that had its inception abroad, was renewed. Disillusionment followed, only to see Garbo retire even further into her shell of solitude.

Stiller was the great kindly soul in her life. Sorensen was an episode, an interlude that may have seen her heart conquered, but terminated in aggravation. Gilbert was gay, gregarious, completely bowling over the enigmatic Circe.

In every way possible Gilbert sought to take Garbo into his social world. It was for him that she bought evening clothes. It was for him alone that Garbo made a valiant attempt to go to parties. It was one of the most difficult things she ever undertook. With Mauritz Stiller Garbo had the love and companionship of a man who desired solitude as much as she did.

The two used to go into the mountains far away from any town or city after a picture was finished. They would stay there for two or three weeks, completely happy in the stillness. They rarely talked, but the beauty of the mountains held them more closely than anything else in the world. Stiller not only spoke Garbo's language of the tongue, but of the heart.

The answer to the riddle of why Garbo never married is to be found in that faraway grave in Sweden. It is to be found in the disillusionment of her episodic romance with a fellow-countryman who followed her to Hollywood. It is to be found in her determination to forego the love of a great screen lover rather than to heed the dictates of her heart.

It is to be found in a statement once made by Garbo, herself—one of the few times that the Sphinx of the Screen has spoken:

"I shall never marry anyone! I am completely absorbed in my work. I have time for nothing else.

"My friendship with Mr. Gilbert? It was only a friendship; nothing more. I was very happy in pictures with Mr. Gilbert. He inspires me. With him I do not act. I live! But that is not love."

But the real reason, the most potent reason, why Garbo has never taken a mate, is that she is too honest!

Her innate honesty will not permit her to marry without love. She must give as well as receive, according to her code of life. She cannot love any man as she feels a wife should love. For that reason marriage would soon prove a disillusionment to her.

Perhaps Garbo knows that it is not for her to last in anyone's life!

Jimmie Pays Off!

[*Continued from page* 53]

I was going to work it out on the rock pile at a dollar a day. One hundred and twenty-three days! It was tough, but I had to take it."

"I'd met Heywood Broun, the writer. I didn't know him very well but when he heard some way of the mess I was in, he sent a special messenger up to Connecticut with that dough. Maybe you think I would ever forget a friend like *that?* I didn't get to pay him back in person but one of the first things I did when I hit New York was to send Heywood his money!

"AND say! There's something else. One night a certain guy who broadcasts gossip got on the air and said I was at a New York hotel having dinner, and that I went around bending the handles of all the spoons. He also said that the head-waiter took me by the arm and made me go around and straighten 'em all. That's a lot of hooey! That night I was in my room, sick. Anyhow, can you imagine me doing a kid's trick like that?"

Jimmie is glad to get back to Hollywood. He engaged upon his new training routine with gusto. I got up at five o'clock one morning to see him do his road work.

"Two miles, I'm up to now," he panted, as I followed him (in my car), while he jogged along, "and I'm getting my wind.

"I run two miles each morning, then a shower, breakfast and a workout in the gym," he told me at the end of the run. "Lookit! Feel my stomach; hard as rocks. People don't want any faking on the screen and I got to be in shape when the big fight comes off or that guy will beat my head off!"

Ever since he came to Hollywood, I've known Jimmie Dunn. He's one chap this town has never been able to understand. After his hit in *Bad Girl*, half the women in Hollywood tried to interest the young Irish lad but Jimmie only grinned and went on playing bridge at home with "Mom." They've said he was high hat, but don't you believe it.

Jimmie's been around and he's shy but it's only because he hates to have people make a fuss over him. If you liked him in his other pictures, wait until you see his next, for you're going to see a new Jimmie.

He's sitting on top of the world, for he doesn't owe anybody a dime!

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His Heritage of Hatred

[*Continued from page* 48]

week. He was learning in a hard school, but the lessons were not forgotten.

"There were two things which have driven me on ever since I can remember," he says. "I hated my father, so I made up my mind to make something out of myself, just to show him that I could do without him. The other was my love for my mother. I had to succeed so that I could make up those long, hard years when she had to take me to work with her."

The man in charge of a summer camp on the Hudson gave Eric his first ambition to move from the atmosphere of Tenth Avenue. He awakened within him a desire to "be somebody" and carve a niche for himself in the world. He finished high school and then studied English and dramatics at Columbia, but a disagreement with his instructor caused him to leave college. With characteristic determination he crashed the gates at the Theatre Guild, where he won a chance in *Volpone, Faust, Strange Interlude* and other plays. Up to that time his only theatrical experience had been when he played the old lady in a class production of *The Seven Keys to Baldpate.*

One success followed another and he appeared on Broadway with Miriam Hopkins in *Flight.* Then came a chance to play in Europe and he accepted. Finishing the engagement, he bought a second-hand bicycle for two dollars and toured the Continent. There was not enough money for passage home, so he worked his way on a cattle boat.

He returned to the New York stage where Wesley Ruggles, casting for *Are These Our Children,* heard of him and had a test made. As a result, young Linden hopped a plane for Hollywood and his picture career had begun. He recently finished *Young Bride* with Helen Twelvetrees. His current vehicle is *Roadhouse Murder,* produced by Radio.

ERIC LINDEN is only twenty-three years old. He has dark, straight hair and brown eyes. There is little about him to indicate his Swedish parentage. With his mother he lives in a small home in a quiet Hollywood neighborhood. The bulk of his salary is placed in a bank and he shuns parties and whoopee. I had never met him before, but I had read one or two stories which had been printed about him and frankly, I had put him down as somewhat of a "heel," a self-opinionated young man whose success had gone to his head. I told him so.

"I don't blame you," he grinned. "I'll admit that the novelty of magazine interviews did cause me to expand a little and what I didn't say, the interviewers thought up for me to say."

"Let's get it all straight this time," I remarked, "just for the sake of record. There is a rumor that you and your mother do not get along since you came to Hollywood and that she says you are not as good to her as in New York. Going Hollywood on us, Eric?"

"Not a bit," he replied with his nice smile. "I've learned how these Hollywood rumors start and I'm not surprised. When mother came out here she didn't understand the demands of picture work. I couldn't give her as much time as I had been able to in New York. She understands now and we're as happy as can be.

"Poor mother," he shook his head, "she's had a tough time of it. She doesn't want much but I'm thankful that I can give her everything she needs to make her happy. She spends much time in the sun and she likes long drives and the movies. That's how most of my evenings and Sundays are spent. She is the wisest woman I ever knew and I never make a move that I don't talk over with her first."

Eric wants to write and has already written two plays which are now under consideration. He learned his early lessons in the same manner and the same neighborhood as did Jimmy Cagney, New York's "Hell's Kitchen." There is some of Cagney's hard polish about him. He says he isn't a cynic but I'd say he at least has a good start and his philosophy, built upon experience and not theory, is "beat the other fellow to the punch.'

Eric Linden *isn't* a "heel." I think that Hollywood and the success of his first part bewildered him a little but after all, he's only twenty-three.

Love and hate, a strange combination of emotions to act as the driving power behind a career. If he can be criticized for his feeling toward the father he has never seen, certainly the love for his gray-haired mother is beautiful enough to balance the ledger.

What About This Headline Husband?

[*Continued from page* 43]

Paris and asked them to find out what they could of the Marquis' family. This is what they wrote:

"His family name is 'Le Bailly,' one of the oldest Norman families in France. In the public records of Rouen is a document dated 1271 A. D. from one of his ancestors, addressed to the Duke of Normandy, stating that he had been practically ruined by the recent wars. So the family evidently goes even farther back than that.

"Since the French Revolution of 1793, his family has been established at Vendee, a Royalist settlement, where the present Marquis still owns a château and over two thousand acres of land, quite a sizable tract for France. Wheat and cattle are raised on it.

"At seventeen, during the late World War, he volunteered in a cavalry outfit —the French Dragoons. Later, he was detailed with a division of the Chasseurs Alpins, the seventy-sixth. He was in the battle of the Somme and received a Croix de Guerre with a citation for having shown 'extraordinary courage during the battles of the third, fourth, seventh and ninth of November, 1916, in repairing telephone lines under the deadliest barrages.'

"Later, he requested a transfer to the tank corps where he received another citation.

"After the war he started a French agency of the Lloyd's Insurance Company which is still in operation, although he sold his interest about six months prior to his first marriage.

"On his mother's side, he belongs to the famous Hennessy family of Cognac, France, his grandfather having founded the famous 'Three Star Hennessy Cognac.'"

IT WAS during the six months following the sale of his insurance business that he was in Paris once on a visit. There he met an American, Forrest Halsey, who had written the script for and was supervising the production (in France) of *Madame Sans Gene*, starring Gloria Swanson. Halsey enlisted the Marquis' aid. They encountered almost insurmountable difficulties in making the film. Had it not been for Henri's intimate knowledge of French history—as well as data available to them only through his family connections—Gloria has stated the film would probably never have been completed.

It isn't strange that he and Gloria fell in love. Henri represented many things to her aside from a title. After a short courtship, they were married. He returned to this country with her. Shortly afterwards he was offered a position by Joseph Kennedy, then in charge of all European Pathé exchanges. He returned to France and spent his time interviewing exhibitors, seeing plays with an eye to securing the picture rights for his company and looking out for new talent.

Then the talkies came and he executed a master stroke for Pathé. He signed Constance Bennett on a contract.

Connie returned to this country and shortly afterwards the Marquis followed, to straighten out his rather tangled matrimonial affairs with Gloria Swanson.

The whole thing was handled with dignity and tact by all three. That he and Gloria were estranged could not be concealed. Neither Connie nor Henri gave out any statements. Gloria was permitted to do the talking. She first announced he had come "to talk things over" and later she quietly filed suit for divorce. There was no scandal and no mud-slinging.

When the divorce became final, Gloria married Michael Farmer and Constance and the Marquis were married.

Henri does not need any woman to support him. He has an income of his own. Not large, perhaps, as compared with motion picture salaries but commensurate with the average successful American business man's, on which he could live very comfortably.

A fortune-hunting foreigner? A gigolo? I regard Henri de la Falaise as one of the few real gentlemen I know and a man whom I am proud to call my friend!

◆

HOLLYWOOD has it that Lee Duncan, owner of Rin-Tin-Tin, wants something like $750.25 for Rinty's services in vaudeville. The two bits is for liver. Which recalls Charles Spencer Chaplin's demand for salary of $1,025 per week. The $25, he said, was for living expenses.

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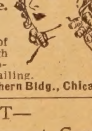

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Her Own Critic

[Continued from page 27]

release of my next two or three pictures, something must happen.

"Either I must develop a boxoffice value or I must take a salary cut. I have never taken a backward step in my life and I don't intend to do so now.

"What would I do if I left the screen? Oh, I don't really know. I sing, you know, and I've had some very flattering musical-comedy offers. I think I'd like that, and then again I've always wanted to run a candy store. The world is so filled with things to do that I'm sure I'd find something to keep me out of mischief."

Sidney does not believe that Hollywood has been good to her in a mental and spiritual way. Her musical education, she insists, has come to a standstill since she came into pictures. Deathly afraid of compromise, she believes that she is beginning to let down the bars and slip into the common mould of Hollywood.

"I can't escape the feeling that I'm slipping back," she insists, "and I detest the thought. I'm beginning to become satisfied to accept things which once offered no satisfaction. I go to parties and find myself enjoying a social life that I formerly abhored. My interests are narrowing and, in common with the rest of Hollywood, I'm beginning to forget that there is a world in which cameras, retakes, close-ups and microphones does not exist. I don't want to get that way.

"THE men? I don't think Hollywood men are as interesting as those I knew in New York!

"I think they are interested too much in the purely physical. Few of the men one meets out here are willing to make the investment of time in a woman which leads to a real companionship. If the physical side of her attracts them, they are satisfied to experiment along that line until they find that she will not let down the bars; then they drift on to the next.

"A woman likes to feel that she can attract men physically, but unless she is just a little huzzy without brains, she also likes to feel that she has something else to offer and that she can inspire a still deeper interest."

Sidney maintains a modest establishment, as the homes of our movie stars go, high up on Whitley Heights, once the exclusive residential district of the movie colony. A few doors away is the old Valentino home and just down the hillside is the red-walled bungalow which knew the last tragic days of Barbara La Marr. Mrs. Price, her elderly companion, satisfies convention and a small corps of servants caters to her needs.

She scarcely seems to be the self-sufficient person her success and her independence indicate her to be. One feels that she should have her family, father, mother, brothers and sisters around her. She is such a tiny mite to face the world alone. Yet a few minutes' conversation gives one the impression that she is fully capable of ordering her own life.

In spite of her New York origin, there is something of the ante-bellum South about her. She makes one think of magnolia blossoms, great, white, plantation homes and of crinoline and hoopskirts in an old-fashioned southern garden under a Dixie moon.

I do not think that Sidney Fox is going to leave the screen. Her dissatisfaction with her own work is the natural reaction of an artiste and of an honest, sincere person who demands much of herself. It is summer in Hollywood and outside her window orange blossoms are fragrant and who knows, but what the mood in which I found her was but a passing one? After all, when one is young and lovely and orange blossoms bloom in Hollywood, one may well think of other things than one's career. Sidney Fox calls it restlessness. The Greeks had another word for it, and Sidney tells us that she has never been in love.

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Wynne Wins

[*Continued from page* 42]

have no control, like earthquakes. It's the old *vox populi* that decides. If the theatre-going public likes you well enough, they'll get the message unmistakably to the studios of Hollywood. There's no ballot-box in the world more reliable than the boxoffice.

"And while we're on the subject of stars, I can imagine nothing in the world more terrible than being starred *before* Their Majesties, The Public, have summoned you in that capacity. If I'm ever wanted as a star, I'll be there. And if not—" she shrugged her shoulders merrily—"sugar and lemon, wasn't it?"

That was the end of starring as a topic of conversation for the afternoon. Nevertheless—and all of Wynne's disclaimers and *bons mots* to the contrary notwithstanding—it is being said in more than one high judicial quarter that the comely shoulders of Wynne Gibson will wear the mantle of stardom in the not distant future.

VERSATILITY is synonymous with Wynne Gibson. Her career has been at once a proof and a demonstration of it. Picture fans probably know Wynne Gibson as a dramatic actress as much as anything else. Some of her most distinctive rôles have been those of the "heavy" women in the dramas she played.

Yet, so far as her stage experience goes, the musical productions in which she appeared outnumbered the dramatic ones by exactly four to one. Out of a total of twenty-stage productions in which Wynne has played, sixteen of them were musicals. The parts, in almost every instance, were breezy comedy or soubrette rôles.

Yet her first real dramatic success—the one that made Broadway recognize her as a personality to be reckoned with—was *Jarnegan*, the dramatization of the Jim Tully novel in which Richard Bennett scored such a sensational hit and his daughter, Joan, covered herself with individual glory.

Incidentally, her début took place in *Tangerine* in 1921, and for a time it looked as if her theatrical career had begun and ended within a few weeks. The parental arm stretched sternly forth and yanked daughter Wynne back to the Gibson Lares and Penates. It was some weeks before she was able to convince an old-fashioned father and mother that the footlights didn't necessarily lead to perdition. And as little Miss Gibson had only just been graduated from Wadleigh High School in New York City, her arguments had to be sound and convincing to override the domestic veto. Override it she finally did, however, and back into the chorus she went, this time in *June Love*.

Followed a year in vaudeville as Ray Raymond's partner. Ray's practiced eye had picked her out of the chorus and spotted her as a comer. At the end of the two-a-day season, she went back to the stage with Lew Fields and appeared in two reviews with him.

On the strength of that year, Wynne was graduated to the rôle of the flapper in *The Gingham Girl* and toured the country in the principal road company. This, in turn, brought her the theatrical plum of the lead in *Little Jessie James*. Then luck seemed to desert her, for one show after another opened and closed in a discouragingly brief time.

Finally, after vicissitudes of this kind for several seasons, punctuated by a tour of Europe, Wynne found solid ground beneath her feet in *Jarnegan*. Among other things, this success brought her a motion picture contract at the Paramount studios in the East, where she made her film début with Helen Kane in *Nothing But the Truth*, the old William Collier success of past years.

In the spring of 1930, Wynne Gibson came to Hollywood to be a member of the motion picture colony. First she appeared in a stage play, *Molly Magdalene*. This won her a long-term contract with Paramount. Today she is one of their most reliable players, the kind you can always rely on in a pinch to deliver a vivid delineation of a difficult character.

Beginning with her first two pictures made at the West Coast studios, *Children of Pleasure* and *The Fall Guy*, she has left a shining, unbroken trail of interesting and memorable performances in such pictures as *The Gang Buster*, *Man of the World* with William Powell, *City Streets* with Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper, *June Moon*, *The Road to Reno*, *Ladies of the Big House* and *Two Kinds of Women*. The production in which she is currently case is *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*.

WYNNE has an abiding horror of becoming a "type." To be typed would be nothing less than artistic death for her. To quote her, it is "being embalmed while still alive."

Even stellar honors could hold no charms for her, if such would force her to be a "type." Rather than surrender her individuality and dramatic freedom, I firmly believe that Wynne Gibson would prefer to quit pictures.

Wynne Gibson is always having unique and interesting experiences. She attracts them. She loves them. She goes looking for them. She counts any day lost whose slow, descending sun has not afforded her at least one good, round laugh. There is an impish quality about her that is one of her most decided charms—a prankishness that is, perhaps, the coefficient of her versatility.

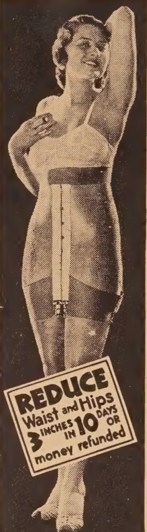
Can you imagine a girl like that getting one extra wrinkle in her pretty forehead for one second over the possibility that some day she may wake up to find herself a star? I can't.

But what a star she'll be if she ever becomes one!

◆

"Gentleman Jim"

PERHAPS you don't remember that James J. Corbett, ex-champion of champions, who has been so ill, is one of the original movie stars. Yes, sir, Jim appeared in one of the earliest pictures made by Thomas A. Edison in the crude studio in New Jersey. Naturally, it was a fight film, and Jim had all of five hundred feet of negative in which to K. O. his opponent. He did. Here's hoping nothing K. O.'s "the champ" for a long time to come.



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Miss E. F. W.—Will I be happy if I marry this man? Or is he too old for me?

Ans.—I believe there is too great a difference in your ages for a happy marriage. I also am under the impression you would not consider this marriage under ordinary conditions, but this party that you have in mind is wealthy. If it is money you wish to marry, you couldn't do better.

G. W. L.—Will my financial status improve during the course of this year?

Ans.—The business you are now associated with will survive the present period of quietness which will last until about the latter part of August. Astrological indications would show that the year will end favorably for you.

E. F. F.—Is it probable that I shall make a trip this summer?

Ans.—You will make a trip to Montana to the Kevan-Sun Burst oil fields and personally inspect or oversee the drilling on your oil lease there.

Miss L. A. B.—Will my girl friend and I be successful in getting an apartment together?

Ans.—Yes, you seem to get an apartment together during this summer. Along about September your girl friend and you will make a trip to Denver.

N. I. E.—Will I remain at my present job or will I better myself by accepting another position?

Ans.—Both you and your husband will leave New York for a middle west town. Your husband will take over the management of a chain store which he now works for and you will start a small business of your own and make a success of it. This change you will make during the month of September.

R. L. O.—Will I ever own my own home?

Ans.—I would advise you to start purchasing your home immediately. You will never be able to buy cheaper. Your job is permanent with an increase in salary. You will have your own home paid for in four years with very little more than you would pay out in rent in that time.

H. D. H.—What business would you advise me to go into?

Ans.—Take a partner and go into the shoe repairing business. It is what you will make your best success of.

H. N. S.—Will I marry the girl I go with now and will I be successful in my present position?

Ans.—Yes, you will marry your girl friend, who, incidentally, is a very bright girl and will make you very happy. Your working conditions will continue to improve.

P. I. D.—I seem to hear rapping or knocking in this old house. Do I imagine these noises? My husband and children say they do not hear anything.

Ans.—This home seems to have belonged to your great grandmother. I believe you possess a great deal of spiritual psychic ability, and that is the reason the others do not hear these noises.

M. D. H.—Will I sell my property, and when?

Ans.—I advise you to put a large canvas banner with the price of your property on the front of your house and you will be able to sell in less than 2 weeks at the sacrificing price you are asking.

F. T. R.—Will my boy friend come back to me? And does he love me?

Ans.—You told him you never wanted to see him again. He will not come back unless you write him a letter and let him know that you really want him to. He really loves you.

R. C. A.—How long will I be at my present place of employment?

Ans.—The place where you are now working will continue running about three-fourths time as they are now doing, up until about the first of September. At that time they will go on full time. You will remain with them, getting your old salary back again.

A. T. G.—Will I get an answer to the letter I recently sent and will it contain good or bad news?

Ans.—You will receive an answer and the letter you receive will contain a check so it must be good news.

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FREE QUESTION BLANK

1 __________
2 __________
3 __________

If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading inclose $2.00 for the two readings. J-7-32

What Happens to Your Fan Mail?

[*Continued from page 23*]

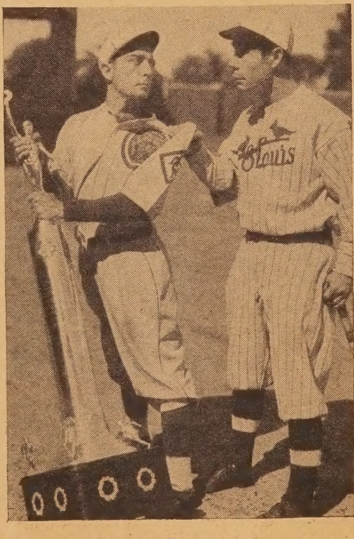
possibly the most unusual fan of them all. He is a trapper, living alone in Alaska, well within the Arctic circle. Each day, during the long, dreary winter months, he writes her a long letter, mailing them all in a batch as soon as he hits civilization in the Spring.

Ivan Lebedeff has perhaps the most successful "fan club." It consists of several thousand Lebedeff fans who are organized with officers and by-laws, and even publish a magazine, devoted entirely to Ivan.

Feminine fans want to mother Lew Ayres and much of his mail comes from England. Jackie Cooper gets many letters from children which he enjoys but he resents those from grown-ups who would give him a little good advice —and aren't we all? A doctor in Michigan writes Mae Clarke each week, giving her suggestions on safeguarding her health. A group of Bob Montgomery's admirers in Waukegan and North Chicago sent him a "round robin" of good wishes and congratulations.

The champion fan, it would seem, is "Grandma" Baker of Oak Park, Illinois. She is more than eighty years old and following a long correspondence with Ramón Novarro, she "adopted" him as her "grandson." Ramón had the dear old soul come to Hollywood as his house-guest for several weeks and always stops over to see her when he travels East.

Not only do the fans express their admiration and relate their troubles but sometimes they show appreciation in more substantial ways. From far places, many strange and unusual gifts find their ways into the hands of the stars.



Outside of being film comedians, Buster Keaton (left) and Joe E. Brown are rival ball players. At a recent game for the benefit of the Olympic fund, Joe awarded a trophy to the best baserunner. Buster is a *base* runner, as indicated by his endeavor to basely run away with the trophy

A fan in China recently sent Ramón Novarro a costly, inlaid tray and smoking set while a woman in North Carolina, who had been reading about California's unusually cold winter, sent him a beautiful camelshair blanket.

During her illness, Joan Bennett received a bottle of holy water from a nun in Chicago. Garbo, favorite of the convicts, receives woven-wire belts and hammered-silver bracelets, fashioned during the long prison hours. Dick Arlen recently opened a letter from an old lady in New Jersey who inclosed a five dollar bill with the instructions that he buy himself "something nice," just for being a "clean, sweet boy."

During the making of *Tom Sawyer,* Mitzi Green received a live alligator from a little Florida fan and for two years Gary Cooper has received a poem about himself each week, written by a girl student at the University of California. After *The Divorcée* was released, Norma Shearer received a long letter from a woman who was faced in real life with the identical problem which Norma had faced on the screen. Norma helped her work it out to a satisfactory conclusion.

ONE night Bob Montgomery was astonished to receive a call from a Hollywood hospital. There he found a man, fan of his, who lay on what he thought was his death bed. A will had been made, leaving to Bob's baby the sum of one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, and to Bob himself a bequest of one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. To humor the man, Bob accepted but the patient recovered and Bob has not heard of him since. A small boy in Iowa sent Marion Davies a live pig and a Texas rancher, struck by Bebe Daniels' riding ability in *Rio Rita,* shipped her a gaited mule by express.

The trench helmet which Lew Ayres wore in *All Quiet on the Western Front* was sent him by a German soldier who had worn it four years. When Ben Lyon was working in *Hell's Angels,* a group of airplane mechanics sent him a parachute with a note that if it didn't work to send it back!

Unusual requests also form a part of the Hollywood mail pouch. A woman in Georgia wrote Marie Dressler asking for a set of her cast-off false teeth. She had lost her own in a well while drawing a bucket of water, she explained. Why she should infer that Marie had false teeth is not known.

Requests for money are legion. Few win recognition. "If I gave away just ten per cent of what I am asked for each month," said Ricardo Cortez, "I would donate more than my salary."

ANOTHER interesting phase is the number of children named after screen favorites. In St. Paul, where Dick Arlen was born, there are at least eleven little Richard Arlens. A short time ago, Nancy Carroll received a letter from a woman in the Middle West, which said, in part:

"Just before my first baby was born, I saw you on the screen. When she came she was so sweet and dear that she reminded me of you and I have named her 'Nancy Carroll Blank.' Won't you just write her a little personal note to cherish when she grows older?"

"The sort of fan letter which the stars like to get and which is almost certain to bring a personal reply," says Miss Farrel, "is the short, concise note which contains intelligent praise, comment or constructive criticism."

A strange potpourri of human emotions, this Hollywood mail bag. It forms a great problem for the stars. But they like it.

The star to whom his fans send "eatin' tobacco?" Haven't you guessed? Wallace Beery, to be sure—only Wally doesn't "chaw." He only looks like the kind of a guy who might!

Thru the Keyhole

[*Continued from page* 46]

night. Then, on Sunday, she won five hundred dollars on a chance bet at the races. Two seconds afterwards she knew exactly how she was going to spend the money by putting in a Badminton court in her back yard.

Helen And Woody Plant Trees

THAT new home of Helen's is rapidly assuming the proportions of an "estate." First she put in a swimming pool . . . she and hubby, Frank Woody, tiled it themselves. (Honestly, I can vouch for that!) Then came the trees—not twelve but four full-grown permosa palms. And now it's the Badminton court. Queer, about that house. Helen adored it the minute she laid eyes on it but the owner asked a "movie star" price for it. He lowered it twice. Still no sale. Helen decided to rent it only and a month after she moved in he cut the price ten thousand dollars. Sold! It's a wise star who learns to drive bargains.

Can't "Con" Bennett

CONSTANCE BENNETT says it's her own fault if an actress is "gypped." Connie never is. You can place your last nickel on that! Each week she goes over the bills, which is no press agent's report either. She scans them carefully, and if she finds she's been over-charged, she herself calls up the merchant. He is given to understand in no uncertain terms that unless he adjusts her account he won't be able to boast of the Bennett patronage any longer.

Cupid In Reverse

LATEST bulletins from Cupid's man-o'war: Florence Rice will *not* marry Phillips Holmes. She says she doesn't want to take a chance on spoiling their romance . . . There's more than meets the eye to this trip East of Mrs. Clark Gable. She may be putting her children in school but, according to our decoded radio flashes, the Gables have come to the parting of the ways. It seems that only studio intervention prevented her from seeking an immediate divorce. The cause of the disturbance is said to be one of filmdom's most beautiful . . . The love-bird has flown from the Farrell-Valli nest. Charles spends most of his time at Palm Springs and Virginia drops in occasionally. They're friendly and casual.

Nine o'clock in the morning means that Tallulah Bankhead is ready to punch the clock at the Paramount Studio, where she toiled in *Thunder Below*. Her secretary, Edith Smith, follows her into the studio

The Great One Laughs

IT WAS five minutes to five on the M-G-M lot. Ramón Novarro hurriedly brushed back his hair and walked down to the stage where Greta Garbo was finishing her day's set-to with the camera. He had to rush a bit. If he arrived a second after five he wouldn't find her. Garbo quits when the whistle blows. She was just emerging from the set of *As You Desire Me*, a silver wig in her hand. (The part calls for her to be a platinum blonde.) She gave him her slow smile and asked him what he was doing. (The Garbo never knows what other pictures besides her own are being made.) Ramón explained, as they strolled toward her dressing-room, that he was working in *Huddle*, a football story. "Football!" She giggled delightedly and pointed to his soiled turtle-neck sweater and white duck pants. "*You* a football player after *Mata Hari!* That's funnee!" And off she went into a gale of laughter. Heads appeared in the windows of nearby buildings. A gardener turned the hose on a call-boy in his astonishment. Garbo was laughing . . .

Vic Takes Costly Walk

WHY, we pause to ask, did Victor McLaglen do such a foolish thing? Because George O'Brien's name was billed ahead of his in *The Gay Caballero* he bought the remainder of his contract from Fox and walked out. Jobs at fifteen hundred a week are not so plentiful as they used to be, Vic, old boy. Good luck, anyway!

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Dept. 2, P. O. Box 1726, Hollywood, California

Gary's African Adventures

[*Continued from page* 38]

companions he was intent on stalking a large female when the near-tragedy occurred.

"WE WERE crouching in the long grass waiting for a chance to get a shot," he explains. "Without our knowing it, a huge bull—we estimated his horn at thirty inches—was nearby, down wind from us. He smelled us, lowered his head and charged.

"Our only salvation was the fact that rhinos have very poor eyesight, for he was right on us before we were even aware that we were in danger. If he had seen us, instead of charging purely by scent, he would have trampled on us and tossed us to death without a doubt. As it was he missed us only by a hair. I bagged the female though, but found to my disappointment that her horn measured only twelve inches.

"We saw one sight that amazed even our veteran gun-bearers. One evening, going quietly along the bed of a dry stream, we unexpectedly came on a lioness and saw her devouring one of her cubs. No one in our party had ever heard of such a thing happening before, although the Prestons are experienced big-game-hunters who spend every winter in Africa."

Gary's game-bag includes a wide variety of specimens—cheetahs, cervalcats, gazelle, dick-dick, hyenas, wild dogs, water buck, zebra, eland, warthogs, topi, ant bears, reed buck and road antelopes—and, of course, his principal prize, the four lions.

Before entering Africa, Gary toured leisurely along the Mediterranean Sea, visiting Anacapri, Sorrento, Amalfi, Sicily and Corfu. In Rome he was the house-guest of the Countess di Frasso, sister of Bertram Taylor of New York, one of Gary's best friends.

Returning from their African trek, the party flew by plane from Cairo to Rome, where Gary again stopped for several weeks. From there he flew to Paris, then, after a few days stay, on to England, where he remained visiting relatives for a few weeks. Then he sailed on the *Europa* for New York and home.

His parents in Hollywood were considerably worried on several occasions by his failure to write. In all, Mrs. Cooper received no more than four cablegrams from the laconic wanderer. Each one ended very characteristically with the words, "will write." But no letters were received. As a matter of fact, Judge Cooper, Gary's father, admits that he was not certain of Gary's whereabouts at any time until he heard that he had embarked on the *Europa* He quotes as a perfect example of Gary's efforts at correspondence the following cable, sent from Nairobi on the return trip:

"Feeling fine stop cold here and how stop have bagged game limit stop will write love Gary"

ALTHOUGH Gary refuses any definite statement, it is probable that his venture into Africa will result in a successful picture of the *Trader Horn* type. Part of the expedition's equipment (which loaded five big trucks) was a complete motion picture outfit. Gary succeeded in taking enough film to make a feature length thriller. Even before he landed in New York the news leaked out that he had taken several thousand feet of pictures and the cables were hot with offers from major studios.

Among others, Paramount is reported to be dickering with him on a plan to add sound effects and dialogue and release it as a feature similar to Doug Fairbanks' *Around the World in Eighty Minutes.* To date it is understood that Gary has not definitely accepted any of the offers made him.

"I've had the time of my life," he grins. "Now I want to forget all about Africa and hunting for a while and concentrate on re-establishing myself in pictures. Also, I'm head over heels in the plans my father and I are making for the development of six thousand acres of desert land that we purchased last year in the Coachella Valley, near Palm Springs.

"Several oil companies are interested in drilling on it and the geologists' reports look very promising. If our oil dream fizzles out, we hope to divide it into small tracts and sell it to date growers. It's wonderful land that will grow anything as soon as it can be irrigated."

Gary refuses to discuss his screen plans very comprehensively, and in view of his keen interest in his new land project, Hollywood is wondering if his African trip is only the prologue to a longer absence from the screen. It may well be, according to his most intimate friends, that Gary will soon retire and devote all his time to other activities.

—*Fink*

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin are candidates for the title of Hollywood's happiest married couple. Since June wed "Stu," she has preferred home-making to picture work

HEART NEWS

Separating

Olive Borden and Theodore Stuart
Natalie Mudge and Charles Morton
Ethel Clayton and Ian Keith
Monty Banks and Gladys Trazin
Peggy Shannon and Allan Davis

They're Married Now

Colleen Moore and Al P. Scott
Virginia Cherrill and W. R. Stewart
Eve Shipley and Adrian Morris, brother of Chester

ENGAGEMENTS

Sally O'Neill and Arthur Loew, vice-president of M-G-M

The Stars Desert Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 10]

is now with Ziegfeld's *Hot Cha* in New York.

The demure Mary Brian was on a vaudeville tour with her partner, Ken Murray. Gossip links them in orange blossom plans while Russell Gleason remains in the film capital, wondering.

A stage engagement called Ona Munson to New York. Ernest Lubitsch followed but it is said that neither noticed the other's presence in a prominent café, where they sat at different tables one night.

When Barbara Bebe was two month's old, Bebe Daniels departed for San Francisco to star in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*. She had hoped to take the baby but the doctor said that the change of climate was too severe and Bebe went alone.

Ben Lyon made movies of Barbara and took them up to San Francisco week-ends. He converted the hotel suite into a projection room and showed Bebe the film. They would run it over and over again. After the run of the play, Ben was offered a five weeks' vaudeville tour, but, as luck would have it, Bebe was asked at the same time to appear on a national radio broadcast in New York. However, Barbara Bebe must stay at home.

For a long time the individual careers of Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna, and Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, have worked hardships with their domestic happiness. For a long period it seemed that Fate had decreed they must stay apart. They were shifted back and forth between the East and West coasts, sometimes passing on trains.

Nils Asther was in Hollywood when his daughter was born to Vivian Duncan in Vienna. Six thousand miles usually separate Marlene Dietrich and her little daughter from Rudolph Seiber, her director-husband, in Berlin.

SHIFTING stage and screen production has also shifted apart Melville Douglas and Helen Gahagan, Helen Chandler and Cyril Hume, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur and Adrienne Ames and Stephen Ames. Recently, Helen Hayes joined her husband in Hollywood, where literary work engaged him, while the stage had occupied her time in New York. No sooner were they reunited than he was compelled to go East to work on a play.

Immediately after finishing a picture, Irene Dunne and Winnie Lightner invariably embark on a train for the East where their husbands, Doctor G. F. Griffin and George Holtry, await them.

Whenever Dick Arlen goes East or on location, Joby usually goes along. The same is true of King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman. The Vidors returned from Honolulu sometime ago after the completion of *The Bird of Paradise*, which King directed. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard also made a visit to the land of the ukulele in each other's company.

Dorothy Mackaill does not need to disrupt her newly acquired marital status. Dorothy and Neil Miller are in vaudeville together, dancing and crooning. Another couple enjoying propinquity, at the moment in New York, are Stuart Erwin and June Collyer.

A society note reveals that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess have returned from the Orient where, with Ronald Colman, they saw some of the Japanese-Chinese war. Another Far East visitor was Will Rogers, one of Hollywood's most prolific travelers. On his return he was met before the liner docked by Fifi Dorsay, one of his greatest fans, who hired a tug to be the first to greet the returning humorist.

AMONG our foremost trans-Atlantic travelers are Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss, Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Kathryn Carver, and Ernest Torrence.

Constance Bennett has a town house in Paris and châlet in its environs. There she and the marquis will spend some time each year. Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer, are now in Southern France, where "the blessed event" recently took place.

Two great pals are George O'Brien and Ricardo Cortez, who shared a cheap Hollywood room during their period of struggle as film extras years ago. They have just returned from Havana, where they watched the gay señoritas dance.

Among our recent overseas tourists were Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. They attended the London opening of *Five Star Final*, starring Ed. Then they made a motor trip across France and Italy. In the English capital, they were wined and dined by Haman Swaffer, famous London dramatic critic. The latter commented on the gangster situation in the United States.

"We English don't have those conditions here."

"But," interrupted Mrs. Robinson, sweetly, "I have visited all your art galleries and have seen nothing but pictures of murders and assassinations."

"Ah, Madame," returned the brilliant Swaffer, "but they are all silent pictures!"

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Sylvia Sidney Looks At Men

[*Continued from page 39*]

his twenties or even in his thirties. He probably comes to my mind because I like older men. *And only older men.* And to me, Lewis Stone is *perpetual romance.* And that is the romance every girl dreams about and longs for. The romance that does not grow old when we grow old. The lover who remains the lover after the honeymoon raptures are over, after life has passed the twenties and thirties and forties—No dream of romance so beautiful as the one that envisions a lover who will *always* be *just that.* And Lewis Stone perfectly typifies that man. He will never grow old. He will never allow a woman to grow old. A woman in his eyes will be forever dangerous and charming. His eyes tell me so. His voice tells me so. You know that he would never be awkward or ill at ease, never be anything but polished and suave and sophisticated—and these things *are* Romance.

"Ronald Colman is the Romantic Type. Dark. Reticent. Holding the promise of something never quite given. You just instinctively connect Ronald Colman with romance. He never makes a woman think of drab or dreary things. His personality is the very essence of glamor and of that gentle grief that only love can bring.

"And Leslie Howard is the Romantic Type. To me, there is more excitement in Leslie's little finger than in the whole battery of attractions of such men as Clark Gable or Rudolph Valentino.

"And when I talk about these men I am talking about the way they impress me *personally*, as well as on the screen.

"THERE is the Tender Type. The lover who is kindly before he is passionate. The lover who would be considerate of a woman if her head ached or if her gown didn't come in time for the Mayfair dance. The man who, gently and perfectly, would *understand.* Understand all the little, silly things, and know that they were neither little nor silly to a woman. This is the type of man, I believe, who truly loves. It is the unselfish love. It is the love that makes a woman's life softly lined with swansdown.

"And I can think of no man who so perfectly fills this bill as Paul Lukas. His sophistication is only a veneer worn by every charming man who has loved women and who has been loved. Beneath this veneer is a warm and compassionate heart.

"Paul is the type of man who thinks of little things—who remembers anniversaries—*little* anniversaries such as the Day-They-First-Met and the First-Dance-They-Danced-Together and what day of what week in what month it was when she said 'I will. . . . '

"Paul has the faculty of making a woman feel not only that she is beautiful and desirable but also that she is cherished and cared for. He would read to her when she felt tired and dance with her when she felt gay. He would allow her to weep on his shoulder. He would even weep with her for a sorrow that wasn't his and didn't matter anyway. He *is* tenderness. And he is that way off the screen as well as on.

"I can think of one other man who comes under that heading—a different type of man but somehow expressive of the same quality—and the man is Fredric March. He too has that gentleness, that solicitude, that air of kindliness and thoughtfulness. I know Freddie and I know Paul and so I can speak with some authority and assure you that they are *really* that way.

"THERE is the Dominant Lover. The Conqueror. The Master. The sheerly triumphant Male. Clark Gable doubtless comes under this heading. Perhaps, to some, Gary Cooper would be so catalogued. Or George Bancroft or, in some of his phases, Wally Beery. Perhaps Clive Brook. But even more so, to me, comes Chester Morris. Perhaps it is because I know Chester so well and because I am trying to speak only of the men I know. Perhaps it is merely the line of his jaw, the slant and shape of his mouth, the look of definite directness from his eyes. Perhaps it is because I happen to know that he *is* the Dominant Type. Without softness, without sentimentality. The kind of a man who must have his own way, go his own way, mould rather than be moulded, dictate rather than be dictated to.

"There are not so many of this type of man as there used to be—in our mothers' day and our grandmothers'. Largely because the world has opened wide for women and we are—well, rather more than a bit dominant ourselves.

"There is, fourth, the Husband Type. The man who makes you think immediately *beyond the honeymoon.* The man who seems to stand for homes and gardens and babies, commuting and packages and servant problems and summer vacations. You can *hear* 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden' when you meet this type of man. He is serious. He is substantial. He means well. And you know it. He has an aura of mortgages and lawn mowers and life insurance policies. Clark Gable could never come under this heading. Nor Leslie Howard for that matter, nor even Ronald Colman. They may *develop* into husbands. They are not the born types. The husband type of lover should encompass all of the qualities, really. He should have tenderness and romance and dominance. He should be charming and he should be considerate. He is a hard one to find illustrations for. Perhaps Thomas Meighan—and Richard Barthelmess and Pat O'Brien are as near as I can come to what I mean. Harold Lloyd makes a good example. David Manners is the Young Husband type. Joel McCrea might fill the bill. Possibly, Charlie Farrell. . . .

"FOR me, there is only one kind of man—*an older man.* Ten or fifteen years older than myself. Perhaps I have a father complex or something of the sort. I don't know what it is. I only know that delightful boys like Phillips Holmes and Buddy Rogers and others of the same age have nothing to give me nor have I anything to give to them. I must have a man who, when he says, 'This is so,' will strike an echo in me which says, 'It *is* so—because you say it.'

"It may be because I have always been with older people. My one woman friend is thirty-one to my twenty-one. I have never gone about with a crowd of young people doing the things young people do. I have only been, for instance, to the Cocoanut Grove twice since I have been in Hollywood. I suppose I am old for my age. I don't know whether that is too bad or the reverse. It is just so.

"I want to be married some day. Not while I am on the screen. I couldn't do both. I know of only a few who can, or have. I couldn't marry an actor. I must have a profound respect for the thing a man is doing. I have a young cousin who has just come to this country. He is to be a scientist. He will devote his life to research, to endless and perhaps futile hours in a laboratory. I admire him profoundly and passionately. I can't feel that way about an actor.

"I am not, myself, the Romantic Type. I wouldn't think of running upstairs to powder my nose if a young man should call upon me unexpectedly. He would more than likely find me reading, wearing an old dress, my horn-rimmed glasses pushed up over my hair. He would have to take me as I was—or leave me. He would probably leave me—and I shouldn't care.

"Perhaps I am talking out of turn. *I have never been in love.* I have only thought I was and that, contrary to opinion, is not the same thing at all."

The Girl Who Started A War

[*Continued from page* 26]

natural blonde. Tall and slender with curves in the right places. There's a freshness about her that makes you think of apple blossoms and Springtime. But perhaps that is because life has been so gracious to her.

WHEN she finished school she became Mrs. Blair and they went to Carmel to live. Mr. Newell is a clever young sculptor. Gloria made the perfect model. In addition to modeling for her husband, she acted at the Carmel Little Theatre and was associate editor of the *Carmelite.*

Her work with the Carmel Little Theatre attracted the attention of the director of the Pasadena playhouse. He sent for her to play the lead in Chekov's *Sea Gull.* Thus Destiny spread its carpet for her to walk upon.

She has written a number of critical reviews which have found their way into print in highbrow magazines. She has done quite a bit of verse. It will appear in book form any day now.

Gloria likes small rooms with lots of people in them . . . smoke hanging like gossamer clouds . . . sparkling conversation . . . and mulled wine. She adores dogs, particularly cocker spaniels. Her dogs have the run of the house.

She confesses that she's frightened of meeting new people but you would never guess it. She has the ability to sit, perfectly relaxed. If she has nerves, they're cased in velvet.

Being mad about polo, she considers a Sunday quite mis-spent if she doesn't see a polo game.

A tract of land in the Big Sur country, down the coast from Carmel, is owned by Gloria and her husband. It is in an isolated spot with a narrow trail leading to it. Some day they will build a house there, on a great granite cliff that juts out over the sea. It will be a retreat and a paradise in one.

"MY HUSBAND has three friends, all of them artists," she explains. "We plan to have a little colony there where we can work and play as we like. We'll have separate houses but a communal kitchen. We are all thoroughly impractical and for that reason I am sure we will get along well. I think that impractical people get along so much better when they don't have some *practical* person trying to manage them."

When asked whether she feared that Hollywood and a career in pictures might interfere with her marriage, she said with utmost confidence:

"Of course not! My husband is an artist. He understands my desire to express myself through acting. We married with the understanding that I should have a career if I wished. No, Hollywood and its marriage jinx can't touch us. Of that I am sure."

Watching the radiance which creeps into her eyes when she makes that statement, one breathes a little prayer that she be right.

A True Story That Rivals Fiction

Tom Mix, idol of millions, who learned to walk and ride at the same time, who took actual part in more wars than any hero of the screen ever thought of, whose reputation as a two-gun guy was won in real life before he even considered the life of an actor, has the spotlight turned on him in August SCREEN BOOK.

The August issue, begins a gripping and fascinating story of this most colorful character in pictures. Don't miss the beginning of this amazing tale, which rivals fiction to the 'nth degree!

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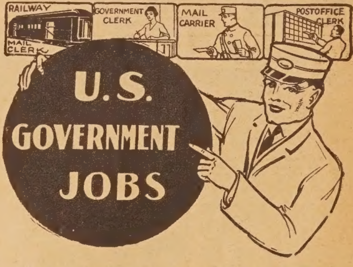

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You are invited to one of the biggest parties ever staged at Malibu Beach, the private paradise of the stars. Come along as the guest of Hollywood's roving cameraman in August SCREEN BOOK.

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 31]

years on the cultivation of long, luxurious, billowing beards. Until recently the hirsute adornments have been practically useless save as homes for nesting birdies, weather-vanes, and sources of annoyance to necktie and razor-blade manufacturers.

But, finally came the dawn, and the twenty will appear in a film appropriately titled *Horse Feathers,* in which they, disguised as college professors, will do a dance around Prexy Groucho Marx.

Bing Rings Bell

BOTH Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallée were sort o' hangin' 'round in hopes of getting to play in *The Crooners,* a radio story to be made by Paramount. Aunt Beverly hears that Bing got the contract. David Manners takes the leading rôle in another "Crooner" story owned by the Warners.

Fresh Fish

NEVER throw things at the fish peddler, because it may be Zane Grey. "Zanie" has been an ardent Ike Walton for twenty long, long years, and most of his cute little royalties from those stories go into fishing excursions.

Maybe it sounds phoney, but Zane goes fishing on the grand scale. His boat stands him a few hundred thousand dollars, and it's sea-worthy for any trip the angler cares to take. Not long ago Grey came back from the South Pacific with a record catch, the prize of which was a 1,300 pound sword fish. Fry that on your two-burner!

Funny That Way

SO THIS is Hollywood: Directors Milestone, Cromwell, Sutherland, Santell and Wellman wouldn't think of making a picture in which they, themselves, didn't appear. Maybe it's only a flash, but you'll find 'em somewhere in the footage—and *not* on the cutting-room floor, either.

Tom Mix always wears gloves. Josef von Sternberg's films always feature a black cat. Harold Lloyd has "Foxy," his father, appear in each picture. John Barrymore smokes a pipe in every film. George Hill never ties his shoe-laces while making a movie, and King Vidor carries a cigarette holder which he never uses.

Janet Gaynor wears her *Seventh Heaven* shoes. Buster Keaton never uses the first scene of his picture. And Ernst Lubitsch hangs onto that cigar-butt like grim death. And to the ordinary movie superstitions, the stage folk have brought to Hollywood all the theatrical taboos, like whistling in dressing rooms.

Noblesse Oblige

A REAL gentleman is one who makes you feel at home under all circumstances. And this tale goes to prove that there are plenty of gents in Hollywood. Just recently Jimmie Gleason dashed from studio to Brown Derby for a light lunch, and, being pressed for time, he entered the dining room attired in a sweat shirt.

When he joined Monte Blue and a group of friends, he apologized for his "negligée," and Monte, tipping the wink to the rest, solemnly remarked that he would put Jimmie at his ease. Thereupon the whole gang removed their coats. But it remained for Harpo Marx, seated across the way, to top the gag. Harpo arose with great dignity, bowed low to Gleason, and—removed his trousers!

Toothsome Tale

LOUIS CLOSSER HALE, so we are told, possesses a tooth-brush for each day in the week. But your Aunt Beverly knows a Hollywood hero who has a complete set of teeth for each of the seven. So there!

Mickey Mouse—The Rat!

BELIEVE it or not, the Broadway hot-spot-sitters are listening to a song entitled: *I'd Rather Stay Home With Mickey Mouse Than Step Out With a Rat Like You!* And public libraries are installing special racks for the "Mickey Mouse Club Book Shelf!"

New Neighbors

MR. AND MRS. HUBERT PRYOR have moved into our neighborhood and when possible occupy a swell Spanish palazzo, swimming pool and all. In case you're puzzled, Mr. Hubert Pryor is Rudy Vallée. And Mrs. Pryor is Fay Webb.

Fact And Fiction

DOROTHY HALL, heroine to Richard Dix, Buddy Rogers and others in fillums, and Broadway star in her own right, took time out from Hollywood to play in a stage show called *Child of Manhattan.* You'll be seein' it on the screen soon.

The story is about a millionaire who marries a dime-a-dance gal, and the erudite critics declared the plot implausible and improbable and impossible. The day after they sounded-off thusly, New York papers were full of the wedding elopement of Allan Carlisle, Harvard scion of wealth, to Romaine Fielding, who had been tripping the light fantastic in a dance-hall at ten cents a dance!

Page Pollyanna!

PROSPERITY'S around the Coroner, they say. And recent arrivals from Broadway prove that the N. Y. center of population is in a cemetery; that there's wooden money in circulation—issued by a busted Western bank; that the cut-rate agencies are selling $2.00 meal tickets, including dinner and floor show, for $1.25. And whatever happened to "The Happiness Boys?"

Presto-Changeo

NEIL HAMILTON felt like having a good cry when a fire destroyed his extensive and expensive magical apparatus. Neil, you know, is great shakes as an amateur disciple of abracadabra, which proves that the chubby hand is quicker than the naked eye. So now Neil is going in for orchid raising. Which is a good trick, if you can do it.

Hail! The King and Queen Still Reign!

King Charlie and Queen Janet once more rule Movietown.

In a recent popularity poll conducted by a New York newspaper, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were proclaimed monarchs by an admiring Fandom. This marks the third time that Janet has won the popularity crown and the second time for Charlie.

The votes polled by the first ten in each division were reported as follows:

For King

1.	Charles Farrell	18,456
2.	Clark Gable	15,233
3.	James Cagney	4,820
4.	James Dunn	4,508
5.	Lew Ayres	2,414
6.	Ramón Novarro	2,001
7.	Fredric March	1,918
8.	Jackie Cooper	1,442
9.	Robert Montgomery	1,250
10.	Douglas Fairbanks Jr.	714

For Queen

1.	Janet Gaynor	20,662
2.	Joan Crawford	14,735
3.	Greta Garbo	3,666
4.	Sally Eilers	3,616
5.	Clara Bow	2,268
6.	Marie Dressler	2,009
7.	Sylvia Sidney	1,844
8.	Joan Blondell	1,688
9.	Norma Shearer	1,319
10.	Nancy Carroll	1,035

Business Before Pleasure

THE wife of a cartoon animator sues for divorce alleging that the boy-friend gets drunkee uppee. Maybe the poor guy has to stay stewed to see the animals move. The little woman is simply unappreciative of his sacrifices.

End Of The Trail

THERE'S deep drama hiding somewhere behind the suicide of the Blackfoot brave, Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance. You recall him, don't you, as the handsome, stalwart Redskin hero of *The Silent Enemy*? The Chief was an alumnus of Carlisle, West Point and other excellent schools. He forsook his people for the avowed purpose of "living like a white man." He did so, and maybe that's why he took himself off to the Happy Hunting Grounds ahead of schedule.

Hollywood Juniors

THE age of Juniors is upon us. Wally Reid Jr. may play a part in *Brown of Culver*, and so may Noah Beery Jr. Moreover the picture will be produced by Carl Laemmle Jr. Maybe Erich von Stroheim Jr. will direct.

Vanishing Millions

HOW'S that caption for a movie title? Aunt Beverly's there, boys, eh, what? The head applies to the estate of Rudolph Valentino, still in litigation after all these years. Rudy's brother and sister, Alberto and Maria Guglielmo have discovered that the $1,000,000 left by *The Sheik* has shrunken to a mere $130,000. And even this sum may be wiped out by income tax claims. Vanishing Millions! But where?

The Nose Knows

JAMES SCHNOZZLE DURANTE, the social lion of the cinema, is paying through the nose. That is to say, Jimmie's elongated beezer is in such screen demand that he has sent the little woman back East to h'ist the mortgage that has been protecting the old homestead from the elements, or something. Meantime, they're talking of having the Olympic diving girls use James' schnozzle for a spring-board.

Reverting To Type?

BEN HECHT, who insulted himself right back on Sam Goldwyn's payroll after a pay-off, is working on a story for Al Jolson's new United Artists picture. Al, they say, will play the part of a hobo. Gotta dime for a cuppa cawfee, Mr. Schenck?

Eye, Eye, Sir

BEN "I-Just-Can't-Make-My-Eyes-Behave" Turpin is coming back to the screen in a series of two-reelers. All this time the old laugh-maker has been acting as a sales executive in a Hollywood film company. Ideal for the job, they say, because he's so cock-eyed he can't see the depression.

Censor No Sense

HOW do you know you're seeing *all* the picture? Sometimes the censors' shears are there before you, and it's a case of now you see it and now you don't, according to where you live.

They're all "yes" men in Manitoba, apparently, for in *The Cheat* they stopped Tallulah Bankhead from screaming "No—No—No!"

In Panama they refused to show *My Sin* and asked the Government to burn it. My, was *My Sin* that hot? Aunt Beverly must have overlooked something in her naïve innocence.

Chicago, unexpectedly, emulates perfection. In *24 Hours* it wouldn't let the heroine say: "I'm damaged goods."

Murder by the Clock, Lilyan Tashman's laugh-film-thriller, was thrown out of Singapore and Finland. It covered a lot of territory, eh what?

Our British cousins, and the Australians, too, would have none of *The Road to Reno* because, presumably, the dear ol' English and the cute Aussies know nothing of divorce.

There's prohibition in Kansas, especially on the screen, In *Two Kinds of Women* it wasn't permissible to say "Clarissa is stiff again."

Australia must be a lonesome land, for in *Confessions of a Co-Ed* they balked at, "Ask her if she has a friend."

And in New York it's against the rules for a man to open a girl's apartment door as in *Three Wise Girls*. So it's not opened.

Kansas objected to a scene in *Dance Team* where Sally Eilers says: "Now no monkey business, just a kiss."

In Australia, it seems, they never walk home, for in *Pagan Lady*, it wasn't allowable to say, "I'm going to blow while I've still got the will power."

And so it goes—you never can tell from what you see what was originally in the picture.

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Vahrah Beverly at 65. Taken 1932

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Little Caesar Is On the Spot!

[*Continued from page 32*]

to have the personality of the character I am playing develop *behind* the face rather than *on* it.

"You have to be honest with the chap you're pretending to be, you know. All the makeup and whiskers in Westmore's kit on the outside won't make up for a lack of sincerity on the inside. Still if a beard will help people forget *Little Caesar*, why, then I'm for the beard. I've played bearded rôles on the stage but not in pictures."

For the first time in what has been a unique career on the screen, Edward G. Robinson is thinking seriously of settling down—more or less permanently—in Hollywood.

Until now he has been a kind of perennial commuter between New York, Europe and the film capital. He has been a here-today gone-tomorrow star, so busy working while in Hollywood that he never even found out if he liked it as a place to live.

He is now about to give it a trial and his new vacation will be spent there for the first time.

"I'm going to play tennis," he says, "if the black cigars haven't ruined my wind. Mrs. Robinson and I have taken a larger place than usual. We're going to have some company from the East and we're going to find out what this enthusiasm for California is all about."

As a matter of fact, Robinson's vacations are getting fewer and shorter with each new contract. Between *The Hatchet Man* and *Two Seconds* he and his wife went to Europe for ten weeks.

THEY visited England, spent some time in Paris and then made a leisurely tour through Italy, where, thanks to that modern "Caesar," Mussolini, Robinson's pictures have not yet been shown in any quantity. It was this fact that made the Italian vacation particularly enjoyable. Robinson was seldom recognized and rarely bothered in Italy, a happy situation that no longer exists for him either in England or France.

He had an audience with Pope Pius, arranged through the American counsul, saw Mussolini from a distance and got a first-hand impression of an old trouble-maker named Vesuvius.

"After that," grins Robinson, "I figured I was in training for another stay in Hollywood."

There seem to be no more long vacations for the actor in the offing now. He is studying scripts and weighing values, buying tennis rackets and unpacking his collection of pipes. It looks as though, after two years of indecision, he is settling down for a long stay in pictures.

"If tennis is too strenuous," he says, patting his stocky figure, "I'll try something else first. We've decided to play at being at home for awhile. At home in Hollywood.

"I've a lot of pictures to make in the next few months. *The Silver Dollar* will probably be one of them."

He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"I might play a rôle in makeup, with a beard, for instance. I wore a beard in *The Goat Song* and some other stage plays. Perhaps, then, the public will forget that my face is Little Caesar's face.

"Yes, I think I'm looking for a part where I can wear a beard."

Let's Go to the Movies!

[*Continued from page 9*]

life with Barbara Stanwyck making the soil pay. Dickie Moore and George Brent also worth noticing.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY**—(Universal)—Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AA. **STOWAWAY**—(Universal)—Racing picture with a thrilling plot. Maureen O'Sullivan, Tom Brown and Andy Devine take honors.

AAA. **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN**—(Paramount)—Light story worth seeing with Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy who is very funny.

AAA. **STRANGERS IN LOVE**—(Paramount)—Highly amusing farce, with Fredric March, Kay Francis and Stuart Erwin getting the laughs.

AAAA. **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—(Radio)—Deeply human and moving story, with excellent dramatic acting by Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **TAXI**—(First National)—James Cagney, as the fightingest man you ever saw, does his bit in a taxicab war. Loretta Young, George E. Stone and Ray Cooke.

AAA. **THE TENDERFOOT**—(Warners)—Clever gags keep it humming with Joe E. Brown and Ginger Rogers at their best.

AAA. **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—(Paramount)—An entertaining picture with rollicking action and dialogue. Cast headed by Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Roland Young and Cary Grant.

AAA. **THUNDER BELOW**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead does a grand piece of acting in this picture laid in the tropics, wherein she is torn between her husband, Charles Bickford, whom she pities because he is blind and her lover, Paul Lukas.

AAA. **TOMORROW AND TOMORROW**—(Paramount)—Emotional drama for adult audiences, with distinguished performances by Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas and Robert Ames.

AAA. **TRAGEDIES IN A NIGHT CLUB**—(Universal)—Realistic entertainment with gunmen and rogues. Mae Clarke the only light touch. Cast includes Lew Ayres, Boris Karloff and Hedda Hopper.

AAA. **THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE**—(Fox)—Exciting entertainment under smooth direction. Joan Bennett and Donald Cook head the hand-picked cast.

AAA. **UNION DEPOT**—(Warner Brothers-First National)—Bang-up melodrama in a railroad terminal, co-starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Blondell.

AAAA. **THE WET PARADE**—(M-G-M)—Vivid picture of the effects of prohibition. Splendid cast with Walter Huston,, Dorothy Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Robert Young, Wallace Ford and Jimmy Durante.

Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland

By Hal Howe

WALLY FORD does not know his name nor his age. When a small lad he was shipped across seas from an orphan asylum in England to a Canadian farm. "Bound out" to a farmer, he was so mistreated he ran away. He met another wanderer named Wally Ford and they became pals. The real Wally Ford fell to his death under the wheels of a freight train. The boy then sought out the mother of his dead friend and won her permission to use her son's name.

John Barrymore was a cartoonist on a New York evening newspaper.

Norma Shearer played a piano in a music store in Toronto, Canada, and earned a few additional dollars by also playing in picture houses.

Jimmy Durante earned twenty-five cents a week lathering faces in his father's barber shop.

Helen Twelvetrees was the champion bicycle rider of Public School Number 119, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pola Negri mixes her own perfumes, blending several French essences with an attar given her by an Indian Maharajah.

A few years ago Miriam Hopkins appeared in a benefit show for Near East Relief. She afterward learned that the man who made up her face to give her the required poverty-stricken look, was Herbert Hoover.

Jean Hersholt's library is insured for thirty thousand dollars.

ZaSu Pitts got her Christian name from two aunts, Liza and Susan.

Stan Laurel never combs his hair.

Marlene Dietrich actually prepares and cooks her daughter's meals.

Harpo Marx, acknowledged one of the finest harpists before the public today, never took a lesson in his life.

Jimmie Cagney, young he-man of gangland pictures, was once a female impersonator.

Victor MacLaglen was a professional prize-fighter and once fought with Jack Johnson, former champion of the world.

Bebe Daniels made her stage début at the age of ten weeks. At four she was billed as "the youngest Shakespearean actress in the world."

Lionel Barrymore is both an etcher and musical composer of ability. Harry Tierney, composer of the opera, *Rio Rita*, and other famous musical critics, gives Lionel high ranking among the American musicians of the day.

Tallulah Bankhead is one natural blonde in the talkies who has never had to *touch up* her hair.

Eddie Cantor, noted stage and screen star, has five daughters, but no sons.

Greta Garbo retained Hollywood's highest-priced *men's* tailor to make her two pairs of white corduroy trousers for summer sports wear.

Lily Damita has never been seen powdering her nose in public or even before her intimate friends. She insists it destroys woman's most precious weapon—illusion.

Just a decade ago, Stephen Roberts, Paramount director, was proprietor, cashier, chief stunt-man and head-mechanic of a flying circus.

Jack Gilbert holds the title as the screen colony's fastest walker. On hiking expeditions, he has to *pull up* constantly because none of his friends can hold to his pace.

When In Hollywood Say:

Airdales when referring to the unshaved camera lads.
Nigger if you mean a camera diffuser to protect the lens from too much light.
Hit that baby to light up a small light.
Cheapie in designating an inexpensive picture.
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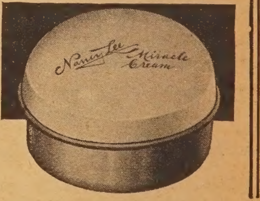

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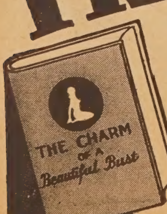

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SCREEN BOOK
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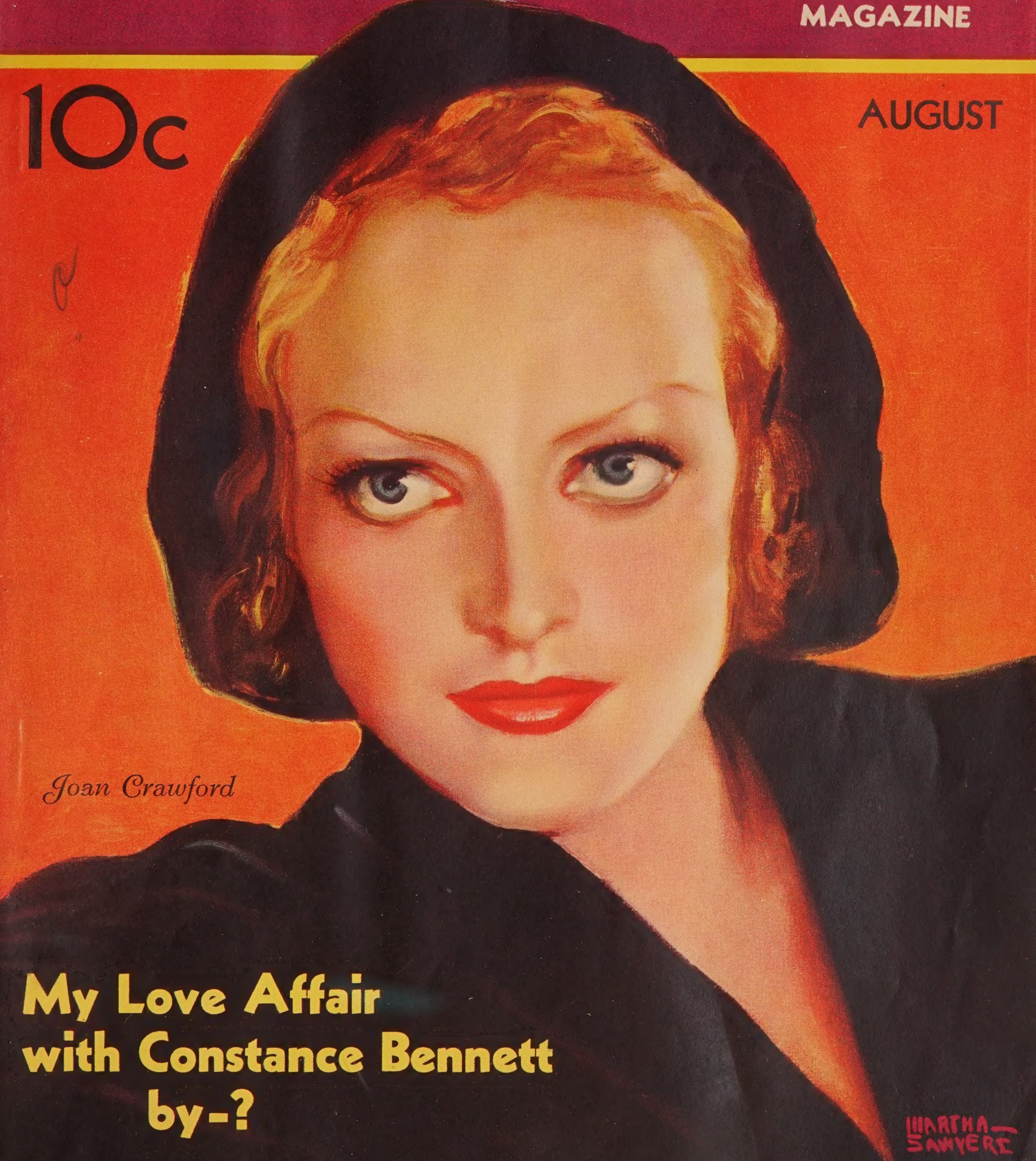
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Vol. IX, No. 1

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1932

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Hollywood Headliners 39
Portraits and unusual news about Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, James Dunn and Gloria Stuart

JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Asst. Editor MARCELLA BURKE, Western Editor

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Here's your GOOD-TIME-TABLE for 1932-3!

PARAMOUNT SPECIALS

HAROLD LLOYD Prod.
"MOVIE CRAZY"

•

MARLENE DIETRICH
in **"BLONDE VENUS"**
with Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg.

•

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"
with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH
By Ernest Hemingway

•

GEORGE M. COHAN *in*
"THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT"

•

"THE BIG BROADCAST"
with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Lyda Roberti, Burns & Allen, Mills Brothers, Street Singer, Donald Novis, Cab Calloway
and other stars.

•

"SINGLE NIGHT"
(tentative title)
with Nancy Carroll, George Raft, Wynne Gibson
By LOUIS BROMFIELD

•

"IF I HAD A MILLION"
All Star Cast

•

"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
by George M. Cohan

THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
in **"HORSE FEATHERS"**

•

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

•

"THE SONG OF SONGS"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS
Richard Bennett,
Alison Skipworth

•

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

•

ERNST LUBITSCH Prod.
"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

•

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
and CARY GRANT

•

"R. U. R."
with Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian

•

"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
with Sylvia Sidney
and Gary Cooper

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Paramount Pictures

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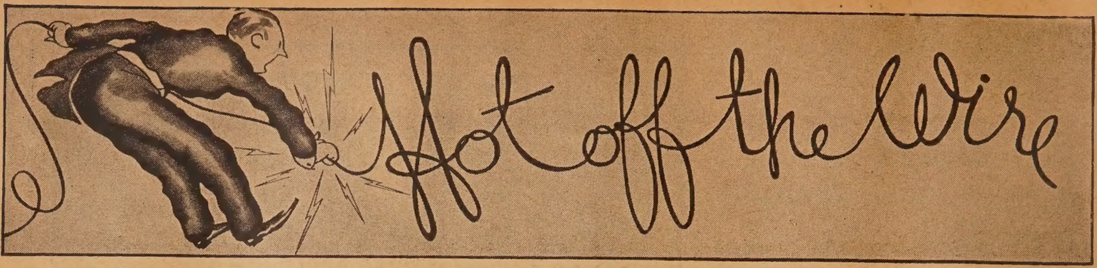

Last Minute News About Hollywood

Joan Crawford traps suspect in an extortion plot aimed against her. District attorney opens and closes investigation when she appeals to him for aid.

Mary Pickford greets Doug Fairbanks in San Francisco on his return from South Sea expedition, where he filmed a picture. Mary learns he plans another journey to Borneo and other islands later.

Helene Costello gets the divorce, not Lowell Sherman, who instituted the suit. Both fought hard for the decree.

Mae Clarke rapidly recovering from nervous breakdown from too much work at Universal and no play. Hopes soon to vacation in Honolulu for a few weeks. Says she needs complete rest.

Famous Barrymore trio, Ethel, John and Lionel, ready to make picture. Family now reunited here. To be Ethel's first talkie.

John Boles on personal-appearance tour in the East.

Charlie Chaplin, says his studio, is to do *The Jester*, an all-talkie in which he will play a deaf-and-dumb part. Now enroute to Hollywood by way of every port in the world. Left Singapore for Japan. Stops slated at Tahiti, Honolulu and Australia.

Clark Gable no longer limps from a twisted ankle. Hurt playing tennis.

Bill Haines getting fine tan from sunning himself at beach home of Leila Hyams.

Ramón Novarro dies for his alma mater every day while making *Huddle*. Some genuine lacerations being sported by him as result of football scrimmages.

Henry B. Walthall, Little Colonel in *Birth of a Nation*, doing a real comeback. Signs on the dotted line with Warners.

The three Gleasons pretty busy. Jimmy with Paramount in *The Challenger*; Lucille appears in *Girls About Town*, and Russell, their son, had part in *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*.

Reginald Denny follows precept of Colleen Moore and signs with Henry Duffy for *Blessed Event* on the stage. Louise Fazenda also signs with Duffy for starring rôle in *The Alarm Clock*.

Wallace Beery continues with M-G-M. Besides, he gets a salary increase.

Garbo and M-G-M still dickering. Hollywood thinks Greta will sign but that Swedish vacation will come first before she resumes camera work.

Still talking about that deal whereby William Fox and Adolph Zukor are reported dickering for Paramount's holdings. Would take about $15,000,000 or $20,000,000 to swing.

Gloria Swanson, says United Artists, to make a picture in Europe.

George Arliss advises Warners from London he is agreeable to a cut of $20,000 per picture on his next year's contract. Is to receive $60,000.

Lillian Roth files suit for divorce in Mexico against William C. Scott, according to word received here.

Harry Gribbon, Mack Sennett contractee, no longer on the air. He was "discovered" by KHJ to have an excellent baritone voice. Then Mack heard him over the ether. Now Harry is kept too busy singing in pictures to allow time for radio.

Hits of the Month

Place these top-notch pictures on your "must see" list:

THE OLD DARK HOUSE
(Boris Karloff, Gloria Stuart)

AS YOU DESIRE ME
(Greta Garbo)

STRANGE INTERLUDE
(Norma Shearer, Clark Gable)

SOCIETY GIRL
(James Dunn, Peggy Shannon)

BACK STREET
(Irene Dunne)

IS MY FACE RED?
(Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees)

LOVE ME TONIGHT
(Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald)

THE DARK HORSE
(Guy Kibbe, Warren William)

Stork is due to stop at home of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello most any moment. They already have a daughter, two years old.

Miriam Hopkins gets two-day airmail Mexican divorce from Austin Parker. Then she adopts baby.

Edna May Oliver in New York, lured from RKO by Florenz Ziegfeld for part in *Show Boat*.

Neil Hamilton started on bicycle ride from Los Angeles to Sacramento to deliver Olympic invitation from Mayor James Porter to Governor Rolph, but studio called him for work just after he left city.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey split. Bert to do personals with Dorothy Lee.

Plea of Nils Asther to rejoin wife in United States granted by government, so he returns to Hollywood where Vivian Duncan awaited him. Swedish actor had immigration troubles, staying in Mexico until ban lifted by state department.

Donald Cook on the mend from auto injuries. More seriously hurt than indicated at first.

Ann Dvorak writes song, *A Pair of Arms*, for *Crooner*, in which she is cast.

Eddie Robinson plans trip to Russia. Wants Russian traveling companion.

Clara Bow's Nevada ranch to be filmed. To be locale of Rex Bell's starring picture. Clara now reducing so she can start work for Fox in *Call Her Savage*.

Universal not to make *No. 55*, story of Louis Bromfield. Paramount buys rights.

Carmel Myers gave birth to son. Mrs. Ralph Blum in private life.

Conrad Nagel, renewal of whose contract was never in doubt, again signs with M-G-M.

The Eyes of Hollywood

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Knows All
Tells All
about
HOLLYWOOD

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Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—Stirring drama with Walter Huston, Constance Cummings and Pat O'Brien in a story of small-town banking.

AAAA. **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—(M-G-M)—Garbo never seen to better advantage than in this sophisticated drama. Maintains suspense to end. Melvyn Douglas performs excellently as the husband. Eric Von Stroheim and Owen Moore good in small rôles.

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—Fannie Hurst's gripping novel of illicit love done full justice by Irene Dunne, John Boles, George Meeker, June Clyde and Paul Weigel. Romantic and dramatic entertainment that will appeal. John M. Stahl deserves credit for doing swell job of directing.

AAA. **CONGRESS DANCES**—(United Artists)—Gaiety and comedy splendidly mixed with diplomatic projects in this lavish production. A delightful continental farce with music and dialogue in English. Lillian Harvey, Lil Dagover, Conrad Veidt superb.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Edmund Lowe as an unscrupulous district attorney whose past entangles him in his own web. Constance Cummings splendid as the girl. Evelyn Brent comes back with a bang.

AAAA. **THE DARK HORSE**—(Warner Brothers)—One of the cleverest, funniest satires to reach the screen. It's a political story but don't let that scare you. Guy Kibbee, Warren William, Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh make up positively perfect cast.

AAAA. **THE FIRST YEAR**—(Fox)—The inseparable lovers in another knockout. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell prove that the first year of married life is the hardest. Nothing finer since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This introduces Sari Maritza and brings back an old favorite, Marguerite Churchill, in story of modern Russia, coupled with the less modern *Ten Commandments.* Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel complete cast.

AA. **HONOR OF THE PRESS**—(Fanchon Royer Production)—Newspaper yarn with some new twists. Eddie Nugent is the cub reporter, helped by Rita LeRoy and Dorothy Gulliver.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Startling and entertaining exposé of a scandal-mad Broadway columnist played by Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong and ZaSu Pitts. Well worth seeing.

AAA. **LOVE IS A RACKET**—(Warner Brothers)—Entertaining comedy proving all beautiful women are love racketeers but men love to be put on the spot. Doug Fairbanks Jr. starred. Lee Tracy, Ann Dvorak and Frances Dee in featured rôles.

AAAA. **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier dishes out love and Jeanette MacDonald shows how she can take it. One of the Frenchman's best. Excellent portrayals by Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy.

AA. **MAN ABOUT TOWN**—(Fox)—Two fine players, Warner Baxter and Karen Morley, fail to make much of this light story of the secret service.

AAA. **MARKED MEN**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony in another spine-tingling round-up of desperadoes who take some catching but meet a bad end as usual. No Mix fan would dare miss this one.

AAA. **MIDNIGHT PATROL**—(Monogram)—Plenty of mystery and fast action in this story of the Fourth Estate, with Regis Toomey.

AA. **NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—(M-G-M)—An armchair drama which won't stir your pulse but is still worth an evening. Bob Young, Margaret Peery and Myrna Loy in the cast.

AA. **NO GREATER LOVE** — (Columbia) — Alexander Carr, Betty Jane Graham and Richard Bennett in a moving story based on the love of a Jewish delicatessen owner for a little crippled Irish girl.

AAAA. **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**—(Universal)—Mystery drama that keeps you keyed up every minute. Not a dull moment and full of the unexpected. Boris Karloff, monster of *Frankenstein,* even better here. Gloria Stuart makes good every prediction for her being a new star. Melvyn Douglas, Lillian Bond and Walter Byron play strong rôles.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY** — (M-G-M) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran again team in riotous, side-splitting comedy. Marie Dressler steals the biggest slice of the picture. Wallace Ford and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

Clark Gable and Norma Shearer in an impassionate scene from *Strange Interlude.* The Great Lover is seen for the first time with a regular John Gilbert mustache in this M-G-M special

AA. **RESERVED FOR LADIES**—(Paramount)—After wading through English accent in this sparkling farce, you'll like it. Leslie Howard makes his return in this English-made picture.

AAA. **THE RIDING TORNADO**—(Columbia)—Tim McCoy in a western made to measure for him. Lots of plot and plenty of excitement. Shirley Mason and Wheeler Oakman help Tim along.

A. **SIN'S PAYDAY**—(Ralph M. Like Production)—Trite story of the underworld. Nice work by Mickey McGuire, taken out of the comedy class for the first time.

AAAA. **SOCIETY GIRL**—(Fox)—Prize-fight comedy-drama of a potential champ who gets mixed up with a dame and hits toboggan. Very much worth seeing, with James Dunn, Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, Walter Byron.

A. **SOIL IS THIRSTY** — (Amkino) — Much blah propaganda with little to recommend. One of the usual run of Russian pictures.

AA. **SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE**—(Columbia)—A horse opera that zips right along, with Buck Jones doing most of the zipping in Warner Baxter fashion.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Something really new in pictures. Norma Shearer reaches dramatic heights as sex-torn woman. Clark Gable better than ever. Big names in supporting cast who all turn in splendid performances, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan, Robert Young, May Robson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Alden and Tad Alexander.

AAA. **TRAPEZE**—(Harmonie)—Splendid German-made picture, starring Anna Sten, now over here. On the order of *Variety,* it is a tale of the circus.

AAA. **WEEK-END MARRIAGE**—(Warner Brothers)—Comedy-drama answering again our very modern problem: Should wives work? Loretta Young and Norman Foster make this worth seeing. Aline MacMahon, George Brent and Vivienne Osborne capable support.

AA. **WEEK ENDS ONLY**—(Fox)—Light but entertaining story of an artist's love for his model who turns out to be a benefactor. Ben Lyon and Joan Bennett in excellent portrayals.

AAAA. **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?**—(Radio)—Constance Bennett and an exceptional supporting cast reveal Hollywood as it really is. Lowell Sherman and Neil Hamilton were never better.

AA. **YOUNG AMERICA**—(Fox)—Particularly interesting to mothers who have problems of their own in rearing their offspring. Nice work by Tommy Conlon as the cause of it all. Spencer Tracy rings true. Doris Kenyon, Ralph Bellamy and Beryl Mercer also in the picture.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **ARROWSMITH** — (United Artists) — Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis's prize novel. Fine support by Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett.

AAA. **ARSENE LUPIN**—(M-G-M)—Mystery tale with the Barrymore brothers at their best. Karen Morley furnishes love interest.

AAA. **TOM BROWN AT CULVER**—(Universal)—Tom Brown makes fine début in title rôle as cadet in thrilling military school story. Slim Summerville funnier than ever.

AAA. **CARELESS LADY**—(Fox)—Joan Bennett, the hometown girl, gets glamor in Paris by a fake marriage. John Boles is the eventual husband.

AAA. **COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—(Universal)—Knockout comedy of motion picture making, featuring Charlie Murray and George Sidney.

AAAA. **THE CROWD ROARS**—(Warner Brothers)—James Cagney handing you thrills in a sensational racetrack story.

AAA. **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—(Universal) Swell Western, with thrills aplenty furnished by Tom Mix and Tony.

AAA. **DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen proving convincingly that sudden wealth does not always bring happiness.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front. Large cast of notables does full credit to excellent story, including Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz, H. Gibson-Gowland and Albert Conti.

AAA. **THE FLESH IS WEAK**—(M-G-M)—This delightful comedy deals with two fortune hunters who fall in love and marry without a dime. Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher and Robert Montgomery are in the cast.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others.

AAA. **HEART OF NEW YORK**—(Warner Brothers)—Hysterical comedy by Smith and Dale, George Sidney, and Anna Appel in Park Avenue setting.

AAA. **THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN**—(Universal)—Interesting love story about a young doctor and his girl. Excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke, Una Merkel and John Halliday.

AAAA. **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—(Warner Brothers)—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Brian sparkling in clever satire on American hero-worship.

AAAA. **LETTY LYNTON**—(M-G-M)—Melodramatic tale of illicit love which co-stars Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery. Sterling performance by Nils Asther as the heavy. Will click well with Crawford fans.

AAA. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March never seen to better advantage. Adrianne Allen also acquits herself nobly. Excellent job of directing on part of Dorothy Arzner. Picture based on novel, *Jerry and Joan.*

AAAA. **THE MIRACLE MAN**—(Paramount)—Splendid revival of famous silent, featuring Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris.

AA. **THE MISLEADING LADY**—(Paramount)—Stuart Erwin, as an escaped "nut" sustains the tempo with Claudette Colbert and Edmund Lowe doing the best they can in a lightweight story.

AA. **MISS PINKERTON**—(Warner Brothers)—Good detective yarn with Joan Blondell in her first stellar rôle and George Brent, the new sensation, as the hero. Laughs and suspense.

AAA. **THE MOUTHPIECE**—(Warner Brothers)—Warren William as a criminal attorney comes through big in his first starring picture with able support from Sidney Fox and William Janney.

AAA. **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

AA. **RADIO PATROL**—(Universal)—Fast moving and exciting and shows a new way to catch criminals. Lila Lee stages fine comeback. Good performances by Robert Armstrong, Russell Hopton, Andy Devine and June Clyde.

AAA. **RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony struggle against evil forces amid the wastes of Death Valley. Beauty, action, romance. Lois Wilson and Fred Kohler excellent.

AAA. **ROADHOUSE MURDER**—(Radio)—Novel twists and plenty of thrills mark this newspaper yarn and murder mystery. Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan give stirring performances, pepping up a peppy entertainment.

AA. **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—(Universal)—Lots of trouble for Charles Bickford, the newspaperman who gets ambitious. Proper support from Pat O'Brien and Rose Hobart.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AA. **THE SILENT WITNESS**—(Fox)—Old-fashioned melodrama wherein a father stands trial for his son's crime. Lionel Atwill, Bramwell Fletcher and Greta Nissen have featured rôles.

AA. **SINNERS IN THE SUN**—(Paramount)—A pleasant evening's entertainment. Built on the old formula of the poor girl and boy who want the expensive things in life but when they get them, they are not so desirable. Chester Morris, Carole Lombard and Adrienne Ames please.

AAA. **SKY BRIDE**—(Paramount)—Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie teamed in a stunt-flying thriller, with Virginia Bruce as the lovely heroine.

AAAA. **SO BIG**—(Warner Brothers)—Drama of pioneer life with Barbara Stanwyck making the soil pay. Dickie Moore and George Brent also worth noticing.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY**—(Universal)—Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AAAA. **THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE**—(Paramount)—Every audience will be shaken with emotion by this tear-jerker, at the same time shouting the praises of Wynne Gibson and Cora Sue Collins, four-year-old who gives amazing performance.

AAA. **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN**—(Paramount)—Light story worth seeing with Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton and Lee Tracy who is very funny.

AAA. **STREET OF WOMEN**—(Warner Brothers)—Kay Francis, Allan Dinehart and Roland Young in an amusing but dramatic story of an inspiring love. Excellent dialogue, beautiful photography and gripping interest. Don't miss it.

AAAA. **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—(Radio)—Deeply human and moving story, with excellent dramatic acting by Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **THUNDER BELOW**—(Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead does a grand piece of acting in this picture laid in the tropics, wherein she is torn between her husband, Charles Bickford, whom she pities because he is blind and her lover, Paul Lukas.

AAA. **TRAGEDIES IN A NIGHT CLUB**—(Universal)—Realistic entertainment with gunmen and rogues. Mae Clarke the only light touch. Cast includes Lew Ayres, Boris Karloff and Hedda Hopper.

AAA. **THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE**—(Fox)—Exciting entertainment under smooth direction. Joan Bennett and Donald Cook head the hand-picked cast.

AAAA. **TWO SECONDS**—(Warner Brothers)—If you like your realism straight, you'll go for this in a big way. Thrilling, chilling drama in which "Little Caesar" Robinson goes to the chair. Superb directing by Mervyn LeRoy.

AAAA. **THE WET PARADE**—(M-G-M)—Vivid picture of the effects of prohibition. Splendid cast with Walter Huston,, Dorothy Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Robert Young, Wallace Ford and Jimmy Durante.

AAA. **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—(M-G-M)—Rich in human appeal is this story with Jackie Cooper as a cripple. Chic Sale, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Peterson good in dramatic parts.

AA. **THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13**—(Fox)—Elissa Landi does herself proud, abetted by Neil Hamilton, Myrna Loy and Ralph Bellamy in a story of marriage, intrigue and sacrifice.

AAA. **WORLD AND THE FLESH**—(Paramount)—Heavy drama in days of Russian revolution. George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins make most of their rôles.

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Like Father, Like Son?

What of the second generation—will the sons and daughters of film great achieve the histrionic fame of their parents?

By Hal Howe

FOLLOWING in father's footsteps may sound like a hop, skip and a jump to riches and success, but more often it is quite to the contrary. Particularly, when the pater has shone in stellar ray on the screen or stage, for it would seem that he had cornered family fame and honors for this generation, at least.

Take, for instance, Doug, Junior.

Doug did not want to follow in his father's footsteps. He abhorred the idea of trading on his name. Even as a child it was his objective to find some vocation other than acting. So he chose to paint. However, his mother felt differently about things. Just as she and Doug were embarking for Paris and the study of art, the Famous Players representative nabbed the boy off the gangplank and offered him a contract.

Aided by his mother's pleadings, the young scion of the Fairbanks was led to the screen, with Paris a distant vision. He was only fourteen. His heart was not in the work and so the picture was a flop.

Much to his delight, the second picture was cancelled and he and his mother went to Paris. There was little money in painting so Doug did everything that came his way. Many were lowly occupations. He even was a pin boy in a bowling alley in Providence, Rhode Island.

Douglas Fairbanks Sr. welcomed young Doug into his profession but the son of the famous star refused offers of help, preferring to win recognition entirely on his own ability

Russell Gleason is capably following in the footsteps of his father, Jimmie Gleason. Since childhood, when he appeared in his parents' act, Russell showed great promise as an actor. His mother, Lucille Webster Gleason, is also famous

Finally, because there was nothing else to do, he became a motion picture extra. It would seem that a kind Fate, stronger than the boy's pride, guided him into the field that was his by paternal inheritance.

His father welcomed the lad into his profession and in between bits, he assigned him to title *The Gaucho.* Outside of that one titling job, the junior Doug has fought his way to the top alone. Today, there is none prouder of him than his dad.

CREIGHTON CHANEY also resents the fact that people may infer he is trading on his father's name. There is a marked physical dissimilarity between him and his dad. Creighton is six feet tall, while Lon was medium-sized. He is of the romantic type, while his father was a character actor.

He first told us that he finally went on the screen because all his friends kept insisting. To shut them up he was having his cinema fling.

This is not altogether true. The truth of it is that deeply embedded in the young man is the lure and the love of it. He is his dad's boy. Since babyhood he has lived in the spirit of the theatre. He has sat since infancy waiting for his father to appear between acts. Off stage, he watched his father back of the footlights for years. It is in his blood, and it cannot be denied.

THE two Keatings, husband and wife, were internationally known attractions. The night Buster was born, also marked his public début.

[*Continued on page* 66]

Don't be Fooled by FLAVOR . . .

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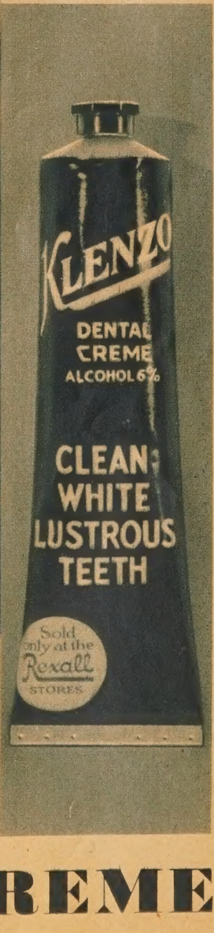

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Frankly Speaking

On Movietown Topics of Current Interest

Couldn't Decide

Mind-Changers

MOVIE folk might at least give the harassed editors a little co-operation. Just when we had given the printer the story of Sally Eilers' divorce plans, she and Hoot kissed and made up. So we threw away the type, only to find out that all was not forgiven. Then it got to be a little game, in which all kinds of rumors were denied and affirmed. Just now Sally says her divorce is not to be, but tomorrow is another day. We think it would be a great idea if the stars would make up their minds to keep happily married at least every other month so that we movie fans could tell just how things stand.

Unemployed Enthusiasm

OUR snooping reporter tells us that a certain enterprising theatre owner is making things easier for starving extras by hiring them to applaud in his show house to keep the audience awake. But what about the extras?

One On Von

DOWN at Palm Springs the story is going the rounds that little Bobbie Coogan, while walking with his mother, spied the great Maestro Director Josef von Sternberg, of Dietrich fame, swaggering down the walk. "Look, Mumsie!" Bobbie cried, "there goes Groucho Marx, the funniest man on our lot."

As outsiders looking in on the trouble rising out of Von Sternberg's refusal to direct *The Blonde Venus* because it wasn't his idea of art, we'd say, Bobbie, that you were pretty much right. Somehow, Von's long-haired temperamental antics which were given such prominent front page mention in the newspapers, seem to us much better suited for the comic section. He has given blasé Hollywood many a laugh.

"The funniest man!"

Return Engagement

WE ALWAYS felt that the bond of affection between Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey was genuine. When their marriage ended in a no-decision bout in which both took the count at Reno, we were sorry but not surprised, because it is impossible to house two such spirited thoroughbreds in the same stable without a violent explosion sooner or later. Now, happily, they are reconciled, but probably will never remarry. Shackled romance isn't their style.

Taking The Cure

WALTER WINCHELL, the ace of all Broadway columnists, worked so hard prying into the private affairs of screen stars and other celebrities for so long that a nervous breakdown threatened. It was rather strange, we thought, that he'd choose Hollywood as a place to rest, for it is here that life marches at a frenzied pace. He feels much better now, and who wouldn't with studios offering him $50,000 and up for a single picture. He didn't accept, however.

New Sensation

Watch Tala!

THERE have been only three sensational star discoveries in the past ten years—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable. But, mindful of all the hazards that stand between Hollywood newcomers and stardom, we dare to predict that Tala Birell, the Viennese star who made her début in *The Doomed Battalion*, will equal if not outshine the glory of these three. She is not the Garbo or Dietrich type, but about her there is a fascinating quality that is certain to strike fire with movie-goers. Don't miss Tala Birell in her first picture—we'll wager that you will agree.

The Elusive Gwili

GWILI ANDRE, the mystery lady of the Radio lot, is at least consistent. She even goes the little girls one better, because she is neither seen nor heard.

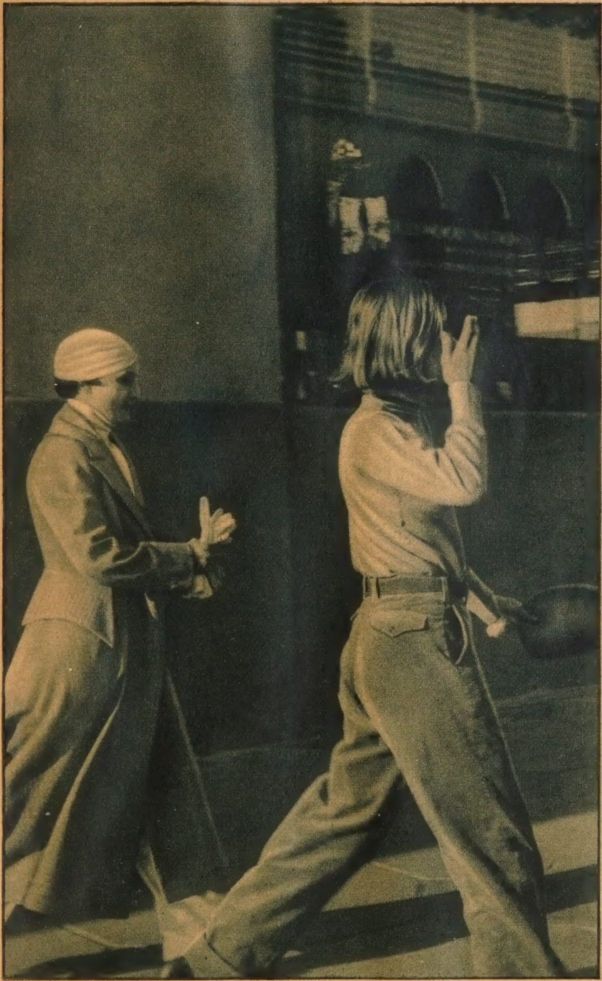
The Editors

FINAL **SCREEN TABLOID** EXTRA

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST, 1932

STARS IN BIG STUDIO REVOLT

Story on Page 16



GARBO IN PANTS! Innocent bystanders gasped in amazement to see Mercedes de A'Costa and Greta Garbo striding swiftly along Hollywood Boulevard dressed in men's clothes. It's an old hobby with Greta, only this is the first time she has not been fast enough to elude the camera

—*Wide World*

GLORIA'S BABY—Michele Bridget is her name, the daughter of Michael Farmer and Gloria Swanson. The child is blissfully indifferent to the camera début which followed two months after her birth in the star's Mayfair home in London

PLATINUM BLONDES DESERTED! Jean Harlow, originator of the platinum blonde fad, has deserted the ranks, but only until she completes her new picture, *Redheaded Woman*. She is seen here with Paul Bern at the world première of *Grand Hotel*

Scarface Producer Wins Bitter Censor Battle!

Story on Page 15

Fame Driving Peggy Shannon to Separation

Star Forced to Sacrifice Her Love on the Altar of Fame; Husband Seeks Freedom

ALAN DAVIS

ANOTHER sacrifice is being made ready for Hollywood's Altar of Fame. Peggy Shannon and Alan Davis, her husband, have reached the parting of the ways.

Hurt pride is responsible. Peggy has won success; Alan, in spite of his courageous effort, has been unable to keep pace.

For eight months he has been in Hollywood, meeting one disappointment after another in his campaign to wring recognition from the studios. Alan has heard himself referred to as "Peggy Shannon's husband." The careless reference, never intended to hurt, has rankled and festered in his mind.

When Peggy and Alan were both ambitious youngsters, struggling for a foothold on the New York stage, they met and fell in love. Their courtship was a whirlwind affair, lasting only a few weeks. Jobs were uncertain—neither of them could look forward with any certainty to the fate that tomorrow might bring. But Alan had a part—a temporary engagement, it is true—so what mattered tomorrow to two youngsters head over heels in love? They were married.

Peggy's Disillusionment

That was five years ago. Today they are still in love, still unable to think of the future without considering it in terms of one another. They are bewildered and hurt by the buffet Fate has dealt them. But the facts remain—they have reached the fork in the trail where they feel each must forge ahead—alone.

"I have struggled so long—had so many problems to face," Peggy cries rebelliously. "Why must this happen? I was so happy when I found a place in pictures and knew that I would have a steady salary. I thought I could have peace and security at last."

Peggy Shannon's life, you see, has not been altogether happy. She is justified in that protest.

When she was sixteen, soon after her graduation from high school in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, her mother took her to New York City. It was intended as a graduation present, a brief pleasure jaunt. But it proved anything but that.

Parents Separate

Peggy's father, a jovial soul, on one excuse or another, delayed sending the money for his family's return fare. For some time, demands for an explanation were unanswered. Then, one day, came a letter which made the separation final.

Peggy's sister, who was with her mother and Peggy in New York, was then only three years old. Someone had to earn a living and Peggy, feeling that her mother should be free to care for the baby, took the responsibility resolutely on her own shoulders. Almost miraculously, she found a job in the Ziegfeld chorus.

Later, while dancing in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, Peggy met Alan and married him. He was intensely ambitious and Peggy's plans and hopes received new life from his enthusiasm. They had plenty of bumps, plenty of hardships, but their love for one another made them seem trivial.

"I wonder if I'll ever be as happy [*Continued on page* 74]

TO SEPARATE— Petite Peggy Shannon, now appearing in *High Society*, won fame in Hollywood. Her husband so far has not, and because of this their love may find its end in the divorce court

Censors Surrender in War Against Scarface!

Producer Howard Hughes Wins Knockout Victory; Forces Showing of Gangster Film Everywhere

HOWARD HUGHES, the young producer of *Scarface*, has won his insistent battle against the censors. Despite efforts made to bar the picture, particularly in New York, it is now being shown the nation over. This triumph marks the end of a long struggle that cost Hollywood's most courageous producer a fortune, and almost sent him into bankruptcy.

After *Scarface* was finished months ago, it was viewed by Will Hays, who ordered a number of drastic changes, including elimination of the scene in which the gangster gives his mother money, and substitution of scenes showing the trial, conviction and sentencing of the gang leader for the final climax in which he was shot down in the gutter by police.

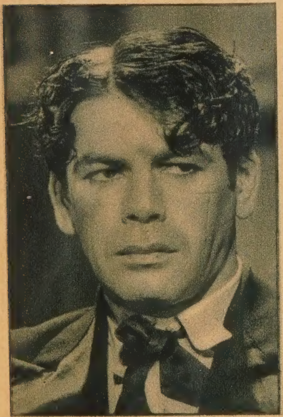
These requests put Hughes on the spot. His original cast had already left the studio and was scattered far and wide—some in New York stage plays and others working in new pictures. To get them back was no easy job, but he dug deep in his pocket for the necessary cash and began re-shooting. Finished, the picture was sent to New York, where the censors rejected it in its entirety.

War Declared

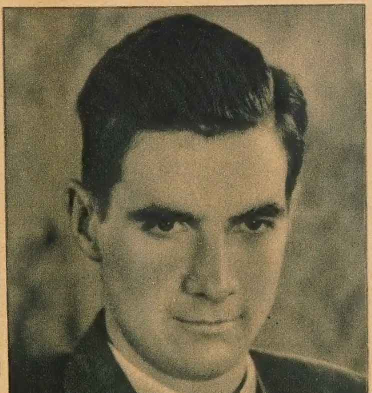
Hughes became determined to show *Scarface* even if he had to fight his way to the public through the courts. He promptly released the picture in its original version. Critics immediately praised it as the greatest preach-

[*Continued on page* 73]

THIS STIRRING SCENE from *Scarface*, exposing the inside story of racketeers' crimes, was one of the many that were objected to by censors. Exception was also taken to the reenactments of the St. Valentine's day massacre in Chicago, the hospital shooting of "Legs" Diamond, and the police round-up of "Two-Gun" Crowley. Only threatened court action was able to force the showing of this picture in states where political censorship banned it



PAUL MUNI, as Scarface, gives magnificent performance of a gangster whose life closely paralleled that of Al Capone and shocks the public into fiery indignation against racketeers



PRODUCER HOWARD HUGHES, not yet thirty, who had the courage to battle victoriously for the right to free speech in the movies

STUDIOS STAMP OUT STAR INSURRECTION

Marlene Dietrich Goes Back to Work; Studio Drops Marian Marsh; Others in Trouble

PUTTING an effective spike in the display of temperament and quelling the salary insurrection of Hollywood stars with a definiteness and finality that left most of the "rebels" gasping, studio executives are once again concentrating upon the business of producing pictures.

This flurry of salary demands in face of studio retrenchments, found little sympathy with those responsible for operating the major studios of the film city. As a consequence, salaries in some cases, such as that of James Cagney, were promptly suspended, while others, like Marian Marsh, were dropped from the roster.

"A few of the stars have taken unkindly to economic readjustment," declared one prominent official. "They must come to a quick realization that times are what they are. They have been taught a salutary lesson upon being convinced that studios have a limit to their purse-strings with the result that these excessive demands for increased stipends no doubt have come to an end."

"Von" Is Blamed

Hence, when Josef von Sternberg found himself the target for much adverse criticism due to his statement that "a movie contract is nothing more than a scrap of paper," he hesitated only a brief moment before capitulating to Paramount. For his insubordination, together with that of Marlene Dietrich, who walked out of the studio with her director, the studio lost no time in curtailing their salaries.

"Failure to report for work

[*Continued on page* 73]

JAMES CAGNEY, who donned his fighting togs and went after his studio tooth and nail, demanding that his salary be raised from $1,400 to $4,000, is still a Hollywood holdout. The studio may hold him to his contract which will prohibit him from appearing on the stage, in radio or in pictures for any other studio until the expiration of his contract

PASSIVE RESISTANCE was Marlene Dietrich's weapon when she joined with Director von Sternberg in refusing to appear for work in *The Blonde Venus.* Dropped from the payroll and threatened with a general studio boycott because of her contract, Marlene soon surrendered

NANCY CARROLL'S temperament is thought partially responsible for the studio's decision to cut her salary to $1,000 a week, a drastic slice from the pay check

ADVERSE CRITICISM heaped on the head of Josef von Sternberg when he refused to direct *The Blonde Venus* helped change his mind

MARIAN MARSH was not entirely satisfied with salary or the rôles she was given. In a quiet settlement she was released from her contract

Dempsey-Taylor Secret Re-wedding is Rumored

Ex-wife Helps Boom Business For Former Champ As New Cafe Holds Opening

JACK DEMPSEY and Estelle Taylor are again Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey!

This is the report that has all Hollywood agog. The rumor is rife that the two have been secretly re-wed. Efforts to corroborate this have proved futile. Estelle denies it flatly. The former champion simply shrugs his massive shoulders but declines to even discuss the reports.

"Don't be funny," he says to eager news sleuths.

The rumor of the re-marriage gained considerable headway by reason of the two being seen in each other's company on frequent occasions. So far as Hollywood was concerned, they had kissed and made up. Yet, Jack has escorted Billie Dove, Lina Basquette, Mary Brian and others to various functions. The Film city smiles knowingly and calls this dust, with which it refuses to be blinded to what it labels the real facts.

When Dempsey launched the formal opening of the new Jack Dempsey Café, Estelle acted as hostess to Jack's host. It was a gala occasion. Celebrities of the films were present in large numbers. Those not in the know would never have guessed that the two had ever been estranged. Even during their period of marriage, they rarely appeared in public more attached to one another.

However, shortly after the café episode, their $135,000 mansion in Hollywood was disposed of at auction. It had been Jack's gift to Estelle after their wedding. Everything went under the hammer. Despite this, rumors continue that they have been quietly re-wed.

ESTELLE AND JACK, happy in their reunion as they dine at the formal opening of the ex-champion's new restaurant

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EVALYN KNAPP SPEEDS FIANCE'S RECOVERY

Evalyn Knapp and Donald Cook

HIS screen career temporarily halted by injuries sustained in an automobile mishap, Donald Cook was led back to health by Evalyn Knapp, screen actress, who is variously reported to be his fiancée or his wife. At all events, she was devoted to him during his hospital sojourn.

The accident in which Cook figured was one of the most singular in the annals of the movie capital. While driving his automobile from the studio, he fainted at the wheel. Overwork and a severe cold are attributed as responsible. His machine crashed into a telephone pole, wrecked the car and nearly cost the actor his life.

It was at first feared that Cook had suffered a concussion of the brain. When X-ray examinations disproved this, his injuries were regarded as more painful than severe. Subsequently, it was found that he had been hurt internally. Cook's rugged constitution and the nursing on the part of his fiancée, or wife, tended to a rapid recovery.

STILL HAPPY—Ann Dvorak's romance nearly went on the rocks when her new hubby, Leslie Fenton, was sued for divorce, but they are determined to stick it out and stay wed happily ever after

My Love Affair

A Princeton freshman laments a lost love in his diary, revealing the most interesting chapter in the life of the girl who married a marquis

To Jack with all
my love
Connie —
1922 —

Constance Bennett as she appeared just ten years ago in the portrait which she autographed to a heart-stricken suitor. Connie was a captivating playgirl in those days, with the whole tribe of New York's eligible young men at her feet

THURSDAY:

Came up to New York today with Mal and Ed, three quarts of gin and a lot of ideas. But most of the ideas have crashed for reasons which I will now put down. Ed suggested going first to the Plaza Grill where he said he knew we'd bump into a bunch of flappers. (Ed and Mal are upper-classmen so they know New York better than me.) He said there was a cute kid by the name of Connie Bennett who sort of made the Plaza Grill her headquarters and he bet I'd tumble for her. I laughed at him, because I'm almost engaged, so to speak, to Louise.

Well, we blew into the Grill and grabbed ourselves a table. Mal was the first to spot this Bennett kid, and as much as I hate to admit it, (because Louise believes in me so) I got all kind of tingly when I saw her.

She had her hat off and a generous abundance of wavy blonde hair was swaying in rhythm to the music. If I ever saw a figure like a drink of water charged with a dash of T. N. T., she's got the patent on it! When she passed our table she took her face out of her partner's shoulder long enough to recognize Ed. So Ed, naturally, cut in on her and took her away from an Eli egg who'd been dancing with his eyes shut and his mouth open. Then, after a couple of turns of the room, Ed brought her over and introduced her to me—which I thought was decent of him. Well, I don't know what came over me—but I just automatically took her in my arms and swam off with her before I knew what was what. Gee! How she can dance! She stuck so close to me that she was leaning backwards and I know if I'd taken my arm away she'd have fallen down. I only got about once around the room when another guy cut in, called her "darling" and kissed her hair when he grasped her.

I think his name was Ben Finney, or something like that. I didn't mind the cutting-in so much but I resented his air of possession over her. Then, too, it annoyed me the way Connie just slipped out of my arms into his without even losing step or apparently knowing that I had left her.

I stood on the edge of the floor till I saw Connie coming my way. Her golden head was syncopating with the tune but she seemed bored with the egg she was with. When she got near me she made signs with her big delphinium-blue eyes so of course, I cut in. She thanked me for relieving her from the "fish-cake"—as she put it—she was dancing with.

Well, I was lucky enough to get nearly twice around the room with her and I found out where she lives. It's on Park Avenue—998 to be exact. Then Ed—the swine—cut in on me and I went back to the table and wrote down her address on the back of an envelope. I don't suppose Louise would have liked this. If Connie takes me away from Louise (which, of course, I don't think she will) that'll be Louise's misfortune. It's something I can't help.

I met two other girls and danced with them but neither would have worried Louise, so I didn't bother asking them where they lived. I'm not the promiscuous sort, I guess. I'm a one-girl man. But I'm sort of wondering who the one girl will be, Connie or Louise?

Friday:

Well, a lot has happened since I closed this last night. At eleven this morning Ed and Mal weren't alive yet, so I got up, opened a window and fanned the air with a bath towel.

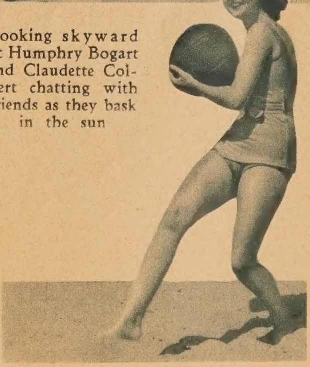
Our CANDID CAMERAMAN Crashes MALIBU

—*Snapshots by Hyman Fink*

Screen Book's Snapshot Section this month catches the Malibu beachers off guard

Looking skyward at Humphry Bogart and Claudette Colbert chatting with friends as they bask in the sun

Josephine Dunn and Elliott Nugent get their heads together on confidential business while Mrs. Nugent looks smilingly on, not being a member of the Jealous Wives Club at Malibu Beach



Mary Ashcraft takes her medicine ball with a smile. It's just the sport to guarantee a slim figure, declares Mary

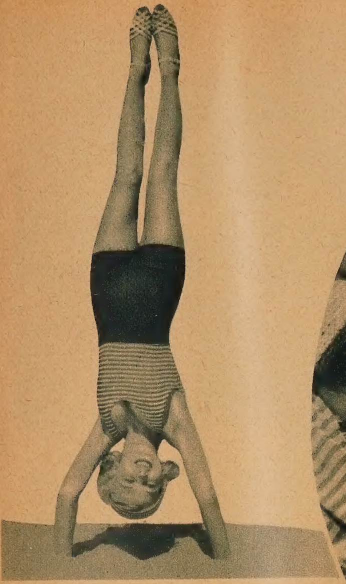
Camera peeks at Hollywood's ultra-private beach parties

Nora Lane and Mickey Flynn, members of Malibu's popular younger set, out for an invigorating walk along the strand

Director Mervyn Le Roy, in a choking mood, threatens to do things to John Gilbert's windpipe unless he is allowed a few moments tête-à-tête with his charming hostess, Mrs. Ward Morehouse

A quartette of famous Malibu Beach citizens about to start for a morning stroll along the strand—Genevieve Tobin, Mervyn Le Roy, Ginger Rogers and Claudette Colbert. What costumes!

Ernst Lubitsch, who directs all of Maurice Chevalier's pictures, chats with a dazzling newcomer, Phyllis Claire



Everything looks topsy-turvy to Roberta Gale, who said she'd even stand on her head to please the cameraman—and promptly did

Four of Movieland's most attractive débutantes in conference on the beach—Silvia Pickertt, Rochelle Hudson, Florence Lake and Roberta Gale

The camera "kibitzes" again. This time on the animated conversation of Genevieve Tobin, Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. Norman, the suave old chap, is the sort of fellow who can be convincingly attentive to his wife while a beautiful lady sits on his lap

Dorothy Burgess and her host, Ward Morehouse, caught in the act of ravenously attacking two helplessly fried spring chickens. Even at Malibu they take time out to do some first-class eating

Hunting Big Game with GARY

Scenes from the travelogue picture of Gary Cooper's African adventures

Not the least interesting of Gary Cooper's experiences in Africa were the natives themselves. He is seen here inspecting earrings worn by a native African woman, a procedure not entirely to her liking

One of Gary Cooper's prize trophies on his hunt in Africa was a Great Bustard, a wily and wary game bird which is most difficult to approach. Some of these huge beasts measure as much as eight feet in extent of the wings. Gary's bird is nearly that large

Gary poses with one of the trophies of his hunt—a fleet-footed gazelle that fell before his swift and sure gun

Although hunters may scoot all over Africa by motor, Gary discovered that in the impassable regions natives had to be called to the rescue. Including boat fare, Gary's enforced health sojourn in Africa is estimated to have cost—well, plenty!

YOUR HAT

by BEVERLY HILL

Furniture Cycle

THEY say films are made in cycles—war cycles, gangster cycles, and so on. With Miriam Hopkins slated to star in *No Bed of Her Own*, and Ann Harding scheduled for *No Bed of Roses*, it looks as though the furniture cycle has arrived.

Watchful Waiting

IN OUR last issue we had something to say about the divorce of Clark Gable and his wife, remember? Mrs. G. told your old Aunt that it was the boloney. In much more polite phraseology, of course. And assured us all that everything was lovely. Since then, not much has happened. Except that both Hollywood and Broadway insist that Clark will be a bachelor again.

Sign of the $

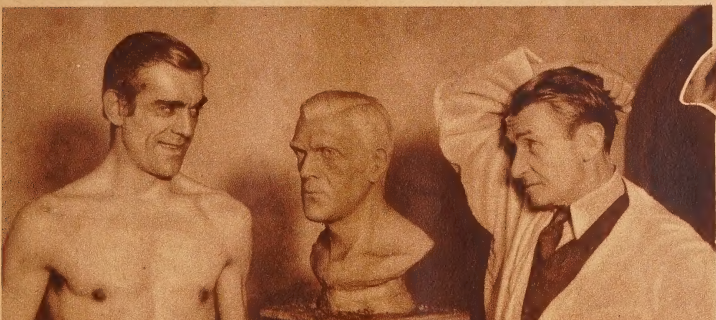
IF DIRECTOR Cecil B. de Mille completes *The Sign of the Cross* for Paramount at a cost of not more than $400,000, he is to receive fifty Gs for his end. But if the production dough exceeds the 400 Grand, C. B.'s net will be considerably lower.

When Is a Cut Not?

THE answer is: "When it is taken by Dick Barthelmess." Maybe you read that Dick took a 33 1/3 slice in salary voluntarily. But here's how it works: Dick used to make two pictures a year at $150,000 per pic. Total income, $300,000. Now he is to star in three movies at $100,000 per. Total income, $300,000! So, you see, he takes a cut. But doesn't!

Bill's Bill

WHEN you see Bill Gargan as "Handsome," the marine, in Joan Crawford's *Rain*, recall that he actually paid to play the rôle. It was this way: Bill made a hit in the Leslie Howard stage play, *Animal Kingdom*. They wanted him for Hollywood, so he actually bought up his contract—quit the hit—and hit the road. After *Rain*, Bill will play in the screen version of his stage success.



What! Can this pleasant-faced, smiling chap on the left really be the monster who made *Frankenstein* famous? Ivan Simpson, noted sculptor and artist of international repute, seems to be asking himself that question as he compares his finished handiwork and his real-life subject, Boris Karloff, Universal player

Thelma Todd, that lovely blonde leading lady for Hal Roach, puts on her bathing suit and a smile, all ready for a dip in the ocean She is a sight to break most anybody's heart

Our sleuth turns the spotlight of publicity

We Salute the Kunnel!

Ten-shun!

Now it's Colonel Joan Bennett, if you please. The littlest Bennett girl is an officer of the 347th United States Field Artillery, entitled to wear silver eagles on her decolletage, flowers in her hair, and everything that is worn in the regular army.

Boy, when the next war comes, it'll be nice to be commanded by movie stars!

Youth and happiness are personified in Arletta Duncan and Tom Brown as they are caught by the camera in this outdoor tête-à-tête. They have reason to be happy, as Universal regards them among the most promising youngsters in Hollywood. Tom is being starred and Arletta has some fine rôles to her credit

Wally Ford's educated pup might not be the best bred dog in town, but he has a reputation for being the best read. He'll probably be peeved when he reads this—about calling attention to his reading over Wally's shoulder

Breaking Into the Movies

OF COURSE, we all know that Vic McLaglen once stayed in the same ring with Jack Johnson for a matter of several rounds, but did you know that he once boxed with Jess Willard? It was back in Springfield, Mo., when Will McCarney, a boxing promoter, was looking for a heavyweight to toss in with one Joe Cox, a barnstorming slugger whose specialty was in cleaning up "White Hopes."

McCarney had Willard along, and in a vaudeville theatre there was an acrobat belonging to a troupe called the Romano Brothers. One of them thought he could fight, so the manager threw him and Willard into a ring to see which should fight Cox. Willard won and started toward the championship. The Romano Brother who lost was—Victor McLaglen.

Picking Peaches

THERE'S an enquiring reporter who mingles on both camera casts and plagues otherwise pleasant gatherings by defying their members to select six beautiful women in the movies. He insists that they must be *beautiful* according to best classic standards—not charming, cute, attractive—but beautiful.

He starts the ball arolling with the mention of Billie Dove, Thelma Todd and Anita Page. He refuses to admit Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford, Mary Pickford, Loretta Young, and lots more we're used to thinking of as perfection. Try it yourself, and see if you can select six classic beauties. Men, by the way, are easier with John Boles and Jack Barrymore heading the list, and Ronald Colman admitted.

Veddy, Veddy British

IT WASN'T long ago that Doug Fairbanks Jr. was the only American present at a festive board otherwise surrounded by Englishmen. In compliment to them, perhaps, Doug spent the evening calling the "Brown Derby" the "Brown *Darby*." In England, Doug, dear, it's a bloomin' bowler, doncher-know!

Still "Cock-Eyed World"

VIC McLAGLEN, Eddie Lowe and zat so adorable babee, Fifi Dorsay, are within $250 of signing to co-star in a vaudeville tour. If the ante is raised, or the players split the $250 deficit among them, we'll soon see them in a sketch taken from the story of that smash hit, *The Cock-Eyed World*. And won't that be fun?

"Poor (?) Robinson Crusoe!"

THESE location trips are great stunts. Aunt Beverly hears that when *The Good Earth* is made movie, it will be done on the original sites in China. But what we started to say was Doug Fair-

on the private lives of Hollywood's favorite stars

Dorothy Jordan, that high-spirited little girl whom M-G-M has under contract, breaks forth into the independence spirit and steps right out on July Fourth. She also steps into some mighty nice parts

Ricardo Cortez (right) took time out during the filming of his latest picture on the RKO lot for a pleasant chat with Captain Roscoe Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK editor, when the latter made a tour of the studio

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, grandpa of little Carol Laemmle Bergerman, poses here just to prove that Carol has the same famous smile for which senior and junior have been noted among their friends in the industry

banks must have had a great time filming *Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas* right down there in Papeete.

One of the lads ended up as husband to a Polynesian charmer, and when the troupe sailed away there was a lei for everyone. The entire population turned out to wave an "Aloha Oe." Doug and Maria Alba, his heroine, promised the natives that the first print of the finished picture would be sent to the lonely little film theatre on the island.

Hosses, Hosses, Hosses!

JIMMIE GLEASON gets a lot of fun out of things in general and Hollywood in particular. Aside from acting, Jim has written stories, made adaptations, done dialogue and directed pictures. But that ain't the half of it!

On the side he is proprietor of a fight club and mixed up in a half-dozen more activities. The latest is that he's purchased some property adjacent to Hollywood where he will rear and train polo ponies and jumpers, keep a race track and pasture the gee-gees of other sportsmen. He and Russell, his son, own seventeen "critters" themselves.

Philosopher Brown

DIRECTOR CLARENCE BROWN, who has walked out on Metro after a succession of Garbo pictures, scrammed for Russia and a good old-fashioned European vacation.

"I'm going to spend some money, instead of losing it," quoth Clarence while thousands cheered. He parked his 'plane in New York where it will wait to take the flying megaphoner back to Hollywood.

Stop Press

WHEN Mar-lay-na attends a movie première with her husband—*that's news*! By the way, when Anna Sten arrived with her husband, der Herr Doktor Eugene Franke, they appointed the Doc a location supervisor and sent him off looking for a good spot.

Meanies

Y'ARS and y'ars ago before they became famous as Laurel and Hardy, one member of the team made some films that were really funnier than they were intended. Now some meanie has dug up the old-timers and synchronized 'em to a lecture which kids the comedian unmercifully. But—he can take it.

Just Pals

MARIE PREVOST and Buster Collier remain "just good friends"—but *what* friends! When Marie decided upon melting off some of that too-solid avoirdupois, to use a nice name for it, she went to a hospital where she could maintain a rigid diet, undergo massage and do all the other fol-de-rol things to get thin. And so constant is Buster's friendship that he moved into the next room at the hospital and let them remove a little wart from his eyelid.

Movie Methuselahs

IT HAS been a sort of axiom that the life of a screen star is five years. After that popularity is supposed to wane—and the flame is dimmed, if not doused. But some of the lads figured out a long line of exceptions to the rule.

[*Continued on page* 64]

Greta Nissen's Ideal Home

On the balcony of their lofty home overlooking the blue Pacific, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn happily consider their romantic future together following their recent marriage

—Photos by Polowny

Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen are lovers of books and have much in common. Marriage soon followed their first meeting in *The Silent Witness,* in which Weldon, as the villain, was required to choke Greta to death

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn devoted a generous portion of their honeymoon at their new seaside home to answering the avalanche of fan letters of congratulations received after their romantic airplane elopement

A handsome husband, a beautiful home, and the promise of a career in the talkies that will transcend her success in the silents! With Weldon Heyburn by her side, Greta Nissen considers the future roseate indeed

PHIL LEARNS About WOMEN

Love has infected Phil Holmes more than once, but the epidemic is over and the patient is doing most nicely now

In which Phillips Holmes "tells all" about his love affairs

By
S. R. Mook

Phil has experienced synthetic love affairs of the movies with such devastating beauties as Miriam Hopkins for so long that he is practically immune in private life. Interviewers who want to talk to him about romance are taboo for the reasons he explains in this story

THE morning sun pierced the tightly drawn blinds of a bungalow on the island of Catalina, making little spears of light on the floor. A few of the spears shot across the beds. In the next room a cheap phonograph ground out Bing Crosby's version of, "I found a million dollar baby in the five and ten cent store."

Outside, the blue waves of the Pacific beat a gentle slap-slap against the shore. Inside, (where two gentlemen from Hollywood were spending a week), the Interviewer beat a more vigorous slap-slap against the walls with a fly-swatter. The occupant of the other bed stirred lazily and groaned.

"I suppose," he mused a few seconds later as Fly No. 63 bit the dust, "your idea of heaven is a place where flies hang in droves and *you* are furnished with a giant swatter for either hand. Can't you keep quiet and let a fellow sleep?"

"Get up!" said the Interviewer, hot in pursuit of No. 64. "It's eight o'clock."

"I couldn't think of getting up before nine," responded Mr. Holmes, for it was none other than this chap named Phillips. "This waking up in the morning is a very serious business with me and one not to be treated lightly. I relax so completely when I sleep that it takes at least an hour after I waken before I can get my muscles taut. I have to lie in this position (demonstrating) for at least a half hour and think about getting up. After I've got this side in the notion, I roll over on the other side and think about it for another half hour. Then, if I haven't fallen off to sleep again, I can struggle out of bed."

The Interviewer indignantly pulled on a pair of damp swimming trunks, proudly surveyed the dead flies scattered about the room and meandered down to the beach.

PRESENTLY, Phil appeared, wreathed in smiles and beams (and a swimming suit) quite as though it were still only eight o'clock instead of half past nine. He was utterly oblivious to the fact that the dining room had long since closed.

"I suppose it takes you another hour to make up your mind to get into the water," said the Interviewer sarcastically, as Phil paused irresolutely on the beach.

"Certainly," Mr. Holmes responded promptly. "I spend half an hour thinking how much I'm going to enjoy the water after I get in and the other half thinking about the shock it's going to be to my nervous system when the water hits me. Don't you know half the fun of life is in anticipation? *You* do everything in such a business-like manner I don't see how you have time for much fun. I can just imagine you out with a girl on a moonlight night, suddenly putting your arm around her and saying: 'All right, baby, let's get this necking business over with.'"

He disposed himself on the beach for a half hour's contemplation of the joys of deep sea bathing, before actually taking the plunge. So the Interviewer dropped down beside him.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," murmured Mr. Holmes, shading his eyes with the back of his hand, "if a beautiful, unattached girl should wander by in a detached way?"

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," retorted the Interviewer, "if *two* of 'em should wander by and you'd quit thinking only of yourself?"

"There you go, getting business-like again," said Phil triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?"

And presently, just to prove that [*Continued on page* 59]

SNAPSHOT NEWS

Following the stars, at work and play, with a camera

Marian Nixon, with the help of David Cox of the studio wardrobe department, selects the shoes she will wear in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*

—Gaston Longet

Helen Twelvetrees arrives at the studio to start work on her new picture, *Miracle Night*. She is quite in love with her husband of several years standing, Frank Woody

—Hyman Fink

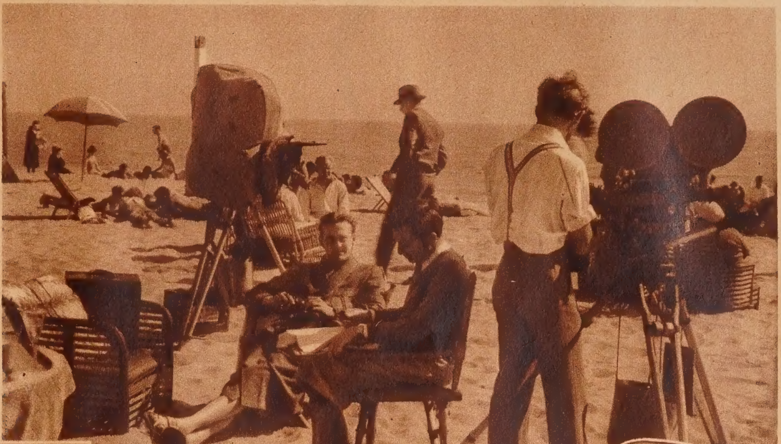
Constance Bennett obligingly gives her autograph to a couple of fans who have visited her while on location for *What Price Hollywood?*

—Fink

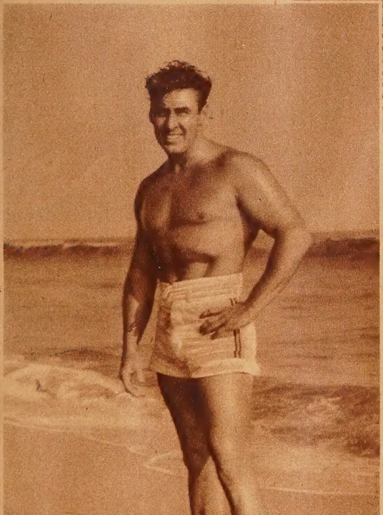
When Chico Marx suffered a broken leg in an automobile accident, the studio was forced to hold up work on *Horsefeathers* until he was back on his feet. Chico, being taken for a ride by his pretty nurse, doesn't care if he ever recovers

OF MOVIELAND

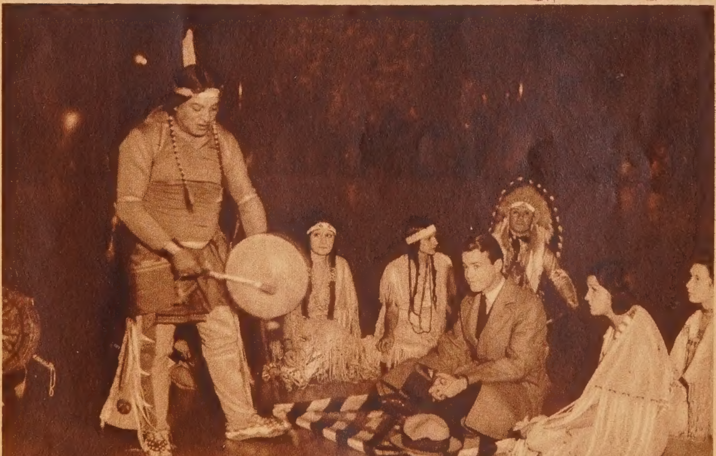
A pictorial record of interesting events in Hollywood



James Dunn, who is talking over the dialogue with the script clerk, was discovered at the seashore while on location for *Society Girl*. Business became a beach picnic when lunch was served



Ardent devotee of health, George O'Brien was filmed just as he emerged from a swim and was preparing for the sunning which plays so important a part in beach recreation



Lew Ayres' scalp is not in danger despite the quizzical expression on his face. The Navajo Indians are adopting him into their tribe in honor of his forthcoming appearance in *Laughing Boy*, screen version of the Oliver La Farge novel of the Indian

STARS to

How the stars plan to dispose of their private fortunes through wills

By Grace Simpson

Harold Lloyd, who has amassed one of the greatest fortunes in pictures, specifies in his will that his elaborate Hollywood estate shall never be sold by the family

Estelle Taylor's quarter of a million goes to a niece, while Jack Dempsey gets one piece of jewelry—if he wants it

Cecil B. de Mille has bequeathed to the Smithsonian Institute his most valued possession—a rare pearl

MOST all last testaments have their interesting points. Those made by Hollywood's famous citizens are certainly no exception to the rule. In fact, they reveal many interesting things and bring to light many rather unique provisions. Let's take a peep at some of the colony's wills and see who has left what to whom—and why.

Douglas Fairbanks has kept the provisions of his will pretty much to himself, but those who have had a tiny peek at the document learn that the greatest bulk of his money will go to his son, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. since Mary Pickford, his wife, is wealthy in her own name. The remainder will go to charity—mainly the Motion Picture Relief Fund which Mary started years ago, and in which Doug has always shown the greatest interest.

Mary Pickford, probably the wealthiest woman in pictures, leaves the bulk of her money in trust to Gwynne Pickford, her adopted daughter who is really her niece, being sister Lottie's child. Lottie and Jack also come in for legacies. Husband Doug, being tremendously wealthy himself, isn't left any actual cash but will receive many personal effects. Mary has also willed the Motion Picture Relief Fund a goodly sum and has left all the old Biograph films in which she appeared to the Academy Museum, with the stipulation that they never be shown to the general public.

Mary has definite ideas about appearing publicly on the screen after her death. Her will, therefore, contains, as you may know, that odd clause which provides that all negatives of her pictures be burned at her death—so that her fans will have only a fond memory of her work, and will never be bored or amused with "funny revivals of my pictures when times and film fashions have changed," as she puts it!

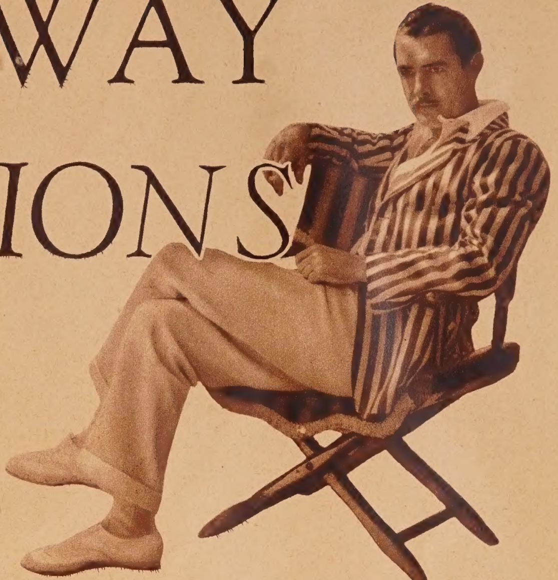
HAROLD LLOYD'S will is a carefully-planned one. It would have to be, representing, as it does, one of the greatest fortunes ever amassed in pictures. To his widow, Mildred Davis, will go the greatest amount of Lloyd's property and trust funds. His estate of seventeen acres and his elaborate home are to remain in the family, the possession of his children, Mildred Gloria, Harold Jr. and a small adopted daughter. The adopted child will share equally with her foster brother and sister. The will also provides that Lloyd's extensive library and valuable furnishings remain intact in the home, always the property of his children, never to be parted with.

The detailed will of Will Rogers provides for his wife and children and his children's children (yet to come!). His magnificent ranch home will be kept for future family generations. Will also has remembered many of his old friends back in Oklahoma and, besides, has left huge sums to many different charity organizations.

Estelle Taylor's quarter of a million or more will go eventually to her niece, Frances Carter. But as long as Estelle's mother and sister live they will share the income from the trust funds she has left. The Taylor will has one odd clause in it. If her divorced husband, Jack Dempsey, outlives her, he can, if he wishes, choose any one single piece of jewelry from her large and valuable collection to remember her by! All the rest of the jewels are left to the niece.

Louise Fazenda makes a new will about every other year. She has that rare quality, great generosity. Whenever a friend particularly admires something that belongs to her, down it goes in Louise's will for her or him. Accordingly, her will is a lengthy one and decidedly human. First of all, there is the trust fund for her parents; then her husband and all her relatives are well remembered. Fans, too, some who have written to her for years, aren't forgotten.

GIVE AWAY MILLIONS



None of John Gilbert's three ex-wives will profit from his fortune. The entire estate goes, instead, to little Leatrice Joy Gilbert, to whom he is devoted

Irene Dunne has a clause in her will to pension three Kentucky horses — one-time favorite racers

Marie Dressler's unique will remembers her hundreds of fan friends and admirers who have sent her presents

Louise has scores of valuable antiques that represent years of accumulation and these are all listed in her testament. They include a spinning wheel brought over from Belgium in 1770; an array of ancient swords and daggers; a gun that once belonged to Buffalo Bill; a French sword-cane brought over in 1800 by one of Lafayette's friends; a 125-year-old mirror that once hung in an Italian palace; a Portland, Oregon, theatre program, dated 1794; a letter which once traveled on the famed Overland Stage, and which reads: "I hope you get this, Kate dear, but the Injuns are mighty bad out this way!" Some of these things are left to valued friends but the majority are willed to various California museums.

JOHN GILBERT hasn't left his fortune to his first wife—Olivia Burwell—his second wife—Leatrice Joy—or his third—Ina Claire. Instead, he has willed most of the Gilbert estate to his little daughter, Leatrice Joy the Second. He also pays regularly into a trust fund for her. It is a well-known fact in Hollywood that Jack is very much devoted to his daughter, and it is equally well-known, too, that he has a very kindly feeling for the child's mother.

Marie Dressler's will is unique in that it remembers hundreds of her fan friends and admirers. Marie, during her forty odd years of stage and screen life, has received many rare and extremely valuable gifts. Her will stipulates that at her death each of these presents shall be sent to different friends and admirers all over the country to remember her by.

Irene Rich's will is brief and to the point. Since her divorced husband is a millionaire, he isn't mentioned in it. Her two daughters and mother are the Rich heirs (no pun intended!) and each is left a trust fund of $100,000, which will pass to them directly at Irene's demise.

Jim Gleason says that all he owns in the world is held co-jointly with his wife, Lucile, and their two wills read in each other's favor. There is never any argument in the family on this score. They have worked and progressed together and feel that everything they have amassed should be enjoyed in the family. Naturally, Russell, their only son, is the ultimate beneficiary.

Betty Compson leaves the bulk of her fortune to her mother. If she passes on before Betty, then the next nearest relation will benefit. Betty numbers among her treasures a large number of rare objects of art and they are all listed in her will. They include Queen Victoria's egg cup, a Dresden china clock and candle sticks that once belonged to the King of Serbia, and something in excess of a hundred elephants, ranging in size from tiny ivories to some that are as large as a Shetland pony! Each of these treasures Betty has left to some very dear friend.

Hobart Bosworth's will has a clause in it bequeathing his remarkable collection of photographic "stills" to the California Historical Society. He has been saving these since he first came to Hollywood in 1908 to play in the first film ever made in the state, the action of which was mostly "shot" in a little Chinese laundry in downtown Los Angeles. As many of these stills are exterior shots, taken all over the state, from the earliest days to the present, they show the remarkable development of California and are very rare. Bosworth has thousands of them in his collection and the Society considers itself very lucky to think that some day they will belong to them.

CHARLES BICKFORD'S wife's name is upon every document of property that he owns. In case of his death, it goes directly to her to be distributed to his children as she sees fit.

"Who should know better than my [*Continued on page 72*]

Forgotten Women

A famous novelist's plan to restore the ex-stars now being spurned by Hollywood studios

Nina Wilcox Putnam, famed novelist and writer, believes Hollywood's greatest problem concerns the come-back of one-time celebrated actresses

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

is interviewed by

Jewel Smith

"WE HAVE accumulated here in the movie city a small group of women who constitute a problem which demands solution.

"Norma Talmadge is one of them. Betty Compson, another. Corinne Griffith, Claire Windsor and Anna Q. Nilsson enter the class. These women are still good-looking and more talented than they have ever been before."

The speaker is Nina Wilcox Putnam, one of the world's most popular short-story writers and novelists. Recently, this charming woman of forty years was placed under contract to Universal by Carl Laemmle, thus coming to Hollywood to adapt her talents to the screen.

Of her new job she says:

"I have discovered one basic rule for motion picture story-writing. It is: *No story is a good story unless it can be told without words.* It must have action that can be revealed in pantomime, that can be translated into any language on earth and be understood by the audience. *That* is the basis of good novel-writing, good fiction-writing, and good picture-writing."

The most disregarded problem facing the producers today, in the opinion of Miss Putnam, is that coterie of erstwhile favorites which includes the Talmadges, the Griffiths, the Compsons and others.

"THEY are educated on life, and their art is polished. They have traveled. They have read. They have played a great diversity of rôles. They know the technique of motion pictures from the beginning to the present stages. Five years ago they could not possibly have had the talents which they now possess—and yet, they are doing nothing!

"The public is still interested in these people. But—according to the modern producer—the woman between twenty-five and sixty does not exist. Unknowingly, they have omitted the contingency that the most interesting part of a woman's whole life is between just those ages. Painters, sculptors and world-renowned artists glorify beauty in maturity. Why does the great industry of motion pictures balk at exhibiting this superb art?

"We can accept the benefit of the doubt, on the other hand, and say that a small minority of producers recall that these over-thirty-women *are* talented, still beautiful—and in demand. Possibly an offer for a part is [*Continued on page* 68]

Claire Windsor, talented and just as beautiful as ever, still has a definite niche of her own on the talking screen, thinks Miss Putnam

Betty Compson is now of the right age to be an even better actress than she was in her hey-day, says Miss Putnam of this erstwhile idol.

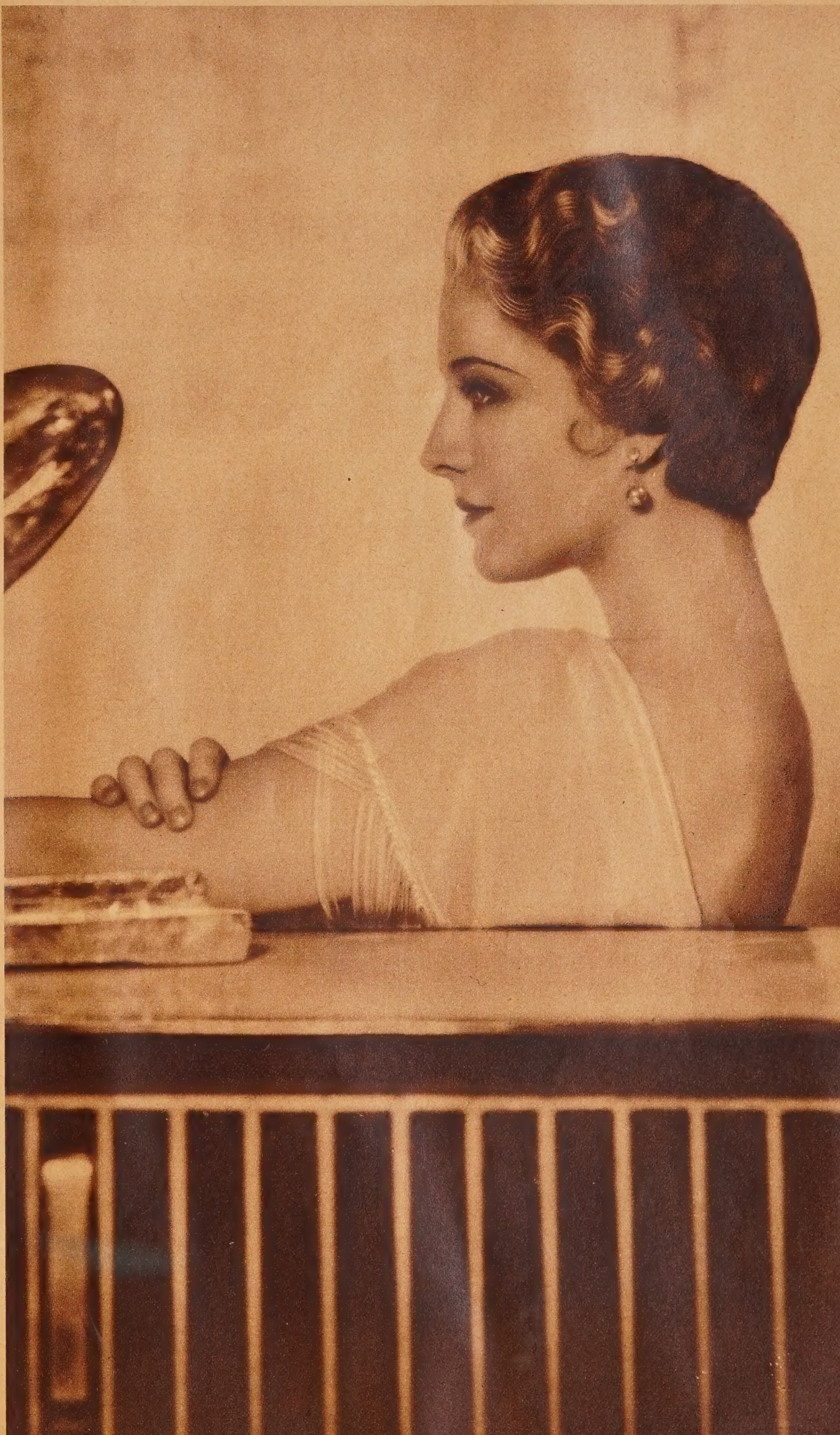
Norma Talmadge and other ex-greats must have special stories written for them that are appropriate for their ages, the novelist believes

Anna Q. Nilsson and others like her are polished, educated in life and should not be shoved aside because of maturity, is Miss Putnam's plea

Norma's Hair Turns Gray in New Picture

● The hair of many a director has turned gray during the making of a picture, but to have such a thing happen to an actress is most unusual. Particularly when that actress is young and attractive and very self-possessed. But this is just what happened to Norma Shearer in "Strange Interlude." To show advancing years, her hair was partially grayed by a clever makeup man. Because so many friends have told her that the silver strands are immensely attractive, Norma is tempted to keep them in private life. Hundreds of platinum blondes may now begin to worry about how to adapt themselves to the threatened fad of Norma Shearer

—*Hurrell*



Carole Lombard Suffers Nervous Breakdown

● The eager desire to give the last ounce of strength to preparation for each rôle in her rapid climb to stardom proved disastrous to Carole Lombard. Only recently, after rising to a position of prominence after two years since she entered the movies as a bathing beauty, the studio recognized Carole's dramatic ability. Immediately she was cast in picture after picture. It was too much of a strain and a nervous breakdown followed. She was placed under the care of physicians but not until announcement was made by them that she was out of danger, did the world even know that she was ill. Now she is once more back at work

Gloria Stuart Named "Most Remarkable"

● Universal studio has seen stars come and go for years, but now for the first time Carl Laemmle Jr. declares that he has discovered the most remarkable actress since talkies began in the person of Gloria Stuart, who makes her first screen appearances in "Back Street" and "The Old Dark House." Until her discovery Gloria had had no experience beyond a few plays in amateur dramatic circles. Critics, however, are convinced that her distinctive beauty and aptitude for drama will soon make her a star. Gloria, a descendant of one of California's oldest families, is wed to Blair Gordon Newell, the famous sculptor

—Freulich

THRU the KEYHOLE

Shhh! Our news sleuth gets an earful for you

By
Jerry Lane

IT WAS warm and stuffy in the "still" room. Dark, too, except for the blaze of light concentrated at the further end. The cameraman chirped: "Ready Mr. Chevalier?" Maurice, dressed in a distinctly Apache-looking outfit, drew Jeanette MacDonald closer. They were taking poster art for *Love Me Tonight*. The shy young publicity man in charge of "still" pictures crouched in the shadows and pleaded:

"Can you make that a bit hotter, Maurice?"

"What do you mean—hottare?" demanded Chevalier, already dripping perspiration. Only Jeanette's laughter was cool and tinkling. Once more he leaned over her, pressed her to him, and his eyes said eloquent things. As the camera clicked, Jeanette sneezed. Violently, enthusiastically sneezed. Maurice sat up and pulled his hankie out of his pocket. The shy young man suggested a different set-up. While they were doing that, soft music stole from the radio—"Time on my hands, you in my arms . . ." Maurice and Jeanette were back on the couch in each other's arms. The music, thrillingly sweet, went on.

Those rumors about Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers being on the verge of divorce are now said to be nothing more than rumors. Sally says so herself, adding she will continue to ride Hoot's frisky ponies

"Ready?" chirped the cameraman again.

They held the pose, Maury's lips against her hair. And suddenly from the radio a voice blared: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the infallible cure for indigestion. . . ."

Correct This Statement

BEFORE she left to oversee the redecorating of their château at Cannes, Madame Chevalier confessed she found Hollywood the loneliest spot on earth. Each year she can hardly wait until summer comes so that she can have Maurice to herself in France. *Correction*: she has him to herself until those nice ladies from the English parliament swarm around. Ditto for the American débutantes. Maurice always carries a walking stick but the ladies never learn.

Certain Signs of Summer

FREDRIC MARCH swerving around the Paramount gate on two wheels Saturday afternoon bound for his Laguna beach home . . . Warner Baxter, Wesley Ruggles and Herbert Brenon conferring over a tennis net on the coming tournament at Malibu . . . Lilyan Tashman fishing for a cherry in her limeade and wearing a sand costume twice as smart as anyone else's . . . Tony, Tom Mix's wonder horse, eating bag after bag of cherries and daintily spitting out the seeds before a delighted audience . . . The younger set holding hands and drifting along the concessions at the beach. Among them you see George O'Brien and Cecilia Parker, Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper, Robert Young and Virginia Bruce. Last week Robert won a ham at a shooting gallery and he dared to say he'd rather bring home the bacon . . . Louise Fazenda trying to determine whether she can wear one of those brassiere-and-trunk bathing suits . . . Marlene Dietrich chatting with her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and Josef von Sternberg in front of the beach house she rented from Bebe Daniels. It was the first one Bebe built and, if I remember correctly, it's a house with some pretty happy memories. May Marlene add to them!

The Smashing Von

VON STERNBERG, by the way, never fails to amuse with his utter and complete rudeness. He works so hard at being uncivil that people have learned to laugh at it. Just before the heat wave drove Hollywood out of Palm Springs he succeeded in making himself a laughing-stock down there by refusing to let a youngster take a snapshot of him. "Do you know," he said very slowly and impressively, "that I never

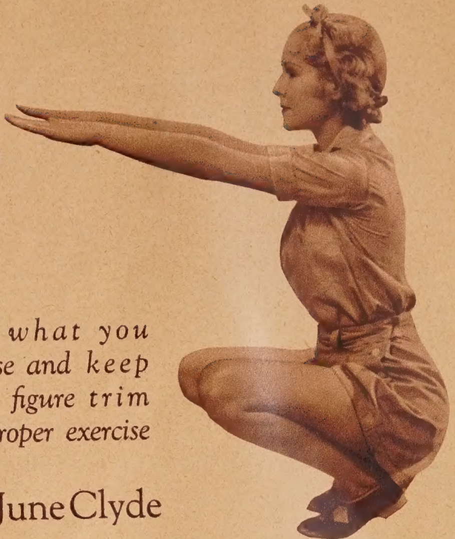
[*Continued on page* 68]

No wonder Mrs. Maurice Chevalier considers Hollywood lonely. Her French ace is in constant demand but she hopes to have him somewhat more to herself when they embark for France on their annual vacation

June Says— Don't Diet!

Eat what you please and keep your figure trim by proper exercise

By June Clyde



1 This exercise keeps June's weight at 99 pounds: Rise on toes and come down to this position, inhale and exhale on rise and fall. Repeat a dozen times

DON'T diet—exercise! That's the way to be healthy, slender and wise!

If you want a sweet, reach for it. Even though it be a creampuff, help yourself. Don't worry about excess poundage, for I'm going to tell you a secret.

The faculty of attaining a beautiful figure is not all cold reason. Beauty efforts appeal to our senses, as well, and reason prescribes exercise.

That is my secret. You just *exercise* those sweets away.

It's a matter of common sense, really. Suppose you are passionately fond of sweets, as I am. A meal is not a good one without dessert, rich ones preferred. All right. Eat that dessert, but remember one little word—*balance.*

If lemon-chiffon pie is the choice, don't eat any potatoes or bread and butter. If you prefer your starches to a dessert, remember to pass up the latter. After the meal is over, and suppose you've chosen the dessert, take yourself for a nice long walk. Walk after breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Walk, walk, walk—experts will tell you there is no better exercise in the world.

HERE'S an added hint. Start playing follow-the-leader mornings with your husband, sister, brother, or anyone else who is equally ambitious. Let whoever is "it" do difficult exercises—and you follow suit. If the "leader" can stand on his head, and you can't, then learn how. Its marvelous exercise—learning how.

Now, just in case you're unable to scare up a romping partner, here's a set of exercises to try the morning after the chiffon pie.

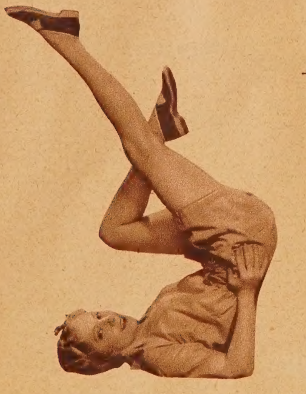
First of all, stand before a mirror and see that your posture is correct. Rise on the toes, holding your hands straight up over the head, and take a deep breath. For position two, bend the knees slowly coming down, down as far as you can. Now then, rise again, retaining your balance and inhaling deeply. Repeat this daily until you can perform with little effort.

However, if that one is too difficult—for you have to be limber to do it—try this: Rise up on your toes and go from one foot to the other, drawing the bended knee up as far as you can toward the chin and then back to the floor. This is excellent for strengthening the abdominal muscles as well as the legs.

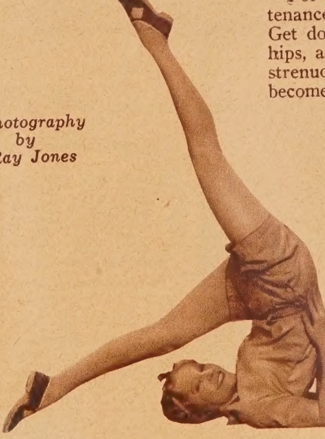
An excellent exercise is the cartwheel movement. Put both feet on the floor and the legs wide apart. Now bend, touching the floor in front of the right toe with the left hand fingers, while the right hand swings back straight in line with the left. Rotate the movement, then, and use the right hand in front of the left toe. This exercise is highly recommended for gracefulness.

For the muscles of the back and the happy maintenance of that waistline, here's an excellent exercise. Get down on your knees, place your hands on your hips, and bend backwards slowly. Don't do this too strenuously at first, however. Wait until the muscles become accustomed to [*Continued on page* 60]

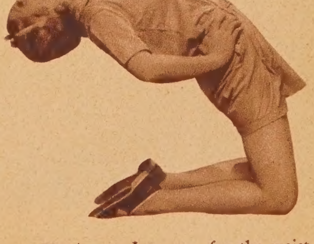
—Photography by Ray Jones



2 June Clyde recommends this for reducing the hips: Rest body on head and shoulders, working legs as though pedaling a bicycle



3 Keeping the same position, June says work the legs rapidly like a pair of scissors, and they'll remain shapely and slender



4 Here's one June uses for the waistline. In a kneeling position, bend body slowly backward and forward from the waist

The Adventures VETERAN of

A movie plot has not been written that is richer in theme than is the real life of this actor

By Relman Morin

Twice sentenced to death as a spy in Mexico, veteran of four wars, Tom Mix is somewhat of a fatalist. "Death is no accident," says Tom. A little more youthful, Tom is seen here in full regimentals that he wore in the Spanish-American War

"DEATH isn't an accident.

"It's figured out in advance, and calc'lated for the good of everybody concerned."

He stretched his resilient length and began to pace with the rhythmic grace of a panther. His legs and hips are slender, too slender, you'd think, to support the weight of his shoulders. A slim rapier of a man, Tom Mix.

"Do you believe that?"

"What?"

"What you just said about death?"

"Sure I do. I never thought about it before—

(Tom Mix has fought in only four wars.)

"—but I been in plenty of scrapes—

(He was sentenced to death and led out to a firing squad in Honduras after an ill-fated revolution; he was sentenced to death in the Boer War in South Africa; he was sent out after Sam and Bill Shonts, the bandit brothers of the Old West, with "dead-or-alive" orders; he trundled an ox-cart with a machine-gun mounted on the front through the fire-spitting streets of Juarez, Mexico, on the day Madero drove out Diaz.)

"—and I been messed up once or twice—

(A bullet went through his mouth at San Juan hill; another broke his leg in the duel with Sam Shonts; a wagon-spoke broken off by a cannon shot, nearly decapitated him at Tientsin, during the Boxer Rebellion.)

"—so I figger if anybody can talk about it, I can."

A strange, restless, colorful spirit, this Tom Mix. He is a product of the old West whose life-span has been projected (miraculously, it seems), into the new.

THE world knows Tom Mix as an actor. It is hard to think of him in that light when you know the long and dangerous trail he trod before he ever saw a motion picture camera.

During his recent illness, 1,271 telegrams, 3,312 letters, and thousands of dollars worth of flowers were sent to his bedside by admirers. Cablegrams from the other side of the world reached him. His room, in a Los Angeles hospital, was, for many days, a center of world-news.

There is no explaining this phenomenal popularity, other than to say that something of Tom Mix's real personality has seeped into his pictures. He gives audiences, seeking high adventure, real romance, *himself*, and they cannot but recognize the true article when they see it.

Tom Mix will die but one death. He has been in its shadow many times. The Grim Reaper is almost a roommate.

TOM was born on January 6, 1880. His father, at that time, a captain in the famous United States Seventh Cavalry, was called away on an Indian War the day after Tom was born.

He was the son of his father. Utterly fearless, strong, capable, he could have survived under conditions far harder than those to which he was born. He learned to ride before he was sure that he could walk. Before his 'teens, it was his custom to take a little food and go away, for days, into the hills hunting.

Tom first began to comprehend the harshness of life at the age of six when his father caught him throwing knives at his sister. Five minutes later, the boy doubted that he would ever again be able to ride a pony. Still, his wounds were more of the spirit than the flesh.

He got his first gun by saving coffee-wrappers and mailing them to a coffee company in Kansas City.

When it came to doing handy things around the ranch, it was usually Tom who was called upon. Here the Universal star is seen as foreman on an Arizona ranch, years before he was "discovered" as a potential screen luminary

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Flat-Chested?

FORM DEVELOPED

To Full Feminine Proportions

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

A Full, Shapely Bust for YOU

Thousands of grateful women testify that my MIRACLE CREAM Treatment produces results almost magically! Women who were really pathetic looking, with their flat chests and childishly tiny breasts, have developed magnificent busts; fashionable, full, naturally curved. You can do the same. You can have the glorious breasts—firm, rounded, plump—that are the most alluring charm of the world's most famous beauties.

How much development of the bust do you need? Perhaps just another inch will give you the full, lovely form of the perfect figure. Or if your breasts are extremely thin and flat, then you will want to add a good 3 inches or even more. In either case, you simply continue my famous Treatment until you have all the development you want.

Let Me Show You How Amazingly EASY It Is!

It's so easy to have lovely feminine contours with my new easy method. And the results are so quick. You will be amazed—filled with joy and happiness when your mirror reflects lovely, firm, rounded youthful breasts—developed with my dainty MIRACLE CREAM Treatment. No clumsy, dangerous appliances. No harmful drugs. Just a fragrant, subtle Cream and my *private instructions.* Just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own room soon develops your bust to glorious fullness and shapeliness. In an amazingly short time you can have the greatest of feminine charms—a smart, well-rounded figure.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. My Miracle Cream Treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be. Astonishing results are *guaranteed.* You simply must *try* the Miracle Cream Treatment to convince yourself that you CAN develop *your* bust! Don't miss this chance to get a large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions for only $1.00.

A Beautiful FORM

Do your girl friends pity you? Do men pass you by because you lack the true beauty of lovely femininity? Do the prettiest frocks "hang like rags" on your flat-chested, undeveloped figure? Don't suffer this embarrassing handicap any longer. Simply mail the coupon or write and watch your bust fill out to that beautiful, cup-like form that is so irresistibly attractive. In 30 days you will be thrilled and delighted with the glorious change. Send only $1.00 TODAY for *your* large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions, with Free Book. This offer may not be repeated, so mail coupon or write *at once.*

816 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mail Coupon!

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-8,
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream and Complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book—all in plain wrapper.

Name ....

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Town .... State ....

My Love Affair With Connie Bennett

[*Continued from page* 19]

mother are on the stage but she said that she simply loathed everything to do with the stage and would never go on it. That's what I call a sensible girl!

After lunch I drove her home to her apartment on Park Avenue. In the taxi she held my hand of her own free will and made me promise to give her a ring the next time I come up from Princeton. I naturally promised.

When I got back to the hotel I found Ed and Mal still in bed but awake. When I told them I had taken Connie to lunch, they said I was working too fast for a Freshman. But I think I went up in their estimation.

I wired Louise some flowers today, though, just by way of letting her down easy. I hate being heartless. I know if Connie knew the situation she would look at it like I do.

TUESDAY: Princeton.

When I got back here Sunday I wrote Connie a long letter and sent her some roses. I think it was only right. I didn't say anything sloppy in the letter but just told her facts. This morning I got a special delivery. All it said was:

> I never knew I could love anybody, honey, like I'm loving you.
> Constance.
>
> P. S. You were a sweet boy to say it with flowers!

Now it stands to reason that after receiving such words as these from the woman you know you love, it's just impossible, of course, to hang around college. I have wired Connie that I'll blow into the Plaza this afternoon.

Later Tuesday night.

Connie never showed up at the Plaza. I waited until the music stopped and I casually asked a number of guys if they had seen her but none had. Of course she never could have gotten my telegram. That stands to reason.

Still later: 2 A. M.

Well, nothing's happened to her! I phoned her apartment about ten minutes ago and she answered the phone. She was terribly upset that I was upset and really seemed awfully upset. Of course, I naturally believed her when she said she was down on Long Island with her mother. She must have been, of course, because she wasn't at the Plaza. I'll be able to sleep now for I have a date with her tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY EVENING: Vanderbilt Hotel.

Met Connie at her apartment at three-thirty. She was waiting for me when I arrived and I met her two sisters, Barbara and Joan. Barbara is the least attractive of the three and is sort of quiet and gawky and dark. Of course, she's at the worst age possible—about fourteen. Joan, on the other hand, is just like a little angel and if I don't miss my guess, she'll grow into something almost as alluring as Connie. Well, Connie was tactful enough to shoo her two kid sisters away soon after I arrived and give me the luxury of her undivided attention.

I didn't want to rush things so I just thanked her in a very dignified way as I held her hand and looked at her, in what I hoped was an intensely grateful manner. Then something happened which I must admit was a shock to to me, but I have since gotten over it because of her frankness. She went to the phonograph and put on a record and stood there smiling liquidly at me while the phonograph sang:

"I never knew I could love anybody, honey, like I'm loving you!"

I immediately recognized the words as being those in her letter to me. I know I swallowed convulsively but I tried not to let on that I didn't know all the time it was a popular song.

Well, Connie suggested going to Claremont for tea. She said she used to have a Stutz Bear-cat but unfortunately had busted it up and her father wouldn't give her another car. Sort of mean, I think. So we took a taxi.

I was happy in her company. I felt tight—tinglingly tight—without having had a drink. All the way back from Claremont Connie nestled close up to me with her arm through mine. I felt almost like we were engaged by the security of her warm nearness. But I didn't try any funny stuff!

When we got back to her apartment she made me come in. We sat on a couch in front of a blazing fire with no light in the room except that afforded by the licking flames. For the first time in my life with a woman other than Louise (Poor Louise!). I must admit I felt romantic. I guess we must have sat there fully ten minutes before either of us spoke. The silence was rapturous! Finally she said:

"Doesn't a fire always put you in a trance?"

I said, "Um-m-m," sort of trancified. But, to myself, I wondered if it was the fire in Connie or the fire in the grate that made me feel so lyric.

"I always imagine I can see pictures in the flames," she said. But our fire-gazing was rudely interrupted by the arrival of Connie's parents. Mrs. Bennett heartlessly lit the lights and robbed Connie's lovely hair of the spun gold and rainbows.

She introduced me to her mother and father and, I must admit, it was awfully embarrassing when she had to ask me what my last name was! However, I've done the same thing to *my* best friends so, of course, I can't hold it against her.

Well, there wasn't much use hanging around after Mr. and Mrs. Bennett came home. Anyway, Connie had told me in the taxi that she had to go on a boring party with a dumb Eli and it was already after six. I'm glad she thinks the Eli is dumb. I hope she's not having too boring a time with the dumb Eli. I like her to enjoy herself, even if I can't be with her. Tomorrow I have a date with her and I'm not going to get tight because I want to be sure of what I'm doing.

SATURDAY NIGHT: 4 A. M.

I had a long, tedious day waiting for the advent of evening. Constance couldn't get out of an old date to go down to Long Island for the day. Some fellow's mother, she said, had asked her so, of course, she couldn't be rude to an older person. Which shows how really thoughtful she is. She met me at the Plaza at ten. She looked lovely in silver. Like a warm phantom!

We went to the Montmartre, a night club in the Fifties, just off Broadway. We had a little table for two along the dance-floor which Connie said she had engaged. She certainly knows her stuff. It's marvelous! I was surprised at the number of men she knew in the room. But I suppose a girl as attractive as her can't help knowing people.

A fellow named Phil Plant cut in on me once but I'm sure Constance doesn't think much of him. We sat out two whole dances and talked about life. I know she thinks marriage is a very serious thing. All of which goes to show how much sense she has.

The band played *I Never Knew* when she was dancing with a bird named Depew (I think) from the University of West Virginia. When I caught the strains of that tune I naturally cut in on her because that tune is something sacred just between Constance and me. She sang the words in my ears and I pressed her so tight that she laughed in pain.

It was late when we left the Montmartre. The headwaiter knew Constance and said, "Goodnight, Miss Bennett," as we passed. His name is Charlie and Constance asked him to look after me the next time I came in. It's a good idea to have a drag with headwaiters, I think. I guess I should have given him something.

And then the inevitable happened! In the taxi going home Constance said:

"Have you ever had a butterfly kiss?"

Of course, I said, "No!" although mother used to give them to me when I was a boy.

She then snuggled close to me and brushed her long lashes against my cheek. Her nearness made me forget my dignity. I couldn't help it. I was like I was drunk . . . drunk with love. Before I knew what I was doing I had my arms around her. I hoped she wouldn't get sore but I was powerless to resist the natural instincts of manhood. I kissed her on the lips and when she still didn't get sore I kissed her again and yet again. When she

At last! *Prosperity* is here. Be this as it may, that's the title of the new picture in which Marie Dressler (right) and Polly Moran appear. This is one of the humorous scenes continued not to get sore I thought the least I could do was to tell her that I loved her. Because I do! She didn't tell me not to do it again. So I kissed her, off and on, all the way home.

I don't remember arriving at the apartment. I only remember what she said to me when I asked her if she minded my kissing her. She said, half humming it:

"I'm gonna do it . . . if I like it . . . and I like it!"

That's all she said. But what a lot of meaning to a few words!

TUESDAY:

Last night we went to the Club de Vingt and Constance kept her promise that she wouldn't let anyone cut in on her. To me it was just like a public announcement of our engagement. But I haven't said anything definite to her yet. I always think a little indifference goes a long way with Woman.

We ended up at Ruben's on Broadway—a delicatessen place—and I almost got up nerve enough to talk seriously to Constance about our future, but it seemed so unromantic to speak of marriage in a public place and over a turkey sandwich. So I've postponed the fateful moment until the atmosphere is in keeping with my proposal. I could have done it in the cab going home, of course, but I didn't want to break the spell of our silent intimacy. I'm sure her flapper days are over and when we're married she'll want to settle right down and never see a night club again. That's the kind she is!

FRIDAY:

I had to come back to Princeton yesterday or I would have over-cut. How trivial college seems compared to Love! Mal and Ed came up to my room and tried to question me last night regarding Constance. I think I treated the situation with a great deal of dignity for I refused to be kidded and practically accused them of sour grapes. When they said she was fickle and I'd better watch my step if I was taking her seriously, I just laughed in their faces.

Wonder what they would say now if they knew I got a Special Delivery from Constance just about ten minutes ago saying: "I'm so all alone!" Maybe that wouldn't convince them that I've got a drag!

I got a very snooty letter from Louise on my return which makes me feel better. I'm glad she's decided to get snooty first.

NEW YORK:

Well, here I am again! The return to Princeton was a good thing for me because it gave me a chance to look at Life in general from a distance. And Constance, in perspective, has grown more indispensable to me than she ever was at close quarters. I didn't tell her definitely that I was coming to town today because I thought it wise just to blow in the Plaza Grill and spy on her unawares, as it were. I was hoping that I wouldn't find Constance alone with one man, because that would have meant that she was indulging in an intimate rendezvous and I couldn't have helped feeling jealous. And my hopes were granted for I found her with four men at a table in the far end of the Grill.

Well, I finally threaded my way

[*Continued on page* 60]

Truly Revolutionary this improvement in sanitary protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

designed to fit so perfectly it leaves no telltale lines or wrinkles under the thinnest, the smoothest-fitting frocks.

NO LONGER the haunting dread of telltale outlines, of revealing wrinkles under that close-fitting gown! The new Phantom Kotex is here.

It is called PHANTOM* KOTEX because ends of this new Kotex sanitary napkin are skilfully flattened and tapered so that they leave absolutely no outline; not the slightest bulk.

And for women who need extra protection, Super Phantom Kotex is ideal... because, despite the extra protective surface, the flattened, tapered ends eliminate the usual bulkiness!

Lasting softness

This new PHANTOM KOTEX is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; treated to deodorize; easily disposable. Wear it on either side with equal protection.

Now more than ever it will pay you to demand genuine Kotex. Kotex that you know is made of pure materials, under hygienic conditions. In hospitals alone more than 24 million Kotex pads were used last year.

This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Try it and compare. Make sure when buying Kotex wrapped that you do get the genuine. For your protection, each end of this new pad is now plainly stamped "Kotex." Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.*

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

BOB and DOUG SET SAIL

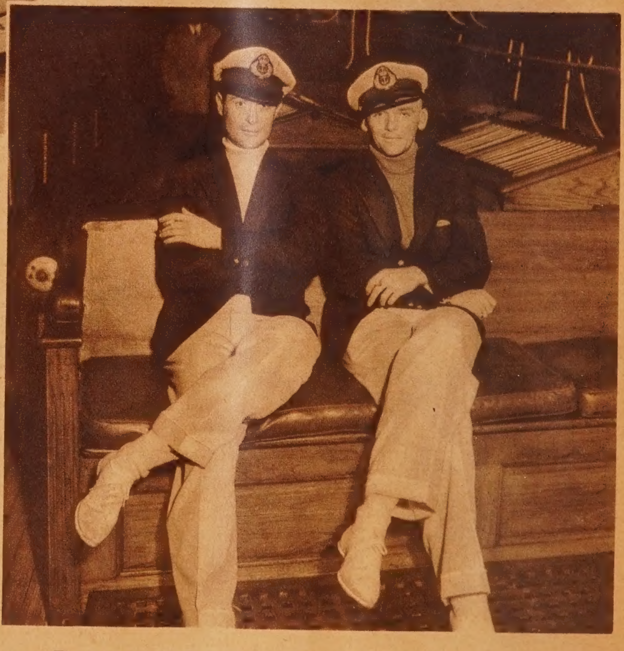
—and steal away on mystery sea cruise

—*Photos by Hyman Fink*

Robert Montgomery and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. borrowed this magnificent ocean-going yacht, *Seaward*, from C. B. de Mille. They took a two weeks' mystery cruise, from which they have just returned. The two skippers are silent as to where they went or what they did

Bob and Doug took along so much food that they had to fill one of the life boats. Inasmuch as the yacht's equipment includes four life boats and two motor boats, they figured it wouldn't be needed

Here is a close-up of the palatial C. B. de Mille yacht, one of the finest and most costly ocean craft on the Pacific Coast. It costs a fortune for upkeep. A crew is maintained the year around



For two weeks Bob Montgomery (left) and Doug Fairbanks Jr. were rovers of the sea. No one was apprised of their plans, not even their studios. They wanted a vacation free from Hollywood entanglements and so they cruised about the Pacific in peace and quietude

Phil Learns About Women

[*Continued from page 33*]

Allah is kind, Romance in the form of two Los Angeles debs wandered by. The romance attendant upon chance meetings at a summer resort was missing, however, as Mr. Holmes, of course, previously had met them at a beach club. But all this happened later. We return to the moment when this misogynist had weakened and expressed a desire for feminine society.

"These girls you meet out here," he remarked, "somehow don't seem like the girls back East. Some of the finest friendships I've ever had have been with girls and I don't mean in a sentimental way, either. Just pals. The sort who would say:

"'Let's get some tickets to a show tonight,' and then go get them and pay for their own and let you repay them for your's. And who, if *you* happened to be broke, would say, 'I'm flush tonight; I'll treat,' or, if *they* happened to be broke, would say, 'got any dough? I'm flat and I'd like to do so-and-so,' or who could get some fun out of just bumming around, not doing anything in particular if both of us happened to be on the rocks."

MR. HOLMES, despite the fact that he really looks like the modern maid's conception of a drawing-room hero, doesn't like to put on evening clothes and really prefers bumming.

"These girls out here," he continued, "seem to feel that they have to be 'protected,' despite the fact that most of them could give the average fellow cards and spades and still beat them out in the matter of looking after themselves."

The Interviewer surveyed him idly. "Just what are your views on the subject of girls, anyhow?" he inquired.

"None of your business," retorted Mr. Holmes, just like that. "Every time I'm interviewed you fellows ask about girls and I always tell you what I think and every time I do, I'm misquoted. So I've decided to leave girls alone in the future—as far as interviews are concerned."

"Misquoted, how?" asked the Interviewer.

"Well, for one thing," said Mr. Holmes with considerable warmth, "I prefer brunettes and you insist upon making me out a gentleman with a gentleman's predilections in favor of blondes. That's enough, right there, isnt' it?"

"Yes," said the Interviewer.

"In the second place," continued the misquoted young man, "I was once in love with a dame—a young lady, I mean—and we had a break-up. I mean to say, we parted, more in tears than in anger.

"IT WAS several years ago and we were quite serious about it. Her mother, instead of forbidding the girl to see me, made fun of us and told her daughter to be sure to take our nurses along if we decided to elope. Can you imagine?"

"No," said the Interviewer.

"Well, she did," said the male Garbo indignantly. "Naturally, no high-spirited girl would marry the butt of her parent's ridicule. So, as I said, we parted. But I always had the feeling that some day we would meet again."

"So what?" persisted the Interviewer.

"So what?" echoed Mr. Holmes. "I'll tell you 'so what.' She married another fellow, almost immediately. You can imagine the feelings of a self-styled young-man-of-the-world at such treatment."

"I can, indeed," murmured the Interviewer sympathetically. "Why, once I—"

"But even then I did not entirely give up all thought of her," Phil went on. "I pictured her as having married merely to show her parents she was attractive to more mature men than I and really cherishing a secret love for me all the time. Always, I thought of her as bitterly unhappy and as realizing she had made a dreadful mistake.

"I gave her a couple of years in which to repent and then, in my dreams, I saw myself galloping up on a milk-white charger—or maybe a black-and-yellow auto—and carrying her off somewhere, perhaps to blue Capri where we'd be happy ever after. Capri *is* blue, isn't it? But what do you suppose happened?"

"I'll bite," the Interviewer acquiesced, "what happened?"

"SEVERAL years later I met her and her husband. Instead of finding her wasted away to a shadow, as I liked to think of her, I found her supremely happy and content. The pangs of remorse had, apparently, never gnawed at her heart as at mine. It was enough to turn a man sour. With my dreams punctured, there was nothing for me to do but devote myself to my Art."

"Tchk, tchk," murmured the Interviewer.

"So then," continued the exponent of American Tragedy, "I came back to Hollywood. And there was another striking looking dame—girl, I mean—who was sophisticated and everything. And I thought maybe it would be a good idea for *me* to go around with more mature people, too, so I started banging around with this frill—lady, I mean.

"And we were getting along swell! I left her one night and apparently everything was all right but when I called her on the 'phone next day she wouldn't speak to me. So I said 'nertz,' or words to that effect, and again returned to my Art.

"Well, it seems there were no more mature brunettes available at the moment and I went to the movies solo for awhile—and didn't like it—and then one day I bumped into this skirt on the street and it seemed pretty good to see her again. So I thought I'd just forgive and forget. And I said, 'Lookit, baby, we've wasted a lot of time—'

"'I'll say I have,' she snapped and flounced off.

"And that's why I've decided not to give out any more interviews on the subject of girls. See?"

"I do, indeed," the Interviewer conceded sympathetically, at the same time watching with considerable interest as Mr. Holmes finally took a running jump into the ocean to cool off.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Norman Foster is the only picture star that speaks the Malay language fluently?

"Wash nasty handkerchiefs? Not since I learned about KLEENEX"

disposable tissues

WHY HANDLE DANGEROUS GERMS ?

WASHING dirty handkerchiefs is a most repulsive task—and may be dangerous as well, if handkerchiefs are contaminated with cold or other germs.

Fortunately, this dreadful task is no longer necessary.

Buy a package of Kleenex and say goodby to handkerchief washing! These soft tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way—and when used, you simply destroy! No washing! No self-infection! No laundry bill—if you have handkerchiefs washed commercially.

Kleenex is now available in two sizes, the popular handkerchief size, and also larger tissues three times usual size! This larger Kleenex is splendid for dusting, and towels. A sample of Kleenex sent free if you write Kleenex Co., Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

'KERFS

are a dressier form of Kleenex. Smart handkerchief borders; 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Make perfect tea napkins.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Release the enchanting Beauty in your Eyes

by the simple magic of the
NEW, improved
NON-SMARTING;
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MAYBELLINE

It's in *your* eyes right now—that wonderful, bewitching beauty sought by every woman and admired by every man. But it's a captive there; a dormant power that can be brought into play only by the magic of Maybelline. Release it—by fringing your eyes with naturally dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes. Just a simple, easy application of Maybelline and the marvelous transformation takes place. Your eyes instantly become a thousandfold more interesting—your whole self, more charming!

But, be sure you get *genuine* Maybelline, for this preparation is non-smarting, tear-proof and very easy to use. And *perfectly* harmless! Its continued use actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Black or Brown, 75c at any toilet goods counter.

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For 10c and coupon below we will send special Purse Size for trial

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown
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Street______________________________
Town________________State__________

My Love Affair With Connie Bennett

[*Continued from page* 57]

across the floor and surprised her by coming up behind her and saying:

"May I, perchance, have this dance?"

She turned around and her glorious orbs illumined with gay pleasure when she saw me. The other birds at the table sure glared at me. Of course, they couldn't have known what was between Constance and me. Well, I only caught one of the fellows' names:

It was Chester Moorehead, I think . . . a sort of sleepy looking guy. The fact that Constance got up, right off the bat, and danced with me shows that she doesn't know any of them very well and certainly doesn't care about him. We glided by the musicians—she was as light as a shadow, or more so—and I stopped a second to ask the leader of the orchestra to play *I Never Knew* next. And Connie must have smiled at him too, because the request was like a Royal Command and the band burst right into our own private anthem.

I sort of hung around one corner of the room, which was partially evacuated, because I wanted to say several things to Constance before I was cut in on. I asked her what she had on for tonight, and she said that she had promised this Moorehead bird that she'd dine with him up stairs in the Plaza. I think she saw my resentment but she explained, very sensibly, that had she known for sure that I was coming she, of course, wouldn't have made any dates, but that I certainly wouldn't like her to go back on her word. Which is true, of course.

However, she admitted frankly she hardly knows this Moorehead fellow and will meet me at ten in the lobby of the Plaza and then we will "go places" together. That's fair enough. Well, before edging off into the danger zone of cut-ins, I held Constance exceptionally close to me and whispered in her ear that when we met later I had something vitally important to tell her.

When I took her back to her table this fellow Moorehead gave me a dirty look and, just to make me think he knew her as well as I did, I guess, he swept her onto the floor with an air of self-satisfaction. I had to laugh all to myself. Poor chap!

Well, I didn't hang around any longer in the Grill because I didn't think it was fair to tantalize those fellows by showing them what a drag I have with Constance. However, I stood on the edge of the floor by the door until Constance passed, and I got her reassuring look that she would see me later.

1:00 A. M.:

I don't know what's happened! I'm nearly crazy with anxiety. I went to the Plaza at ten and waited there until twelve-thirty, but Constance never showed up. I telephoned her apartment five times until Mrs. Bennett thought I was nuts. I've telephoned every place I can think of to find out if anyone has seen her.

The last time I phoned Mrs. Bennett, I made her promise to ring me here when Connie comes home. I don't understand it. It's so unlike her to break a promise and not keep her date—especially with me!

1:30 A. M.:

No news yet. Oh, wherefore art thou Constance? If thou art kidnapped, I will gladly sell my soul for ransom.

1:47 A. M.:

I cannot stand it much longer. I shall break or be forced to drink myself into a stupor.

Thank Heavens! There's the phone!

1:55 A. M.:

I am stunned! Oh perfidy, thy name is woman! My spirit, my soul, my heart, my body, my whole being is crushed! To write this down is to do so with the blood of Life. Mrs. Bennett has just told me. *Constance eloped with Chester Moorehead!* They were married in Greenwich by a common Justice of the Peace.

Mrs. Chester Moorehead! I expel thee from the sanctuary of my heart. Come, drink! Bring me forgetfulness!

EPILOG

When this diary was written by a Freshman in 1922, no thought of its publication had been entertained by the author, even in the most remote sense. It was discovered in a Princeton rummage sale by an intrusive bibliophile, subsequently finding its way to SCREEN BOOK. Inquiries have divulged the fact that the author, then a Princeton freshman, is now happily married to the "Louise" mentioned in his college chroniclings. The Chester Moorehead, whom the diary mentions as having eloped with Miss Bennett, is her first husband. Her next husband was Phil Plant, also named in the diary. Now Miss Bennett is the wife of the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Is the story ended?—Editor.

June Says—Don't Diet

[*Continued from page* 47]

stretching, and then bend back as far as possible.

FOR reducing the hips, here's a good one: Rest your entire weight on head and shoulders. Place your hands on the hips, and pedal away in the air. This exercise, done correctly, is probably the most complicated of all. It should not be over-practiced by the amateur, but is just a lot of fun after you know how.

On completing the above, if you're still ambitious, try this one: Lie prone upon the back, raising both legs up over your head. Then stretch one leg at a time back over the head to touch the floor. If it's difficult the first time, try, try again. This "stunt" is really worth working for, as it is marvelous for reducing hips and keeping the legs shapely for that new summer bathing suit.

In conclusion, let's be frank. Who of us does not delight in the slimness of a beautiful body? If you are observing, you will have noticed that nature no longer "takes its course" with the woman who cares for her figure. I have tried to give you the one safe, sure way for retaining the beauty of figure which our mirror reveals.

Hold your balance, therefore, and cut yourself a piece of cake. It doesn't matter, really. You just exercise it off tomorrow.

Ann's Tragic Success

[*Continued from page* 53]

Sheridan, Chicago, Governor's Island, New York, posts in the West and in Cuba.

Perhaps it was her father's distaste of the stage that influenced her against ever thinking of a theatrical career. At that period, Ann's ambition, never particularly emphasized, was to write. She decided that, if she was to pursue a literary career, she must have a *nom de plume*. So she chose "Harding," the name of her music teacher. The name "Ann" was selected because of its brevity.

Not for a moment did she then feel that this haphazardly selected name would one day become world famous!

Then the World War shattered her home, as it did thousands of others. General Gatley served overseas. Upon his return Ann determined to make her own way and went to New York to work for an insurance company. One day she went to the Paramount studios in Long Island and was admitted to the office of Harry Durant, scenario editor, who thought her just another motion picture aspirant.

"So you want to get into pictures?" he inquired.

"Not at all," was the reply of Ann. "I want to do some home reading for you."

Durant was so utterly taken aback that he mechanically handed her four books to report upon. Ann had another job.

Subsequently, while visiting friends who were with the Provincetown Players, a Little Theatre organization, she took a small part simply for the fun of it. It was a great lark. Besides, she was a success. Then she played in *The Inheritors* and added to her prestige. Thereupon, she decided the footlights were her forte.

Her father disowned her!

Ann Harding, the name by which she was now known, was equally determined and continued on her way, her next being a play with Jimmy Gleason, well known stage and screen favorite. When she won the leading rôle in *Tarnish*, a Broadway success, she was hailed as one of the Great White Way's leading players.

Just before *Stolen Fruit* and *The Woman Disputed*, two plays that scored tremendous hits on Broadway, Ann was reconciled with her father. It was during the run of *The Woman Disputed* that she married Harry Bannister, then featured by George M. Cohan in *Yellow*. Ann's next rôle in *The Trial of Mary Dugan* made her an outstanding Broadway star but after the play had run over a year, she left the East to join her husband in Pittsburgh, where he had his own stock company. She wanted to be with him when her baby was born.

Following the arrival of little Jane Bannister, Ann returned to the cast of *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, while Bannister joined *The Strange Interlude* company. Harry was a sensational success and went to Los Angeles with the play. There Ann rejoined him, foregoing the stage to be with him and to devote more time to Jane.

Hollywood producers sought out the two Broadway stage stars and prevailed upon them to enter the talkies. Their success is common knowledge.

Ann, in several RKO specials, attained envious heights. She became one of the screen's most talked-of actresses. Harry was not quite so fortunate. The inevitable happened. He was often referred to as "Ann Harding's husband." It irked.

Then came the parting of the ways. Ann Harding paid dearly for her success, culminating in her recent action for a Reno divorce. She wanted to free Harry Bannister so that he may pursue a career of his own, unhampered by a wife's dazzling name. Heartbreak? Even the divorce emphasizes it.

Daring or Modest?

[*Continued from page* 51]

summer, will go back to where they belong and to the occasion for which they are most suited—that is, *only* for active sports—such as tennis and golf. They must not appear on the polo-game spectator, or with morning sport-wear.

"For the dressy sport costume, I suggest the coarse net stocking, because it is immune from runs during the strain of much walking or long motoring.

"For street wear, *fine* mesh hose is the thing, harmonizing, of course, with the chosen costume.

"Black stockings will not be worn during the summer at all, except with a black evening gown. In this case, the sheerest of chiffon will be chosen. Anything else, such as the wide mesh, will be just a novelty—and the well-dressed woman does not subscribe to fads.

"NO WHITE stockings will be worn this summer except with a white costume. The flesh-colored hose favored last year with pastels will be 'out.' It will be replaced, however, with a shade called *Bois de Rose*, which is sort of a biege shade with a rose tint. This will be very good for anything with which you plan wearing dark shoes or accessories.

"The sun-tan shades will remain popular—but only with black or brown costumes. Exclude anything with a grey tinge from your hosiery drawer. This selection should be supplanted with the newer shades called *Sunbiege* or *Noontime*.

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Irene Wants To Misbehave

[*Continued from page 22*]

She is a fighter, a courageous, determined young lady. She came to Hollywood, by request of Radio Pictures, primarily because of her glorious voice. At the time her contract was signed, filmusicals were the rage.

However, Irene was, and is, very beautiful. So, after waiting patiently for several months, she was given a part. And what a part! She was assigned the only dramatic rôle in a slapstick farce, *Leathernecking*. If she had been one iota less determined, she would have fled back to New York.

SEVERAL weeks after she had been forced into that inauspicious screen début, Radio decided to produce *Cimarron*. Irene, who was getting a bit bored, decided that she would play Sabra Cravat.

In all, more than a hundred eager applicants, many of them famous, were tested for the rôle of Sabra. Irene won the assignment. She set out to win it and forced the studio to give her the consideration she demanded.

Irene's private life is rather quiet and uneventful, but only because she prefers it so. She doesn't resort to the cheap chicanery so dear to old-time press agents, and she refuses to "be seen" at every Hollywood party. She keeps an unusually strong grip on her emotions and seldom allows herself to indulge in temperamental tantrums.

She actually dares to be in love with her husband, a prominent New York physician, and she has never been involved in a scandal. She is honestly ambitious, but always considerate of other people and politely deferential to their opinions. She knows how to say "No." Moreover, she says it whenever it seems necessary.

Of course, in Hollywood, all these traits are bad—very, very bad. They convict one of being old-fashioned and glamorless. In other days and other locales, they have also convicted one of being a lady.

THE truth is that Irene Dunne insists on being a free soul. Without wasting a great deal of time talking about her modern philosophy, she carries it into effect by doing exactly what pleases her most and refusing to do what pleases her least.

"I attend very few Hollywood premières and parties, because I find them dull," she candidly explains. "When I first came here, I went to most of them and enjoyed myself thoroughly. Since all such affairs are more or less the same, I naturally grew satiated in the course of time. I rebel at the thought of going to a swanky affair merely because it is good policy to 'be seen.'

"I am not a fanatic about clothes, although I do try to be well dressed. In the first place, I have never been particularly interested in keeping abreast of every new fad from Paris. In the second place, I intend to possess something more substantial than the friendship of a few dressmakers when I retire from the screen. I am not greedy for publicity about my private affairs, because I am still unconvinced that an exotic, artificially constructed personality is more to be desired than honest ability to act. I spend a good deal of my time in study. I am really too busy to build up glamor.

"As far as my 'placid disposition' is concerned, I'm afraid I hardly merit that charge. I have my share of temper, but I do try to keep it under control. Sometimes I fail, and fly into a tantrum that would do credit to the most temperamental prima donna. I'll tell you a secret.

"The other day I dubbed a golf shot and it made me so mad that I broke my club."

There, take that, you Dunne critics. The impulsive Ray Schmidt of *Back Street* is no accident, you see, for Irene has her moments. And while you're about it, consider another fact. This glamorous beauty came to Hollywood a married lady, yet kept her wedded state a profound secret for more than a year. To my way of thinking, any member of the speaker sex who can keep an important secret that long is more than glamorous; she is absolutely miraculous.

Bob Takes It On the Chin

[*Continued from page* 21]

asks me if I mind his pal snapping a picture of us together? I grin and 'take it big.' I'm a sucker and I pose while his side-kick clicks the clicker. If I dared tell him what I wanted to!

"DO I tell him that? Not a chance! I'm supposed to be a movie favorite and I take it on the chin. No matter where you go or what you do, they sock you. Last week I took a little trip out of town and I wired a certain hotel for reservations. All I wanted was a room in which to take a bath; change clothes and sleep but when I walked to the desk the clerk doesn't ask me what price I want to pay. He grins and says:

"'Your suite is ready, Mr. Montgomery!'

"I take what he shoves off on me and like it. It costs me maybe fifteen or twenty bucks a day, when I'd rather pay three, but what am I going to do?

"The other night I had a few friends up for bridge. About midnight the phone rang. It was a long-distance call from Dallas, Texas. I don't know anybody in Dallas. It proves to be the manager of the theatre where my picture, *But The Flesh Is Weak,* is showing. The manager needs some strong exploitation, so he explains that if I don't mind, he wants a reporter to interview me over the phone for a write-up the next day. I asked him how the picture was going over and, of course, he said fine. I conclude the interview and the manager comes back on the phone.

"'No kidding, how is the picture going over?' I asked him.

"'Well, to be honest, Mr. Montgomery, not so good. *Tarzan* opened just across the street and they're getting the business.'

"'Great!' I told him, 'if I had to choose between Bob Montgomery in *Weak Flesh* and Johnny Weissmuller in *Tarzan,* I'd take *Tarzan* every time.'

"There's another thing I wonder about," resumed Bob, "and that is why nine out of ten guys think they'd be heroes if they could only punch an actor. A girl goes delirious about Gable at a show. The guy she is with looks at her and growls:

"'Aw say, I bet if I was to hang one on that guy's chin, he wouldn't wake up for a week!'

"Because you're in the movies, you're legitimate prey. No matter how good an egg you try to be, everybody wants to take a crack at you.

"I'M a much more serious-minded person than people suspect," declared Bob, "but I've put on the Pollyanna act until I'm getting so I believe it myself. It's just like father's coffee cup. Father, you see, loved his coffee and he had a special cup which held at least four ordinary cups of coffee. When I was a boy, we always had guests over the week-end and when they came down to Sunday morning breakfast, we knew that father would spring his favorite story about that cup. If one of the guests didn't remark about it, I knew it was up to me, so I always gave father his cue.

"'Yes, yes,' father would always chuckle, 'There's a strange story connected with this cup. A famous humorist once had breakfast with me and when he saw my cup he remarked:

"'Well, well, Mr. Montgomery, I see you haven't had your bath yet this morning!'

"I knew that no such thing ever happened but father enjoyed telling it until he came to believe it as a true story. That's the way with this movie stuff of mine. I'm the debonair, wise-cracking Bob Montgomery so much of the time that I'm getting so I believe I am naturally that way!"

When Bob first came to Hollywood, many established stars of the screen resented the Broadway invasion. One of M-G-M's favorite stars gave Bob a snubbing on the day of his arrival.

"It hurt," admits Bob, "but right then and there I made up my mind to wear a mask. It's a smiling mask and it's effective, but some day I'm going to discard it and tell 'em all just what I think.

"I won't have pictures taken with people who mean nothing to me. I won't smile and pull a wise-crack when I feel otherwise. I won't let hotel clerks put over a fifteen dollar suite on me when all I want is a single with bath.

"Right now, though, I've just had an option taken up and for a year at least, I'll continue to wear the mask. Perhaps, when it's over, I'll take it off and try being just Bob Montgomery, but right now I'm smiling through. So, if you want any snap-shots for your album, get 'em now, for you can't tell when Bob Montgomery might become a menace and try being just himself."

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Medium ☐	Black...☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry....☐
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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 31]

For instance, John and Lionel Barrymore and Lowell Sherman were in the money back in Biograph days, although no one but statisticians would be so unkind as to recall it. Hobart Bosworth, Wallace Beery, Harold Lloyd, Lewis Stone are among the still active stars. All in all, the lads picked half a hundred players who have been before the cameras from fifteen to twenty years, and continue to draw from $500 to $1,000 weekly.

Looking Ahead

WALTER HUSTON tells a story about his attendance at a revival meeting. One of the sisters arose and ecstatically exclaimed:

"Last night I was in the arms of the devil—but tonight I'm in the arms of the angels!"

A voice from the rear sounded forth: "How're you fixed for tomorrow night?"

That's Gratitude

DIRECTOR BILL HOWARD isn't a great believer in Hollywood gratitude, and tells us a tale to illustrate the pernt. A faithful retainer approached a movie mogul:

"I've grown gray in your service, Sir," said he, and was about to ask a reward when the film man cut in with: "So you have, my man. Go get yourself a bottle of hair-dye and charge it to me!"

Fatty Tries Again

ROSCOE ("FATTY") ARBUCKLE is beginning life anew. Not only is Fatty making a grrrand and glorrrious comeback which, we hope, will lead to the screen again, but he has taken another matrimonial fling with Addie McPhail, tall, lithe brunette taking Doris Deane's place as Mrs. Arbuckle. She's a June bride with Mayor James J. Walker, of New York, performing the ceremony.

Roscoe, by the way, is a sadder, wiser, but not slimmer, man. Roscoe has had bitter tea to drink, and he's emptied his cup to the dregs. He doesn't laugh as easily as he used to, although the reception accorded him from Coast to Coast has helped to restore some of the old time good humor and optimism to the man who ranked with Chaplin as an entertainer on the silent screen.

Oop! A Scoop!

'MEMBER we told you Colleen Moore'd be back in pictures? We were right. And she'll be on the screen this cinematic season. Quite probably in Metro pictures.

Stage Note

THE little "Quill 'n' Buskin" theatre in Hollywood occupies the site of a former laundry. Probably dedicated to clean plays.

Film Man's Will

DID you notice that the will of George Eastman, who got rich selling movie film used for re-takes and what-not, left $15,000,000 to Rochester University, making it the richest college in the country for its size? The fifteen is only a fraction of the amount the school received from the film mogul.

Hoo, Hoo?

DONALD COOK has moved into a Hollywood canyon because the neighbors objected to his accordion playing. Now he serenades the owls, and when he sings love songs and the birds ask "Hoo," Don hollers, "Not you!"

AMAZING! say the GLEASONS

There's a family agreement among the Gleasons, famous stage and screen family of Hollywood, that Dr. Bunker, handwriting man for SCREEN BOOK, told them the truth about themselves. Lucile Webster Gleason summed it up in this way:

"There is no 'bunk' in the reading analysis by Mr. Bunker. He is truthful to an amazing degree."

Lucile Webster Gleason

"Me, too," added James Gleason, and their son, Russell, as one.

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

Sidney Fox seen on a busy day. While lunching in her dressing room between scenes during the shooting of *Youth of Flame*, she studies the script while an electric "dingus" dries her freshly marcelled hair

Nobody Home

A FEMININE pest invited herself to dine with Charlie Butterworth one Thursday.

"But, you see," remonstrated Charles, "Thursday's the cook's day out."

"Fine," said the gal, "I'll cook dinner and we can be so cozy!"

"But," stammered the comedian, "I always go out with the cook."

The date was off.

Busy Stars

NOW Aunt Beverly's going to make you feel foolish. Step right up—all of you—and tell us which stars have been in most pictures during the last five years.

Wrong. Well, we'll tell you and you can kid the other fellers.

John Miljan has worked in 55 pictures; Richard Tucker, 52; George Fawcett, 39; Edmund Breeze, 40; Neil Hamilton, 39—and although you think you never see Chester Conklin anymore, he worked in 31 films just the same.

Among the sirens, Myrna Loy gets top with 45 appearances; ZaSu Pitts, 40; Hedda Hopper, 39; Margaret Livingston, 35, and Leila Hyams, 33. Edna Murphy has 30 to her credit. Only twenty players have appeared in an average of six features a year for five years. Hollywood's busiest actor right now is Guy Kibbee, whom you saw with Doug Fairbanks Jr. in *Union Depot*.

Finish Fight

IT'S a finish fight between Howard Hughes and the censors over *Scarface*, which they have refused to pass in some states, and which has been a sensation wherever shown. The ex-millionaire kid isn't pulling his punches, and will leave no stone unturned to get his masterpiece before the entire public. Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle, is magnificent, and Georgie Raft, superb. Here's hoping you get a look.

Beau Geste

THE producers do make gracious gestures, no matter what anyone says. Not a studio in Hollywood but what has communicated with Renée Adorée, convalescing on the desert, that it has parts for her when she's well enough to work.

Getting the Bird

BIRD OF PARADISE should be a wow. It took over two months in actual shooting, and cost $800,000. Both Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea have swell rôles. The rights to the picture have been tied up for years in litigation. At one time Gilda Gray was to have made it. The star of *Aloma*, by the way, says she's going to wed a Boston millionaire after she finishes her current picture, *Minnie, the Moocher*.

Athletic Note

JOHNNY "TARZAN" WEISSMULLER, champ swimmer, detests cold water. The reason is, he is accustomed to swimming in tanks where the H2O is heated. Anyhow, Johnny surely wows us girls in a bathing suit, eh what? He's going to keep right on making *Tarzan* sequels forever and ever, so it looks right now.

How Much Do You Bid?

THE strangest auction sale was held recently when a circus went bust and sold its lions to the highest bidders. Representatives of several movie companies were among those present, but even then the demand for jungle cats wasn't exciting.

Ask the **White Wizard**

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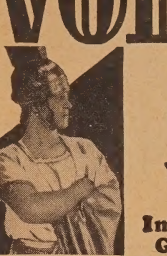

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Like Father, Like Son?

[*Continued from page* 10]

Buster's father was carrying on the act alone. Just as he closed, the nurse brought the new born infant onto the stage and the proud and happy father presented his first born to the audience.

The act then became "The Three Keatings." They traveled all over the globe, everywhere making a great hit. Buster, up to the moment he went into pictures, literally followed in his father's footsteps.

Our first meeting with the Keatings was aboard the ocean liner, *George Washington*, bound for Plymouth and Cherbourg. The weather was rough and we ploughed jerkily through heavy, mountainous waves.

It was "The Three Keatings" who kept up the passengers' morale. Their comedy drove away fear and made *mal de mer* seem but a momentary ailment. Buster, then about twelve, sang clever patter songs. His mother was an accomplished instrumentalist and the father a great comedian.

Since his arrival in the film spotlight, Buster changed the spelling of his name to Keaton.

When the unforgettable Maurice Barrymore passed on he left vacant a place in the American theatre. Several years later the vacancy was filled and three times so, by a daughter, Ethel, and two sons, Lionel and John. All have brought fame and glory to the Barrymore name.

Two other great American theatrical families are being carried on into a second generation by Russell Gleason, son of the ever popular Jimmie and Lucile, and Chester Morris, the best known of a large family of popular actors and actresses, children of that eminent actor, William Morris and his wife, Etta Hawkins.

A few years ago the whole Morris family appeared in an act for a period of over two years, which had been written by the father.

TWO of America's greatest comedians, popular stars of Broadway for many years, are Taylor Holmes and William Collier. Equally famous are their sons, the dynamic young actor, Phillips Holmes, and the ever-pleasing lead, Buster Collier.

The two latest newcomers to the screen, bearing names to conjure with, are Tom Brown and Noah Beery, Junior. Tom and Noah are each nineteen years old, and if birthright and talent are the right of way to a distinguished career, each lad is slated for stellar honors.

Tom is one of the most outstanding personalities to come to the screen in many a day. Overnight Universal has starred him in one of their specials, *Tom Brown at Culver*. Tom, though still a minor, is a stage and screen veteran. He has been on the stage since six months old, and at the age of eight played a rôle of forty-five sides in *Neighbors*, a Broadway hit.

He is the son of Harry Brown, stage star and producer, and well-known leading man in the silent days. His mother, Marie Francis, is a comic opera star.

Noah Beery, as baby and youngster, traveled through every state in the union with the stock company headed by his father and mother.

He was graduated from the Hollywood High School last year, distinguishing himself in dramatics, music and athletics. He is now ready to follow, not only in his father's footsteps, but in those of his uncle, Wally, as well.

The foregoing story may be seen in pictorial form at your local theatre in the current issue of "Screen Snapshots."—The Editor.

Lovers By Popular Demand

[*Continued from page* 27]

memorizes her lines with surprising speed. Charlie, on the other hand, finds the study of dialogue irksome. Invariably, Janet learns her own rôle, then spends the remaining rehearsal period helping him with his. They were delighted when their fans persuaded the studio officials to continue them as a team.

"Of course, we prefer to work with one another," Janet said. "We have played together so long that we can instinctively sense one another's reactions in any dramatic scene. We stimulate one another. Above all else, we are devoted friends."

IF YOU wonder whether or not Janet and Charlie are more than friends—if you are tempted to believe that the embers of their one-time romance still glow a bit in spite of their respective marriages—then you are only sharing Hollywood's speculation.

Undoubtedly, the truth is that the ardent love which once flamed, is now replaced by an ardent devotion. Janet has found happiness in her marriage to Lydell Peck; Charlie is happy with Virginia Valli. Neither reveals any regret for the misunderstanding that is reported to have prevented their marriage. Intimate friends never hint that they are in love with one another, but they do insist that they are eternally linked by a spiritual bond.

They complement each other. They find in one another their greatest inspiration. Janet and Charlie, themselves, admit that they are at their best only when teamed, declaring that any expression of dramatic emotion by the one awakens an instant response in the other.

Never before in the history of Hollywood have the fates of two stars been so inseparably joined. Theatre-goers seem unable to think of them as individuals. Unquestionably, the general belief that they are the victims of a tragic, frustrated love, has much to do with it. But the real reason is more complex. In some strange way, they manage to idealize romance on the screen.

Fox will never again try to separate them. Half a million fans have given a mandate that cannot be disobeyed.

The Adventures of Tom Mix

[*Continued from page 49*]

Northwest and ladled beans for the lumber-jacks.

It was not long before this, too, lost its charm and he went back to Pittsburgh, where he became a pincove boy in an iron foundry. He had grown nearly to his full stature during these years, and had developed a man's strength from his labors in the muscle-centers of the nation. Hence, you cannot blame the army-recruiting sergeant for mistaking him for much older when, in 1897, he enlisted for the Spanish-American War.

They assigned him to a nondescript horse-and-gun outfit, officially designated as Captain Grimes' Light Battery. After a month's "training" in Tampa, Florida, the Captain's Battery was set aboard ship and dispatched to Cuba. Tom lost all interest in war, peace, life itself on the trip. It was the first time he had been on the water.

When the troop-ship bearing Captain Grimes and all his horses anchored off the island, the first major crisis of the war presented itself. Captain Grimes was totally unable to devise a plan for getting the horses ashore.

He might have sent them in boats, one at a time, but this would have been a long and arduous process, and the captain was eager to be off for the field of glory. He was frankly discouraged as he stared at the foam-wreathed shore.

Then young Thomas Mix, 18 years old, appeared.

"Throw them cayuses into the water," was his counsel. "Put a bugler on shore and keep him tootin' stable-call. They'll swim ashore and I'll rope 'em."

A lieutenant of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders saw the boy performing this service, and immediately commandeered his services for the famous troupe. War! It was blissful ecstasy for the boy from the plains. Reared on bullets and bloodshed, it seemed perfectly natural to him that men should be shooting each other with all the efficiency they could muster.

He rode with Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. He acted as a dispatch-bearer for the Colonel and developed a lasting friendship with him. Then, to his extreme distress, the war ended. His life came very near to ending at the same moment.

Lying in a grove of palmetto trees, Tom and a detachment of Rough Riders were engaged in dislodging a particularly troublesome group of snipers when a courier rode up with the news of the armistice. "Go out and tell those birds it's all over," said the courier.

Tom Mix rose from a prone position, and was taking a deep breath of air, when a guerilla rifleman, dead-ahead, trained his sights with unusual accuracy, and fired. The bullet went right through Tom Mix's mouth.

It tore his tongue to ribbons and shattered one of his teeth, emerging from his neck the fraction of an inch from his spinal cord.

He came out of the hospital ten days later. Unfortunately, there was no further duty. He had suffered the painful and dangerous wound a few moments after the war ended.

Tom looked around for other battles to fight, having as yet, no desire to return to the United States. There was trouble in the Philippines which called for troops. Tom had himself transferred to another detachment of the army and went along.

For a matter of two months, Tom chased General Aguinaldo up and down the jungle. Finally this war, too, went bankrupt, closed its doors, and the fighting man was again unemployed.

Wandering disconsolately through the streets of Manila, he heard that the British were having trouble in South Africa with Dutch settlers who went by the name of "Boers." A British army officer purchased a troop of American cavalry horses, and Tom Mix went along for good measure.

He saw real fighting in South Africa, was present at the siege of Ladysmith, and managed to get himself captured by the Boers.

The Battle of Spinecob was fought and finished, ending the war. Tom Mix found himself disconsolately wandering the streets of Capetown and wondering about his future. It was not long in doubt.

On the other side of the world, a handful of Americans, Europeans, and Japanese had barricaded themselves in the Legation Quarter at Peking. Outside, a howling mob of Tartars, Mongols and Chinese, later known as the "Boxers," were clamoring for entrance. They had no good purpose in mind.

The British company barely had time to shake the dust of the veldt off its feet when a troop-train sailed for Tientsin. Tom went along.

One morning, the retreating Chinese turned on the gun crew of which Tom was a member. Under a veritable rain of bullets, Tom's crew was in the act of crossing a muddy stream on a raft when it was struck by a ball from an antequated Chinese cannon. It splintered the timbers and broke a spoke from a wheel of the gun.

The spoke flew into space and struck Tom just above the bridge of his nose. He was half-scalped. His nose was broken and one eye seemed gone.

Tom was sent back to the United States from China and spent many months in a military hospital at Washington.

There followed a period of several years when nothing more dangerous than an occasional shooting-affray occurred to him. He went out West again from Washington, tried ranching, acted as a scout, went with Roosevelt on a hunting expedition, and finally became an officer of the law.

What befell Tom Mix as a peace officer, how he fought a duel to the death with one of the most notorious "bad men" of the times, his accidental initiation into the mysteries of the movies and his subsequent rise to cinema heights, are some of the engrossing features of the concluding installment of this fascinating story of the great Western star in the September issue of SCREEN BOOK. Even more exciting than this first all too brief account of his adventures.

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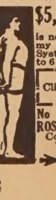

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Forgotten Women

[*Continued from page 38*]

made. But it is not a rôle suited to their histrionic abilities. It is more than likely the part of a flapper!

"The actress-subject realizes the portraying of such a rôle will mean as certain oblivion for her as the rôle of *The Red-Headed Woman* will mean for whoever plays it. I am using *The Red-Headed Woman* for my example as it was the most-talked-of casting problem recently.

"Every likely candidate in the business had been tested for this rôle, including Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Marilyn Miller, Ann Dvorak and Jeanette MacDonald. They each, in turn, declined. They know that the world's audience believes the actor or actress to be just exactly the type in real life as they portray on the screen.

"The red-head in Katherine Brush's novel is a hard, hateful person. Whoever plays the rôle will be through at its completion! None of these stellar ladies wants to be through any more than the Norma Talmadges or the Betty Compsons."

SINCE Miss Putnam made this statement, Jean Harlow of platinum blonde fame, has been assigned to the choice rôle of portraying *The Red-Headed Woman.* However, to pre-suppose that this characterization will spell *finis* for the talented Jean is highly problematical. She gained her original successes through "hard-boiled" parts, each redounding to her popularity.

The only way to salvage the stars upon whom thousands of dollars have been spent, believes Miss Putnam, is to write stories for women their ages.

"There must be a new field of story developed," she says, "stories which deal with everyday life; human stories for human people and women who are not yet old, to portray them.

"*One should play what they are.* That is why the thrones of Hollywood today are occupied by the comics, the character people, the heavies. An oversized schnozzle on a face that looks like war-torn China has a greater chance of top salary today than the lad with beautiful eyes. We clamber to the boxoffice to see Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, homely George Arliss and Wallace Beery. Isn't that undeviating proof that the public likes something besides youthful runners-up in beauty contests?

"Why, then, must we ever limit talent? There are more women in the world approaching maturity than any other age. We must write stories for these people. Great, human, sincere-to-life stories. The scope of screen stories should be as endless as Hollywood gossip.

"What is all this worry about 'where is the talent of tomorrow to come from?' The star of tomorrow will come from the fact that a character will be needed to fill a rôle. The problem will be to hold a place against the tide of an *abundance* of talent rather than a *dearth* of it!"

Thru the Keyhole

[*Continued from page 46*]

permit anyone to take informal pictures of me? I have smashed, I don't know how many cameras, of people trying to take them at the studio."

A New Playground

THERE'S a place on the desert ten miles from anywhere that simply oozes atmosphere. It was opened toward the end of the season and it became a favorite spot overnight with the stars. The name of it is the *Dunes.* You have to be the friend of a friend to gain admittance and no drinks are served. It's draped and carpeted in black velvet and all the lighting is indirect. They serve one of the finest meals on the West coast. Steaks are shipped to them daily by airplane from New York. The night your correspondent dropped in Jack Oakie, with his broadest smile, was leading the orchestra.

As we strolled into the casino we met Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. You can just hi-hat that divorce rumor, because Sally says she intends to ride Hoot's ponies for some time to come.

Goodbye Screen; Hello Stork!

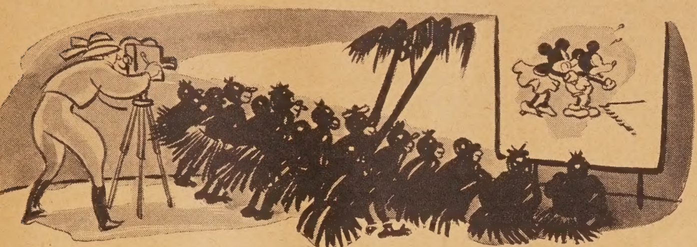
FOR years Film Town has thrown stones at the stork, but now he's just about the most welcome bird in the world. You should have seen the light in Helen Twelvetrees' eyes when she started showing off that bassinet and things . . . And Mary Astor has gone to the South Seas in her brand new yacht to meet Señor Stork. She expects to catch up with him in Honolulu in August . . It won't be long before Gloria Swanson is home with little Michele Patricia whom Gloria II and her adopted brother are wildly eager to see . . . The baby who arrived at the John Miljan's home decided to stay after receiving several blood infusions from his mother. He had John pretty worried for a while, though, because his departure seemed imminent.

The Spill of Polo

BOB MONTGOMERY burned to a white heat when a chatterer reported him as spending $500 a month on polo. "My expenses amount to exactly $110 and it's worth that much to me to keep in trim," he protested when I talked with him for a moment between chukkers last Sunday. Spencer Tracy was on his team riding "White Sox," the beautiful pony Mrs. Tracy bought for his birthday from Snowy Baker. It proved to be one of the most thrilling games of the season but at the end of it a photographer approached Bob sadly: "Not much luck today, Mr. Montgomery. Not a single spill!"

Nevertheless It's True!

Presenting strange and little-known facts about the stars of Cinemaland



Four Mickey Mouse comedies were taken by Douglas Fairbanks to the South Seas, where he filmed *Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas.*

Will Rogers has never owned a full dress suit or a Tuxedo.

Paul Lukas mastered the English language in six months. Imported from the Hungarian stage, he could not speak a word of English.

For three weeks Cary Grant practiced throwing the javelin for his rôle in *This Is the Night.* Although playing the part of a javelin-thrower, he then found out he didn't have to throw one.

All cowboys used in Tom Mix pictures are veterans of the plains.

Buster Keaton kept an old-fashioned lamp burning in a window of his home as a plea for his wife, Natalie Talmadge, to return. This was during their recent domestic squall, which seems to have blown over.

Lew Ayres once ran away from school to avoid reciting before his class. It was a case of shyness.

The first girl to ever face a motion picture camera was Cissy Fitzgerald, still in pictures and known as Hollywood's perennial flapper.

Richard Dix learned his lines in Chinese for his starring rôle in *Roar of the Dragon.*

Eric Linden toured Europe on a two dollar bicycle.

Harold Lloyd retained a day and night switchboard girl to operate the telephone exchange in his home.

Ramón Novarro and Lawrence Tibbett were members of a quartet that once sang in the old California Theatre in Los Angeles.

Edmund Lowe was an English instructor for a year in a California university.

Wallace Ford, now considered one of Hollywood's brilliant young men, could neither read nor write at twelve years of age.

Marian Nixon dyed her hair red and even studio gatemen mistook her for Janet Gaynor.

The title held by Connie Bennett's marquis is of Belgian origin, not French.

Boris Karloff drove a truck at five dollars a day in order to provide himself with funds while trying to break into pictures.

Joel McCrea had to climb cocoanut trees native style in *Bird of Paradise* when he played opposite Dolores Del Rio.

Huntley Gordon performed the almost unheard-of feat of scoring an 88 the first time he ever played golf.

Twenty men, ranging in ages from 51 to 77, were engaged as chorus boys for *Horsefeathers,* the current Marx Brothers film. All wore beards which they had been cultivating from 15 to 55 years.

Eugene Pallette, graduate of Culver, played a bit in Universal's *Tom Brown at Culver* without pay.

The only movie star never given a screen kiss by her leading man is Anna May Wong.

The middle name of John Boles is "Love."

Tom Brown, Universal star, saved a woman from drowning when nine years of age.

Lilian Bond danced in a London night club when sixteen years old.

Lionel Barrymore invariably wears a beret when driving his roadster.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert once went to Mexico to get married. Greta changed her mind at the last minute, however, and returned to Hollywood alone and single.

James Gleason and his son, Russell, pass the collection plates in a Beverly Hills church each Sunday.

? ? ?

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YOU SAID IT, FANS!

Excerpts of Notes Found in the Editor's Mail Box

I read an article that M-G-M forbids Joan Crawford to have a baby. The studio thinks that the long lay-off would hurt her popularity. What nerve!—Rose Onusihol, 81 East 28th street, Bayonne, N. J.

I'm going to make a short motion picture before long. I'm going to rent a camera and other outfit and I'm going to direct and play the leading rôle myself. I have a swell plot for a picture with Mae Clarke but I'm not goofey enough to think that those Big Shots would consider it. So I'm going to show 'em!—T. Marion Edmundson, 2510 Donald avenue, Alton, Ill.

I'm so glad to hear adorable Clara Bow is finally returning to the screen. I've missed her terribly.—Virginia Burt, Buffalo, N. Y.

I sure wish to congratulate you on SCREEN BOOK. It gives a dollar's worth for a dime. From start to finish it is interesting to any movie fan.—Allan Barry, 476 Shawmont avenue, Boston, Mass.

Nancy Carroll sure pulled a fast one when she divorced her husband and married a guy with a mustache. She had my respect till she did that.—Jerry, Helena, Montana.

I've been disappointed in SCREEN BOOK lately, because you have not yet had a good article about Phillips Holmes.—Virginia Nichols, Richmond, Calif.

Take it from me, *Oliver Twist* would be an astounding boxoffice success. Howard E. Kessler, 512 Eighth street, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

Never have seen anything so un-Will-Hayish as that dance of Garbo's in *Mata Hari.*—Patricia Sloan, 6337 North Oakley avenue, Chicago.

What a grand piece of work Genevieve Tobin did as Mitzi in *One Hour With You.*—M. A. Albaught, Baltimore, Md.

Well girls, here's to better black velvets and bigger loves—thanks to Miss Connie Bennett, a *Lady with a Past.*—Phyllis-Marie Arthur, Box 177, Lowville, N. Y.

James Dunn sure is a sight for eyes that are sore from gazing on some of these other stars.—Dorothy Steekley, 193 Ward road, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

I wish to call Miss Joan Bennett's attention to the photo of her and daughter in your issue of SCREEN BOOK. The dog has the place on her lap the child should have.—C. R. Laws, c/o Dichman-Wright-Pugh, Norfolk, Va.

Joan Crawford has looks, figure, appeal, voice, gracefulness, can wear clothes stunningly, dances divinely and has a smile all her own.—Robert Grella, 42 N. Massachusetts avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

A new sensational play is announced, starring five or six stars. We go to see it, find two are stars and the rest of the stars appear about once. The public doesn't like to be fooled.—Bunny Richfingers, St. James, Minn.

What we would like to see is Clara Bow and Clark Gable in a picture together.—The Secret Eight Club, 2313 Elyria avenue, Lorain, Ohio.

Gable is sure stirring things up on his way to stardom.—Leo Diana, Hartford, Conn.

Gary Cooper is Trinidad's most popular actor.—Amelia Gomez, 96 Frederich street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.

Let's have more pictures like *The Greeks Had a Word for Them.*—Jane R. Arnold, 340 Columbia avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Stories of children and home life of such good women as Joan Bennett are great.—Mrs. Harriett M. Froberg, 128 Division street, Elkhart, Ind.

As long as Clark Gable can make an audience thrill to his love-making, why not give the fans what they want? Marian L. Kratzer, 1100 James street, Syracuse, N. Y.

We won't buy another copy of your Magazine until you realize that Garbo is the only really important actress in pictures. A. B. M. D., Vienna, Austria.

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Would you like a personally autographed photo of a famous screen star?

Six contributors to this department will receive such a photograph each month. Perhaps you will be one of them. This is how you might be among The Lucky Six:

Names of all those who write a letter expressing their opinions on movies and movie folk, will be eligible for the monthly drawing. The Mail Box editor will place all the letters in the monthly mail pouch. The first six drawn at random, will be mailed a new autographed portrait of a popular screen favorite.

Try your luck!

Do You Feel Sorry For Me?

[*Continued from page* 52]

Davis let one of them hit the ash off his cigarette with a bullet and he was standing—see?—about this far away. I said Captain Davis had guts to let him do that. Is 'guts' a bad word, Jerry? Mother told me not to use it but I couldn't think of anything else to say what I meant.

"They gave me a .38 revolver like the men use, only I couldn't hold it and shoot at the same time, so they gave me a .22. I wasn't so very good at hitting the target. It takes a lot of practice, I guess.

"They serve an awf'ly good meal at the range. The prison trusties serve it. I asked them what they were in for and they just laughed. They said if the 18th amendment was repealed they'd be free. Do amendments have to be repealed before prisoners can get out?

"Mother and I went out there in the Captain's police car. The one that has the siren. I asked him to keep blowing it and we crossed Hollywood Boulevard at forty miles an hour! Right through the signals, too. The lights were red but we whizzed by—whee!—like that. Gee, it was fun!

"You see, if I hadn't been in the movies I'd never have got to know Chief Davis. Miss Koverman—she's Mr. Mayer's secretary—was the one who intr'duced us. She's about my best pal here, that is, she and Wally Beery and Joan Crawford—do you know Joan makes swell taffy?—and Clark Gable an' Marie Dressler an' Bob Montgomery an' Buster Keaton . . .

"And another thing I like about this acting business is that I don't have to go to school from nine to three every day with just teeny little recesses in between. If I'm not in a picture, I study from nine to twelve with my teacher and that's the end of it. Then I can go out and ride my bike until my gang gets out of school. *That's* when we have fun!

"We play football mostly and gosh, we got all kinds of tricks. We don't usually tell anyone about them but you're a girl and girls don't understand much about football. So I'll tell you. Look, I cut across the field with the ball—watch now—my team runs with me and that fools the other team. They run to that side too and then I scoot lickety split to the other side and down the field for a touchdown! Orv Mohler—you know, the Trojan grid star—showed me that one. Isn't it slick? And just think, *I'd never have met him if I wasn't in pictures.* He came out here one day last fall. Him and Ernie Pinckert.

"Ernie's keen and boy, can he run! They used to let me sit on the Trojan bench during the games sometimes.

"And the Chicago Cubs let me sit on *their* bench while they were practicing this Spring. You know all baseball teams have a Spring practice before the season opens and the Cubs have theirs in Los Angeles. Buster Keaton and Joe E. Brown have teams of their own and a couple a Sundays ago they played each other. Some of the professionals took sides with them and Tris Speaker let me run the bases for him. He was on our side, Buster's I mean. He told me to get all set and wham! He sunk that ball out of sight. I beat it as fast as I could but I only got to second base. Tris said that was pretty good and some day he'd make a *real* player out of me.

"Mr. Kermit Roosevelt knows a lot about baseball, Jerry. He knows Babe Ruth *personally*! Mr. Mayer let me have lunch with him when he came to Hollywood. He asked me all about actin' and I took him around the sets and intr'duced hiim to Miss Dressler and everybody. Gov'nor Rolph thinks actin' is swell, too. Me and him had to make a speech at the première of *The Champ.* He promised that if I'd go up to Sacramento he'd show me a gun that belonged to Buffalo Bill once."

"ONE time a friend of my uncle's and me took him to the beach. He went right into the ocean with us and he's only a lil' fellow. We sure had fun that day! What do you think happened? At the shooting galleries the man recognized me and he said:

"'Oh, you're on the screen, aren't you?' And I said: 'Sure.' So he let me have twelve extra shots all for nothing! And the roller-coaster man gave us a free ride too. So now I tell everybody I'm an actor. It pays to—except with the baker lady. She won't give me any extra doughnuts.

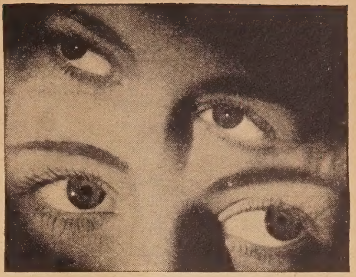
"Sometimes I get passes to theatres. I did to *Mata Hari.* And at the opening of *Hell Divers* at the Chinese theatre Mr. Grauman gave me a genuwine platinum watch up on the stage. It's swell."

That watch is Jackie's only valuable possession. He hasn't expensive toys or luxurious cars or a Beverly Hills mansion. Instead, at the end of his two-year contract with M-G-M, his $104,000 salary will be very nearly intact in a secure trust fund. He also carries a $50,000 endowment policy.

IT ISN'T only in money matters that his young mother has shown great wisdom. She's kept Jackie a perfectly natural youngster without a trace of the precocious child-actor about him. He's crammed into his eight years more thrills than most of us experience in a life-time. He's met outstanding world figures and been taught sports by the kings of sport, but for all that he remains a delightfully normal, small boy. *That's* the really *swell* part about Jackie.

Acting is merely glorified play to him. Said young Mr. Cooper: "Oh, maybe when I'm grown-up—around forty or fifty maybe—I might get a job. But right now I can't think of anything I'd rather do than be in the movies. Sure, it's hard on a fellow to cry so much but they tell me that's my character, so it's all right with me.

"Mother and I are going on a trip soon. We're going to be in vaud'ville for six weeks and I'm to see the Liberty Bell and Grant's tomb and the Battle of Gettysburg—I mean the battlefield—and if we can get time we're going to Washington. Mr. Mayer said he'd arrange for us to meet President Hoover! And gee, Jerry, some folks say it's tough for kids to be actors!"



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Stars To Give Away Millions

[*Continued from page 37*]

wife what should be done with money?" asks Charlie. "It is for her I have worked, and it will be she who will spend my earnings after I have gone."

Dolores Del Rio's will contains a clause wherein a Mexican family, now caretakers of a small estate in Southern Mexico, will be made owners of that estate in the event of her death. Their children and their children's children are thus provided for.

It is recorded that Junior Laemmle will inherit the wealth of Universal Studios as well as his father's bag of gold, extensive property, and beautiful home for which that studio has provided. Naturally, the will of Carl Laemmle Sr. contains generous bequests to the various relatives—to the daughter, Mrs. Stanley Bergerman, and to her daughter, his only grandchild.

Irene Dunne has a clause in her will to pension three Kentucky horses—ex-racers. Their pasturage is already provided for by an arrangement of her father's, but a small fund in trust is provided by the star's will to "carry on" for the nags for the rest of their lives. They are aged fourteen, sixteen and seventeen years.

Ricardo Cortez doesn't give definite data, names and so on, but his will endows permanently with a small trust-fund-income an amateur athletic club in the East. The club is the particular pet and hobby of a man who befriended Cortez and trained him to health, strength and a spirit of clean-living and sportsmanship when he was a youngster. The influence was so effective that Cortez at one time became amateur boxing champion of the state of New York.

WHEN the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences completes its picture museum, now under plan, one of the first donations will come from Cecil B. de Mille, who has made provision in his will for the distribution of his valuable private collections. Some of his possessions include seventy-five of the finest shawls in existence; three hundred pieces of firearms from all countries; fifty-four knives, and an object of interest from every motion picture he has directed. Specific mention in de Mille's will bequeaths to the Smithsonian Institute his most prized possession—a tiny sea reptile swathed in pearl. The minute animal had evidently crawled into the oyster shell at a time when it had indigestion. Instead of being devoured, it became covered with pearl, forming a most unusual jewel.

For his children, Cecil B. de Mille has made arrangements according to their ambitions in life. His wife will receive her money in a trust fund, with cash payments to be made monthly to take care of all needs and assessments. All charity bequests are cared for under a separate trust, and although de Mille does not make any statements as to this, it is known that there will be worthy contributions to the Motion Picture Relief Fund and a clubhouse in Los Angeles in which he has been especially interested all his life.

Edna Mae Oliver has a private charity provided for in her will. This charity, the name of which is withheld, provides for the welfare of down-and-out stage actors. She also has a permanent clause providing for the care during the lifetime of any dog or cat she may have at the time of her death.

All Will Rogers knows is what he reads in the newspapers, which accounts for the beautiful extra girl's "kibitzing." She wants to find the secret of how he does it while working on the set of *Down to Earth,* Will's new picture

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Studios Stamp Out Star Insurrection

[*Continued from page* 16]

means termination of salary," was the mandate from the front office.

When the salaries of the director and star stopped, the "insurrectionists" bent the knee, went into conference and then began the task of filming *The Blonde Venus*, cause of it all. Sternberg contended the story was an insult to his artistry, or something. All serene now.

Gary Cooper, on the same lot, expressed dissatisfaction with the rôle assigned him opposite Tallulah Bankhead in *Devil and the Deep.* Not big enough, he said. Okay for Tallulah, he opined, but not for him. The studio said a few things and now Gary expresses himself as contented with his part.

Nancy Carroll, still another Paramount objectee, listened to some sage counsel from the lips of her bosses and decided that for art's sake, she would accept $1,000 per week. This is a substantial reduction. Heretofore, she was also accustomed to receiving bonuses, sometimes equivalent to more than her salary. Eliminated now.

Marian Marsh and Evalyn Knapp were dropped from the Warner Brothers payroll. A slice in Marian's salary was a potent factor, but demotion from stardom to featured parts was another.

At this writing, negotiations between Greta Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer still pend. This, unquestionably is the most famous battle of salaries in the "Rebellion of 1932." The Swedish star insists upon $10,000 weekly. She now gets $6,500.

James Cagney, the socker of feminine screen pulchritude, who is accredited with much of the "unrest" in Hollywood circles, has played his last picture, insofar as Warner Brothers is concerned. Up to the time his salary was stopped by the studio, Jimmie received $1,400 weekly. Not enough, he declared. Must be raised to $4,000.

"I'll retire and become a doctor," said his ultimatum to the studio.

"Okay by us," was the studio's retort, "we're through talking about it."

So, for the time being at least, Cagney is on the outside looking in.

Censors Surrender In War Against Scarface!

[*Continued from page* 15]

ment ever brought to combat against the racketeer era. But censors in New York and several other states remained firm in their denial of permission to show the picture.

Then Hughes issued his challenge.

"There will be no compromise with the censors," he declared. "It will be a fight to the finish. I intend to show *Scarface* in its original, unaltered version in every state."

Following this announcement, Hughes prepared to take the case to court. The censors promptly reversed their decision and consented to release the picture under the title, *Scarface, the Shame of the Nation.*

To Howard Hughes goes the credit for preserving the right of free speech for the movies. Henceforth, it is conceded, censorship will interfere less with Hollywood's motion picture efforts.

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Women, men, girls, with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes just few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural; **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny,** Dept. 19, 23 W. 30th St., N. Y.

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"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c. for this amazing book.**

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Rush to me free 1932 Gown Book with sample Gown lessons.

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Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March give the month's hit performances in *Merrily We Go To Hell,* the story of a married man who can't forget his former sweetheart. Sylvia, if you can believe it, is the neglected wife

Fame Driving Peggy Shannon to Separation

[*Continued from page* 14]

again as I was then," Peggy says now. "Alan and I fought the wolf together. Sometimes we had jobs and money—sometimes we didn't know where the next meal was coming from.

"I still can't realize that we are actually on the verge of separation—that Alan has proposed it and I have agreed. I never even gave such a possibility a thought until a few weeks ago when I finally discovered just how Alan felt.

"Of course, I understand. He has had such a long series of bad breaks. Last fall, when he was playing in New York in *You Said It,* he was taken seriously ill and I brought him here to Hollywood, to be with me. Since then he has tried so hard to make a success and he has naturally taken it to heart because luck has been against him.

"I admire him because of his pride and his determination to stand on his own feet. I love him all the more for that but it leaves me so helpless. What can I do?"

And that's a question that has no answer. Peggy feels that she cannot abandon her own career, for her mother and sister are still dependent upon her. And even if she were able to quit the screen, she realizes that doing so would only impose added torture on the man she loves, for then he would always damn himself for ruining her success.

"It's all so brutally unjust," Peggy protests. "Alan has talent. Given a chance he could be greater on the screen or the stage than I can ever be. And no one was ever more ambitious than he. It's just the breaks—they have all been against him.

"I have tried and tried to reason out our problem and find some logical solution. I have tried to convince Alan that every thing I have or ever will have is ours, not mine. But it's no use. Apparently separation is the one road for him to take.

"My only hope is that he will succeed. Perhaps, if he does, we can find happiness together again some day."

New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION
German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

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228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.
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PERMANENT FACIAL LIFT

This remarkable **Plastic Technic** was perfected by America's leading Plastic surgeon. It smoothes away wrinkles—restores firm contour to cheeks and chin—lifts loose skin—makes scrawny necks lovely. **No pain—no discomfort.** Double chin, puffy eyes, age lines, scars, acne marks, featural irregularities—all are corrected by highly skilled specialists.

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The Happy Reunion

Wives, mothers, sisters, it is you that the man who drinks Whiskey, Wine or Beer to excess must depend upon to help save him from a ruined life and a drunkard's grave. Take heed from the thousands of men going to ruin daily through vile bootlegger's Whiskey, and the horrible stuff called home brew from private stills. Once he gets it in his system he finds it difficult to stop—but you can help him. What it has done for others is an example of what it should do for you. All you have to do is to send your name and address and we will send absolutely FREE, in plain wrapper, a trial package of GOLDEN TREATMENT. You will be thankful as long as you live that you did it. Address

DR. J. W. HAINES CO.
768 Glenn Building Cincinnati, Ohio

Honestly...Why do you want $3,500.00 CASH NOW?—

I WILL PAY $250

For the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know just *why* you want $3,500.00 cash now. Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, why you want $3,500.00 cash now—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of $250.00 cash. ALL persons 16 years of age or older owe it to themselves to enter this contest.

Here, dear, is the nest-egg of our fortune... $3,500.00 all cash!

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You to Do!

$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me why you want $3,500.00 cash *now.* The prize for the winning answer is $250.00.

The mere fact of sending in a few words for this big $250 cash prize qualifies you for the greater opportunity to

WIN $3,500 CASH

Or a BUICK-8 SEDAN and $2,000 CASH

This huge prize is ***extra and separate*** from the cash prize offered for the best answer to my question in only 20 words or less. No wonder we say that here's your opportunity to win a fortune. Just imagine! $3,500.00 cash besides . . . all coming to you at once. Think! Why do you want $3,500.00 cash *now?* Do you want it to start a business of your own, pay off a mortgage on your home, buy new furniture or clothes? Maybe you want it to help you get an education. Consider all the things you could do with such a huge sum. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies becomes the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "Honestly . . . why do you want $3,500.00 *cash now?*"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra $100.00 in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 cash prize offered above, making a cash prize of $350.00 in all.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer won $4,700. Harriet Robertson won $1,100. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity — ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to my simple question, "Why do you want $3,500.00 cash now?" Answers must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. B-306H
Cincinnati, Ohio

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,500.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away $6,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,500.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,500.00 how much happiness could you buy with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me how much happiness you could buy with $3,500.00 right now—if I gave you the $3,500.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use Coupon or Write Letter with Your Answer

$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. B-306H, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here's why I want $3,500.00 *now:*
(Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):

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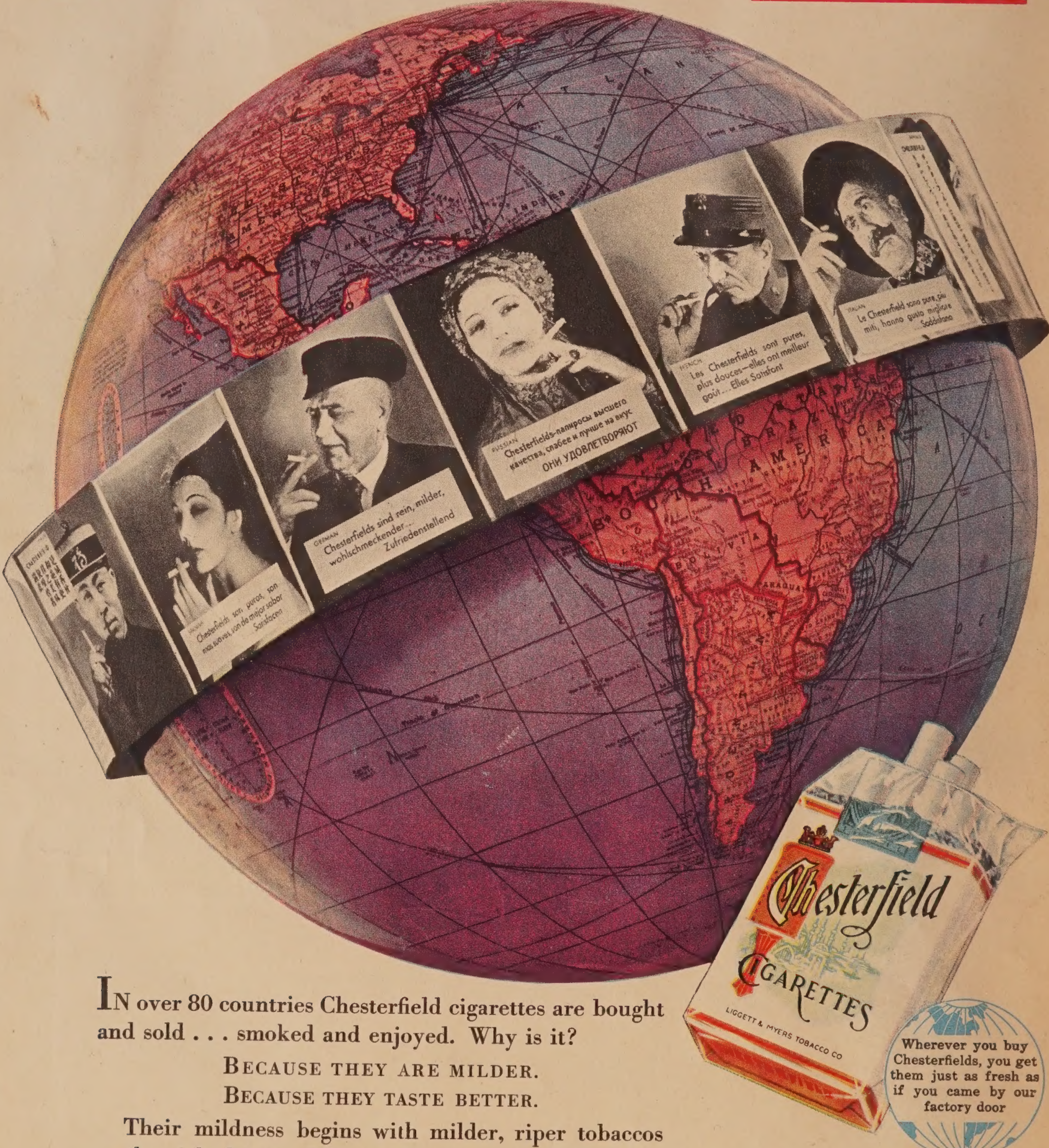
Name..
Address..
Town.. *State*..............................
Date I read your offer..

Everybody enjoys a milder cigarette ... a cigarette that tastes better!


SPANISH
Chesterfields son puros, son mas suaves, son de mejor sabor ... Satisfacen
GERMAN
Chesterfields sind rein, milder, wohlschmeckender... Zufriedenstellend
RUSSIAN
Chesterfields-папиросы высшего качества, слабее и лучше на вкус
ОНИ УДОВЛЕТВОРЯЮТ
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Les Chesterfields sont pures, plus douces—elles ont meilleur goût ... Elles Satisfont
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Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

IN over 80 countries Chesterfield cigarettes are bought and sold . . . smoked and enjoyed. Why is it?

BECAUSE THEY ARE MILDER.

BECAUSE THEY TASTE BETTER.

Their mildness begins with milder, riper tobaccos —the right kinds of Domestic with enough Turkish, blended and *cross-blended* to an even finer taste.

And wherever you go, up and down and across the world, Chesterfield goes too.

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Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia network. See local newspaper for time.

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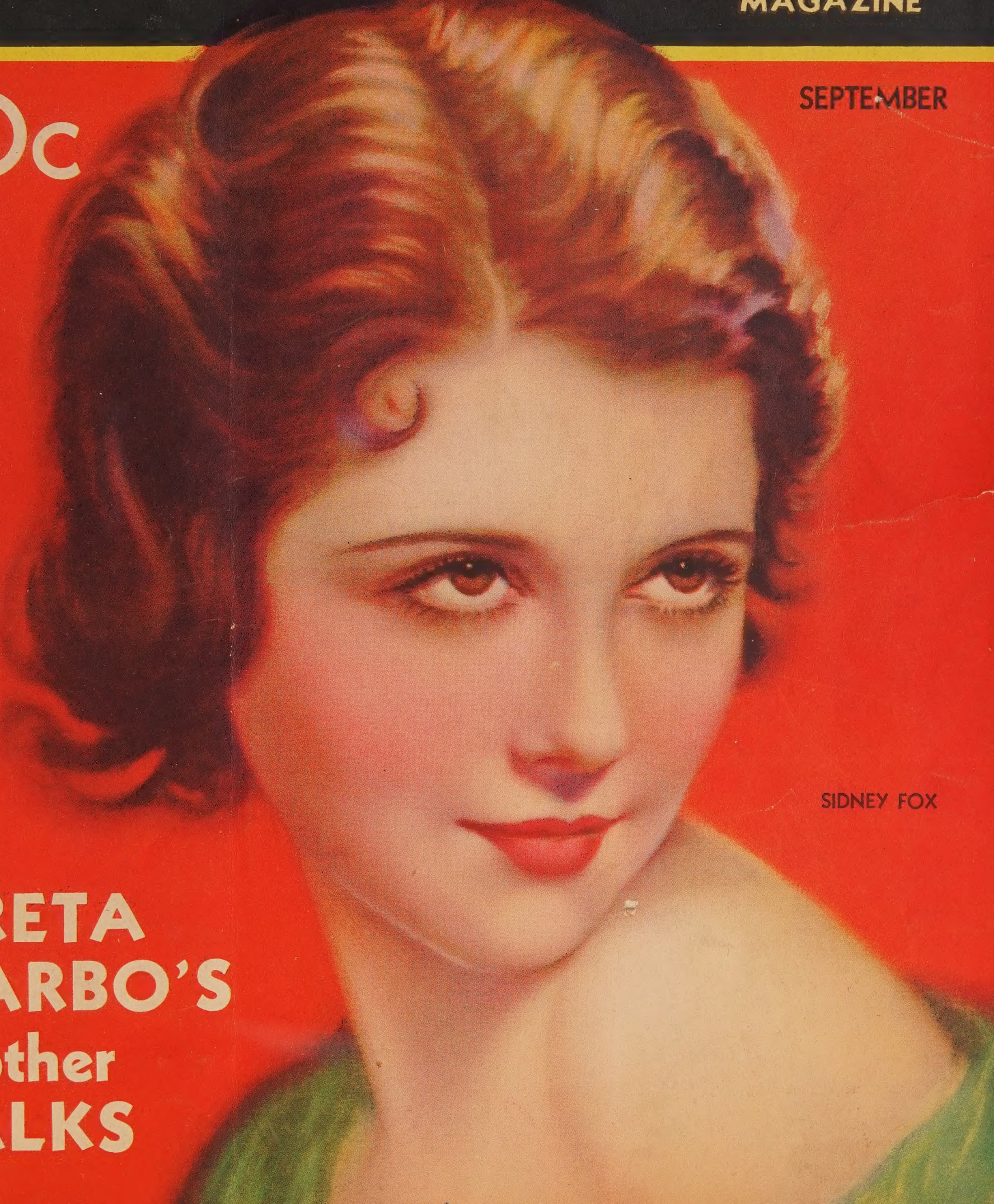
SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10c

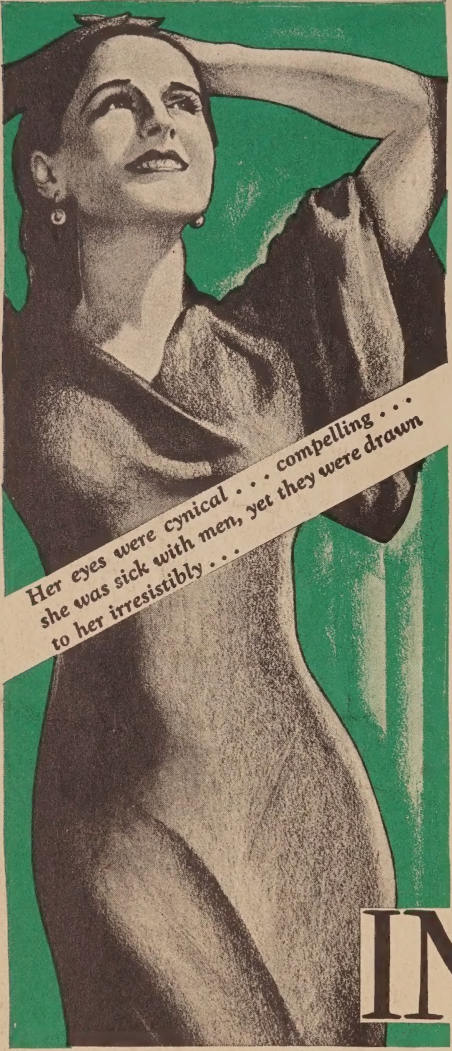
SEPTEMBER



SIDNEY FOX

GRETA GARBO'S Brother TALKS

A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . . she was sick with men, yet they were drawn to her irresistibly . . .

For the first time you hear the hidden, unspoken thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

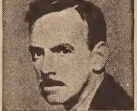
IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND · RALPH MORGAN · ROBERT YOUNG · MAY ROBSON · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · TAD ALEXANDER · HENRY B. WALTHALL · MARY ALDEN ·



Eugene O'Neill
America's greatest playwright, reaches the height of his glory in this masterpiece.

Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound Engineer of M-G-M, whose amazing invention makes this picture "different."

Together again! They thrilled the world in "A Free Soul." And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!

$25— SEP 1932

Powerful!

"BACK STREET"

with
IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF "CIMARRON"
•
with
JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"
•

Directed by JOHN STAHL
WHO MADE "STRICTLY DISHONORABLE" AND "SEED"....
Written by
FANNIE HURST

IMMORTALIZED ON THE SCREEN
with a great supporting cast, including: Zasu Pitts, June Clyde, George Meeker, Doris Lloyd, William Bakewell, James Donlan, Paul Weigal and Walter Catlett.

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA — *Carl Laemmle President* — 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Vol. IX, No. 2

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1932

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor and General Manager

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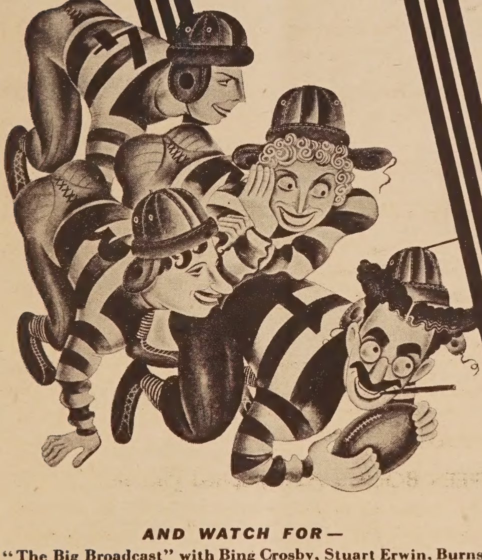
Paramount LEADS THE WAY TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT *with*

Marlene
DIETRICH
in
BLONDE VENUS

with **HERBERT MARSHALL** **CARY GRANT**
A JOSEF VON STERNBERG PRODUCTION

The amazing Dietrich! Her past performances seem perfection—until her newest picture appears! Here her beauty, her glamour, her charm will thrill you in a brand new way!



The
FOUR MARX BROTHERS
in
HORSE FEATHERS

Directed by Norman McLeod

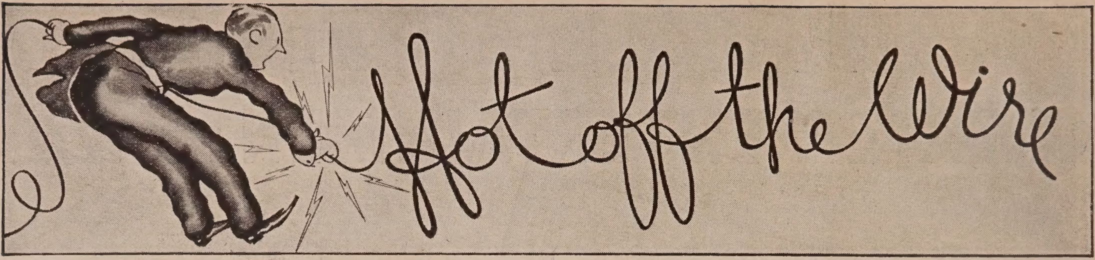
The Marx Brothers in college! A riot of laughs that'll make you ache all over! A frolic of fun that'll make you go back to see it all over!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

AND WATCH FOR—

"The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Burns & Allen, Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer). Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy. Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy". "A Farewell To Arms" with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolph Menjou. "The Phantom President" with Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Gene Raymond, Frances Dee. And more to be announced later.



Last Minute News About Hollywood

Sari Maritza, born in China of British father and Austrian mother, petitions for citizenship.

Daisy Devoe, Clara Bow's one-time secretary, fails to win appeal and back in jail for eleven more months.

Daughter of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello now has brother. Given name of John Blyth.

Mary Rogers, eighteen-year-old daughter of Will, to Paris, in company with brother, Jimmy, one year younger.

Fatty Arbuckle signs for comeback with Warner Brothers.

Mae Clarke recovers from breakdown but not expected to return for work at Universal until September.

Billie Burke, wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, signed by Radio for *Bill of Divorcement.*

Word from Arizona says Renée Adorée nearing victory in two-year battle with tuberculosis.

Adolphe Menjou signs with Columbia for series of detective yarns.

Carole Lombard still resting after her nervous breakdown, but intends to go back to work early in the fall.

Jack Dempsey and Lina Basquette alleged romance still creates fuel for gossipers.

Gilbert Roland and Billie Dove seen everywhere together.

Carmel Myers' ten-pound son named Ralph Blum Jr. after father.

Emmett Flynn, film director, sentenced to six months in jail for failure to provide for family.

Dorothy Sebastian, recovering from operation, hostess to Bill Boyd on his birthday.

Virginia Cherrill and Tommy Lee going places. William Rhinelander Stuart seems out of the running.

Vivian Tobin, sister of Genevieve, arrives for fling at movies.

Elsie Janis and new husband, Gilbert Wilson, back in Hollywood. She starts radio broadcasts soon.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, husband, purchase Malibu home of Warner Baxter.

Greta Garbo reported heavy loser in crash of First National Bank of Beverly Hills. Jean Harlow withdrew $60,000 few days before doors closed, it is said. Robert Montgomery, Constance Bennett, Wallace Beery and others not so fortunate.

Al Christie, whose Christie Films are in hands of receiver, signs to produce for Educational.

Gloria Swanson makes husband, Michael Farmer, her second lead in *Perfect Understanding*, according to word from abroad. Backers objected to him as first lead opposite her.

Hits of the Month

Place these top-notch hits on your "must see" list

American Madness
(WALTER HUSTON, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS)

Redheaded Woman
(JEAN HARLOW)

Blessed Event
(LEE TRACY, MARY BRIAN)

Make Me A Star
(STUART ERWIN, JOAN BLONDELL)

What Price Hollywood
(CONSTANCE BENNETT)

Mitchell Lewis, veteran screen player, campaigns for state assemblyman from Hollywood district.

Marilyn Miller better after minor operation.

Austin Parker, "ex" of Miriam Hopkins, escorting Billie Dove here and there.

Stork due to visit Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg again in November.

Elissa Landi, English star, suffers arthritic eye infection.

Ben Bard seriously injured by automobile in attempt to save woman from dog which attacked her. Struck by machine as he ran across street. In hospital with injured back and hip.

Dolores Del Rio makes first vaudeville appearance of career at RKO theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy prepare to entertain stork this fall.

Car of Slim Summerville collides with that of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Pin. Couple killed. Slim exonerated.

Ethel Clayton has court set aside her interlocutory divorce decree from Ian Keith. Latter's announcement of his engagement to marry Fern Andra premature.

James Cagney still on outside looking in but Warner Brothers announce four pictures with Jimmy on 1932-33 schedule.

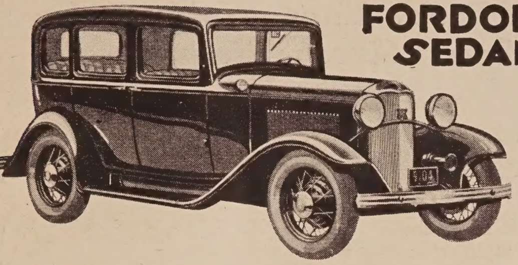
Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, give up plans for their long-anticipated trip abroad while Kay plays the top rôle in *The Honest Finder* which has Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall in the cast.

Paul Bern gives Jean Harlow his $60,000 home for a wedding present. It's a gorgeous one, too, having been furnished by Harold Grieve and Jetta Goudal.

Mary Pickford continues plans for a comeback picture and has expressed a desire for Gary Cooper to play opposite.

WIN . . . This New FORD V-8 OR $600 CASH

FORDOR SEDAN



$1,500.00 CASH

100 PRIZES IN ALL

1st PRIZE $600.00 or new 8=Cylinder Sedan
2nd PRIZE $200.00; 3rd PRIZE $100.00; 4th PRIZE $75.00
5th PRIZE $50.00; 6th to 100th $5.00 Each

IT ISN'T often you have an opportunity to win a splendid prize like this without being required to buy or sell something. To win this prize nothing is necessary but the time you spend working on the puzzle. Can you tell big numbers from little numbers? Can you draw a line connecting the biggest numbers? If you can you may win $600.00 Cash, or a brand new Eight-Cylinder Ford Four Door Sedan, to be delivered to you by your nearest dealer. All you will have to do to win is to connect up more large numbers in accordance with the rules than anyone else. It sounds easy, doesn't it? But that's all you have to do and you will find it lots of fun; just try your hand at it.

WHY WE GIVE THESE PRIZES

We offer these Good-Will prizes free just for advertising purposes. We sell the well-known Hollywood Marvel Products. We want you to see our new catalog which we are going to mail to everyone who registers in this contest. We feel sure we will receive enough business through the distribution of this catalog, and exceptional offers we make, to more than offset the cost of these prizes. Now remember, it is *not* necessary for you to buy or sell any of these goods to win this prize. The offer is open to everyone and absolutely FREE.

CONTEST RULES

Complete rules and instructions will be sent on receipt of the registration blank. Final date for registration November 30, 1932, but if winner of first prize has mailed registration blank within three days after this announcement is read, $200.00 extra will be added to first prize. Final date for submitting official puzzle January 30, 1933. Contest restricted to continental U. S. Only registered contestants may take part. Employes of this company and their relatives are excluded. Ties, if any, will be eliminated by means of additional puzzles of the same nature, but larger, as explained on official puzzle blank, which will be mailed registered contestants immediately on receipt of registration blank. At the same time we will mail you a dozen EXTRA COPIES of the Marvel Path Puzzle to practice on. Prizes will be awarded according to official standing of contestants after ties are eliminated. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of final ties, as provided in rules on official puzzle blank.

9	2	6	7	3	9	4	7	4	3	9	4
4	8	3	5	6	3	8	5	5	7	3	7
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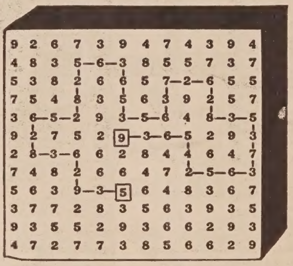
4	7	2	7	7	3	8	5	6	6	2	9

HERE'S THE WAY TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

Above is the Marvel Path Puzzle—the simple puzzle which decides the winner. Complete rules are given below and at the lower left. All you do is take a pencil and draw a line or path through 40 of the numbers in the square as shown in the sample path at the right. In drawing your line or path, you want to include the MOST big numbers and the FEWEST small numbers. That's all—just so you observe the following rules in drawing your line or path:



(1) Your line must be ONE CONTINUOUS LINE but may turn as often as you wish. You may start at ANY NUMBER IN THE SQUARE and stop at any number. When finished your line must contain 40 numbers.

(2) Your line must go straight up or straight down, straight right or straight left—diagonal (slanting) lines are not allowed anywhere in the path. See sample Marvel Path above at the right.

(3) From the number you begin with you may go in a straight line until your line contains 4 numbers. Then you MUST turn because 4 numbers are all that are permitted in a straight line. If you wish you may turn when your line contains 3 numbers. But LESS than 3 numbers in a straight line are NOT PERMITTED. Observe this rule thruout—NEVER LESS than 3 numbers in a straight line —NEVER MORE than 4.

(4) Your line must never touch or cross itself. When your line contains 40 numbers STOP. Add up the numbers in your finished line and put down the total. The path that adds up to a bigger total than anybody else's WINS..

We have drawn a sample path in the Marvel Path Puzzle above at the right to show you how to do it. We started with 9, near the center of the puzzle. (You may start with any number in the puzzle.) Remember each straight line must have either three or four numbers in it; no more, no less. The numbers in our path add up to 189. See if you can beat this path by starting at some other number. Try changing the end of the path, turning at another number, or turning in the opposite direction. There is another 9 in the lower right-hand corner. Try starting your path with this 9. It is quite likely a line started with some other 9 might beat the path we have drawn. Try it. If you do and your path adds up to a bigger total than any one else's, you win, and the prize you win will be $600.00 Cash, or a brand new Eight Cylinder Ford Sedan. That's some prize for taking a pencil and drawing a line, but don't stop to solve the puzzle now—mail your registration blank first! Be in time to get the extra $200.00 for promptness.

Copyright 1932, Hollywood Marvel Products Co.

$200 EXTRA for Promptness

No need to rush about drawing your Marvel Path. You can do that later. The thing to do RIGHT NOW is to DECLARE YOURSELF a contestant by mailing the registration blank below. $200.00 extra cash will be given first prize winner if he or she registers PROMPTLY. This makes $800.00 in all, or the Ford and $200.00 cash extra. SOME PRIZE just for drawing lines between numbers. So mail this registration blank IMMEDIATELY. Be ahead of time, so that you can get ALL there is to be won. To step into this car, to know it's yours — to know you don't owe a penny ON it, and haven't paid a penny FOR it—that's worth while. But when, besides this, there will be in the bank two hundred dollars extra, you can be sure your BIG CHANCE has come. RIGHT NOW is the time to say you're going to WIN!

REGISTRATION BLANK

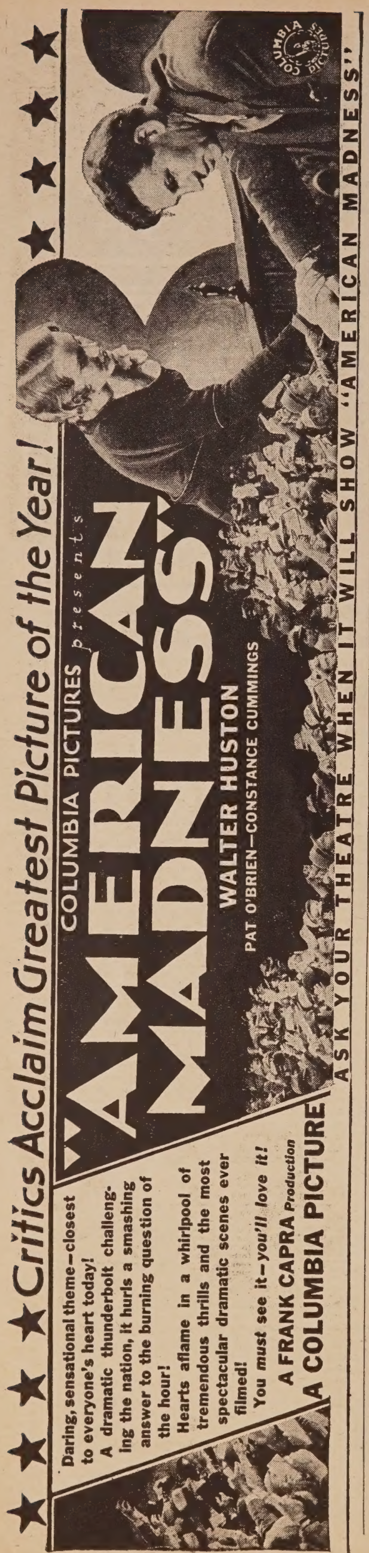
HOLLYWOOD MARVEL PRODUCTS CO.,
1023 N. Sycamore, Dept. 405,
Hollywood, Calif.

My total is . . . .

Without obligation to me, register my name in your Good Will Marvel Path Contest. Send me full information, the Official Rules together with the official puzzle blank, and 12 extra copies for practice. I expect to submit a puzzle in this contest. It is understood that I may win first or any other prize listed above without paying you one cent for goods or service.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .


★★★★★ Critics Acclaim Greatest Picture of the Year!

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ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN IT WILL SHOW "AMERICAN MADNESS"

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Handy Guide to the Latest Screen Offerings

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:

AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **ALMOST MARRIED**—(Fox)—Complications ensue when girl, fleeing from Russia, pretends to be married to a British officer. Violet Heming is the girl and William Kirkland and Ralph Bellamy make up the triangle.

AAA. **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS**—(Fox)—Delightful comedy that shouldn't be missed. Adolphe Menjou is the bachelor who should have known better than to marry a dizzy blonde, Joan Marsh. All very gay and amusing.

AA. **BIG CITY BLUES**—(Warner Brothers)—Entertaining melodrama of a "wet" party and a murder. Joan Blondell, Eric Linden and Walter Catlett save it from mediocrity.

AAA. **BIRD OF PARADISE**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio never better than in this unusually photographed tropical drama. Joel McCrea plays opposite. Director King Vidor overlooked no tricks.

AAAA. **BLESSED EVENT**—(Warner Brothers)—Lee Tracy in near-perfect rôle of a columnist hence James Cagney, originally slated for the part, is not missed. Mary Brian makes good job of her most ambitious performance.

AAA. **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—(Radio)—An authentic picture taken in the Malayan jungles. Once only is an animal killed, when a baby elephant's life is saved. Other beasts all brought back alive under guidance of Frank Buck.

The screen sees some torrid love-making in *Redheaded Woman,* in which Jean Harlow has the title rôle. The modern Don Juan opposite her in this sizzling romance is Chester Morris

AA. **COMPROMISED**—(M-G-M)—Tragic drama of modern youth, unwritten law and a girl without shame. Different but slow-moving murder story with Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Lewis Stone and Monroe Owsley.

AAA. **DOCTOR X**—(Warner Brothers)—Mystery thriller done in technicolor. Swell performances of Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, Lee Tracy and Preston Foster make it outstanding.

AAA. **HUDDLE**—(M-G-M)—Ramón Novarro spends four years at Yale and wins athletic honors and Madge Evans. Full of heart throbs.

AAA. **THE JEWEL ROBBERY**—(Warner Brothers)—Exquisite Kay Francis and debonaire William Powell in delightful farce of a monied lady who falls for a gentleman-robber and loots his heart and safe. Helen Vinson and Hardie Albright highly satisfactory.

AAA. **MAKE ME A STAR**—(Paramount)—Here is *Merton of the Movies* funnier than ever. Stu Erwin plays Merton—and how! Joan Blondell helps him get his big break. Great entertainment.

AA—**THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY**—(Paramount)—A side of the war best forgotten. Lacks interest. Clive Brook and Claudette Colbert in dull plot.

AAA. **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**—(Paramount)—If you like your comedy mad and goofy with a Marx Bros. flavor, you'll go for this one. Story is a series of gags which stretch from a mythical kingdom to the Olympic games.

AAA. **MONTE CARLO MADNESS**—(UFA)—Sari Maritza splendid in this foreign made romance, with Hans Albers the bravado hero. Real entertainment that will drive away the blues.

AAA. **THE PURCHASE PRICE**—(Warner Brothers)—Vibrant story in which Barbara Stanwyck as the chorus girl marries George Brent, a farmer, via the mail route. Intensely human.

AAA. **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—(Fox)—The old stage classic lives again with Marian Nixon, Ralph Bellamy and Louise Closser Hale in the old familiar rôles. Excellent for young and old.

AAAA. **REDHEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M)—Blonde Jean Harlow goes redheaded in this Katharine Brush story and scores biggest hit of career. Chester Morris socks her a few times and gets away with it. Fine support from Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams and Una Merkel.

AAA. **ROAR OF THE DRAGON**—(Radio)—Good old Richard Dix in a Chinese setting. Plenty of thrills in this Manchurian romance. Picture notable for début of Gwili Andre, beautiful Danish actress.

AAA. **STRANGER IN TOWN**—(First National)—Chic Sale has no equal in this type comedy. As proprietor of a small town grocery, he leads you through a maze of chuckles and laughter. Romance by Ann Dvorak and David Manners.

AAA. **THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE**—(M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley give their usual finished performances in a powerful political drama.

AAA. **WESTWARD PASSAGE**—(Radio)—Ann Harding in a "love divorce", in which she gives Laurence Olivier his chance to write. She re-marries him to make happy ending. Her finest since *Holiday,* replete with dialogue best suited to her.

AAAA. **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—(Radio)—Truth about Hollywood told in year's most amusing picture. Constance Bennett starts as waitress but winds up as screen idol. Splendid support from Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton and Gregory Ratoff. Directorial honors to George Cukor.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—Stirring drama with Walter Huston, Constance Cummings and Pat O'Brien in a story of small-town banking.

AAAA. **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—(M-G-M)—Garbo never seen to better advantage than in this sophisticated drama. Maintains suspense to end. Melvyn Douglas performs excellently as the husband. Eric Von Stroheim and Owen Moore good in small rôles.

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—Fannie Hurst's gripping novel of illicit love done full justice by Irene Dunne, John Boles, George Meeker, June Clyde and Paul Weigel. Romantic and dramatic entertainment that will appeal. John M. Stahl deserves credit for doing swell job of directing.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Edmund Lowe as an unscrupulous district attorney whose past entangles him in his own web. Constance Cummings splendid as the girl. Evelyn Brent comes back with a bang.

AAAA. **THE DARK HORSE**—(Warner Brothers)—One of the cleverest, funniest satires to reach the screen. It's a political story but don't let that scare you. Guy Kibbee, Warren William, Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh make up positively perfect cast.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front. Large cast of notables does full credit to excellent story, including Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz, H. Gibson-Gowland and Albert Conti.

AAAA. **THE FIRST YEAR**—(Fox)—The inseparable lovers in another knockout. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell prove that the first year of married life is the hardest. Nothing finer since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This introduces Sari Maritza and brings back an old favorite, Marguerite Churchill, in story of modern Russia, coupled with the less modern *Ten Commandments.* Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel complete cast.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Startling and entertaining exposé of a scandal-mad Broadway columnist played by Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong and ZaSu Pitts. Well worth seeing.

AAAA. **LETTY LYNTON**—(M-G-M)—Melodramatic tale of illicit love which co-stars Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery. Sterling performance by Nils Asther as the heavy. Will click well with Crawford fans.

AAAA. **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier dishes out love and Jeanette MacDonald shows how she can take it. One of the Frenchman's best. Excellent portrayals by Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy.

AAAA. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March never seen to better advantage. Adrianne Allen also acquits herself nobly. Excellent job of directing on part of Dorothy Arzner. Picture based on novel, *Jerry and Joan.*

AAAA. **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**—(Universal)—Mystery drama that keeps you keyed up every minute. Not a dull moment and full of the unexpected. Boris Karloff, monster of *Frankenstein,* even better here. Gloria Stuart makes good every prediction for her being a new star. Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond and Walter Byron play strong rôles.

AAA. ONE HOUR WITH YOU—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

Adolphe Menjou and Minna Gombell glimpsed in a hilarious scene from *Bachelor's Affairs.* Adolphe, as the bachelor, falls for a dumb blonde, splendidly played by Joan Marsh

AAAA. **PROSPERITY** — (M-G-M) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran again team in riotous, side-splitting comedy. Marie Dressler steals the biggest slice of the picture. Wallace Ford and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

AA. **RADIO PATROL** — (Universal) — Fast moving and exciting and shows a new way to catch criminals. Lila Lee stages fine comeback. Good performances by Robert Armstrong, Russell Hopton, Andy Devine and June Clyde.

AA. **SCANDAL FOR SALE**—(Universal)—Lots of trouble for Charles Bickford, the newspaperman who gets ambitious. Proper support from Pat O'Brien and Rose Hobart.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAAA. **SOCIETY GIRL**—(Fox)—Prize-fight comedy-drama of a potential champ who gets mixed up with a dame and hits toboggan. Very much worth seeing, with James Dunn, Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, Walter Byron.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY** — (Universal) — Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Something really new in pictures. Norma Shearer reaches dramatic heights as sex-torn woman. Clark Gable better than ever. Big names in supporting cast who all turn in splendid performances, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan, Robert Young, May Robson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Alden and Tad Alexander.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sulivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **THE TEXAS BAD MAN**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony in another spine-tingling round-up of desperadoes who take some catching but meet a bad end as usual. No Mix fan would dare miss this one.

AAA. **TOM BROWN OF CULVER**—(Universal)—Tom Brown excellent in title rôle as cadet in thrilling military school story. Slim Summerville funnier than ever.

AAAA. **TWO SECONDS**—(Warner Brothers)—If you like your realism straight, you'll go for this in a big way. Thrilling, chilling drama in which "Little Caesar" Robinson goes to the chair. Superb directing by Mervyn LeRoy.

AAA. **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—(M-G-M)—Rich in human appeal is this story with Jackie Cooper as a cripple. Chic Sale, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Peterson good in dramatic parts.

WHAT DO THE STARS FORETELL?
MY ADVICE ON
3 QUESTIONS
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Address WHITE WIZARD, Box 1214, Tacoma, Wash.

R. A.—Is my boy friend to be trusted?

Ans.—You will not marry this boy but there is a marriage indicated for you during the latter part of this year. You will meet this party on the 4th of September.

K. N. E.—Will the doctor be able to cure me without an operation?

Ans.—The treatment will help you but I am afraid an operation would be necessary to bring about a complete recovery.

N. H. L.—When will I meet my future husband?

Ans.—Almost immediately. He seems to be a salesman about 28 years old with blonde hair.

M. D. A.—Will I sell my story? And have I talent as a writer?

Ans. — You will receive some money through your articles this fall. I do not believe the story about which you ask will be sold.

Miss M. M. G.—Does my boy friend have any intentions of purchasing the car? If so, how soon, or should I go with the other boy that has a car?

Ans.—The other boy already has a steady girl and wouldn't give you a second look. Your present boy friend will buy a second-hand model T Ford before long.

N. L. S.—Are we heirs to the Drake estate? How much money will we get from it?

Ans. — I see no money coming to you from this estate.

T. S. N.—I have been told there was buried treasure on my uncle's farm. Is there anything of value under the ground?

Ans.—In this particular case I see nothing of value under the ground unless it be the potatoes growing there. So pay no attention to this rumor about buried gold for there is none.

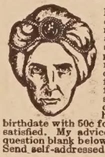
Evelyn B.—Will I marry a blonde or a brunette?

Ans. — A brunette, the one you have in mind at present.

S. W. M.—You answered questions before that turned out correctly for me. How will this trouble be settled that is coming up the last of the month?

Ans.—The planet Mercury casts a very evil aspect over your sign at this time and I believe you are going to lose your lawsuit.

ASTROLOGY 50¢



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Enclosed is 50c. Send your New Giant 1932 and 1933 Astrological Reading covering my sign of the Zodiac.

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Address__________

City__________State__________

FREE QUESTION BLANK

1 __________

2 __________

3 __________

If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading inclose $1.00 for the two readings. J-9-32

Remember the GOOD Old DAZE?

By Hal Howe

Who can forget those pioneers of the flicker era? This story takes you way back to when

OUTSIDE the storm raged. The wind howled eerily through the crevices of the frail, little house. Everywhere else it might be sunshine, but about this particular little home a blinding, fierce snowstorm made the poor, thinly clad mother and the bed-ridden father cringe with every gust of wind.

Into this cheerless, stoveless home stalked the gruff and venomous landlord. Did he knock? He did not! Not in those days. Then he stalked some more. The villain! (You knew he was a villain the moment you saw his mustachio!)

The gruff and venomous landlord quit stalking long enough to spread his booted legs apart and point to the paper he held in one hand. The mortgage!

"Pay it by midnight tonight or out you go! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

So the poor, little mother shivered some more and pulled her shawl just a little bit closer about her bowed shoulders, especially when an extra large batch of snow nearly crushed the window. Then the villainous landlord turned upon his heels and was about to stalk out when there came a sensational, spectacular, breath-taking, emotional (etcetera) interruption.

The door burst open! Thank Providence! It was our Nell, who staggered into the room with a sheaf of bills clutched tightly in her hand. She had made good in Buffalo!

And so Mary Pickford—or was

[*Continued on page* 61]

What memories this scene from *The Black Pirate* recalls! How we thrilled to Doug Fairbanks as he fought off a whole horde of blades single-handed. What a blade! We'll always remember his screen acrobatics

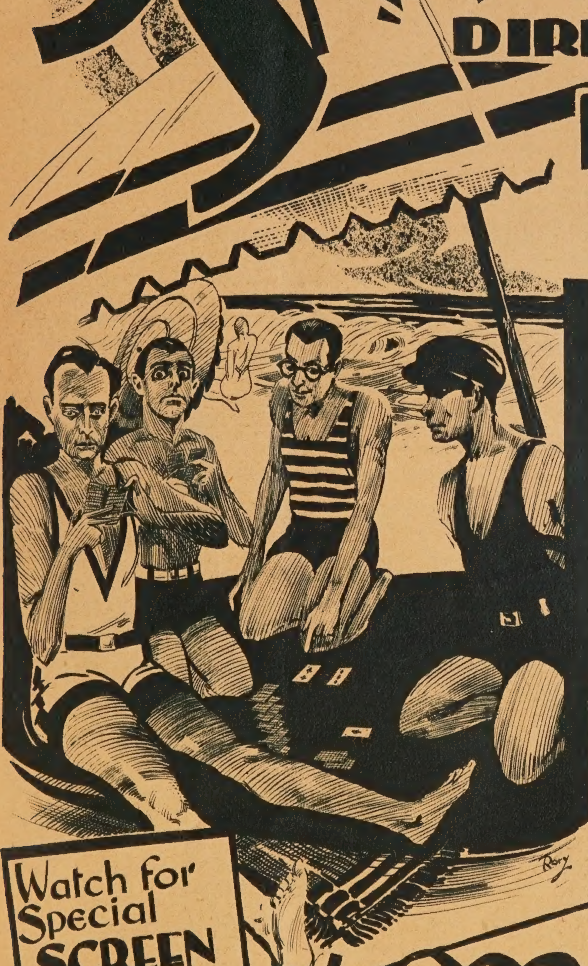
Fans might forget *Shadows of Paris* but they'll never forget Pola Negri, seen here as she appeared in that picture. Did you know her three successive husbands were a baron, a count and a prince? An American is next, she hints

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

DISTRIBUTED BY COLUMBIA PICTURES

DIRECTED BY

RALPH STAUB



Takes you on a jaunt via the Silver Screen to the Summer homes of the Stars.

—See the boys and girls of Filmland ree-laxing.

See your favorites getting their coats of tan.

See them settling bridge scores in the shade of beach umbrellas.——

See all this recorded by the Screen Snapshots Reporter

at Malibu

Watch for Special
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
Novelty
Every Month

Frankly Speaking

On Movietown Topics of Current Interest

What! No Star?

"I'm not a star"

FOR the month's most honest answer, we doff our straw hat to Evalyn Knapp. When greeted by a reception committee in Kansas City, where she stopped on an air journey to the Coast to fulfill a picture engagement, the townsfolk hailed her as a "star." Did Evalyn take it big? Not she! "Star? Thank you so much," she naïvely told the hand-shakers. "I'm only in the movies and little more than a player of bits." Now we *know* we like Evalyn.

George Does It

GEORGE M. COHAN, America's most potent figure of the footlights, has finally succumbed to the movies. The man who added the red and blue to Broadway's great white way, has agreed to make two pictures for Paramount, the first of which is *The Phantom President*. He is of the calibre the movies can use. But there isn't enough money to keep him from the stage. He says so, himself.

Hollywood Gains

WHEN the asbestos descended upon New York stage shows for the summer, many of the footlight fraternity hithered Hollywoodward. Among those to do so was Helen Hayes, whose cinema performances in *Arrowsmith* and *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* will ever retain a pleasant niche in our memory. She is one of the most versatile players of either the stage or screen today. The great masses will welcome her return to the talkies, which will be *A Farewell to Arms*.

Returns to screen

It's A Fact!

DID you know that movie folk earn larger salaries than the rest of us, but they are the world's greatest contributors to charity?

Right!

FIFTY million Frenchmen can't be wrong! Oh, and also, yeah? The latest census figures show that France only has a total population of 40,743,851. Well, then, Mr. Chevalier, 40,743,851 Frenchmen can't be wrong!

Easy Virtue

NOW that most of the gangsters have been bumped off, and the horrors and freaks put where they will do the least harm, the screen is exalting ladies of easy virtue. Jean Harlow in *Redheaded Woman*, Joan Crawford in *Rain*, Carole Lombard in *Sinners in the Sun*, Lila Lee in *Indecent* and Adrianne Allen in *No Bed of Her Own*, are of the shop-worn and damaged goods variety. Apparently, it isn't the witty girl, so much, as the one who can best use her wits, who gets by on the screen nowadays!

A lady of wits

Shh! The Lowdown

GIVING the lowdown on Hollywood is just about the best thing they do these summer days in the film capital. Authors and producers vie with one another as to who can give the most complete exposé of what makes the wheels go round. Now comes *Reckless Hollywood* in book form, which outlowdowns all the books that ever claimed to give the lowdown on Hollywood. It is from the pen of Haynes Lubou, a former movie player.

The Best Yellers

REVIVALS are on in full swing. Not the Aimee Semple McPherson kind, which are always in full swing, but the sort which made Charlie Chaplin immortal. Those early two-reel comedies of his will once more tickle the risibilities of a fun-clamoring clientele. They have just been re-issued with music and sound. Charlie, of course, remains silent. He does all his talking off the screen.

The Editors

FINAL SCREEN TABLOID EXTRA

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER, 1932

NOT DIVORCED!

Ann Harding's Reno Divorce Considered Not Legal

ANN HARDING and Harry Bannister, whose "kiss divorce" rocked Hollywood as no other marital separation ever has still may be considered legally man and wife.

As far as the world is concerned, they have called it "quits," but technically, in the opinion of some law experts, the rapid-fire Reno divorce didn't take.

An expert written opinion to this effect is expressed in a recent issue of Rob Wagner's Beverly Hills *Script*. The article contends that neither California nor various other states, recognize Reno divorces or those procured in Mexico. The United States Supreme Court, he points out, has ruled:

"A state in which an applicant for

[*Continued on page* 64]

ANN HARDING is quite sure she is no longer the wife of Harry Bannister. She obtained a decree in Reno, didn't she? Of course, but there are those who say it wouldn't hold water legally. If they should decide that their "kiss divorce" wasn't the best thing all the way around, Harry could declare the marriage vacation over and pack himself bag and baggage back to the hillside home. But as long as they both agree to disagree, the divorce is genuine

JEAN HARLOW'S RED-HEAD ROLE ACCLAIMED MOST SENSATIONAL

—*Bachrach*

CLARA BOW'S SIZZLING RISE TO FAME cannot be compared to the excitement caused by Jean Harlow's appearance in *Redheaded Woman*. Preview crowds at the first showing of the picture gasped at the platinum blonde's performance as a flaming-haired siren. Her daring, almost brutal portrayal of the leading feminine rôle is easily this season's most talked-of characterization

A Comeback?

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, seen above with Lily Damita at a recent polo match, may be plotting a comeback. Connie, now Mrs. Townsend Netcher, has been off the screen for several years, but she is more radiantly charming than ever and soon may be back in the rôles that made her a nation-wide favorite

Chatterton Seeks Divorce

Actress Sails For Europe To Get Paris Decree, Hollywood Says

Ruth Chatterton is in Paris, having recently sailed to procure a divorce from Ralph Forbes in the French metropolis.

This is the opinion Hollywood holds regardless of statements by Miss Chatterton that her only purpose in crossing the seas is to get a much needed respite from the arduous task of making pictures. She went abroad accompanied only by her maid.

Miss Chatterton and Forbes have been subject to considerable gossip and their rather precarious marital situation is reported to have become more so since the advent of George Brent upon the scene. The handsome heart-throbber, Miss Chatterton's leading man in *The Rich Are Always With Us,* has been much in her company. Hollywood gossips have it that his sentiments for the star constitute more than mere admiration.

Brent To Be No. 2?

When Miss Chatterton returns from her journey across the Atlantic, her friends would not be unduly surprised if she has a Paris divorce in her possession and that young Brent will be cast in the rôle of No. 2.

One of Fate's ironies was the recent stage play produced by Miss Chatterton and starred in by her husband. It was entitled, *Let Us Divorce.* Despite excellent work on the part of Ralph Forbes, the play had only a short run.

Once before Forbes and his wife separated. A reconciliation followed but this time it is believed permanent.

Ruth's Husband and—Husband To Be?

GEORGE BRENT (right) is slated by Ruth Chatterton for the important rôle of Husband No. 2 when she returns with a Paris divorce, say friends who credit this as the purpose of her trip abroad. Ralph Forbes, present husband, once before became estranged from his beautiful actress-wife but they tried it again

Is John Gilbert's Engagement a Fake?

His Young Bride-to-be Doesn't Think So

Virginia Bruce Confident Betrothal Is To End Up In Marriage

Considerable skepticism has followed in the wake of the announcement that John Gilbert, thrice before married, and Virginia Bruce, screen newcomer, were engaged to marry. Hollywood generally regards the announcement in the nature of publicity for their current film, *Downstairs*, produced by M-G-M, which has both under contract. Miss Bruce is Gilbert's leading lady.

Regardless of Hollywood's outspoken opinion, Miss Bruce is positive the engagement will lead to the altar just as soon as Gilbert is free from Ina Claire this fall. His former wives were Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy and Miss Claire.

Always Her Idol

"America's most beautiful chorus girl," as Virginia was known during her Ziegfeld days, frankly admits that since she first saw Gilbert on the screen as Garbo's lover, he has been her idol. That was when she was in her teens. Now she is twenty-two. The Minneapolis girl says her life's ambition was realized when she met him.

"The fact that Jack is to be my husband is almost unbelievable," she declared in speaking of their engagement.

Reporters Scoffed

IT WAS A GOOD YARN, this engagement of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, but the reporters raised skeptical eyebrows as they wrote about it. Publicity for a new picture, they were convinced

Promises A Home

"Jack has never had a real home and I mean to make one for him."

Gilbert is her first real love. Many men have showered her with attentions, Miss Bruce confesses, but the lithesome figure of the debonaire Gilbert has ever hovered in the background, despite the fact she had not met him until her arrival in Hollywood.

Wins Beauty Title

The rather brief career of Miss Bruce has been punctuated by screen disappointments which led to the stage, and then back to Hollywood. Upon coming to Hollywood at the outset, the young beauty caught on in a small bit in *The Love Parade,* followed by minor rôles in *Young Eagles* and *Safety In Numbers.* Then picture offers languished. Her blonde beauty was most satisfying to the eye but her immature talent for the dramatic found little enthusiasm on the part of casting directors.

At this crisis, she decided to go on the stage. Again she caught on, obtaining a rôle in Florenz Ziegfeld's *Smiles.* Her golden loveliness electrified New York and soon she was hailed as the most beautiful chorus girl in America.

She returned to Hollywood with a contract from M-G-M. What was more important, she was on the same lot as Gilbert. She met her hero. Their engagement followed.

Stars Fear Extortion Plots

Police Start Nation-wide Hunt For Racketeers In Kidnap Plot

That it is costing motion picture celebrities thousands of dollars to protect their children against gangsters, is revealed by the extraordinary means employed by Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding and others as safeguards. Josef von Sternberg, as well as the two actresses, is constantly shadowed by bodyguards, both at home and at the studio.

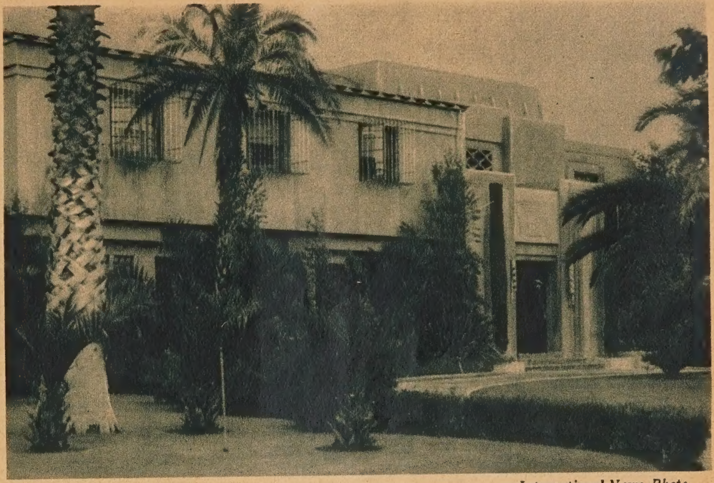
It is authoritatively stated that Miss Harding pays $450 monthly for having her estate policed, while Miss Dietrich is said to pay out an even greater amount. When Marlene received letters demanding $20,000 under threat of having her six-year-old daughter, Maria, kidnapped, the district attorney got busy. His office tracked the racketeers to Chicago, following which the federal authorities took a hand. Chief Investigator Blayney Mathews of the Los Angeles district attorney's office, has a notorious Eastern gang under suspicion.

It is generally credited by Hollywood that von Sternberg was forced to pay a ransom of several thousand dollars after he had been "taken for a ride." On the other hand, Rudolph Sieber, Miss Dietrich's husband, returned to Paris despite the kidnap threats against his child.

Faces Heart Suit!

ALTHOUGH HELEN HAYES and Charles G. MacArthur have been married four years, his first wife has brought suit against the noted actress for $100,000, charging alienation of affections

The House That Fear Built



—International News Photo

THREATENING LETTERS demanding $20,000 extortion money under penalty of killing her little daughter, resulted in Marlene Dietrich's decision to have windows of her beautiful home safeguarded with iron bars. Some time ago the German actress had similar bars installed upon the nursery windows

Persistent Hard Luck Jinx is Still Hot on the Trail of Joan Bennett

Ankle Sprained, Hand Hurt And Throat Is Infected After Hip Injury

Joan Bennett has suffered a broken hip in a fall from a horse, endured an operation on her right hand, journeyed to the hospital to battle an infected throat and resorted to crutches while suffering from a severely sprained ankle —all in less than a year.

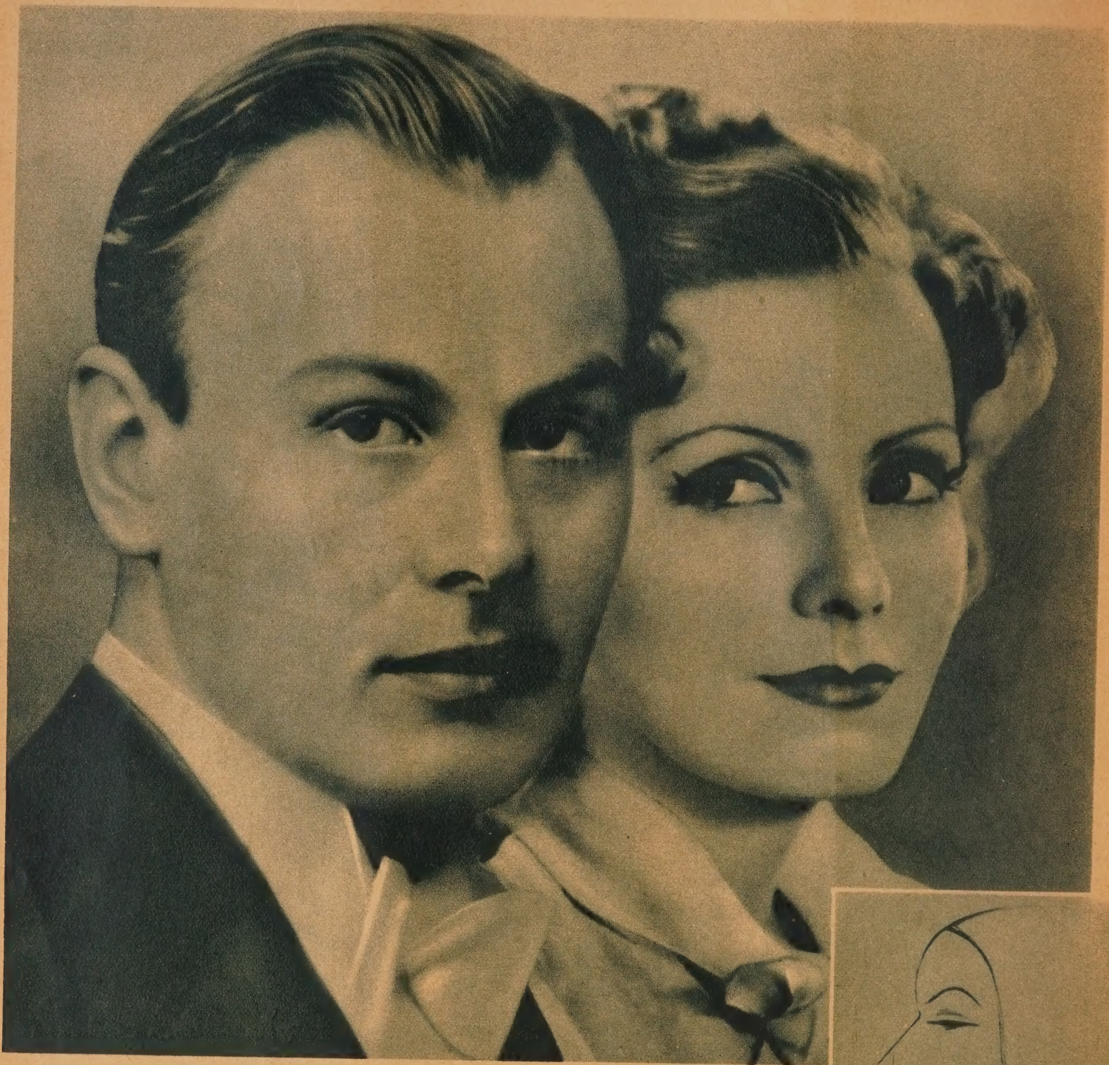
At a recent social function, Miss Bennett accidentally cut her right palm upon a perfume bottle. A physician was hurriedly summoned but in sewing up the wound, he misplaced a nerve. The hand was re-operated upon and nine stitches had to be taken. Later a severe ailment of the throat again placed her under a doctor's care. Barely recovered from this, she stumbled upon some lumber in her new Malibu home and badly sprained her left ankle, compelling her to go on crutches once more, something she had to do for months after her hip had been in a cast.

On Crutches Again

ONCE MORE JOAN BENNETT is trying to navigate on crutches. This time she sprained her left ankle upon stumbling over a piece of lumber in the new home she is having built at Malibu Beach

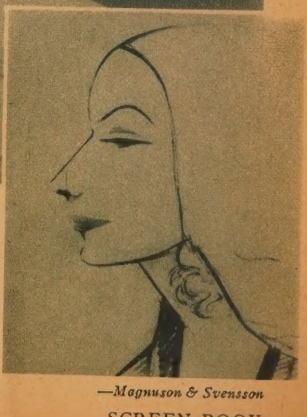
GARBO'S

SCREEN BOOK scoops the world with this first exclusive interview in which Sven



Sven and Greta Gustafsson

Above is the only portrait ever printed of Garbo and her brother. Sven's resemblance to his famous sister is remarkable. He has the same delicately moulded face, clear gray eyes, finely chiseled nose and firm chin. They are alike, too, in personality—quiet, reticent and self-reliant. At the right is seen a Swedish caricature of Garbo



—Magnuson & Svensson

BROTHER TALKS

Gustafsson tells about his famous sister

By PETER JOEL

SCREEN BOOK'S Special Staff Correspondent in Sweden

Garbo, Sven Gustafsson says, has no intention of seeking permanent retirement. She is merely seeking a much-needed rest, and will return to the screen in a few months

GARBO is coming home!

We, in Sweden, are glad of this, but we know that she is not to stay. She will go back to America again in a few months to resume her career, the only thing in life that is important—aside from her family, a mother and brother.

It is my privilege to know Garbo's brother, Sven Gustafsson, and it is through him that I am able to write this authentic story of the great Swedish star's early life.

Garbo, as you may know, was born on September 18, 1905, in Sodermalm, a settlement just south of Stockholm. Sven is two years older and, despite being a man, he resembles his sister closely in many ways. He is tall and well-built. He has the same fair complexion and fragile features. He walks with that well-known, swift and graceful stride. Even though he has never been in America, he speaks English even better than his sister, who has never bothered to lose her accent completely.

Like Garbo, he talks little. He, too, is successful in dodging newspaper reporters, for in addition to his shy, retiring nature, he has a deep regard for his sister that makes him guard every word.

BUT Sven is enormously proud of Garbo's success and to those he knows well, he will speak of her grudgingly at first, and then more freely, until he feels that perhaps too much has been said. Then he is silent.

"Greta is tired," he told me once recently, before she had announced even to her family the intention to return to her native land. "I think she would like to come home for awhile."

There seemed to be a distinct note of concern in his voice when he told me this. Tragedy has often visited the Gustafsson family and the love that exists between brother and sister is a bond that has become stronger through the suffering they have borne with quiet fortitude. It is possible that he fears Fate also may have in store for Garbo the same malady that took the life of her sister, Alva, several years ago. Alva's death came as the result of anemia, a heritage of the war period. During those days the Gustafsson family was forced to exist on barren rations that were enough to ravage the health of even the strongest. Alva, never as hardy as her sister, battled with poor health from that time on.

She was stricken at a time when Garbo was consuming every ounce of energy in her work during Hollywood's busiest season. Greta was deeply affected by the tragedy, for although younger, she always had been something of a mother to Alva. She had hoped that they might win acclaim together on the screen as they had in their first and only picture together in the Swedish-made cinema, *Two Kings*. But death brought an end to these plans, and Garbo, bearing her sorrow with stolid courage, seemed to wrap the cloak of indifference even more closely about herself.

From this time on, Sven became more attached to his sister. They began to exchange letters more frequently, and from him Garbo received the inspiration and guidance of a father. What is written in these letters, the world would give much to know. But here Sven's high regard for his sister builds a blank wall around the information that might disclose new and interesting phases in Garbo's life.

Only once did he speak to me of this correspondence. "Our letters are about private, intimate matters, not about pictures," he said. "Greta seldom speaks of her work, and I do not ask her, for it is something apart from our family life. Beyond satisfying our curiosity about the progress of her efforts, she says nothing. Most of the letters are about our mother, who lives with me."

GARBO'S strong devotion to her mother is a subject I have never seen touched upon. It seems strange, for in Anna Gustafsson, the pleasant, attractive, typical Swedish woman who is the vision of all the word "mother" can mean to anyone, the great actress centers much attention.

I will never forget the occasion of Garbo's first visit home. She and her mother frolicked like two school girls, re-living the days when Fame was unknown. Together they attended the theatre. The two walked along the river lane where Greta and her father used to fish together. They would talk for hours of the old days before the spark of genius first

—*Dagens Nyheter Foto*

Garbo and her mother drink a toast to their happiness! Although Greta shuns the rest of the world, long years of separation have not served to break family ties, and their reunions, few and far between, are always gala events

urged the shy Swedish girl to make her own way in the world.

ANNA GUSTAFSSON is probably more responsible for Garbo's present success than anyone else, for it is she who guided the girl as she first sought a means of self-expression. It is well-known that Garbo, without anyone's knowledge, made her first great independent gesture by seeking part-time work at the age of fifteen in a barber shop. The position was considered a respectable one, but Garbo's mother visioned greater things for her daughter, and persuaded her to look for other work.

Because of this, Sven has often told me, Greta found herself a position in Bergstrom's, Stockholm's big department store. We all know the story that tells of her discovery as a model. How Director Erick Petschler persuaded her to try the cinema, and how only a short time later she was brought to America to become a sensational success.

Until now, however, the story of her home life in Sweden has remained almost a blank chapter. They lived, Sven recalls, at 32 Blekingegaten, a very modest five-story apartment building. Being a middle-class family of quite limited means, their life was much the same as any of the other Swedish folk of the day.

Most of their entertainment consisted of taking long walks, fishing in the quiet nearby stream, where in the winter Greta devoted many spare hours to skating, a pastime at which she soon became expert. That their pleasures were simple is revealed in Sven's statement that neither he nor Greta attended a movie before they were fifteen years of age. Instead, they spent many hours of an evening, reading the plays of Schopenhauer and other famous authors of the day.

DURING her teens, Garbo had no "boy friends," although several young men enjoyed a passing acquaintance with her while she attended the dramatic school in Stockholm. Always, while not working, Greta preferred to be with her family, or to walk for hours alone along the beautiful lanes near their home.

When in 1924 Greta was offered the opportunity, through Mauritz Stiller, to come to America, her family did not question or deter her when she decided to go.

"We knew," Sven says, "that she must go or be forever discontented. Greta was afraid and yet determined. Our mother, although she was sad at the parting, encouraged her to take the step. So she left, promising to return within a year. If we had known it would be more than three years before we should see Greta again, we probably never would have encouraged her. But we are glad now."

To anyone who knows Sven it is a matter of great surprise that he has not devoted his full energy to acting. There is no denying that he is handsome and has to a great extent the vital spark that has made his sister a great star. Suspecting that more than lack of interest accounted for his choice of an ordinary job in the studio publicity department, in spite of other fine opportunities, I questioned him one day. His reply emphasizes even further his fine character.

"I have played small parts in a few Swedish pictures—when I had nothing else to do," he related modestly. "I had an opportunity to come to America, but I like Stockholm and I am not sure I would like it over there. But here . . ."

To see what he meant was easy. In Stockholm, living has become an art, and he appreciates that. In Stockholm Garbo's brother goes where he pleases, free from curious mobs.

MORE FACTS ABOUT GARBO'S RECENT ACTIVITIES

After several months vacation Greta will begin work again at $15,000 a week under the terms of a new contract . . . . although she had several thousands in cash deposited in the Beverly Hills bank that recently closed its doors, most of her money is safely invested in government bonds and rumors saying that she is temporarily in an embarrassing financial position are false . . . . she denies to close friends that her trip to Sweden is for the purpose of becoming a bride.

—Fink

Garbo on the run! Everywhere the elusive star goes, photographers and newspaper men are the bane of her existence. She is seen here, unconscious of the camera, entering her car followed by her one close friend, Mercedes D'Acosta

People here have a faculty of minding their own business and minding it well.

BUT having known Sven, I am convinced that in his heart he is hiding a great disappointment. His heart is in the theatre. He would give much to become an actor in his own right. Why shouldn't he, you may ask—with a famous sister's name to at once make him a popular favorite? Sven's pride is responsible. He is proud to be Garbo's brother, but he will not use her name to further his own ambitions.

He stands on his own feet. To those who work with him, he is merely Sven Gustafsson, a likable young fellow whose literary efforts may one day make him famous. They seldom speak of his sister. They understand, as people in America would not, that he is proud of Garbo—but not to the extent that he will exploit his relationship to satisfy the minds of a curious public.

Furthermore, Sven is amused by the fact that the world looks upon his sister as a "mysterious woman." If she is becoming a legend it is because the people in America cannot fully understand the characteristics of the race from which so many have come themselves. Give your average Swedish man or woman a chance to walk where one can enjoy the sun, the air, the beauties of nature, and they are content. Today, as Garbo goes walking by herself, she is simply one of thousands doing the same thing.

As Sven once put it to me "in a nutshell," the reason Garbo shuns appearances in public is simply: *"Because she likes to be by herself."*

Garbo, Sven assures me, is only taking a vacation. She has no intention of seeking permanent retirement. Now she is exhausted, tired in mind and body. She wants only to rest. But, being intensely ambitious, her restless attentions will soon turn back to the movies.

Whether she will make a picture in Sweden or not before she returns, Sven would not say, but he does say emphatically that Garbo's career has not reached its climax. It has, in fact, only begun.

WHY GARBO IS GOING HOME

A psychiatrist explains the mental suffering that drives Garbo from America

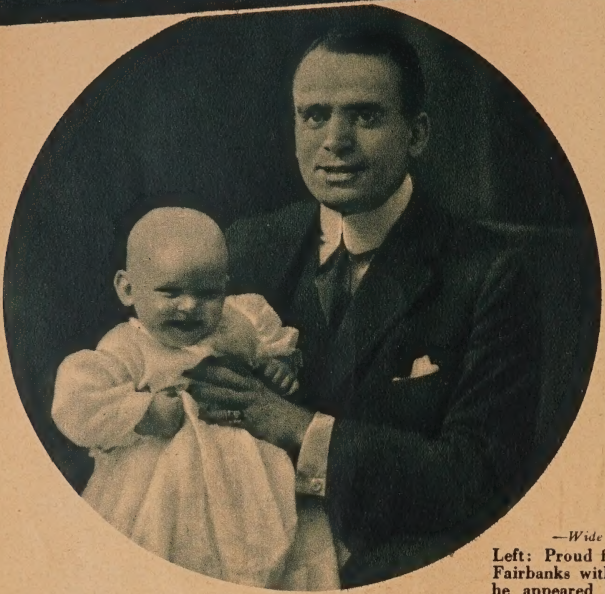
"Garbo is going into temporary retirement in Sweden in order to preserve her sanity. She has been made to realize that only rest, a change of environment and escape from the nervous terrors of her Hollywood existence can prevent her from becoming a mental and physical wreck. Within a year at the most, you may expect to welcome her back to the screen, a Garbo whose tired mind has been rejuvenated by the peace and quiet of her native land."

—Krieg Foto

Home again! Tired, but happy, Garbo is seen as she alighted from the train at Stockholm on her last visit, in company with her old friend, Minni Polack Lundell, the Swedish actress, and her brother, Sven Gustafsson

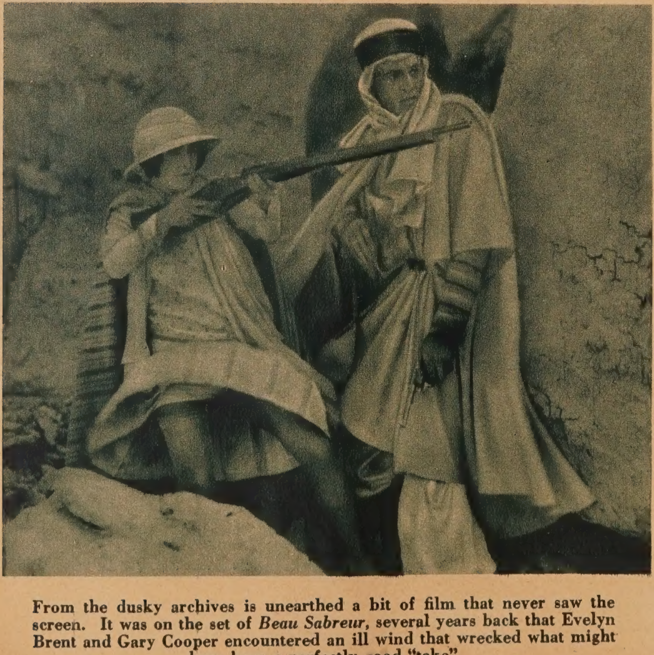
NOT CENSORED!

Rare pictures we just couldn't keep to ourselves

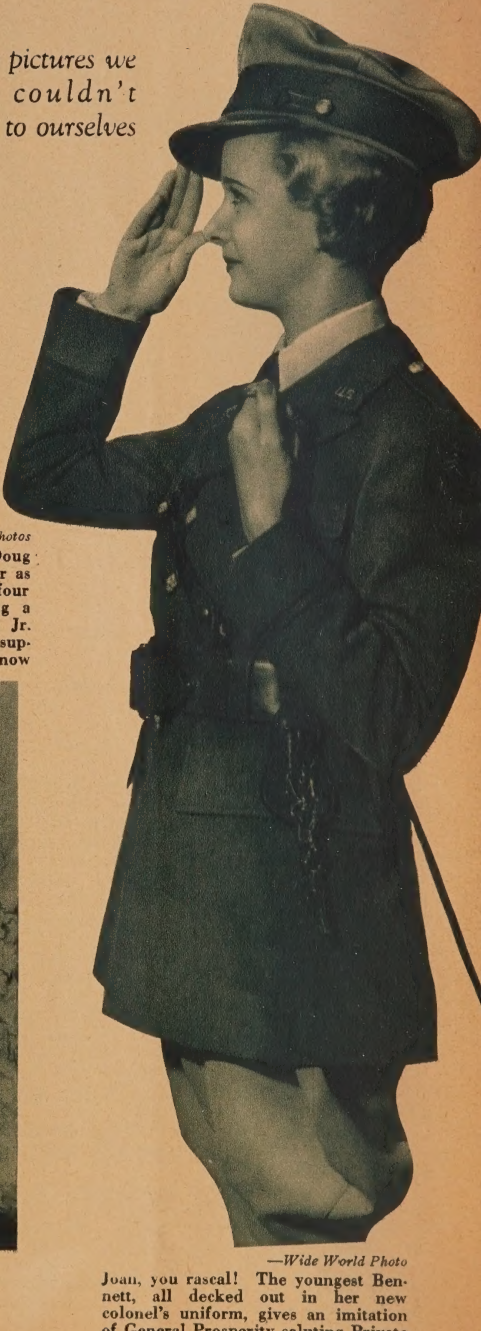


—*Wide World Photos*

Left: Proud father Doug Fairbanks with Junior as he appeared twenty-four years ago, resembling a billiard ball. Doug Jr. has been trying to suppress this; too late now



From the dusky archives is unearthed a bit of film that never saw the screen. It was on the set of *Beau Sabreur*, several years back that Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper encountered an ill wind that wrecked what might have been a perfectly good "take"



—*Wide World Photo*

Joan, you rascal! The youngest Bennett, all decked out in her new colonel's uniform, gives an imitation of General Prosperity saluting Private Depression

MIRIAM'S Strange Love TANGLE

The on-again-off-again marital state of Miriam Hopkins is Hollywood's most chaotic

By Marcella Burke

THE marriage state of Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker is a mystifying one. Strangers on the outside looking in might think Miriam's marriage was the most modern of all Hollywood marriages.

Her divorce, if one actually exists at this writing, is the quixotic gesture of two young moderns. She got a decree, it is true, but one never knows what Miriam will do.

It all started shortly after the two were married. A year or so later the startling news broke that Miriam and Austin decided to amicably settle what trouble there might be between them by living separately. Months passed, yet Miriam would be seen lunching and dining with Parker, her "Billy."

Excitement prevailed in Hollywood around last Thanksgiving when they essayed to try it all over again. Billy left his hillside home and moved down to Miriam's beautiful San Vicente house. This time it seemed to take, at least for a month or two.

Miriam, since a little girl, has put two miniature feet down and said: "I'm going to get what I want from life!"

The very handsome Billy Parker also has been getting his own way ever since he was old enough to know things, which was very early.

Two or three times Austin Parker has been the husband of Miriam Hopkins. Here he is seen helping himself from the plate of Thelma Todd, the third principal in one of the most unique triangles that ever lent itself to gossip

Is Miriam married at this writing? She has a divorce, records show, but no one knows what she'll do next

Miriam Hopkins said she was going to adopt a baby, and she did. Yet the orphanage from which she got it, permits no adoption of a child unless there are *two* parents!

SOMEHOW I never took much stock in their ultra-modern relationship, for I had seen Parker look too many times at Miriam with a heartbreaking hunger in his eyes. I have seen Miriam cling to his arms, her eyes caressing him, while her words were mocking and indifferent. What do these two brilliant people do to cause such havoc between them?

Several years ago, when Austin Parker was married to Phyllis Duganne and Miriam had a desultory husband in a dim background, these two met. It was an

[*Continued on page* 56]

Going

Photographs by Hyman Fink

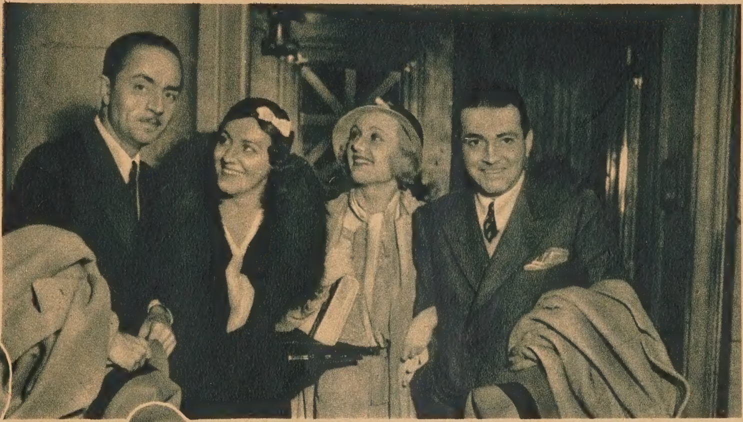
BEN LYON and his mother are two familiar figures on Hollywood Boulevard. The Lyon family now boasts four living generations—little Barbara Bebe, the proud father, Ben, his mother and grandmother

DON'T HIDE, JACK! Lina Basquette, Jack Dempsey and Billie Dove are giving Cupid a headache these days. Is Jack engaged to Lina? Will he wed Estelle Taylor again? Is Billie more interested in Gilbert Roland or Jack Dempsey? One answer is as good as another for no one knows the lowdown

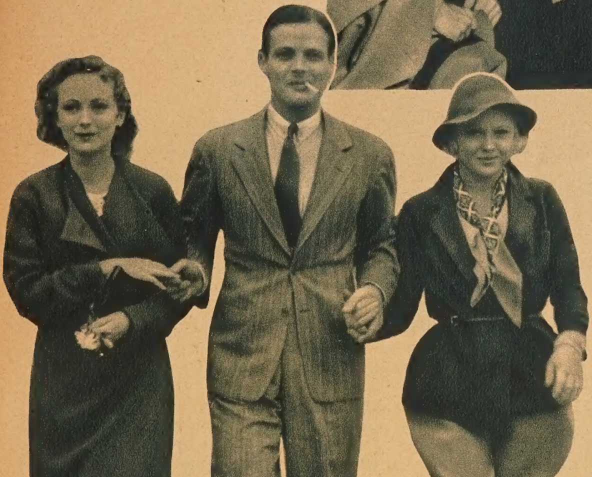
ON PREVIEW NIGHT, Constance Cummings joins the line of movie fans eager to be among the first to see *Merrily We Go To Hell,* which stars Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney

Places with the Stars!

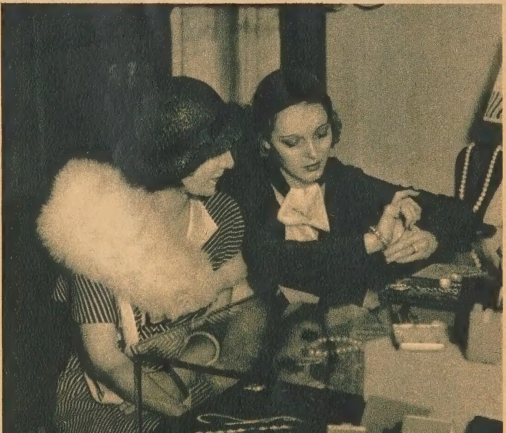
The stars as seen in public by SCREEN BOOK'S candid cameraman



FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD PALS are the families Powell and Barthelmess. William and Richard have been buddies for years, so when Carole Lombard (the blonde) ups and marries Bill, they all went places together



ON THEIR WAY TO WORK—Dorothy Jordan, Mattie Kemp and Mary Carlyle hustle back to their respective sets at Fox Studios after luncheon



EVEN AS YOU AND I—Movie folk go shopping for bargains! Mignon Renée and Sally Blane are seen eyeing sparklers at the Assistance League jewelry counter

Gable's Pal *is* No Quitter

By Jewel Smith

No matter how severe a sock on the chin it may have been, Russell Hopton always comes back for more

RUSSELL HOPTON

"Fame will never change Clark Gable," says Russell Hopton, pal of earlier days. Now Russell likewise plays leads, as in *Radio Patrol*, his first big chance

HE HATED to face Dad. Mom would be all right—but gosh, Dad! That new shirt was badly torn and splotched with mud. His right eye was an unnatural blue and beginning to assume the hue which calls for beefsteak. Yep, it was gonna be tough to face Dad. But there he was—standin' on the front porch watchin' for him.

"Well, son," Dad demanded. "What happened? You look like you've been wrestling with a couple of lions."

"Aw, well, I guess I shouldn't a tackled that guy. He was too big for me. But I licked him anyhow, I did!"

Ever since that time, fifteen years ago to be exact, Russell Hopton, a clear-eyed, serious chap whom you're going to see a lot in future Universal pictures, has been tackling the big ones, licking them and getting licked, but always coming back for more.

Considering the matter of the screen's greatest all-around male heart-throbber, you'd scarcely pick Russell Hopton. I have to admit, though, that he sort of "gets you," if you know what I mean.

It's an indefinable something—a certain fascination about him. You see it in his clear, gray eyes. You hear it in his low, even, appealing voice. You feel it in the magnetism of his entirely different personality. He interests. He attracts. But it's all too subtle to define. It leaves you only in a position of wonderment and women are prone to ask themselves: "Where has he been all my life?"

There has been little written of this interesting man. You remember him in *Arrowsmith*, perhaps, as Ronald Colman's interne friend. Or maybe his rôle of the collector in *Street Scene* interested you more. However, he got a real chance in *Radio Patrol*.

RUSSELL HOPTON was born and reared in New York. His family, monied people, offered him everything from position to pent-houses to keep him there in business with his father. But Russ wasn't so hot for selling real-estate. He tried hard enough mentally—that is, he'd start off with the right intentions of snagging a prospect, but he generally landed in some theatre instead. After the show, he'd return to his dad's office and explain carefully that the customer was quite impossible!

Russ' heart simply wasn't in the work. His family gave up trying to understand him. Finally he told them that ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper he had wanted to be an actor. At the mere thought, they threw up their hands. The son of Hopton, Hopton & Hopton an actor? Never! But that's the way Russ felt about being a salesman. So he started walking.

"Not that my folks turned me away with 'never darken my door again,'" he told me, "but I felt I should tackle this restlessness of mine and get it out of my system. I walked from New York to Miami, [*Continued on page 57*]

ONLY Love Matters!

Ann Dvorak declares she is even ready to sacrifice her career for it

By Clark Warren

Leslie Fenton is the sun, the moon and the stars to Ann Dvorak, who is willing to chuck everything if her marriage with him should be endangered by Hollywood

ANN DVORAK is a hot number who gets what she wants by keeping cool! She is only nineteen and has eyes which would make a Senator forget the tariff.

An Indian maharaja who visited Hollywood two years ago, invited her to see his castle at his expense. He is rated the fifth richest man in the world but Ann couldn't be bothered. She has been married to Leslie Fenton for some months and still thinks it's grand.

Has always wanted to be a newspaper woman and would chuck the movies right now to be a foreign correspondent. Wants to travel, but not in America. Speaks French and is studying German and would rather go home and play the piano for Les than go on a party. Knows what she wants and isn't going to let anything stop her. As Anna Lehr, her mother starred in the early flickers.

"Mother still has ideals about pictures," sighed Ann, "but I'm too darn practical to see them as anything but a business."

Ann worked her way through the Page School For Girls in Los Angeles by teaching French and dancing. She helped stage the school plays but didn't want to be an actress. As soon as she finished school, she started out to fulfill her ambition to work on a newspaper, but several months' effort failed to convince Los Angeles editors that she was an asset to their respective staffs.

Even when she applied at M-G-M for a part in a dancing chorus, she had no idea of a screen career.

"I could dance," she admits, "and I needed the money, so why not? The dance director didn't like my looks, I guess, so he threw me out of the line of applicants three times, but each time I went back in. At last he got tired of dragging me out and gave me a chance."

WHEN dancing choruses were no longer wanted for pictures, Ann was retained by the studio as an instructor. She taught Joan Crawford and other stars to do specialties for their pictures. Not having picture ambitions, she didn't even wear makeup to the studio. Nobody noticed her. She tried writing song lyrics but that wasn't so good either. Of course, there was extra work. She did manage to get a test but it was disappointing. She was forever trying to get away from the studios

[*Continued on page* 58]

To get a cracker Polly knows that all she has to say is "Leslie," Ann's favorite word. It's a wise bird, because it knows that the two are real lovers

PORTRAIT BY
JOHN MIEHLE

Joan Crawford

Gloria Swanson

Joan Plans To Steal Gloria's Show!

● When *Sadie Thompson* breaks into speech on the screen, there are bound to be comparisons, and plenty of them, for Joan Crawford has every intention of making *Rain*, the new title but the same picture, eclipse the silent version of Gloria Swanson, which the latter made a few years ago for United Artists. The same studio is again making the picture, having borrowed Miss Crawford from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. These portraits of the two film luminaries are in themselves interesting comparisons, showing each in their respective rôles. Anyhow, the girl of low morals who is the scourge of the tropics, will not only be seen but also heard this time

PRESTON
DUNCAN

Constance Bennett

Connie and New Screen Lover Make Big Hit!

● One of the most surprising bits of news this month is the unusual success of Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton who are teamed together for the first time in *What Price Hollywood,* a rollicking story of the motion picture business. Due to a sudden public response which indicated that fans approved of Connie and Neil as a double-header attraction, Warner Brothers are featuring them again in a new picture, *Two Against the World.* At the right you see them as they appear in this new production

Connie and Neil Hamilton

Keep this UNDER

Tipping the lid with some facts, near facts and interesting bits of gossip

By Beverly Hill

—*Powolny*

Sally Eilers' new formal pajamas are just the thing to display the suntan acquired with the season's backless bathing suits. Pajamas for formal or informal wear are as popular as ever in the film colony

WELL, pals, now that you've seen *Scarface,* what d'ya think of George Raft?

Out here in Hollywood, they're calling him the new Valentino. That's Hollywood's idea. Shall we make it unanimous?

From many odd sources you'll hear the oddest tales of Raft. They'll tell you that the menacin' man rôles Georgie has been playing are only reenactments of real events in his colorful, half-mysterious life. They'll tell you, f'rinstance, that the part of a gangster's bodyguard he acts in *Scarface* was played by him in earnest along Broadway, until his boss' lead-laden body led that last, long march.

This is positive: He was born in "Hell's Kitchen." His Dad was a German carnival man. The patent-leather hair is the heritage of an Italian mother. He worked as an electrician's helper for four dollars a week. He fought dozens of battles as a pugilist.

He played professional baseball in a bush league. He was a "dancing partner." It was at this stage of his career he met Rudy, similarly engaged. Later he became a vaudeville dancer, and taught the Prince of Wales how to shake a leg in the "Charleston." He still has an engraved cigarette lighter presented by H. R. H. Two years ago Director Rowland Brown spotted George in the Brown Derby and put him in *Quick Millions* as a gangster. Then came *Dancers in the Dark* and *Scarface.* Now George Raft is called the new Valentino and is headed straight for stardom!

Secrets

Believe it or not, they do wait for street cars on Hollywood corners. Particularly now that lots of autos are going back home to the finance companies. That's how come Anita Page had this experience.

A gentleman, not necessarily a film producer, sat next to the glorious Anita and at each corner would ask her:

"Vot street is dees?"

And Anita would tell him. But as the question continued block after block, Anita thought it might be easier to find out what street he wanted. So she asked:

"What street do you wish?"

Then the answer came in tones of resentful ruffled dignity.

"Dot's *my* beezniss!"

Goo'bye Sweetheart

You could have knocked us over with a ten-ton truck at the word of the split-

This unposed and unusual picture shows Cecilia Parker worrying about her make-up and George O'Brien in complete relaxation during a noon rest while on location in Arizona. There they filmed *Mystery Ranch*, thriller of the wide-open spaces

Your HAT

up between Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey. They'd have you believe money caused it. But maybe the boys'll have a reunion in Vienna, or somewhere, because Columbia has a contract in its safe which calls for a Wheeler-Woolsey picture. And Harry Cohn says he's going to have that picture—or else.

Hot News.

Your poor ol' Aunt Beverly gets a laugh at the movie "news" printed in New York. Just the other day airmail brought a paper front-paging the "engagement" of Alice White and Syd Bartlett, when you and I and Hollywood know the little White sister and the handsome Syd have been engaged for what the poets term eons and eons.

"Okay, America!"

Well, for a while it looked as though you'd see Walter Winchell, the okay kid himself, in the talking pic-toors. Broadway's little boy peep came out to get a load of California climate, and Junior Laemmle beat the mob to it with a film contract.

But his paper and his radio boss wouldn't stand for it. So he left us and now Lew Ayres gets the Winchellian rôle. We got a look at Walter, though. In fact lots of looks. And talk, too. Wanta know about him?

He has a young face and white hair. Very pale, very nervous. Still a little surprised at the success that brought him from $15 a week as a bad actor to $3,000 a week as Broadway's first—and only—Boswell. He talks about himself almost as though he were a third party. He's slender and immaculately groomed. He looks like what you'd imagine. In a word, he looks the part—and plays it. He's an on-the-level lad, this Winchell. No patience with phonies. And a right good pal.

The Old, Gray Mayor

NEW YORK'S supremely popular Mayor, the colorful Jimmie Walker, is to be "glorified" in two pictures based on exciting episodes in his vivid climb to fame. What a stunt it would be to get James as a star! He'd be great, and despite the years he's still the handsome juvenile!

Heigh-Ho

Bill Keefe, a brilliant Broadway roustaboutown, came out to write movies, and they ordered a Jackie Cooper story from him. Suppose if Percy Crosby, *Skippy* creator, turned movie scribe they'd assign him a Garbo story.

Wynne Gibson, flaming beauty whose rôle in *Strange Case of Clara Deane* was her first as a full-fledged Paramount star, smiles into the camera while sunning herself on the beach

The only thing cross about Ben Turpin is his eyes. He's the best-natured chap in all Hollywood. Now he is crossing them up in *Million Dollar Legs*. Welcome back, Ben!

Ask Dad—He Knows

It's pretty nice to record an example of filial devotion such as Junior Laemmle showed during his father's illness. "Uncle Carl" had to undergo an operation in the East, and his son dropped everything to fly to the old man's bedside and stay there until his father was on the road to recovery.

Esk Imo Pie

Looking around for a gal to be heroine in *Eskimo*, which you may correctly guess to be a picture of the Frozen North, the casting directors took tests of a Chinese girl, an Indian and a South Sea Islander—Lulu Wong (Anna May's sister), San Souci, and Reri.

Celluloid Song Bird

Perhaps new lustre will be added to the name of Enrico Caruso by the great tenor's son, who is now in Hollywood for pictures. Enrico, the elder, was one of the group of celebrities who failed to make good in the movies. Babe Ruth was another. Hope young Carus' has better film fortune.

UNDER YOUR HAT

Intimate News and Sprightly

Walter Winchell, whose sense of rumor is the most highly developed in America, nearly signed a contract with Universal, but his radio bosses turned thumbs down. Reading from left to right are Walter, Jack Dempsey, Carl Laemmle Jr., Tom Mix, Mervyn LeRoy, Felix Young

Throwing the Bull

Can you picture Eddie Cantor as a bold, brave Spanish matador? Well, Sam Goldwyn can. So when you see *The Kid From Spain*, you'll see Eddie all dressed up in a bolero and short pants, and he'll be tossing the bull. Or, of course, vice versa.

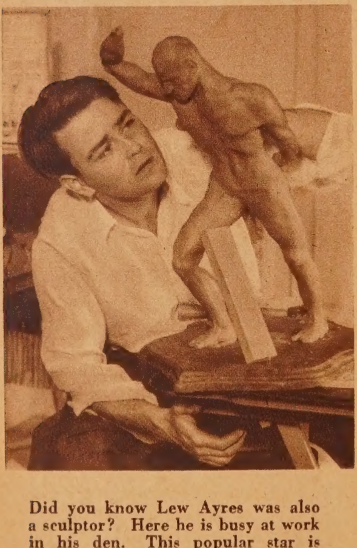
In case he hurts one bull there will be five others to get even, for a half dozen bovine battlers are being imported from Mexico. The S. P. C. A. will protect the bulls. But what about the actors?

Please Go 'Way—Etc.

Hollywood stars may hate to get up in the morning—but, baby, that has nothing to do with sleeping at night. and there is insomnia in California just as there is in Blowing Rock, N. C., where Sidney Blackmer comes from.

When Mrs. Jimmie Gleason can't sleep she moves the furniture around so that once James woke up to say. "Well, I might as well stay for breakfast. I'll catch it when I get home anyway."

Other neighbor annoyers include Donald Cook, who plays the accordion: Ken Maynard, who fiddles; and Charlie Butterworth, who plays piano. The boys ought to get together and find a piccolo player.



Did you know Lew Ayres was also a sculptor? Here he is busy at work in his den. This popular star is decidedly versatile, being an artist, amateur astronomer and magician, while once he played in an orchestra

The Pay-Off

There's a certain town where film competition is divided between two major production companies. Recently the theatre of one offered a share of stock of the other with each ticket purchased!

Beautiful But . . .

If the fans kid the stars—why not the stars the fans? Turn about is fair play, and so it's Sylvia Sidney who tells about the movie enthusiast who's girl friend proudly displayed a Clark Gable autograph.

"That's nothing," said the fan, "I've got a whole book of stars' signatures."

When she displayed them, her friend remarked:

"But these are all in the same handwriting!"

"Yes, I know," replied the other, "they looked so disorderly I bought a new book and re-copied them!"

Depression Note

Things aren't what they used to be in the movie colony, and when Bill Howard encountered an actor who had been out of work a long time he asked where the Thespian was living. Imagine his surprise at the answer:

"Up on Whitley Heights, overlooking Hollywood—and the landlord!"

The Great Silence

Georgie Stone declares he doesn't believe Greta was once a barber's assistant. No one, says Georgie, could hang around a barber shop and talk so little as la Garbo.

Hollywood Morality

ON ONE of the Independent lots they were shooting a Western, and took a location trip to a gold mine for some scenes. The name of the mine was *The Virgin Gold Mine*, but when it appeared on a sign in one sequence, the director re-shot from a different angle that left the "Virgin" part out in the cold. Can never tell about those censors!

Back Again

You can't take those funny falls indefinitely without banging up the old anatomy. That's why Joe E. Brown, the Grand Canyon of Filmdom, has been laid up in the hospital. No less than four operations were necessary before Joe was discharged from the hospital. His appendix was cut out, so were his tonsils. His left knee went under the knife and a tooth was yanked. That's enough for one hospital visit.

God's Country

There's the fellow who came out here from the East and was talking to one of the actors who is a Native Son. The N. S. was telling him:

"Why, we grow oranges here big as George Bancroft's head—and lemons! Say, you'd be surprised at our lemons!"

"Oh, no I wouldn't," yawned the N'Yawker, "I've seen your last picture!"

Chatter Direct From Hollywood

Only in Hollywood is a sight like this possible. Ben Lyon, modern young man-about-town, lights a cigarette for Louise Pearce, plainly of the prudish mid-Victorian era

The triangle starts young in Hollywood, as proved here by Lou Ann Jones, Georgie Smith and Mary Howard. Lou Ann's winning of Georgie's attentions is not relished by Mary. They appear in *What Prize Gloria?*

Brent Would

Remember when Aunt Beverly told you about six months ago to keep an eye on George Brent, the Irishman who came to Hollywood to make good in the movies? We don't like to say "we told you so"—but, after all, we did, didn't we?

George is coming along like a house afire—which is scarcely news. But what is news is that George is a rave among the film girls just as he is among the fans. Recently he's been sharing his time between Bette Davis and Loretta Young. There are others in the running, too, for George always did have a tough time making up his mind! That's Brent of Brentwood.

Best Friend "Tells"

"Get me a gargoyle," instructed Director James Whale—when the sets were being prepared for Universal's *Old Dark House.*

"Any special kind?" asked the prop man.

"No," said Whale. "Just a gargoyle."

A few minutes later the man returned, bringing with him a large bottle of mouth wash. "I had to run across to the drug store for this," he said.

Whale eyed the man severely and then broke into a wide grin. "And I thought you were my best friend," he said.

The Villain!

Wallace Ford, playing a collector for a gas company in *Prosperity* with Marie Dressler, received the script for the rôle and glanced at it. "Aha—a gas company collector," he grinned. "At last they've made a heavy of me!"

Thirty Cents

Clarence Muse tells the story of a minister friend of his who married a young couple. "How much?" asked the groom after the ceremony. "Whatever you think it's worth," said the minister.

The young man handed him fifty cents. The minister was a good sport. He hesitated, then counted him out twenty cents change.

One Mind

Walter Huston was in court, getting practical experience for his appearance in M-G-M's *Night Court,* in which he played a crooked jurist.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?" asked the presiding judge.

"We have, your honor," replied the foreman. "The jury is all of the same mind—temporarily insane."

Freezing Hot

When Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery were at work on the boat dock scene in *Letty Lynton,* hundreds of studio lights were used. In all this heat Joan had a line: "Come away, my feet are freezing." They rehearsed it a dozen times. "Let's hurry up," Joan asked Clarence Brown, the director. "I'd like to get through telling about my freezing feet before they're roasted!"

Shade of the Comedian

ACCORDING to Medbury, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey were on film location in the desert not long ago and cooled off by taking turns sitting in one another's shadow!

Fatty's Diet

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, who'll soon be back giving us laughs in the movies, was advised by his doctor to do a little dieting, in fact to stick to orange juice, a bit of toast and spinach.

"Okay, doctor," said "Fatty," "but do I take it before or after meals?"

Going in for . . . HORSE PLAY

Three famous horsemen of the films in action

—*Dyar*

Gene Raymond, male platinum blond, knows his horses, although little opportunity is given him to display this knowledge on the screen. *Night of June 13* is his newest

—*Fink*

Will Rogers is Hollywood's outstanding contribution to polo, having a national rating of three goals. It is a self-evident fact he knows something else besides what he reads in the daily papers

—*Fink*

Although, perhaps, one of the lesser polo stars, there is none who tries harder than Robert Montgomery. Despite good-natured razzing by polo fans, Bob shows he can "take it" by always coming back for more

Claudette DEFIES DOMESTIC MEDDLERS

Since Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster reside in separate abodes, they must telephone each other when making engagements

The marriage of Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert is one of the strangest in Hollywood. Both insist that they are deeply attached to one another

In his bachelor apartments Norman Foster receives a friendly call from Claudette. They believe many marriages go on the rocks because couples see each other too often

"I won't let them destroy my happiness!" is Claudette Colbert's emphatic edict

By
Grace Mack

WHEN a moving picture couple decides to live separate and apart it spells News. In the case of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster the news would be: *that they had decided to live together!*

This is one marriage that baffles Hollywood. The old town has had plenty of experience with marriages that begin with fever heat and end with frigidity. It knows all about separations based on triangles or clashing temperaments. It has had a closeup of a "kiss divorce." But for two people who professedly love each other, who insist that they aren't even thinking of divorce, to live separate and apart—well, that's a new one for the book!

Doubtless you know the story of how Claudette and Norman were secretly married when they were both appearing in a Broadway play; how they lived apart to keep the secret intact and found it such a satisfactory arrangement that they kept right on living that way, even after the news of their marriage was known. It has so happened that for the past year their respective jobs have kept them three thousand miles apart. The know-it-alls have insisted that, maritally speaking, they were even farther apart than that.

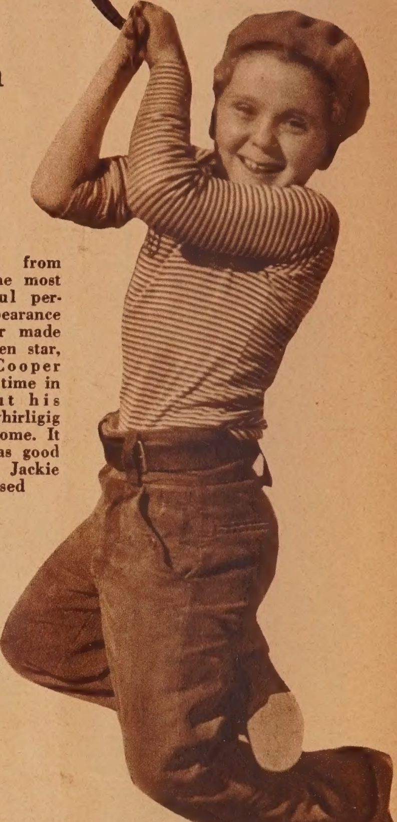
When Claudette recently came to Hollywood to take up her permanent residence, the gossips fluttered into a huddle. "*Now*, we'll get the real lowdown on this," they prophesied. "Where there's smoke there's fire. You can't kid us. That pair is headed for divorce!"

A girl less courageous than Claudette might have felt [*Continued on page* 59]

Snapshot News

The last word from the all-seeing camera

Gene Markey and Marquis de la Falaise are wed to the charming Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, respectively. They are the best of friends and more often than not are in one another's company. Here they were caught by Hyman Fink's camera as they strolled along the beach at Malibu. Markey did the adaptation for Garbo's *As You Desire Me.* The Marquis is directing foreign versions



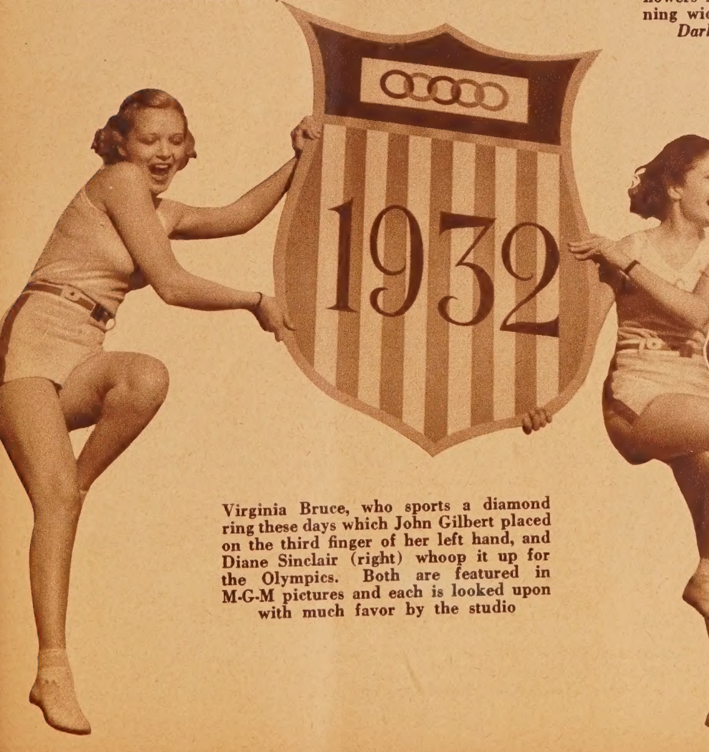
Returning from one of the most successful personal-appearance tours ever made by a screen star, Jackie Cooper lost little time in trying out his favorite whirligig near his home. It was just as good as ever, Jackie surmised

This bevy of beauties applauded the ball game on the beach. Buster Keaton listens for some of it. The art gallery: Edna Murphy, Nora Lane, Dorothy Dix, Joan Marsh, Leila Hyams, Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, Ebba Havez and Audrey Henderson

# of MOVIELAND

This trio has no compunction in using the kiddies' chutes while the youngsters are learning the three "r's"—revues, retakes and rehearsals. We see Anna Q. Nilsson and her hat, Leatrice Joy and Mrs. Milton Cohen

Lilian Bond proving to Neil Hamilton that California flowers really are fragrant. Anyhow these two are winning wide popularity. Lilian's most recent is *The Old Dark House* and Neil's is *What Price Hollywood*



Virginia Bruce, who sports a diamond ring these days which John Gilbert placed on the third finger of her left hand, and Diane Sinclair (right) whoop it up for the Olympics. Both are featured in M-G-M pictures and each is looked upon with much favor by the studio

Even if Irene Rich couldn't very well have anything up her sleeve, there is a "please buy" look in her eyes which Ivan Lebedeff has no difficulty in understanding. The two are in the Assistance League motion picture charity organization

The Stars are BRIBED TO DESERT

Stage moguls dig deep into their pockets to lure stars of screen for big gold rush of vaudeville

theatre magnate

THE most modern of all gold rushes is in full swing and the majority of Hollywood's celebrities have joined—or are preparing to join—the great stampede of 1932.

Gold!

The Klondike had nothing on this Bonanza. A fortune awaits any screen star who "clicks" on the vaudeville stage.

About a fourth of the movie colony notables are "on the road" now. Another fourth has just returned from tour. The remainder, shackled by demands of studio czars, are enviously dreaming of one-week stands and bulging money bags.

The fact is that vaudeville is on its knees to the movies. Screen stars—in person—are the big attractions that pack the theatres. Consequently, they can name their own salaries and, believe you me, they do! And a little child has led them!

JACKIE COOPER, the tow-haired youngster who has established himself as the greatest sensation since talkies, toured the big cities of the East and Middle West and received for his appearances the largest salary paid in vaudeville. Every seven days his mother pocketed for him $7,000 Since his tour lasted twelve weeks, this meant just $84,000 for his rapidly growing bank balance.

The irony of it is that several years ago, patronizing visitors in the Cooper home used to ask little Jackie if he wanted to be President of the United States when he grew up! Maybe it wasn't President, but at any rate, it was some low-paying job of that kind.

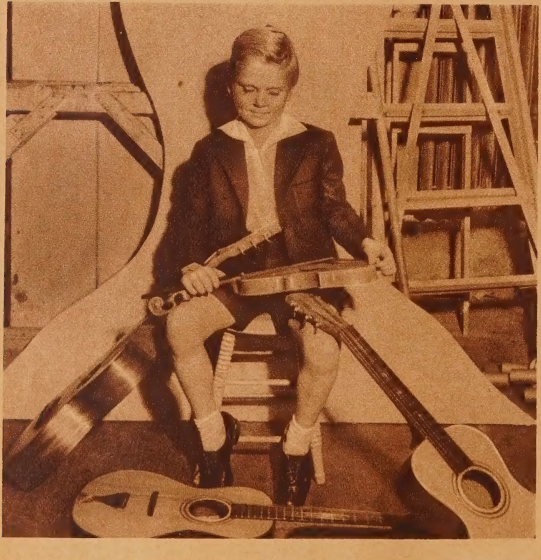
Bill Haines, Hollywood wise-cracker holds second honors in the money marathon. Bill has just returned, by request of the studio, from a twelve-week tour that paid him $6,000 a week. Like Jackie Cooper, his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is a forty-week contract, leaving him twelve weeks out of each year to dispose of as he wishes. Bill heard about the new Golconda and promptly decided that he'd like to spend his twelve salary-less weeks in the pursuit of $72,000. And who wouldn't?

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay panicked the Eastern movie palaces and vaudeville houses. They split $10,000 a week for their efforts. Furthermore, it is rumored along Hollywood's tattle-tale Boulevard, that Frank's popularity with every audience that he played to has some of the movie moguls itching to see his dashing scrawl on the dotted line of a screen contract.

EDDIE LOWE and Vic McLaglen are blaspheming their way around the country in a joint act that is reminiscent of their screen hit, *What Price Glory?* No one seems to know exactly what their weekly pay checks are, but it's safe to guess at least $5,000 apiece.

Speaking of Mr. Lowe reminds us that Mrs. Lowe—Lilyan Tashman to the program printers—also indulged in a few personal-appearances, for which she received $2,500 each week. Not long ago, however, she cancelled her bookings after a week in Pittsburgh, despite an outstanding success. Too tough, she said. Whereupon, she returned to Hollywood.

El Brendel started his tour by panicking Minneapolis audiences with his Swedish dialect. His bosses promptly saw the light and rewarded him with $5,000 for each week that he spent on the road. Ben Lyon gleaned $3,000 a week recently and Bebe Daniels, his wife, is said to have earned an even larger sum. Polly Moran returned sometime ago after playing for twelve weeks at $2,500 per. Jean Harlow received $3,000 weekly; Irene Rich, $1,750; Fifi Dorsay, $2,500; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, $2,000 jointly; Jimmy Hall, $1,500 and Louise Fazenda, $3,000. Similar sums in four figures have been garnered by Mitzi Green, Jimmy Durante, Johnny Weissmuller, Regis Toomey, Mary Brian and Leo Carrillo.



It was little Jackie Cooper who paved the way for fabulous salaries on the vaudeville stage. For twelve weeks he pocketed one thousand dollars every day, rain or shine, which means his tour netted him exactly $84,000, more than the President makes a year

By Eric Ergenbright

HOLLYWOOD!

Jean Harlow received $3,000 weekly and earned it, too, as proved by the boxoffice. She is with her stepfather, Marino Bello

Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck divided $10,000 each week in vaudeville. Frank's popularity has led to offers from movie studios

—Fink

Mary Brian is another star who received a four-figure salary for scintillating on the stage. When she returned to Hollywood she was met by Russell Gleason, who is reported as more than willing to make it a permanent Brian and Gleason act

Esther Ralston is spending so much of her time in vaudeville now that she really stands apart from the rest of the gold-seekers. Three years ago, when she first accepted a contract to play the Keith-Orpheum circuit, she was on the down grade in pictures. Consequently, her vaudeville salary was comparatively small. However, Esther scored a tremendous triumph from the very start and now earns the tidy sum of $4,000 a week.

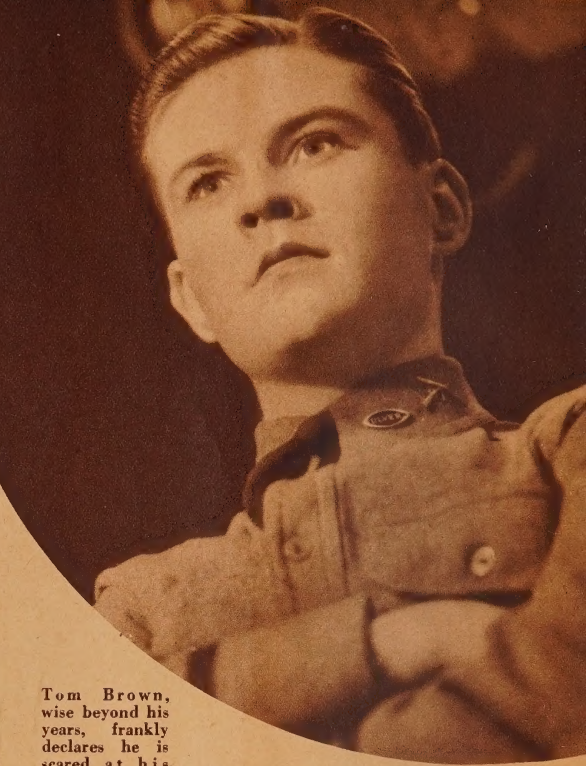
Lupe Velez headlined the Ziegfeld show, *Hot Cha.* Her stage success did her status in Hollywood no harm. She received $3,000 weekly, by the way, until the show folded up, primarily due to the fact that Lupe and others would not consent to salary cuts.

OF ALL the stars and ex-stars who have gone on personal-appearance tours, however, Alice White has achieved the most surprising success. When she left Hollywood, nearly a year ago, to appear in a number of Eastern motion picture theatres, the know-it-alls here shook their heads ruefully and said:

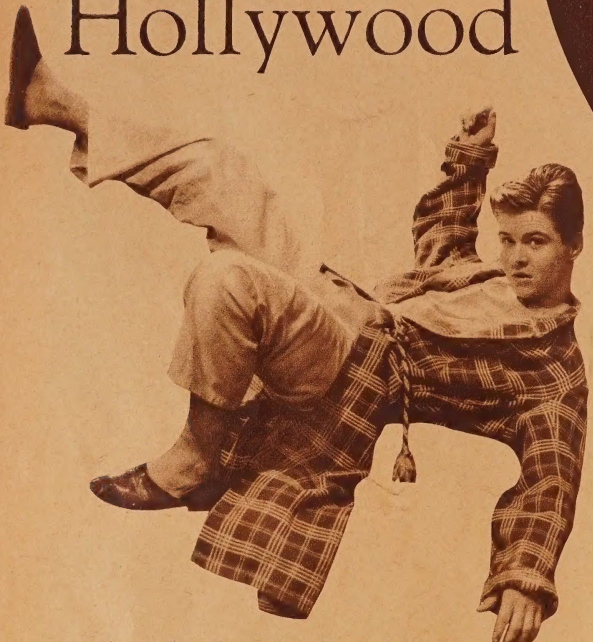
"This marks the finish of Alice. She has no stage background and her act probably will be a failure. When she comes back—if she does—everyone will have forgotten her."

Never was a prophecy doomed [*Continued on page* 57]

Too SMART for Hollywood



Tom Brown, wise beyond his years, frankly declares he is scared at his quick stardom



Although Tom Brown was thrown into the movies barely a year ago, he is a veteran actor at nineteen. He had his first rôle at the age of six months

Tom Brown, Hollywood's oldest youngster, keeps head upon his shoulders

By Alyce Curtis

HE ARRIVED in Hollywood for the first time just before last Christmas. Already he has been featured in three pictures. In two he has had first billing. In the last one he enacts the title rôle.

For all practical purposes Tom Brown is already a star. When a picture is called *Tom Brown of Culver* it is pretty hard to figure anything out of that but a starring rôle for Tom Brown.

Is he happy? Proud? Enthusiastic? Sure! But Tom Brown is also just a little bit scared.

Not that the brown-haired, brown-eyed Brown lacks confidence in himself or his ability. He knows he can act. He's no raw youngster fresh to the stage. Although Tom is only nineteen years old, he has been before audiences, off and on, since his mother, Marie Francis, a musical comedy star, carried him before the footlights when he was six months of age.

Still, Tom Brown says he isn't ready for stardom. He's just enough of a stage veteran to realize that in the acting profession one can never look behind—only ahead. He realizes the star on a dressing-room door doesn't make a great actor. And that is just what Tom Brown wants to be—a great actor. He has the talent, the training, the looks, the personality. He has the ambition. Very soon, from all present signs, he will have the opportunity.

However, he's hoping he won't—not yet for awhile.

"I want to ripen," is his laconic explanation.

Wise words, experienced screen players who have skyrocketed to quick brilliance and faded as quickly, will tell you. Wise words to come from one so young as Tom Brown. Words that reveal an unusual strength of character. It isn't so easy to hold yourself in control when the crowds are pushing you up.

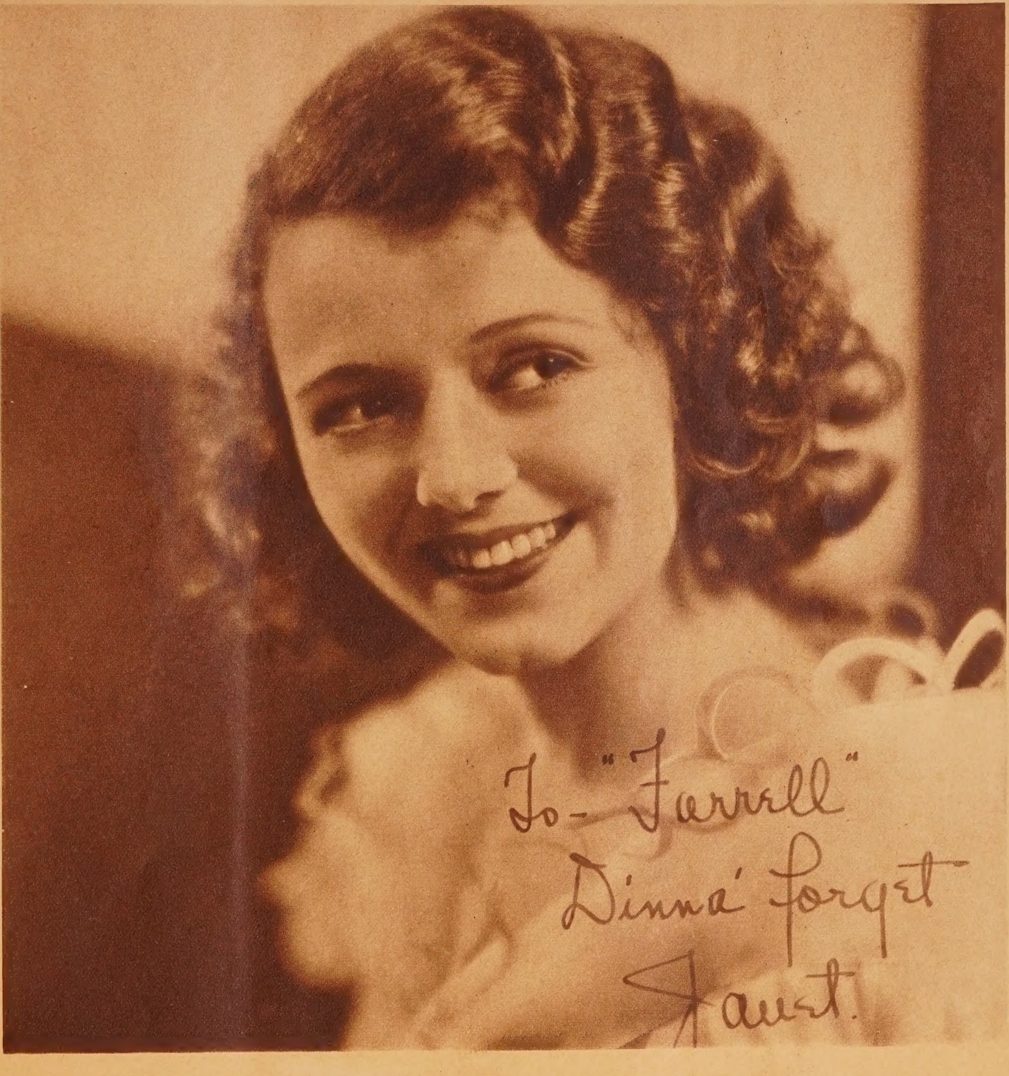
WHERE does this nineteen-year-old youngster get his seasoned head? How come such precocious foresight? Let's have a look at Tom Brown's nineteen years.

They started in New York City, January 6, 1913. A stage actor and producer, Harry Brown, and the musical comedy star, Marie Francis, had something to do with it. As a baby, Tom was nursed in the atmosphere of the stage, behind the wings, in dressing rooms, trains, theatrical hotels. As a youngster, he carried his study books to the New York Professional Children's School where his classmates included Lillian Roth, William Janney and other embryo stage lights.

At recess the schoolmates talked, not about tops and marbles, but about props and foot-

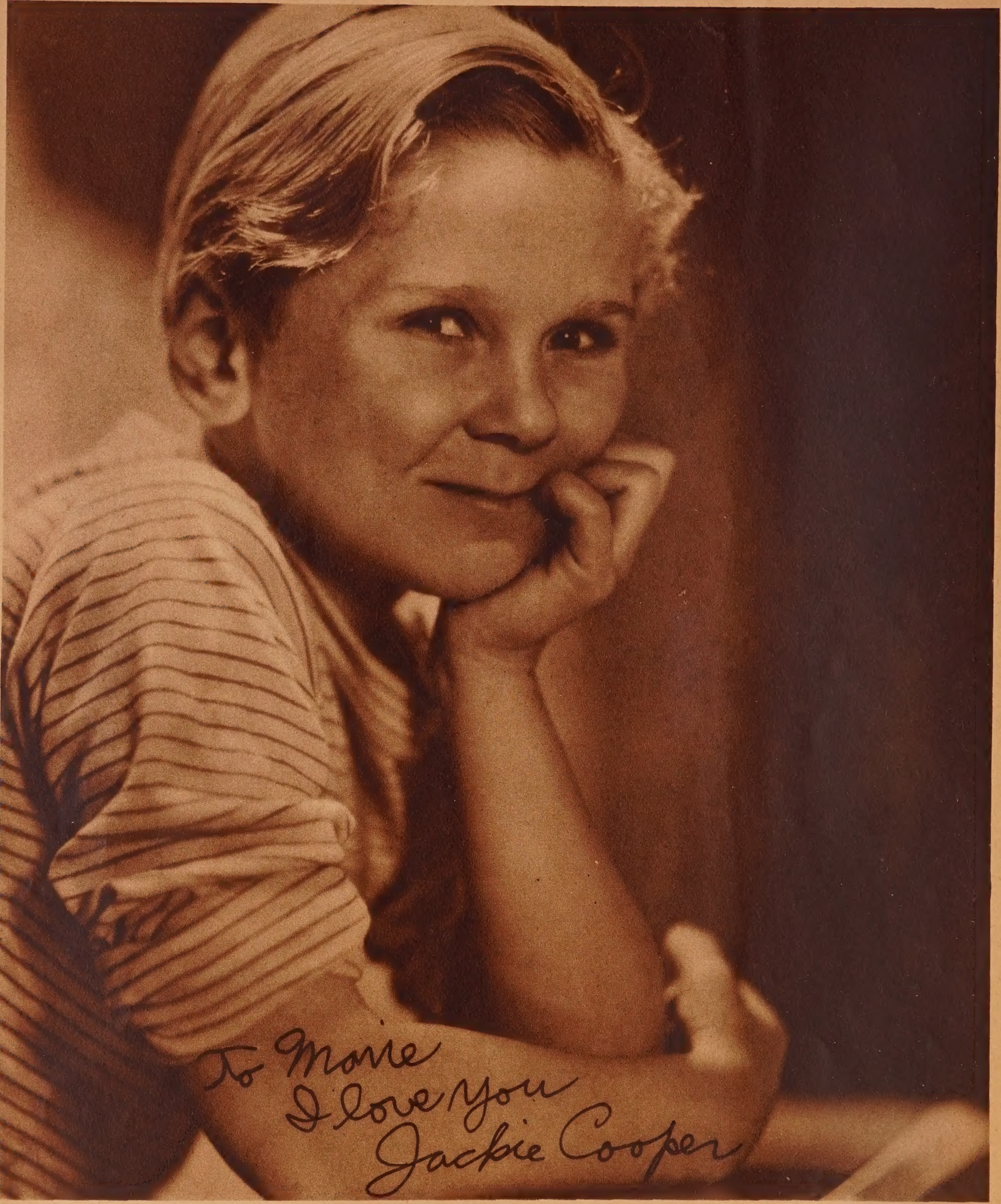
[*Continued on page 62*]

Screen Book's AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS



Janet Gaynor's memory token to Charles Farrell

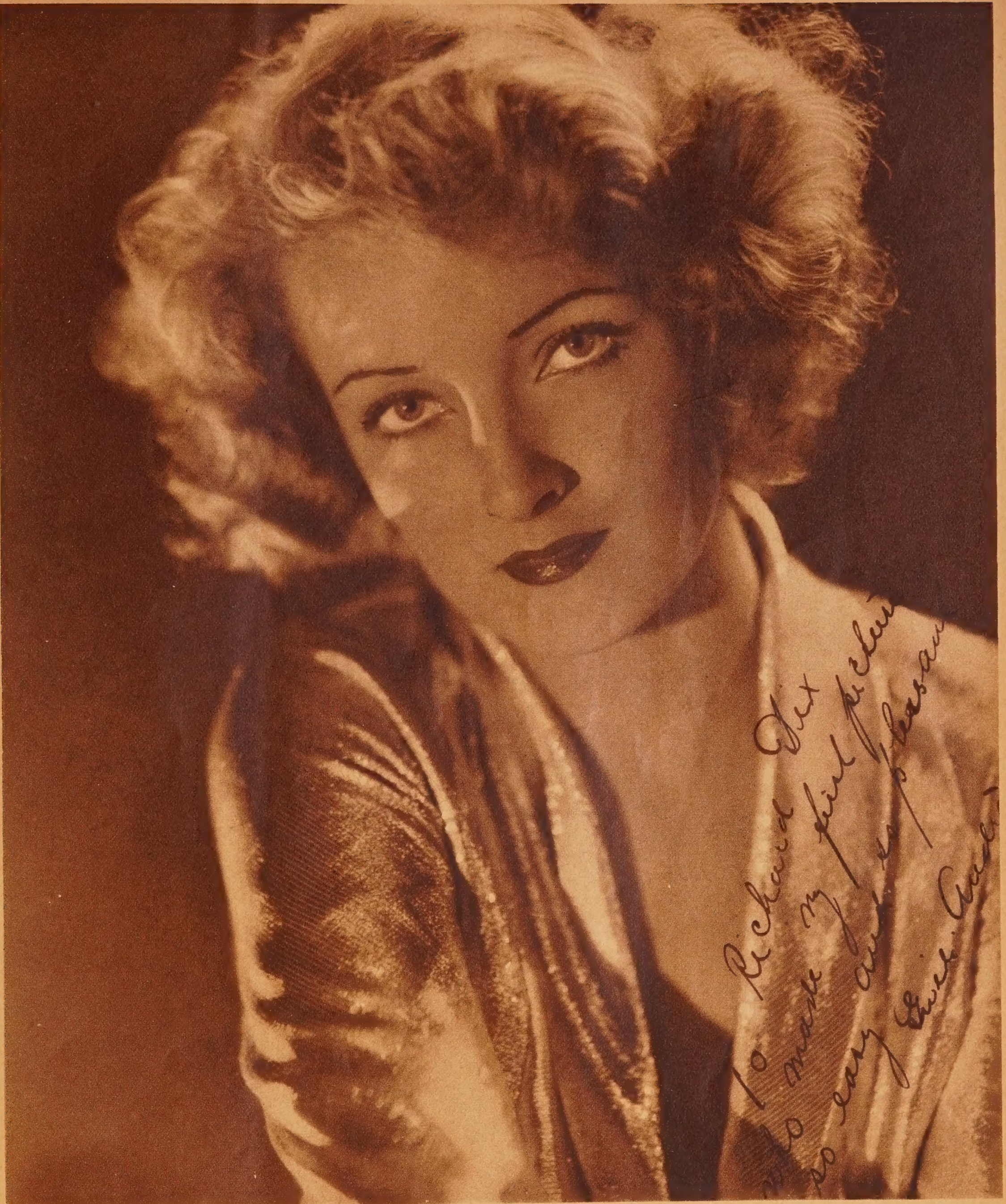
This photograph is one of Charlie Farrell's prized possessions—given him two years ago by his long-time screen sweetheart, Janet Gaynor. "Dinna' forget, Janet!" Words that have a lot of meaning in the lives of these two



—Hurrell

Jackie Cooper's real love affair is discovered!

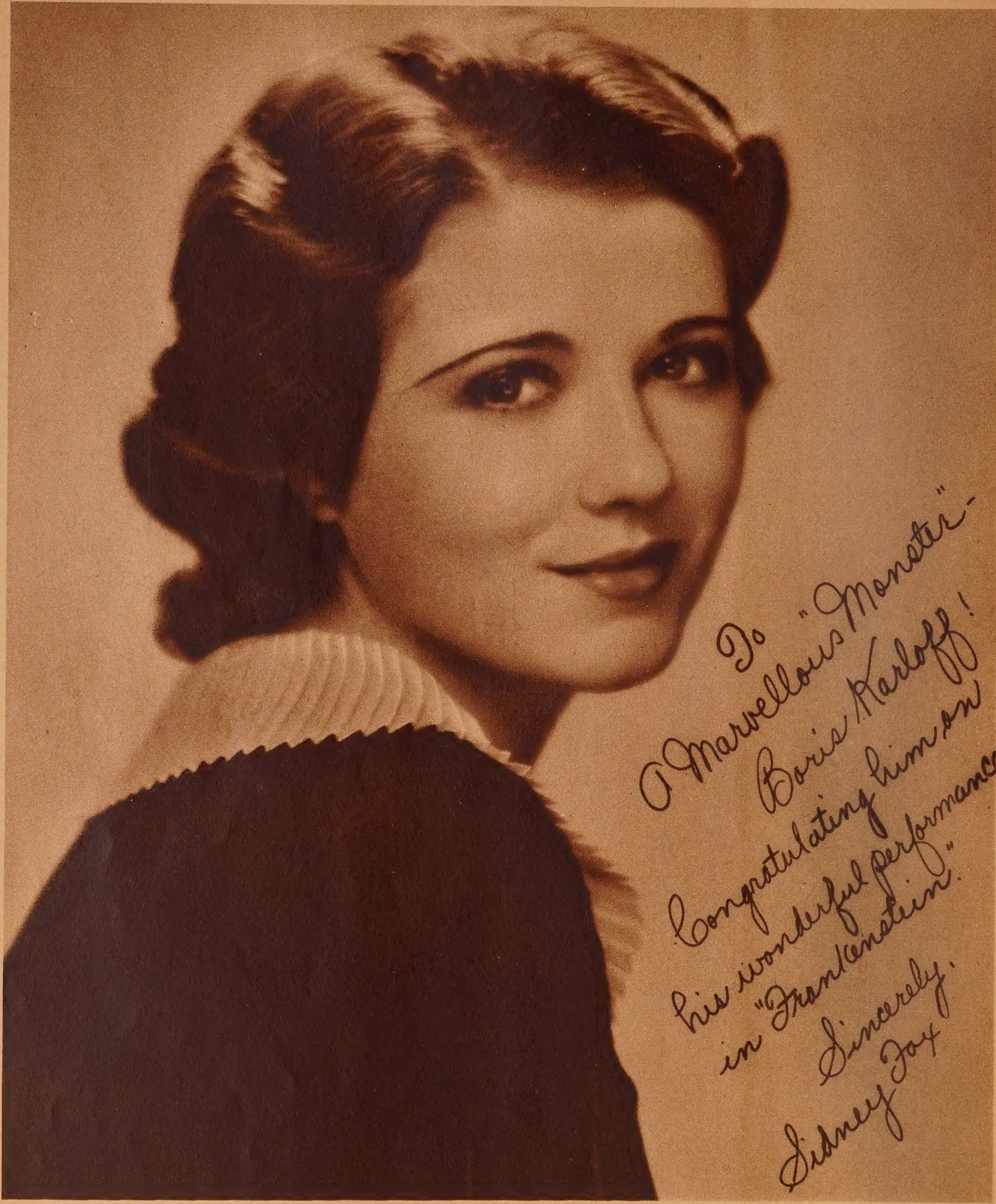
There's no denying it, Mr. Cooper! The autographed portrait we "borrowed" from a certain lady tells all. Furthermore, lest SCREEN BOOK readers be in doubt, we are going to reveal the identity of your "Marie". Dressler is the last name—and that tells the story


To Richard Dix
who made my first picture
so easy and so pleasant
Gwili Andre

—Bachrach

Gwili Andre says "thank you" to Richard Dix

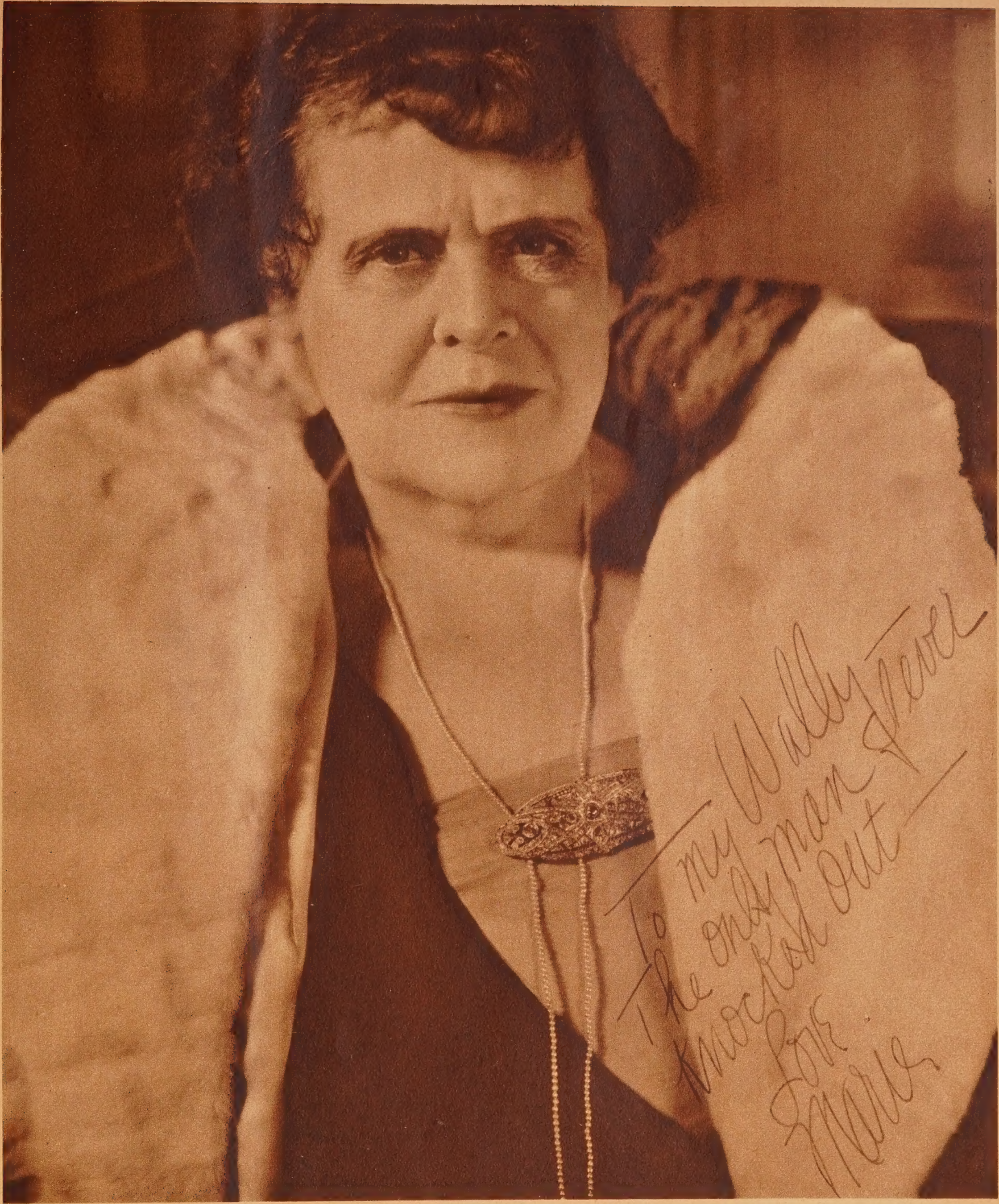
The new star who makes her auspicious screen début in "The Roar of the Dragon" expresses her appreciation of the helping hand given by Richard Dix, her first leading man. Come now, graphology experts, can't you read success in Gwili Andre's handwriting?


To "Marvellous Monster" -
Boris Karloff!
Congratulating him on
his wonderful performance
in "Frankenstein".
Sincerely,
Sidney Fox

—Freulich

Sidney Fox falls hard for a famous movie villain

Petite Sidney likes blood and thunder entertainment on the screen—as evidenced by the enthusiastic autograph of this portrait given Boris Karloff just after she had seen "Frankenstein". The editor who wrested this picture from the monster barely escaped with his life


To my Wally
The only man I ever
knocked out
Love
Marie

Marie Dressler's affectionate message to "Wally"

From among the many autographed portraits in his prized collection, Wallace Beery promptly picked this when he was asked for one to show SCREEN BOOK readers. "To my Wally—the only man I ever knocked out." Remember how it happened in "Min and Bill"?

The Girl HOLLYWOOD Can't Understand

By Don Busch

People get Karen Morley wrong. She's a puzzling personality

There is not a more self-possessed young woman in pictures than Karen Morley. She can't understand why people think her a prude

The dignified poise of Karen Morley has been misconstrued for coldness. She even braved Garbo's sarcasm when the Great One tried to dictate to her

HOLLYWOOD has its glamorous ladies, its exotics, its poseurs, its languid beauties—and its Karen Morley. She's a regular fellow of whom a famous feminine star recently said:

"There is a girl who would be a wonderful friend!"

I met Karen soon after she had completed that now famous part with Garbo in *Inspiration,* where, with a single inspired performance, she rose from obscurity to become one of the most promising youngsters of the screen. At that time her air of cool detachment had not made her any too popular on the M-G-M lot. I am glad that I noticed the dancing devils of mischief in her lovely eyes or I, too, might have gone on sharing with half of Hollywood the impression that she was a high-hat lady whose success had gone to her head; a moody and serious person who was too perfectly poised and too self-assured to be human and who would be dreadfully shocked if someone told her a story just a wee bit naughty.

Karen doesn't go out of her way to make friends. She lets you think what you please and only a few have taken the trouble to delve beneath that cool, well-poised exterior to find the gallant, fun-loving girl beneath.

"People insist on getting me wrong," she sighed, curling up in the big easy-chair and asking with a gesture for a cigarette, "but I can't seem to do anything about it. One can't always be going about making a lot of explanations.

"Someone printed an awful story about my losing the feminine lead in *Broken Lullaby* because I talked back to Director Lubitsch. I did nothing of the kind! I suppose I'm too frank but when he asked me to read the part, I took it for granted that Mr. Lubitsch was the sort of person one could talk to. I criticized some of the dialogue. I noticed that he went as cold as a cucumber on me then, but I didn't mean it that way. I met him at an opening the other night and he looked right through me. Of course, I'm sorry, but I can't very well go to him and explain, can I?"

KAREN'S poise is monumental. Even the great Garbo, at whose words strong men tremble, failed to shake it when, during the making of *Inspiration,* she spoke harsh words to the neophyte who dared have a mind of her own. People mistake that poise for coldness but Karen only shrugs her lovely shoulders and goes serenely on, from one triumph to another.

Her first ambition was to study medicine, her next to be a writer but fate decreed that she find her place before the camera. It was her low, husky, pleasing voice which obtained for her the part in *Inspiration,* though her first real chance to prove her worth as an actress came as "Poppy," the paramour of Paul Muni, in *Scarface.* It was a part which she made outstanding by her refusal to be the typical gangster's *moll* of the screen and upon which she placed an interpretation which added much to the effectiveness of that most startling of all gangster epics.

"My parents were opposed to my going into pictures," she admits, "because they didn't think I could keep my head if I got a break. They've gotten over that now and are beginning to be proud of me."

[*Continued on page 55*]

WHAT A MAN!

"This guy Bellamy" leads a life of whirlwind adventure

By J. Eugene Chrisman

RALPH BELLAMY sat down on a snowdrift, wiped the perspiration from his streaming brow and reached for a glass of iced lemonade.

"One more scene," he panted, "and then for a cold shower. This is undoubtedly the hottest blizzard which ever struck New England!"

Outside, Hollywood sweltered under a summer sun but on the sound stage where *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* was being filmed, a regular, old-fashioned New England snow storm was raging. Giant wind machines drove tons of bleached corn flakes across a frozen countryside. Perspiring cameramen trained their cameras on deep drifts and gulped ice water. Tired actors trudged through knee-deep snow and longed for chocolate sundaes, while sweltering prop men hung prop icicles and cursed the heat.

"I've gone five days without clothing or tasting food," sighed Bellamy, "and I've been lost in the mountains without a compass. I've turned my shirts inside out to save laundry bills and I've walked miles on shoe soles so thin I could step on a dime and call heads or tails, but I had to come to Hollywood to get a sun stroke in a snow storm. Such is life!"

An unusual chap, this Ralph Bellamy. Six feet two and a hundred and eighty-five pounds of manhood, he carries himself with the unconscious swagger of a man who has fought the world and found the fighting good. Commanding is the only word which describes his erect carriage, his definite, alert sureness and his swinging military stride. Twenty-eight years of living, ten of them on stage and screen, have given him zest for life and all it contains. A call from Director Santell took him back to his snowdrifts.

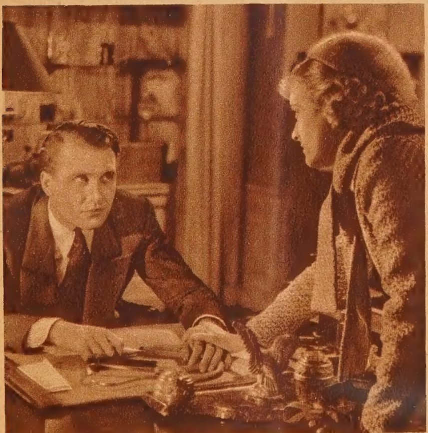
"And there," said a *juicer,* as he straightened up from connecting the sound cable, "is a good guy. Yes, sir, a good guy. What this business needs is more like him."

A yell from the *gaffer* took my *juicer* friend to the other side of the set to set up a soft *broad* for a close-up but in a few minutes he returned. Biting off a chew of plug, he squatted beside me in the synthetic snow.

"KNOW what that guy Bellamy did when we were on location up at Santa Cruz?" he demanded, sending a stream of amber expertly toward a coil box. "Well, we were up there—see—and somethin' happened to the pay checks. Here it is Saturday night and about half of us ain't got a red. That's tough when you're on location. So we're on the spot.

"This guy Bellamy [*Continued on page* 61]

If Ralph Bellamy ever needs a shirt, he can have those of most any of the grips and prop men. They swear by him and say he's a regular guy



This is a vastly different looking Ralph Bellamy from that of the youth who often went hungry. This pictures him with Marian Nixon in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*

One of Hollywood's most studious actors is Ralph Bellamy. He is happily married to a former Broadway actress and both are positive that not even Hollywood can spoil it

THRU *the* KEYHOLE

The news sleuth's low-down on Hollywood

By
Jerry Lane

TALLULAH BANKHEAD . . .
"So she took a nice big bite"

SHHHHHH: George O'Brien surging around an old flame of his... Marguerite Churchill. .Garbo washes her own hair once a week..... Joan Blondell buys a $12,000 yacht...... 18th Amendment enthusiasts can get a kiss from Arline Judge... line forms at the right .....Stu Erwin and June Collyer plan for a blessed event..Ramon Novarro deserts Hollywood to become a day laborer ....Wallace Beery goes into the fish business.......Hoot Gibson's little girl is the big reason he isn't wondering what became of Sally.....

GARY COOPER AND TOLUCA . . .
"The name really is Tallulah"

THERE'S a story back of the reunion of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson. Sally was living in their Maple street house while Hoot stayed with their close friends, the Eddie Hillmans (Marian Nixon). Little Lois, eight-year-old daughter of the cowboy star by a former marriage, elected to remain with Sally. Her own mother re-married just a short time ago. She was riding along in the car with Sally one afternoon and suddenly she said: "Of course, I'm only a little girl and nobody's paid much attention to me and nobody ever loved me like you do. I want you to promise me you'll *never* leave me. You will, won't you?" And Sally, as she caught her close, burst into tears. "Daddy loves me too," Lois continued, trying to be fair, "but he's just a man." The next day Hoot came back to live in the Maple street house.

Connie Double-crossed

JUST to show that you can't always tell when the fireworks will spurt, Connie Bennett walked onto the stage the other day and saw an extra wearing a duplicate of an "original model" she had bought in Paris. Not a word did she say. Merely smiled. It developed that the extra paid $19.75 for her dress. Connie paid more than a hundred for the same thing. I think, though, if I were the *couturier* who sold the Marquise that bit of material, I'd be shooting chipmunks in Africa when she lands in France early in the fall.

Swanson vs. Bennett

OUT Culver City way, across from the old RKO-Pathé studios, is the "Swanson" sweet shop. Near it one discovers the "Bennett" bakery. It may or may not be a coincidence that they are both featuring reduced prices in French bread.

Trying

THE best connoissèur of fine foods in filmdom is Tallulah Bankhead! She makes all kinds of excuses not to dine out because her own cook is an artist. She likes nothing better than to taste new things. In the Paramount restaurant she startled everybody by leaping at the tray a near-by waitress held. Tallulah already had ordered luncheon but she spotted someone else's special sandwich. She didn't know the girl for whom it was intended but she shouted at her across the entire length of the room. "I say, do you mind if I try your sandwich? I've been wanting to try that kind for so long." The girl, terribly embarrassed, told her to go ahead. "I may get lip stick on it, you know. Do you mind?" cried Tallulah at the top of her voice. No, the girl didn't mind. So she took a nice big bite out of it. "Thanks," she screamed, "not bad." And quite unconcernedly she resumed the conversation at her table where she had left off.

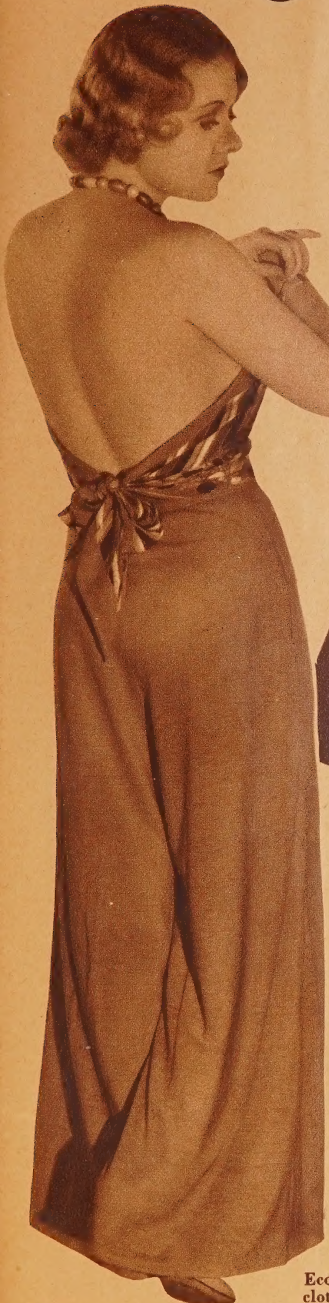
Diggin' Deeper

WITH him sailed one of the most interesting men who has ever visited these shores, Capt. Peter Freuchen. Hollywood knew him as "the man with the beard." That's typical. We single out the obvious thing about a person and forget to dig deeper. Capt. Freuchen is one of the highest accredited scientists in the world. He has been honored by every country in Europe and knighted by

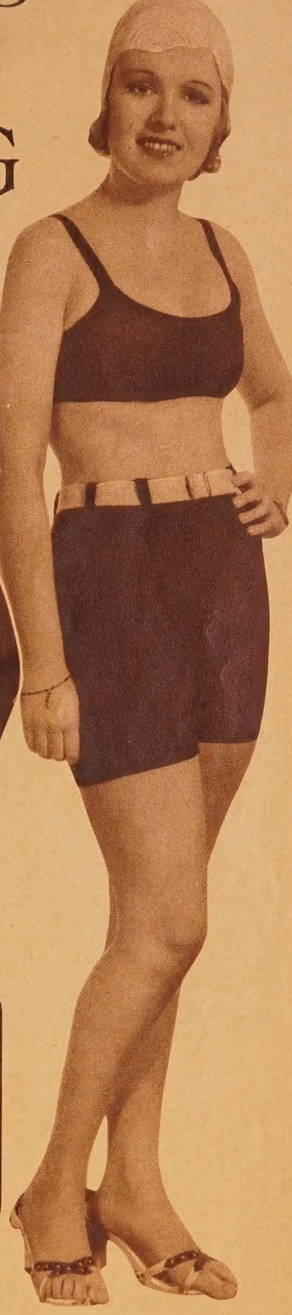
[*Continued on page* 64]

Anita Page *has* NOTHING *to* WEAR

This age-old plaint of femininity more or less proved here



Featuring a note of economy, Anita Page wears sandals without toes. Unnecessary trimmings should be eliminated, she advocates



Going Without

Stylists have taken full advantage of the times, and those girls who are most "frugal" in their attire at the beaches, are regarded as the smartest! That's why this has been a great season for "going without" most anything and everything that smacks of being unnecessary. But the beach gets the greatest benefit from the "new cut."

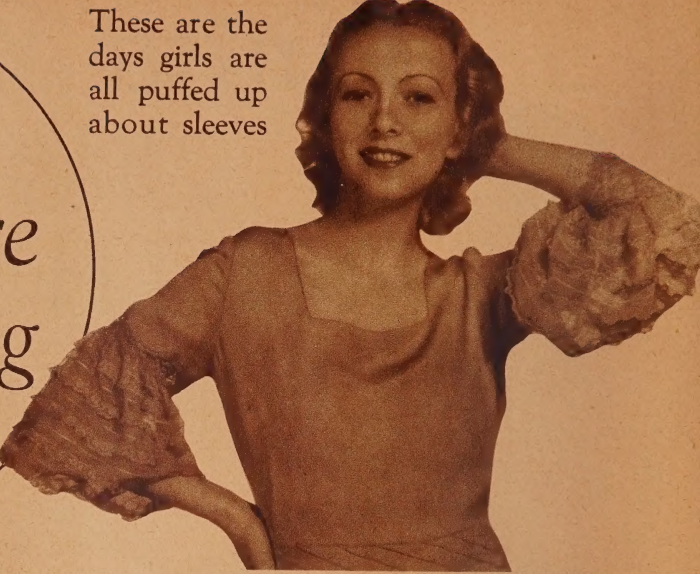
Economy has introduced clothes minus certain details. The latest in pajamas is shown by Anita. It is without a back. A plaid silk 'kerchief forms the top, which is held up by a necklace

Anita Page shows another note of frugality in this bathing outfit. A hair-wave cap without straps, wooden sandals without toes, a suit without skirt and just a brassiere sufficing for the top

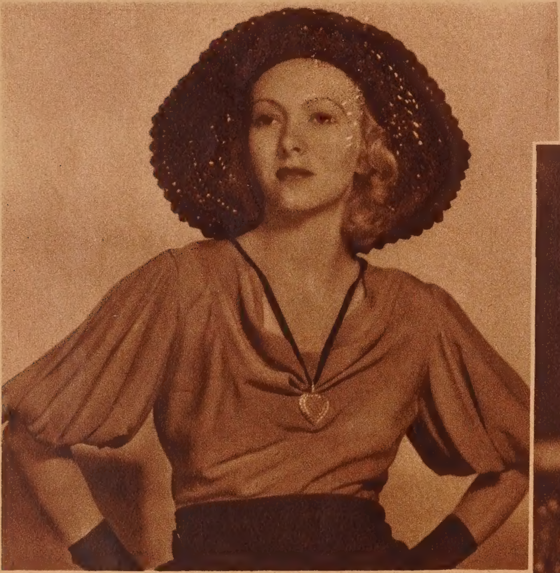
Photos by Sinclair Bull

Tricky Sleeves are Something NEW

These are the days girls are all puffed up about sleeves

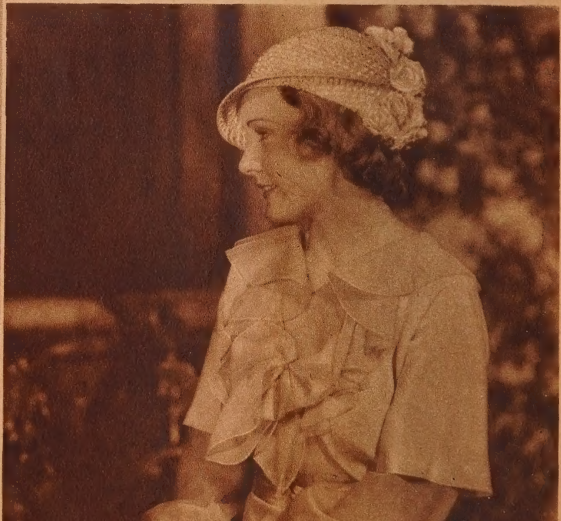


The curve of the figure is no more important than is the curve of the wrist this season, for the emphasis to the sleeves calls attention to the arms. Karen Morley wears chiffon puffs of Valenciennes lace with her blue silk frock



Karen Morley shows one of the season's new sleeve patterns on a dressy-type blouse. The sleeves puff from shoulder to elbow in harmony with the draped neckline pattern. The blouse is an orange shade, combined with black skirt, hat and wrist-length gloves. A locket completes the ensemble

Being out at the elbows is not necessarily a sign of depression these days. It is merely a form of expression to describe the new sleeve lines. Puffs are the thing and it is only natural that our movie queens should be largely responsible for the vogue, for haven't they become accustomed to puffs about themselves these many days?

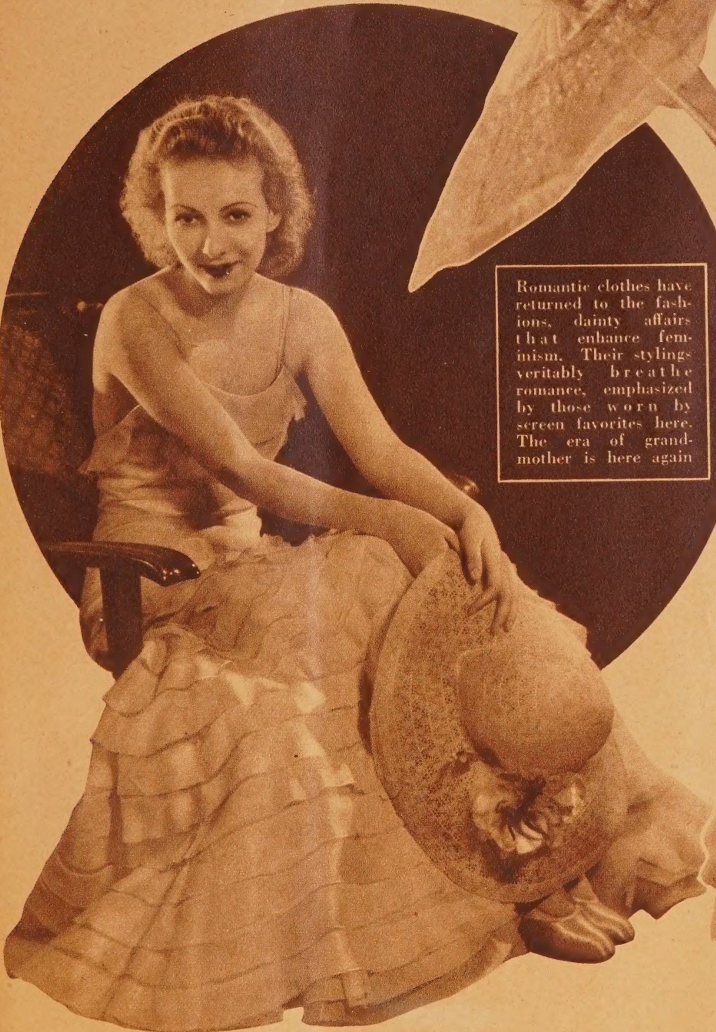


In portraying a college girl in *Huddle*, Madge Evans, leading lady for Ramón Novarro, wears a lovely afternoon suit of powder blue silk, combined with chiffon blouse and flower-trimmed straw hat. The suit features the short-sleeved bolero jacket. The blouse shows a ruffled collar and puffed-sleeve line

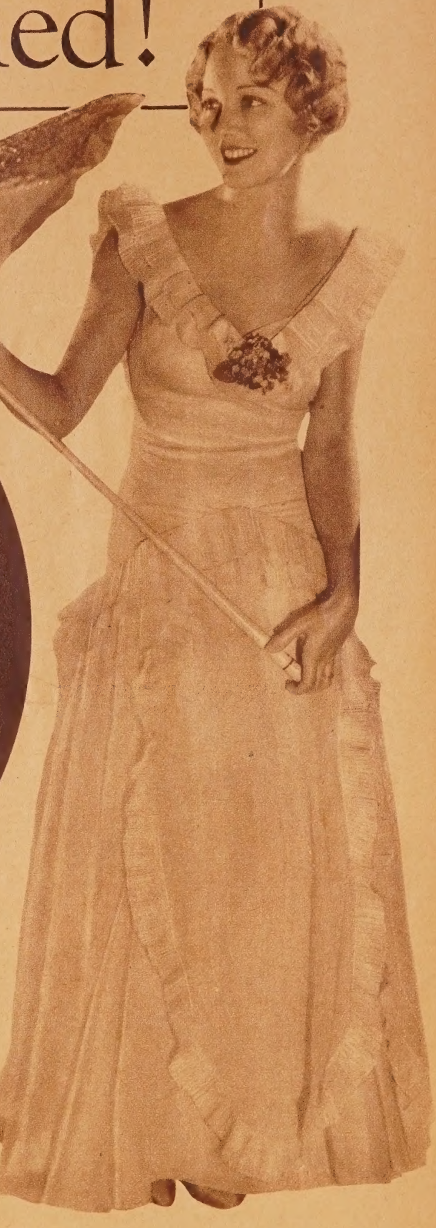
It's MODERN to be Old-Fashioned!

In order to be up to date one simply must be quaint

Romantic clothes have returned to the fashions, dainty affairs that enhance feminism. Their stylings veritably breathe romance, emphasized by those worn by screen favorites here. The era of grandmother is here again



This charming afternoon dress of pastel yellow chiffon is worn by Karen Morley. It shows tiers of circular bands on the flaring skirt. A yellow lace hat, with delicate pink roses, tops it all, while the dress is set off by pale pink slippers



This midday frock of pale pink chiffon worn by Leila Hyams, shows the ruffles around the neckline, peplum and panels. A bouquet of flowers adds dressy trimming, while a parasol of like pattern lends a harmonizing touch

TOM Gambles

Bullets, knife thrusts and other dangers ~all in a day's work to Tom Mix

By Relman Morin

Corporal Tom Mix, as he appeared on his return from the Spanish-American war. The young lady is Tom's sister

Tom Mix as he is today astride his gallant horse, Tony. The two were photographed while filming *The Texas Bad Man* recently

Born in Texas of an Irish father and a Cherokee Indian mother, Tom Mix is inherently of the plains, a youngster who virtually learned to walk and ride at the same time. His penchant for excitement found relief in half a dozen wars, in which he was wounded three times, to say nothing of being sentenced to death once or twice. "Death is no accident!" says Tom, who survived shrapnel, a shell-splintered army raft, a bullet through his mouth and another through his back, not to forget appendicitis. These glamorous incidents in the life of the screen's great exponent of Western dramas, were recounted in the August issue of Screen Book. *Now go on with the concluding instalment.—Editor.*

NOT yet in his thirties, Tom Mix was appointed sheriff of Montgomery County in Southeastern Kansas, as well as a peace officer in Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona.

It was a rough and dangerous life. The Southwest was teeming witht bandits, whisky-maddened Indians, and many other quick-tempered individuals who looked with unconscious dislike upon any representative of law and order. He joined the famous Texas Rangers, still pursuing that Adventure which, to him, was no will-o'-the-wisp.

He was stationed at White Oaks, New Mexico, when his most famous exploit as a man-hunter was performed. At that time, there were two notorious bandits, Sam and Bill Shonts, the famous brothers who specialized in cattle-rustling, bank-robbery, stage coach holdups, and, when necessity demanded, murder.

They had raided a cattle range. A cowboy found the body of one of the guards. Nearby, the other guard was gasping his last. He managed to breath the words "ambush" and "Shonts" before he died.

A posse was hastily formed in White Oaks before Tom heard of the murders. He told the horsemen, in so many words, that, as a group, they were inadequate to the job.

"Posses have been tryin' for years to ketch them varmints," he said. "They're too slick. Best thing to do is send one man, who kin keep out o' sight and git 'em himself."

As town marshal, he assigned himself to the task.

For five days he trailed them, stalking them to their camp. He had two desperate men to deal with. He must meet them separately. A direct, frontal attack through the forest was out of the question. They would have gone different ways, forced him to take the defensive and ultimately have shot him.

FOR two days, Mix lay in hiding, observing the habits of the brothers. He found that each morning one went to a corral, some hundred yards from their dug-out, to feed the horses. The other remained in camp preparing breakfast.

On the morning of the third day, he was lying in wait in the corral. It was over in an instant. As Bill Shonts passed near his hiding place, he called softly, "Reach for the sky, Bill, and don't make no noise."

The bandit wheeled, caught sight of his head above a boulder, and went for his gun. There was a shot.

Tom sank back behind the boulder and strained his attention toward the camp. He heard Sam Shonts call, "Hey, whatta ya blazin' at down there?"

with DEATH!

Tom Mix as he looked right after the Spanish-American war. He was then first sergeant of the 48th Battery, headquarters which were at Sandy Hook, N. J. This was just another chapter in the interesting life-story of the Universal western star

Tom Mix, colorful western star, seen in one of his famous white broadcloth suits, topped by a white hat of the ten gallon variety

The silence told Tom, better than words, what Shonts did after that.

Realizing that they had been attacked, the bandit had slipped into the woods. Somewhere in the clumps of trees and underbrush, Shonts was crawling stealthily toward the corral. Tom changed his position.

For two hours, the men stalked each other. Each knew, generally, the position of the other. With the intuitive perception of trained scouts, they jockeyed for position, hoping to catch a single, fleeting glimpse.

Tom and the bandit sighted each other at almost the same instant. Their guns spoke at the same time. Tom fell with a broken leg, and the bandit pitched over backwards, with a bullet in his stomach.

Shonts was not dead when Tom carefully raised his head to look some moments later. Tom dragged himself painfully to the bandits' camp and did what he could to relieve the pain in his broken leg.

Several days later, the posse from White Oaks, acting on his instructions to follow his trail in two weeks, found two dead men, and one not far behind. When Tom returned to White Oaks, there was a letter waiting for him. Adventure again pounding at his door!

The letter, written by one John Holt, apprised Tom of a "golden opportunity in Honduras." Briefly outlining the plan, Holt wrote that a group of revolutionists was plotting to overthrow the government and was in the United States buying arms and ammunition.

TOM went to New Orleans as soon as his leg was healed. He met Holt, and was introduced to a St. Louis newspaperman named Eugene Scott, who intended to accompany them.

They arrived in Honduras and set about distributing munitions to a horde of ragged peons, as well as instructing them in the art of handling the weapons. It was tense, exciting work. Everything went well for two weeks. Then, one dark night, Government troops descended on the camp, and dispersed the revolution with one or two shots and half a dozen prods with a bayonet.

The next day, Tom and his companions were counting cock-roaches in a Honduran dungeon.

They were sentenced to be executed for treason, on successive days. Two Honduran officers, captured with them, were led out first. On the third day, Gene Scott was taken away. On the fourth, Holt was taken. On the morning of the fifth day, Tom Mix, alone in the damp and dark, heard the corporal's guard coming down the corridor.

Then, marching in the center of the squad, Mix went down the long, tomb-like corridor, up the stairs and into the open air. They took him to a courtyard,

[*Continued on page* 65]

NEWS of the NEWCOMERS

Introducing hopeful bidders for Fame

MARION BURNS BEATS THE HOLLYWOOD JINX

Marion Burns

Few natives of Hollywood succeed in the movies, but Marion Burns is on the way. Since ten years old, when Tom Ince praised her work in a school play, Marion knew she would be an actress. Now Fox has her under contract. She is married to Bruce Macfarland, Alice Gentle's son

HAD TO GAIN WEIGHT TO WIN A CONTRACT

Helen Coburn

This little actress was actually required to *gain* weight before winning a contract with M-G-M. She weighed only 95 pounds and had to put on twenty additional. She is five feet, six inches tall. Her work with the Moscow Art Theatre won her recognition from the studio chiefs

Vagabond Adventurer Decides To Try His Luck In The Realm of Films

Bruce Cabot

Over six feet tall, this young husky found the end of an adventurous trail in a Radio contract. He has been a seaman, a tool-dresser in oil fields and roughed it on the desert surveying. He also sold bonds and rode for a cattle outfit. *Roadhouse Murder* saw his début

June Valesk Wins A Life-long Ambition When Signed To A Contract

June Valesk

Playing a bit in a Fox picture so outstandingly, she attracted the attention of that studio and was promptly signed. June is a native of Minneapolis, where she began as a dancer before clubs. Her professional début was made on the Los Angeles stage in *The Temptations of 1930*

MISS AMERICA MAKES DEBUT IN HOLLYWOOD

Irene Ware

Hailed as America's most beautiful, she won her title in 1929. Then she became an Earl Carroll showgirl and acquitted herself so well she was given Lillian Roth's place when the latter left the *Vanities*. Before the show closed, Fox studios had signed her to a contract

SOCIETY BOY TAKES A FLING AT FILMS

William Daly

Former society golf, polo and tennis celebrity, this newcomer is a personal "discovery" of Carl Laemmle Jr., who saw him with Mae West in *The Constant Sinner* on Broadway. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia. *Air Mail* marks his camera bow in Universal pictures

How Would $3,500.00 CASH Help You RIGHT NOW?.. *Why?*

Would It Eliminate Money Worries . . . Pay Pressing Bills?

I WILL PAY $250

For the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give $3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know how this big sum of money will help you right now IF I GIVE IT TO YOU! Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, how $3,500.00 cash would help you right now—*nothing more to do toward the $250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of $250.00 cash. ALL persons 16 years of age or older owe it to themselves to enter this contest.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN $250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You to Do!

$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me how $3,500.00 would help you right now, if I give it to you. The prize for the winning answer is $250.00, with an added $100.00 for promptness.

The mere fact of sending in a few words for this big $250 cash prize qualifies you for the greater opportunity to

WIN $3,500 CASH

Or a STUDEBAKER-8 SEDAN and $2,000.00 CASH

This huge prize is ***extra and separate*** from the cash prize offered for the best answer to my question in only 20 words or less. No wonder we say that here's your opportunity to win a fortune. Just imagine! $3,500.00 cash besides . . . all coming to you at once. Think! How would $3,500.00 cash help you right now? Would it help you start a business of your own, pay off a mortgage on your home, buy new furniture or clothes? Maybe it would help you get an education. Consider all these things you could do with such a huge sum. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "How would $3,500.00 Cash help you RIGHT NOW?"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer *I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra* $100.00 *in cash* should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 cash prize offered above, making a cash prize of $350.00 in all.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer won $4,700. Harriet Robertson won $1,100. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. $250.00 given for best answer to "How Would $3,500.00 Cash Help You Right NOW?" Answers must be postmarked not later than October 1, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. W-306R Cincinnati, Ohio

Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win $3,500.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away $6,000.00. Someone is going to get $3,500.00, all cash. If I gave you the $3,500.00 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win $3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me how $3,500.00 would help you right now—if I gave you the $3,500.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use Coupon or Write Letter with Your Answer

$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. W 306R, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here's how $3,500.00 cash would help me right now: (Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):

....

....

....

Name..

Address..

Town.. *State*...........................

Date I read your offer...

Feet First to Beauty

Hollywood stars tell how they beautify their feet

By Jewel Smith

Joan Blondell goes bare-footed as much as possible, she says, in order to preserve the arches and retain a good shape of foot

Walking on tiptoes without shoes is an admirable way to give the feet a few necessary calisthenics, declares Florine McKinney. Very simple, isn't it?

Gloria Shea was once much in demand as a modeler of shoes because her feet were so beautiful. She dances to keep them thus

COURAGE, please! We're about to present the naked truth on care of the feet and ankles. It's quite a ticklish subject, to be sure (and that's not a pun). At the same time, it's a very important one. Don't be shy. Be frank. The modern woman of today is, you know. After all, haven't we *always* admired beautiful feet? It just happens that we've never discussed them until now.

Amazing, isn't it, how quickly and easily we respond to modernity? Five years ago milady would not have dared to expose a tiny pink toe—and pedicures were so thoroughly infantile. But this lady of today! She has verve and candidness. She is too frank for false modesty. From the tips of her toes to the top of her lovely head, she is exquisite perfection.

The thing that has made feet and ankles so important just now is this. Paris has recently introduced a new mode in footwear—the sandal. They are, at first glance, daring—a bit radical, but oh, so very smart.

Our screen beauties nimbly adopt the new modes. They are, everyone, a connoisseur of the *chic*. The daring sandal has been received most favorably by our movie daughters, but only by those who have protected the beauty of their feet and ankles.

NATURALLY, the busy actress must practice the most simple methods for feet perfection. She does not have the time nor energy for the difficult or complicated anymore than you and I. Here are a few valuable tips which they have passed on to us.

Joan Blondell is an ardent hiker. "I believe in giving the feet plenty of exercise through walking," she says. "This keeps them healthy and develops the arches. Although I know it's not the proper thing to do, I go bare-legged whenever possible, and never wear stockings unless the weather is really cold. At the beach I go absolutely barefooted. I believe the feet should receive the same benefit of sun and air as other parts of the body.

"I wear high-heel shoes only for dress occasions. Low heels are more comfortable and much better for the arch and retaining a good shape of foot. I rub and massage my feet, as well as my hands, with an oily lotion to keep them soft and supple."

Gloria Shea, new Warner contractess has a few added tips. Her feet are so beautiful and well kept she was much in demand in New York for shoe modeling, commercial photographs.

"I HAVE always danced a great deal to keep my feet in trim," she says. "I practice, also, a series of exercises, for the arches. These consist of raising heels fifteen times in quick succession; practicing walking on toes while barefooted, and picking up small objects—such as a thimble or a lipstick.

"I often go without stockings but never put my feet into shoes without a protection.

I wear for this a tiny slipper, cut out of heavy silk or flannel. This exactly duplicates the shape of my foot, coming just up over the toes and heel to make it stay on. This little slip-over fits inside the shoe smoothly and prevents rubbing which will otherwise coarsen and callous the feet.

"Another thing: don't ever go around in tennis shoes, very loose sandals or mules, except when actually playing tennis or at the beach. Such habits tend to spread the foot and it soon loses its shapeliness. As a final aid, I bathe my feet very frequently in warm water and epsom salts."

Florine McKinney, of Paramount pictures, also is a firm believer in feet and ankle callisthenics. "I walk on tiptoes, without shoes, whenever possible," she advises. "This exercise helps to keep the arches in place and the ankles slender while it strengthens the muscles of both feet and limbs.

"The heel and toe march, if done regularly, is a good exercise for reducing the ankles and keeping the limbs shapely. It is done by walking slowly, weight on the forward foot and the balance on the toes of that foot until the other one is brought forward into exactly the same position."

That's just about all there is to it. All very simple after we know how. Now for those daringly smart evening sandals!

The Girl Hollywood Can't Understand

[*Continued from page* 44]

SHE admits that she loves admiration but is not at all surprised at her success, because she always felt that she would be successful in something. Why people continue to think her prudish and stiff, she simply cannot understand.

"If someone tells a naughty story on the set they seem surprised if I laugh," she ruefully acknowledged. "Although I do take pride in being clean, I'm not a prude by any means. My parts on the screen have so far been those of a girl with a wide experience in life. My own has been limited indeed, but I don't believe that a girl must have plumbed the depths of experience to play before the camera any more than I think that a woman must have lost a baby to play a death-bed scene convincingly.

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Miriam's Strange Love Tangle

[*Continued from page* 21]

inevitable, chaotic attraction. There followed in quick succession a love affair, two divorces, a trip to Europe.

Much later New York. Miriam went on with her career on the stage; Billy with his in a highly paid journalistic field.

Then Hollywood. Parker, arriving first, lived in a quaint replica of a German cottage at the foot of Whitley Terrace. Parker, very smart looking, quite the handsomest man in Hollywood, lunched every day at the Embassy Club. A ripple went around the town. Parker, in his impeccable tailored suits, with his air of rather tired sophistication, became more than popular. He was an epidemic. Always he talked charmingly about Miriam.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier picture, *The Smiling Lieutenant*, was released. Over night Miriam became a new idol to thousands of admiring fans, so brilliant was her work opposite Chevalier.

A few weeks later Miriam herself came to Hollywood. The news of her arrival was front-page copy. Billy Parker was elated. He rushed here and there ordering masses of flowers, even moving into a larger house.

TWO or three days later I saw Parker at the Embassy Club telephoning to Miriam, inviting her down for luncheon.

"It seems," said Parker, "an insurmountable task for Miriam to get dressed and come down here to lunch with me. I shall never ask her again!" This was said laughingly.

A few weeks later came the final open break. Then Miriam's name was linked to that of a young director and Austin Parker appeared frequently with the blonde Thelma Todd.

Christmas came and passed. Thelma received a huge, superbly cut acquamarine ring.

Miriam, Parker and Thelma met gracefully at polo games and social functions. Miriam invited Thelma and Billy down to her home for dinner. A curious situation.

The evening that Miriam celebrated her birthday by giving an enormous buffet dinner, Thelma and Parker went down together. Thelma had an early studio call, so it was Parker's chauffeur who took her home at midnight. Miriam also had an early call and she went to bed, while Parker became the unofficial host, assisted by Jack Gilbert.

At the end of the month, Miriam was taken ill with influenza. Billy cut every engagement to sit by her bedside. In between times he continued to write Phyllis Duganne sardonic, amusing anecdotes about Hollywood.

Miriam kept her charming house filled with such gay house-guests as the Donald Ogden Stewarts and Ward Morehouses. Jack Gilbert came often to almost every party Miriam gave, large or small.

At least eleven different attractive men called, who were all in various stages of being in love with Miriam. No French farce could have produced more droll situations.

A NEW rumor now began to circulate. Thelma Todd and Austin were to marry if Mr. and Mrs. Parker obtained a Mexican divorce. People gasped, sat up and took renewed notice of the romance.

—*Porter Cleveland*

Gertrude Astor, blonde siren, is the latest film notable to plunge into the field of commercialism. Upon a recent return from Europe, she devised some beauty aids. Now she produces cosmetics under her own name

Then, bang! All of that seemingly exploded. Parker disappeared. Thelma began going places with other attractive men.

One of the gossip sheets said Parker had fled town in order to mend his broken heart. Knowing Billy as well as I do, I discounted the broken heart. He specializes in anything but broken hearts.

Miriam disappeared about the same time Parker did. One wondered if it were true when the report came back that Miriam and Billy were seen dining together in San Francisco.

More rumors followed thick and fast: That a Mexican divorce had been obtained *by mail*, that in spite of this, a re-marriage was under way and a new honeymoon was planned. What they will do, no one knows except Miriam and Billy.

Miriam was called back to Hollywood for retakes and Billy left for Mexico City. Later Miriam left for New York. Parker's car, with the radio Thelma had given him, was loaned to friends.

Miriam had said to me very intensely around Christmas time, after the death of her cherished wire-haired pup: "I have nothing in the world of my own to love. I am going to adopt a baby. I want to have a child to love, to play with. It will be here in my house when I come home—"

Her voice broke. Miriam, fascinating, capricious and alluring, saying she had nothing to love of her own!

Then more news dispatches. Miriam Hopkins had adopted a baby in Chicago. The Cradle Society, orphanage in suburban Evanston, Illinois, never allows a baby to be adopted by just one parent. There must be a father and a mother. So perhaps, after all this time, Miriam Hopkins is again Mrs. Austin Parker.

Gable's Pal is No Quitter

[*Continued from page 24*]

Florida. It was darned tough on the dogs, but I felt free at last. I was out on my own—no family—no worries—except for a new pair of shoes.

"It was pretty tough sledding in Florida. Everyone seemed to have a job but me. But pshaw! I'd tackled it, and I had to make good. Bring home the bacon or a ham actor, anyway. But such consolations didn't feed me. Finally, in order to eat, I was forced to resort to salesmanship! That was the last straw! I sold furniture on the road for six months. That is, I attempted to sell furniture. Like the real-estate, it was pretty much a fluke attempt."

AT this stage of the game, Hopton felt even unhappier than the day he trudged home to Dad, battered and torn, but a victor at least. He drifted back to New York, still unhappy, still restless. The real-estate business was as distasteful as ever, but he sold enough to buy a one-way ticket to Hollywood.

For a while it seemed to be no sale again. He couldn't even get near a picture studio. That is, at first. Russ knew he was tackling something big, but there was one last resort. By gosh, he'd get in that studio if he had to lose his last shirt on the barbed-wire fence!

Once in, there was no leaving until he got a job. He became a prop boy for D. W. Griffith during the making of *Topsy and Eva*. For two years he worked at this job, later becoming assistant director. To Russ these were only preliminaries to the thing he was seeking. He had not yet had a chance to act. He was merely a glorified assistant to the art.

This restless ambition finally prompted him to leave the studio job. He went to Long Beach, a coast suburb of Los Angeles, and in some way, he doesn't remember just how, "muscled" into a juvenile rôle in the local stock company. Russ stayed ten weeks and later joined the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles.

The set-up was beginning to look pretty good. Rôles were improving with each play. Then *Night Hostess* came along. It was a pretty terrible show. The critics panned the day-lights out of everyone but Russ.

"That was only natural," he said in relating the incident. "The play was so awful somebody had to look good, so they picked on me."

AT ANY rate, excellent rôles followed, and finally, *The Last Mile*. This was the same play through which Clark Gable received his first screen offer. Russ and Clark became good pals during the play's run. They were opposite types—Russ, the reservedly courageous one; Gable, the dynamic plunger. However, they had one great thing in common—the determination to go after what they wanted.

"It looks like Clark has it by the ears all right," Russ grins. "He's a swell guy. Fame won't change him. It has swept him into another world, but he'll never become civilized to it. By that I mean, he always hated 'parading.'

"I remember one night after the show we got to talking about fame and things. 'Russ'—he said, 'don't these three-sheeters get your nanny?' He was referring to certain actors we knew who invariably stalked out in front of the theatre after the show with an air to the sight-seers: 'Well, here I am—don't you think I'm great?'

"Clark always hated that sort of thing and always will. No, Hollywood won't change him—nor success. He's too swell a guy."

Regarding his own private life, Russ says little. He's a great booster for the way Garbo lives and lets live. He believes screen players should remain the talking shadows which illusion has made them and not go places to be stared at by crowds.

Out at Universal they call him Mahatma Ghandi. He once made the mistake of yelling for a safety pin on a sound stage. That's the only mistake Russ ever made, I guess, that didn't in some way profit him.

I knew somehow, somewhere, I'd find him—a Hollywood actor who isn't egotistical, but who has enough self-appreciation to know what he's talking about. Meet Mr. Russell Hopton.

The Stars are Bribed to Desert Hollywood!

[*Continued from page 37*]

to more complete disappointment. Alice broke one house record after another, swept through the theatres on her schedule like a dancing flame and left the theatrical world gaping in amazement. Her tour was to have ended last December, but nearly a month before its termination she was receiving a deluge of supplicating wires from the owners of great theatre chains.

They begged her to re-sign and take her act into their theatres. Alice has finally returned to Movietown, and is pondering which of the movie contracts she will accept.

Influenced, perhaps, by Alice White's sensational return to the limelight, a number of Hollywood's erstwhile stars are now either on tour or else preparing to go. Blanche Sweet, Lita Grey Chaplin, Tom Moore, Pola Negri, Fatty Arbuckle, and more than a dozen others have been on the road for some time. It is not at all improbable that their records in vaudeville will bring them back to prominence on the screen. Harry Langdon is a shining example, having been given some nice rôles recently.

At least, they are recouping their fortunes, for vaudeville salaries today are fabulous. Every day a new group of film notables takes the trail to the gold fields. The latest rumor indicates that William Powell and Richard Barthelmess may join the rush.

Before long, if this helter-skelter stampede to the vaudeville stage continues, the canny fan will know better than to come to Hollywood to see his screen stars in person. He need only wait in the old home town long enough and they're sure to appear at the local theatre.

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Only Love Matters

[*Continued from page* 25]

but it was no go. Fate was moulding Ann for her destiny.

At last M-G-M decided to give her a real test. Felix Feist, test director, had just finished one of Karen Morley and he was enthusiastic. He ran the test for Ann.

"There's something to shoot at," he told her, "that Morley girl has it!"

Ann liked Karen's test, too, and when they met on the lot, she told her so and their friendship began. Karen went ahead to bigger and better things but Ann remained unnoticed. Karen was given a rôle in *Scarface.* A young Italian girl was needed for the part of "Cesca," sister of *Scarface.* Karen immediately thought of her friend, Ann Dvorak. A meeting was arranged for Ann and Director Howard Hawks, and she got the part.

Howard Hughes put her under contract and even before the release of *Scarface,* Hollywood knew that it had discovered another promising actress. Ann Dvorak, in spite of the fact that she didn't want to be an actress, is on her way to stardom.

First National wanted her and she was cast in *The Crowd Roars* with James Cagney. Critics who saw *Scarface* raved about her. Her future seemed assured and then, without a moment's warning, she eloped to Yuma and married Leslie Fenton.

"SHE'S thrown away her chance," said Hollywood, "just when the future looked brightest. That's the end of Ann Dvorak!"

I asked her about it. She looked at me with wide-eyed wonder.

"I never even considered my picture career when I married Les," she said simply, "because it didn't matter. We loved each other. What if it did ruin my chances on the screen? I have Les!

"The one thing which people can't understand about Les and me," she continued, "is that we refuse to let pictures dominate us and become the one great interest in our lives. Les proved a couple of years ago that they didn't mean much to him by refusing contracts and going on a trip around the world. I feel the same way about it. If we both left pictures tomorrow, what would we lose? Nothing, except a little money, so long as we have not allowed ourselves to think of pictures as the all-important thing in life."

There can be no question but what Ann and Leslie Fenton are deeply in love.

"I feel as though I had just begun to live." Ann was starry-eyed as she talked of her marriage. "I was unsettled, unhappy before but now I feel that nothing can happen that will matter. Don't you think I look different and *am* different?" she pleaded eagerly.

Neil Hamilton, who had just finished his lunch at a nearby table, rose and came over.

"Ann, I can't tell you how happy I am over your success," he told her, "you've got it coming to you and I hope you get to be one of the big ones!"

"LESS than seven months ago I worked extra with Neil," said Ann, "and I don't know whether I want to be one of the *big ones* if I can. Look at

Joan Crawford. Poor Joan! Pictures are her life. She puts them above everything else. She doesn't know that there is a beautiful world outside the studios and everything in her entire world revolves around her next picture. I wouldn't change places with her for anything on earth!"

"And you're not afraid then, that yours will go the way of other Hollywood marriages?

"I wouldn't let it," she flashed, "and neither would Les. If we ever saw that we were drifting that way, we'd both leave pictures in a minute. That's what we can't make people see. They can't understand that our love and our married happiness is *first*. If we can be happy and work in pictures, we will. If pictures interfere with that happiness, just one tiny bit, goodbye pictures. That's something that these picture-mad people don't understand."

"And about the maharaja who wanted you to come to India?" I asked, "is that a true story or just one of those things?"

"No, it's true," she smiled, "but I'm afraid it's been distorted just a little. He is supposed to be one of the richest men in the world. I was dancing in a chorus when he visited Hollywood a year or so ago and he came on the set. He watched us dance, about fifty of us. At last he came over to me.

"Why he singled me out, I don't know but he did. He asked my name and chatted a few minutes and then went away. I was astonished a few weeks later to receive a letter from him, inviting Mother and me to be his guests at his palace in India. He assured me of his honorable intentions and hoped that we might accept. Of course, it would have been a wonderful trip but . . . ."

Ann Dvorak, in spite of her nineteen years, is old in experience. Leslie Fenton, her husband, is a man of the world. They knew each other a scant two months before their marriage but they have entered into it with their eyes open, conscious of the menace of their profession and determined that it shall not do to them what it has done to so many other Hollywood couples. Ann is a lovely girl. Many believe that she will be one of the next big stars and a glimpse of her past work would indicate that they are right. However, if a picture career threatens her happiness, depend upon it, she has the courage to chuck it!

Claudette Defies Domestic Meddlers

[*Continued from page* 33]

that she had to live under the same roof with her husband as a means of muzzling the gossip vendors. But this little French girl has her own ideas about marriage and she refuses to tailor them to fit Hollywood's conception of how a happily wedded couple should behave. She moved into a house of her own in the lovely Outpost Estates. Norman kept the bachelor quarters which he occupied before her arrival in Hollywood.

DOES this mean, as the whispering chorus insists, that they are about to become Reno-vated?

Not at all. It means that Claudette Colbert dares to defy Hollywood's domestic meddlers and live her private life as she chooses.

"I have become so accustomed to having people try to separate Norman and me just because we don't live together," she says, "that it has ceased to bother me. If Hollywood wants to gossip about the way we live and make dire prophesies as to the outcome, it will just have to do it; that's all.

"We're not trying any 'noble experiment' and we're certainly not advocating that other married couples follow our example. It just happens that we each like having a place of our own and I'm sure that by so doing we have sidestepped many of the petty little annoyances and misunderstandings that so often disrupt marriage.

"Norman and I see each other practically every day. We usually have dinner together. He comes to my place or I go to his, or we go out somewhere. There's nothing cut and dried about it. If either of us happens to be tired or in a bad mood, we simply don't see each other. In that way, we never get on each other's nerves.

"A woman is a sentimental sap to believe that a man's love, any man's love, will last forever. Nothing lasts! That is life. A woman of forty is very definitely a woman of forty. But a man of forty is, in his own eyes at least, not more than thirty.

"That is the age when he usually begins looking around for new fields to conquer. He can't help it. He is by nature polygamous. But it's unfortunate for the woman who finds that she is keeping the hearthfires burning all by herself. A woman, if she is wise, looks ahead and fortifies herself against such a day by having an absorbing interest of her own."

IN THAT statement, I believe, is the real answer to why Claudette Colbert dares to defy domestic meddlers and live separate and apart from the husband whom she loves. She is clever and far-sighted enough to realize that too much propinquity is likely to become boring; and that any relationship which is partaken of in homeopathic doses is much more likely to remain potent indefinitely.

Perhaps the best way to describe Claudette is to quote a conversation which I chanced to overhear while I was waiting for her on *The Man From Yesterday* set. Two extra girls were talking.

"She's my idea of a *regular* person," one of them was saying.

"Mine, too," agreed the other. "She's one star I take my hat off to. She's a swell actress, but she never puts on any airs to try to impress you."

"Well the thing I like about her is, she's *human*—know what I mean?"

Coming from a pair of extra girls who are well versed in separating the real from the synthetic, that is indeed a tribute.

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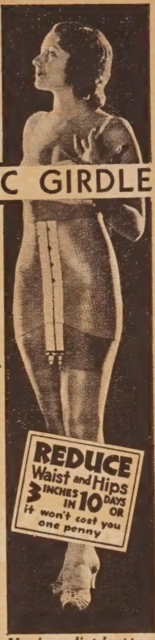
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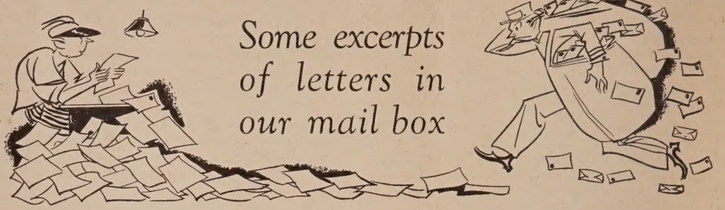

Some excerpts of letters in our mail box

I certainly don't agree that we need a cover of Noel Frances and new people instead of Gable, the Bennetts and Dietrich.—Jerry Sumner, Wenatchee, Wash.

I just finished reading wherein you mentioned Marie Dressler won the Academy award for the best performance of the year. I think Miss Dressler deserved this medal. However, I take issue with you that Irene Dunne was runner-up. Norma Shearer should have been second and you do not give her credit for it.—Bertha A. Howe, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

I do not think that Connie Bennett is beautiful, or Buster Keaton funny, or Clark Gable good-looking.—Jerry Moetoy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why do you write so much applesauce about Clark Gable? American people must be easy to please.—Mary B. Stewart, Glasgow, Scotland.

It is good to see Dick Arlen emerge in rôles such as in *Touchdown* and *Sky Bride* and we hope it is just the forerunner of many more human-interest characters for Dick.—Elizabeth Grant Winter, Auburn, N. Y.

I am a sincere admirer of Gary Cooper, not only for his screen work, but for his own personality.—Sally Carr, Montreal, Canada.

I'm terribly fond of Una Merkel, as is anyone who has met her. She is so genuine.—Ruth Cocklin, 747 N. Wilton Place, Hollywood, Calif.

Clara Bow is my favorite actress now and always will be.—Flora R. Hurst, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Where has Sidney Fox been all my life?—Norman Couch, Junction City, Ark.

Comparison? There is no comparison between Garbo and Dietrich. Each is a famous star in her own right.—Mae Litsheim, 5849 North Campbell Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

My most favorite male star is John Mack Brown, but I never see very much about him.—Emma West, 2918 North Cicero Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

My one objection to SCREEN BOOK is that Norma Shearer is very rarely in it.—Elaine Cramoy, 225 W. Ninety-eighth Street, New York City.

Her eager sincerity and gentleness, revealing the thoroughbred that she is, assuredly inspires admiration and devotion in Joan Benett's admirers.—Lucie Lake, Somerville, Mass.

Ramón Novarro can run the whole gamut of human emotions; he can depict the greatest sorrow and misery, and then again he can be the sunniest, wittiest, most whimsical character imaginable.—Richard Noble, 229 Wilbrod Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Never have I known a woman to walk and move so divinely as Greta Garbo. Such perfection in every gesture!—Nelle Langden, 4603 S. Seventh Court, Biringham, Ala.

ARE YOU AMONG THE LUCKY SIX?

This month, six contributors to this department receive personally autographed photographs of their favorite stars. Are you one of them?

The same opportunity will be presented next month. Perhaps you'll be among the lucky six! You see, each month, the editor will draw six letters at random from his mail pouch, in which the writers expressed their views and opinions on motion pictures and the people who make them. Those drawn in this manner will receive a personally autographed picture of a screen favorite.

Here are the six winners of this interesting lottery this month, together with the photographs they will receive:

Elaine Cramoy, New York City, (Norma Shearer); Ruth Cocklin, Hollywood, (Una Merkel); Emma West, Chicago, (John Mack Brown); Phyllis-Marie Arthur, Lowville, N. Y., (Constance Bennett); Allan Barry, Boston, (Janet Gaynor); Helen Dale, Ottawa, Canada, (Ramón Novarro).

What a Man!

[*Continued from page* 45]

is havin' a little party in his room and somebody tells him about the checks not showin' up and what do you think he does? Comes down, leavin' his party and gets out his check book. Writes out maybe two, three hundred dollars worth of personal checks, lettin' the boys take ten, fifteen bucks each till their checks get there. Is that bein' regular or ain't it? Say, listen! That guy could have this crew's shirts anytime!"

Bellamy knows what it is to be hungry. He knows the pang of foodless, jobless weeks, long miles of tramping unfriendly streets in search of the job that never came. At fifteen he ran away from home to join a Shakespearean repertoire company. With Winninger's road company, he acted as leading man and stage carpenter over the kerosene circuits of the Middle West. Years of obscurity and the hardships of the road; then back to New York and near starvation.

Hunger. Disappointment. Struggle. Then at last, a part on Broadway. Step by step to leading rôles and then a hit in *Roadside.* On the strength of that performance, Joseph Schenck signed him for a picture contract. Hollywood and more disillusionment. Jack Warner looked at his tests and shook his head.

"You've picked a lemon this time, Joe," he told Schenck. "That boy will never go in pictures!"

MONTHS without a part and his contract with United Artists was broken. M-G-M gave him a part with Wally Beery in *The Secret Six* but he created no more than a ripple. Next came *The Magnificent Lie* with Ruth Chatterton and *West of Broadway* with John Gilbert. In spite of excellent work, Bellamy failed to click.

Then Fox called him for one of the leading rôles in *Surrender.* His strong and vivid presentation of the war-torn officer in charge of the prison camp did the trick. Half way through the picture, Fox put him under contract. Today he is making *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* with Marian Nixon and as "Dr. Ladd," he plays his first sympathetic rôle before the camera. He believes that it will be the turning point of his screen career.

He is married to Catherine Williard, a cool, calm, aloof blonde who, although she has done several plays on Broadway, has never appeared in pictures. He likes to wear bright yellow, turtle neck sweaters, plays tennis and is a contract bridge hound. Fredric March and Florence Eldridge are his closest friends in Hollywood.

Women are divided in their opinion of Ralph Bellamy's appeal. Some are attracted by his evident strength; some repelled. He has none of the menacing appeal of Gable nor the whimsical strength of George Brent. His is, in fact, a more rugged manliness than either, a more commanding presence, a more ruthless demand.

"BURN 'em!" yelled the *gaffer,* and the great lights flooded the snow scene with a dazzling brilliance. The wind machines whirred into action and the corn flakes, tossed by handfuls into the spinning propellers, smothered the set with the effect of a blinding snow storm. Marian Nixon, charming in her Santa Claus costume of red and white, took her place behind the overturned sleigh.

"Bellamy, Ralph Bellamy!" the voice of Al Santell rose above the storm effects, "up there by the sleigh, Ralph, and then we hit the showers!"

"Wish we'd had more time to talk," mumbled Ralph, "but you know how it is. Don't make me out a Great Lover or wonder if I'm another Gable, but tell 'em I'm just a fellow who is struggling along through a snow-storm trying to give 'em their money's worth. And you can tell the world I'll never eat another dish of corn flakes either, after this!"

So I left Ralph Bellamy to struggle through the snow while I went outside into the sunshine to cool off.

Remember the Good Old Daze?

[*Continued from page* 10]

it Marguerite Clarke—or a couple of other girls?—saved the situation!

Can we ever forget Wally Beery, that rollicking character actor who is good at being bad? Twenty-two years ago he gained his first toe-hold in the films as a female-impersonator. Comedies saw him as a Swedish servant girl. Today—Wally is considered one of our most consummate actors.

Mention of Wally immediately conjures the name of Marie Dressler, whose "Min" to his "Bill" gained her the coveted Academy award for the year's best performance. In those early days, she followed the lines of least resistance and played any rôle that came her way.

Gloria Swanson is still the glorious sparkler of old, although she long ago discarded the bathing suit of Sennett days for the most fashionable garb of the moment. Bebe Daniels, since thirteen years of age, when she appeared as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, has figured in nearly two hundred pictures, while Laura LaPlante drew a paycheck from Universal for some eight years.

One cannot refer to motion picture history without including four of the most glamorous names that ever preceded a picture title: Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Norma Talmadge. Doug has completed two travelogue films while Mary is preparing for another opus. She will always be remembered as "America's Sweetheart."

There are scores of other names, such as those of William Hart, Theda Bara, Pearl White, Fatty Arbuckle, Clara Kimball Young and Ruth Roland that will not be forgotten, no matter how long their absence. They belong in the gallery of immortals.

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Too Smart For Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 38]

lights. They copied their mothers' and fathers' lines in their current plays. Sometimes young Tom was called upon for a child bit. When he was eight years old, they cast him in *Neighbors* with Helen Mack and gave him forty-five sides to learn.

By the time he was twelve years old, Tom Brown knew more about acting and stage technique than many adult Thespians. He had played with Jimmy Gleason in his record smashing *Is Zat So?* and with Billie Burke in *Pardon My Glove*, among other New York stage productions. He had worked before the silent camera with Lionel Barrymore in *The Wrongdoers* and two other screenplays. He had looked around and had gained a few impressions that were to last. He had acquired a clear head.

TALKING pictures came, and with them the demand for juvenile actors who could talk without mush in their mouth. Tom qualified in an early talkie milestone, *The Lady Lies* with Walter Huston. *Queen High* followed. He had a hard time keeping up with school and his increasing screen activities, but he wanted to go to college. He picked his school.

It was Brown University.

He was all set to go. He took entrance examinations and passed them. Yet Tom Brown never matriculated at Brown.

Producers wanted him for *Many A Slip*. The National Broadcasting Company besieged him with offers to play "Buster Brown" in the *Real Folks* program. Long Island studios offered a part in a picture.

What could he do? What could anyone do but accept the breaks! School had to wait, and for the next two years Tom Brown rushed between studio, stage and radio broadcasting station, "getting more of an education for my profession than Brown University could have given me in all four years," as Tom puts it.

Like every normal boy of his age, Tom Brown likes the girls. His name has been linked with those of several young actresses.

"LIKE 'em?" asks Tom. "Sure, I like 'em, and I like to go out with every one of them, but—gee! I haven't got a car, you know, and then I only have about ten bucks a week to spend on things like that. I'm pretty busy all day long and I like to study my lines over at night. Get married? Don't be silly!"

He loves to box, ride, swim and mingle with boys his own age. He had the most fun of his career making the military school picture, because practically the entire cast was made up of boys of his own age. Besides, the military drill thrilled Tom Brown as much as it thrills those who see it.

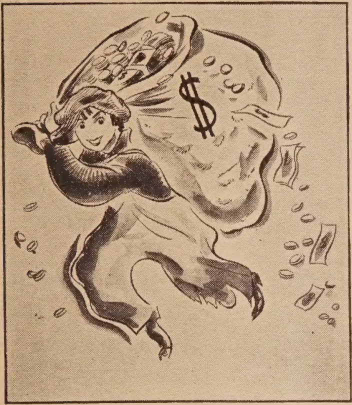
His nineteen years of acting haven't made Tom Brown blasé or sophisticated. He is exactly like the average clean-cut, clean-living American youth just leaving his 'teens.

That's why the paradox of a mature outlook on his career is even more striking.

That's why his sound wisdom makes a lasting impression when you hear Tom Brown say: "I'm not ready for stardom—yet. I want to ripen."

Nevertheless It's True

Strange and little known facts about the stars



Before he reached the age of eight, Jackie Coogan had earned $1,000,000

Despite a doctor's warning, Maurice Chevalier boxes daily. Undue exertion, says the medico, may cause a piece of shrapnel, lodged in his chest since the World War, to pierce his heart.

Anita Page is directly descended from Spain's former ruling line.

While at the height of her career, Pola Negri was insured for $1,000,000 against matrimony by Paramount.

Bela Lugosi walks daily to his home high in the Hollywood mountains. He does not own an automobile.

Tallulah Bankhead won her screen chance by winning a beauty contest.

Basil Rathbone is a native of South Africa.

Walter Huston was one of Canada's most famous amateur hockey players. He was born in Toronto.

Adrienne Ames wears a wrist watch of wood, said to be very expensive.

Harpo Marx practices on a small harp which produces no tone. He does it to keep his fingers nimble.

Janet Gaynor will not see this. She never reads articles about herself in magazines.

Jimmy Durante has never attended school, although he is recognized as one of the greatest wits of the day.

Statistics show that within the last six months one girl out of 6,000 extras has averaged five days a week of work.

The town of Cadiz, Ohio, boasts that Clark Gable was born there, making this fact known on all souvenir postcards.

Johnny Weissmuller, world champion swimmer and hero of *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, has swum daily for twelve years, except when ill or on a train.

To imitate blood in scenes of battle and carnage, the studios use chocolate syrup, such as used at soda fountains.

Joan Crawford attributes her sylph-like figure to bicycle riding.

Although Jackie Cooper is only nine years of age, his mother has written a book entitled, *The Life of Jackie Cooper.*

Walter Byron was awarded three medals during the World War for distinguished service.

Marian Nixon started her picture career by riding horseback in Tom Mix westerns, yet she has never learned to ride and is deathly afraid of horses.

Clara Bow has a weekly income of $500 for the rest of her life, regardless if she works or not. This is from a trust fund saved from salary.

Harpo Marx has yet to speak his first word in talking pictures. He relies entirely on pantomime.

Bette Davis once gained a livelihood by working in a restaurant for five dollars a week.

Marie Dressler still has a pair of stockings which she wore in her first screen success of fifteen years ago, *Tillie's Punctured Romance.*

Although Gertrude Messinger has a high school diploma of graduation, she never attended a class in a school house. Since the age of four she received her education at the studios where she was employed.

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TOM BROWN FLABBERGASTED!

A grapho-analysis report of Tom Brown's writing, made by Dr. Bunker, certainly must have startled him, considering the reply he made after receiving his report. If *you* think your writing can't tell anything about yourself, read what this young Universal star wrote Dr. Bunker:

"If I did not know you were miles away from Hollywood, I would have thought you dropped in at our house one day and chatted with my mother! That's how near home your handwriting analysis 'hit me.'"

Tom Brown

A few of the traits found in Tom Brown's writing by Dr. Bunker are: He goes into everything with such unlimited force of enthusiasm that he is bound to succeed; he shows a pronounced strain of optimism and is not likely to let you know even when things go wrong. Mr. Brown shows a great deal of musical talent. Even if he does not choose to use this as a vocation, he will find it a very interesting hobby. He is secretive, and you are not likely to learn much of his personal affairs from him. He is not boastful; instead he goes about doing things in a very unassuming manner.

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DO YOU KNOW THAT—

When three years of age Mitzi Green earned twenty-five cents a performance for sitting on a fence in a Gus Edwards' production?

Thru the Keyhole

[*Continued from page* 46]

four kings. At the party Jean Hersholt gave him before he left, he told us casually how, during an Arctic expedition, he had been enforced to chop off his own leg after it became frozen. He is the author of *Eskimo*.

Monkey Shines

THERE'S a very happy little chimpanzee out Beverly Hills way. Gary Cooper has moved from the Roosevelt hotel and taken a house on Chevy Chase Drive. So Toluca has plenty of tree tops to swing in. The trouble is, he's gone Hollywood; he won't come down to earth. The only thing that brings him to the ground in a rush is when the Italian butler pretends to fight Gary. Then, with much chattering, he flies to his master's rescue. Gary thanks him, catches him by the leg, and so ends another bit of monkey business. Incidentally, there's a secret about that monk that couldn't be kept. The name really is Tallulah. Know any star by that name?

Note to my fellow keyhole peepers: The Cooper-Comtessa Dentice di Frasso situation is dynamite . . . in case you haven't heard. Gary, with a cold gleam in his eye that betokens ill for those who refuse to believe him, says the former Dorothy Taylor and her husband, Count di Frasso, are his very good friends.

Now You Tell One!

RAMON NOVARRO is at it again. Every once in a while he stops being the polished wit at brilliant gatherings and goes off by himself to get perspective. Perhaps that's why Hollywood never has been able to corrode his romantic visions. As soon as he finished *Huddle* he went to San Francisco. On the spur of the moment he hired himself out as a day laborer on a large ranch. He gets up at five in the morning to pitch hay, singing while he does it, and that spiritual something in Ramón is released so that he finds contentment.

Not Divorced

[*Continued from page* 13]

divorce is a mere sojourner, and in which the other party is not domiciled, has no jurisdiction to grant a decree. . . . A state of domicile of the married pair at the time of their separation is the matrimonial domicile."

This same law applies to every state in the union. Specific rulings upon the question have been made by New Jersey, New York, Maine, South Dakota, Iowa and Delaware. Only in Nevada, he insists, is a Reno divorce recognized wherein the one getting the divorce went there only for the purpose of terminating marriage.

Although wedded ones are daily having the knot untied in Reno, nobody is much worried, and as long as those who do the divorcing are satisfied. But should one or the other decide that marriage was a good thing, they could just decide that the Reno trip was a good joke and move back together again. Should Ann and Harry do that, nobody would be much surprised. They still are quite interested in each other.

Tom Gambles With Death

[*Continued from page* 51]

closed the gates, and left him with his back against a stone wall.

A few curious soldiers had gathered to see the execution. There were long, dark stains and splotches on the wall. Blood. His own, he thought, would spill here on the stones and earth in the next few moments, when eight Honduran soldiers wrote finis to his career as a Central American revolutionary. The corporal approached again.

"Señor," said the officer. "Once and for all, who were the men who hired you?"

"Colonel," said Tom. "Once and for all, on my honor as a gentleman and a scholar, I don't know."

The corporal twisted the ends of his shiny mustache and murmured something under his breath which sounded suspiciously like the Spanish for "pig." Then, he said, "Very well, you are free."

FREE! Tom's knees nearly buckled under him. The corporal told him that the American consul had interceded for the men as soon as he heard of their arrest. John Holt and Scott had been turned over to him as soon as it was definitely ascertained that they could furnish no further information to the Honduran government about the real leaders of the attempted revolution. In each case, the soldiers, with a nice sense of drama, had tried to force them to talk, and, failing, had given them into the hands of the consul.

The experience should have cured Tom Mix of the revolutionary spirit, but it didn't. His next venture came a few months later, across the Rio Grande, when General Madero strove manfully and with no small success to oust Diaz from the presidency of Mexico.

Tom was a river patrol for the Texas Rangers when the revolution flamed. He joined Madero's forces on the same day that a famous man rode into camp with a dozen villainous followers from the Durango Hills.

Pancho Villa!

"He was a good guy," Tom says. "I guess he had his tough moments. But he and I always got along all right. How he could fight!"

General Madero, with great good sense, but little caution, boldly attacked the city of Juarez. Presently Tom found himself in the midst of a beautiful bit of house-to-house fighting. He had fought on the plains, on the hills of Cuba, in the jungles of the Philippines, on the veldt of South Africa, and the rice-paddies of North China. Yet these experiences were as nothing compared to dislodging snipers from houses and stores and hotels in the streets of Juarez.

His horse was shot from under him, throwing him into an ox-cart. At somewhat the same moment, the rebels captured a machine-gun in a sortie against one of the street-barricades. It occurred to Tom that, this gun, mounted on the ox-cart, and drawn through the streets, might be a very handy weapon.

Thus, the first tank was born.

AFTER the capture of the city, Tom resigned from his office as colonel under Madero. Foreseeing much riding and little fighting, he did not follow the general deeper into Mexico. In this decision, he again exhibited a native common sense, for Madero and all his followers presently met an exceedingly gruesome fate.

After he left Mexico, Tom went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to win a national riding-and-roping championship at a rodeo. He was preparing to return to New Mexico and have a try at ranching when one of his friends, the proprietor of Cheyenne's only hotel, showed him a telegram from Chicago.

"Some boys back there," said the hotel-keeper, "are going to make pitchers of the West. They asked me to recommend a fellow who is good at sports and pastimes."

"What," asked Tom, "are sports and pastimes?"

"I dunno. Ridin' and bull-doggin' steers, I guess."

"That ain't sport; that's work."

"Well, anyway, if you want to see Chitown, here's your chance. I'll tell 'em you're comin'."

Tom liked Chicago so little when he arrived there that he would have taken the first train out, except for the fact that his future employers met him at the station. They were Tom Nash, the first

HEART NEWS

Separating

Gertrude Short and Percy S. Pembroke
Ivy Livingston, sister of Margaret, and James Battersby
Lillian Roth and William B. Scott
Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor

Engagements

Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers
Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert
Bette Davis and Irwin Gelsey
Irene Purcell and Angelo Conti
Howard Hughes, producer, and Marian Lansing

They're Married Now

William Farnum and Mrs. Isabelle Lunds Major
Joseph Schildkraut and Mary Mackey in Vienna
Clara Kimball Young and Dr. Arthur Fauman (wedding took place in 1928 but just revealed)
Victor Fleming and Joan Blair
Jean Harlow and Paul Bern
Fatty Arbuckle and Addie McPhail

Divorced

Winnie Lightner and George Holtry
Antonio Moreno and Daisy Canfield Danziger
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general manager of the old Selig Company, and Tom Persons, a business agent.

They showed Tom his first motion picture, and told him what they needed.

A thrilling epic, to be called, *From Calf To Table,* was to be filmed, showing the various steps in the career of a calf, from the time of its birth on the ranges to the moment when it achieved its destiny as a T-bone steak.

Tom was to supply the herd-riding details. They asked him if he knew where they could rent a ranch. He suggested his own in New Mexico. Then they began to talk salary. Fateful moment! In succeeding years, Tom was to go through many such conferences. But none was ever so disconcerting as this first one, in 1909.

PERSONS offered him $100 a week as combined salary and rental for the ranch. In addition, he said the company would pay Tom $1.50 a day for each horse used in the picture, and $1 a day for each head of cattle.

"Waal," he drawled, "I dunno boys. It sounds fa'r and squar' in some ways, and in other ways, it don't. Gimme a chance t' think over this here proposition."

He left Nash and Persons at the hotel and went downtown to the only saloon he knew in Chicago. He confided in an Italian bartender, named Tony. Tony pounded on the polished mahogany top with his small hands and raised his voice to high heaven.

"But Tommee," he squealed. "Thosa guys no kid. They gotta plenty da mon'. Go back, run like everting before you losa da job!"

Tom met Persons and Nash again the next day. They were apologetic and a little shame-faced.

"Mr. Mix," they said. "We realize that we tried to do you dirt, and we're sorry. Now, what do you say to the same rate on the cattle and horses, but raising the ante to $250 a week for yourself and the ranch?"

When Tom awoke, he was a motion picture actor!

The company repaired to his ranch and *From Calf To Table* was begun. It was so much fun for Mix and his cow-punchers that he almost would have paid the company to work there. The two-reeler finally was finished, and a new deal, to make a series of pictures, was signed between Tom and the Seligs. This was in 1910.

Tom lives today in a magnificent home near Mary Pickford's in Beverly Hills. He has been married three times. One of his daughters is now Mrs. Douglas Girard. Tomasina, the child of his second marriage, is ten years old.

He spends much of his time hunting and riding. Tony is always somewhere near. Second in his affections is a wise little mule named "Jasper." A big red bull, "Bill Bailey," is another favorite. Half a dozen dogs roam at will around his home.

Following his return from a circus, Tom was signed by Universal for a series of pictures three of which have been completed under the titles *Destry Rides Again, Rider of Death Valley* and *The Texas Bad Man.* He will make six for that studio.

Tom Mix's feet rest in the dust of the Old West; his head and shoulders are a part of the New.

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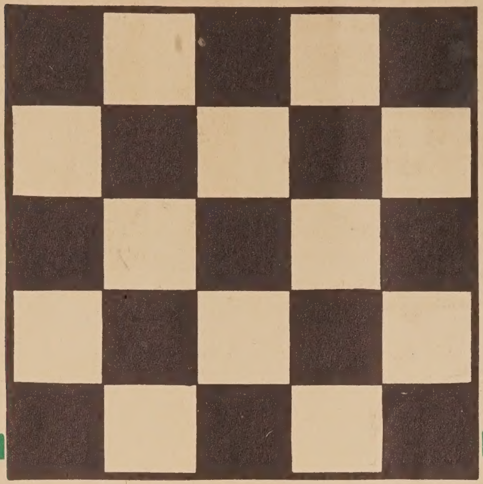
Something NEW...



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in any one of the white spaces of this Prize Checker Board without touching the borders, black spaces or each other? Do this now and

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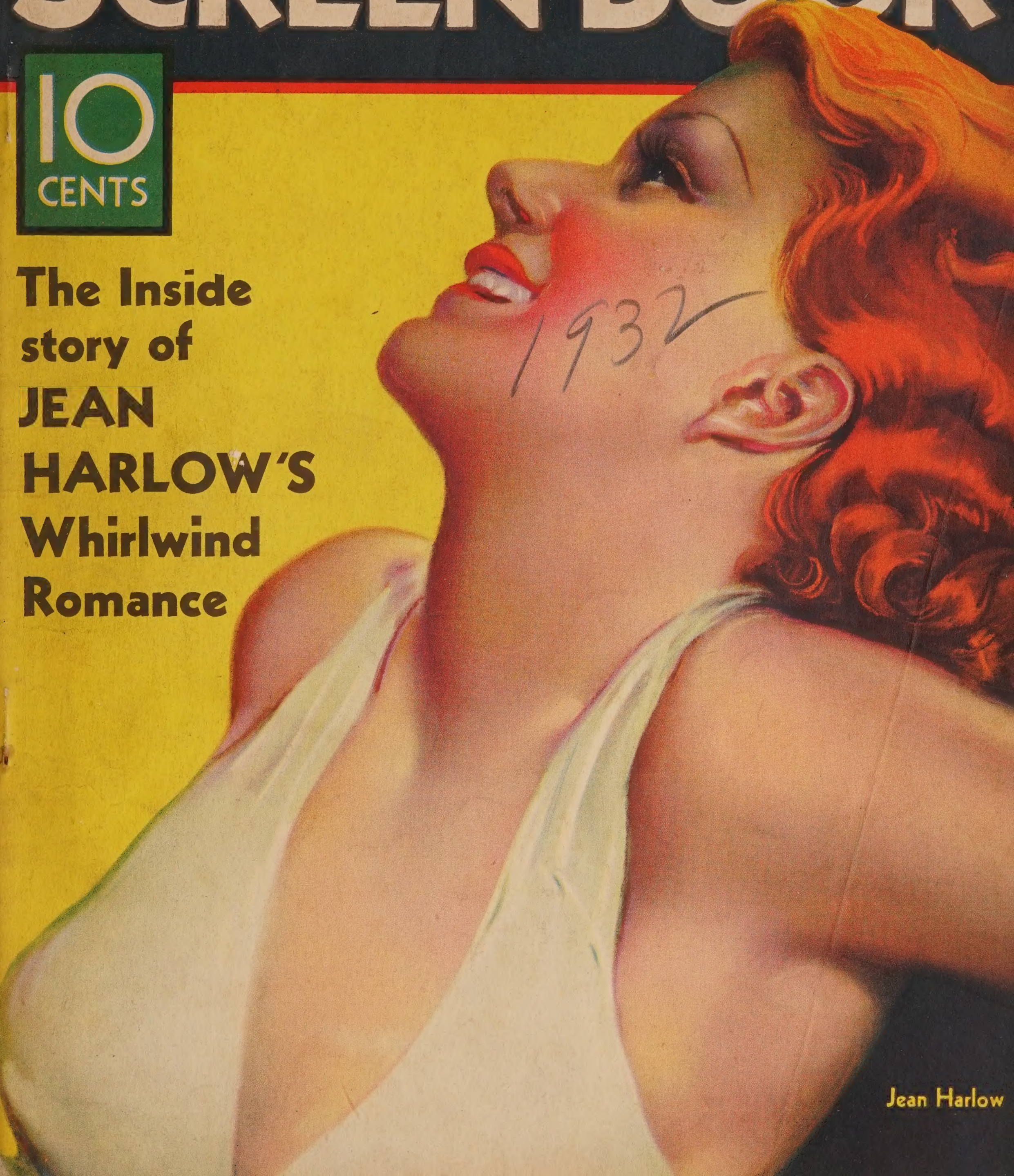

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1932

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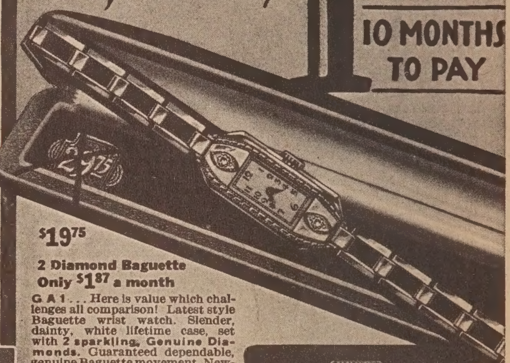

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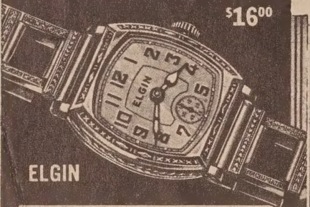

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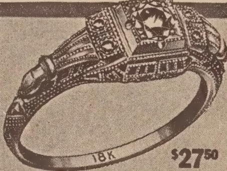

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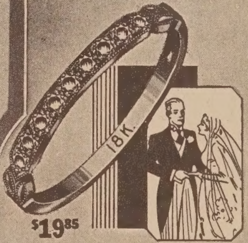

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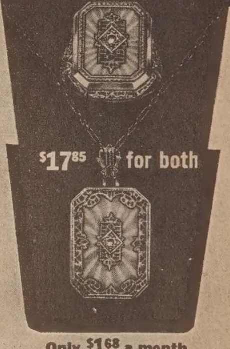

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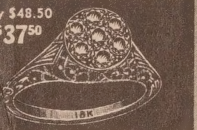

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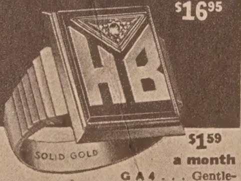

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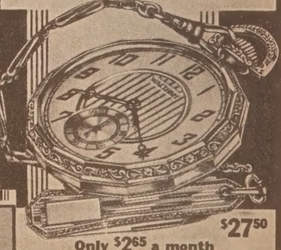

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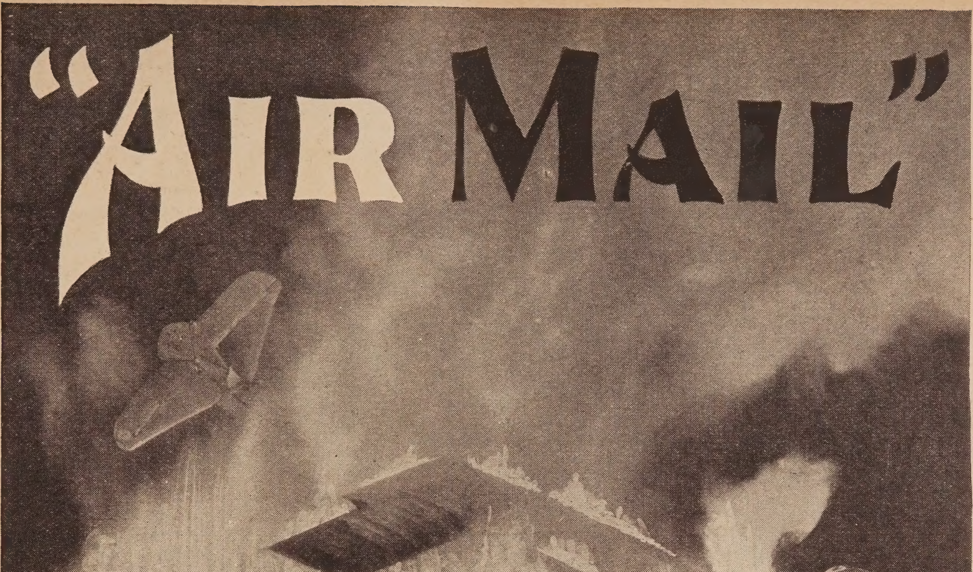

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA *Carl Laemmle* *President* 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Vol. IX, No. 3

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1932

W. H. FAWCETT
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Editor and General Manager

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JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor CARL A. SCHROEDER, Asst. Editor MARCELLA BURKE, Western Editor

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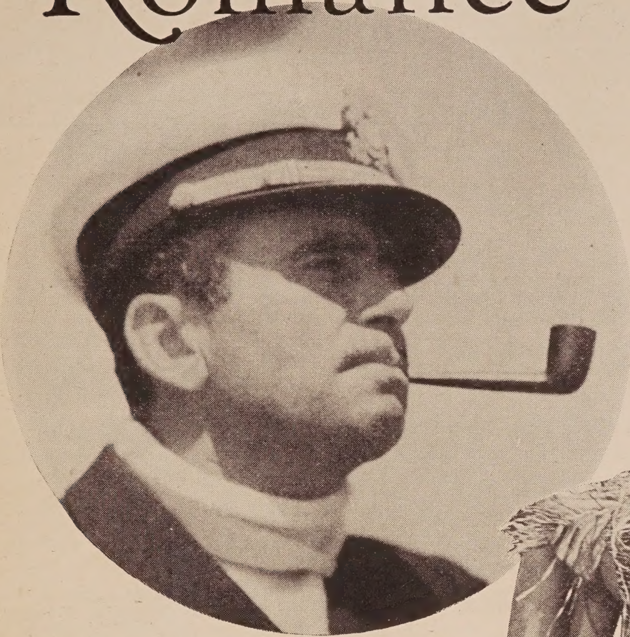
Romance Ahoy!

Cruising the South Seas with Doug Fairbanks, "Mr. Robinson Crusoe"

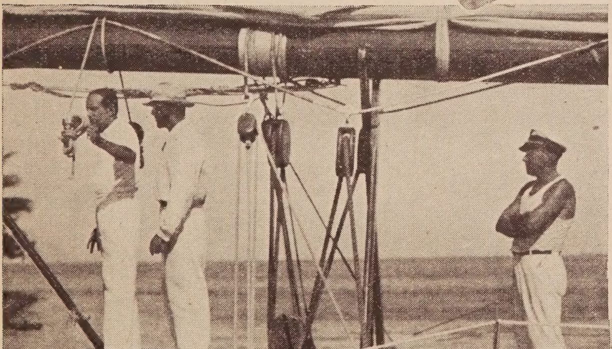


—K. O. Rahmn

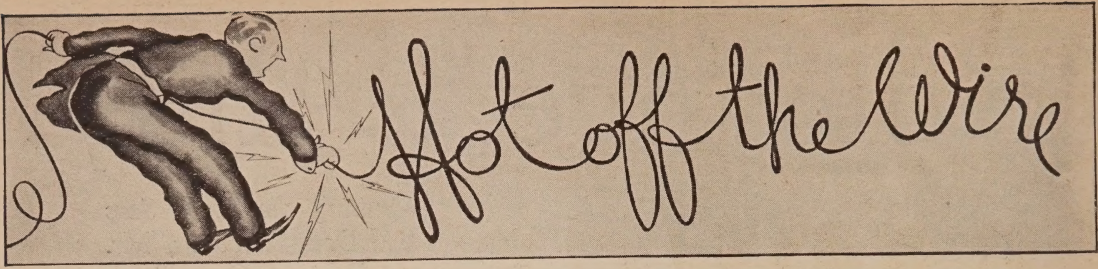
Douglas Fairbanks scans the distant horizon from the bridge of the good ship *Invader* as his production unit sails for Tahiti where scenes for his new production, *Mr. Robinson Crusoe,* were filmed

—K. O. Rahmn

If this be the life of a Robinson Crusoe, oh, for a cruise to the South Seas on a ship that wrecks easily and discriminately! Doug and his leading lady, Maria Alba, as they appear in a sequence of the romantic film



Doug and his director, Eddie Sutherland, look over the location at Papeete, Tahiti, while one of the *Invader's* officers hovers near. Beautiful scenic effects were obtained in the South Seas and completing scenes were added in Hollywood



Last Minute News About Hollywood

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, having a thrilling time down in old Mexico. As soon as Dick finished rôle in *Guilty As Hell* they boarded their yacht for Mazatlan, Mexico, for their usual in-between-picture vacation.

Gloria Swanson has sold her rights to the story, *Rockabye*, to Radio studios and Connie Bennett is using it for her next starring vehicle.

Young Sidney and Charles Chaplin Jr., sons of Charlie Chaplin, in Hollywood ready to begin work on the first picture under their new Fox contract.

Over a thousand guests attended the wedding reception of Jean Harlow and Paul Bern.

Personal appearance tours continue to gain in popularity. Now George Brent and Loretta Young have teamed to do the eastern movie theatres. Wallace Beery has gone to New York to make his bow in person and Chic Sale is touring the Middle-west.

Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton, off to Europe via the Panama Canal and New York.

Laurel and Hardy vacationing in Europe.

Mitzi Green given the title rôle in *Little Orphan Annie*.

Billie Burke back in Hollywood to make one picture. It's *Bill of Divorcement* with John Barrymore.

Baby Peggy, now fourteen years old and desiring to be known as Peggy Montgomery, back in Hollywood with the three Gleasons in *The Pinch Hitter*.

Dorothy Granger lost ten pounds upon the order of Mack Sennett and now has a long term contract with his company.

Amelia Earhart, transatlantic flyer, considering a motion picture contract with Paramount studios.

Dolores Del Rio leaving films temporarily to study voice and English enunciation.

Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, back in Hollywood with their new daughter who was born in Honolulu.

Bing Crosby introduces only one new song in his starring picture for Paramount. Its title is *Please*.

Clark Gable being teamed with Miriam Hopkins in *No Bed of Her Own*.

Robin Hood, Doug Fairbanks' big silent picture, to be released again with a musical background.

Dorothy Lee and Claudia Dell headliners in *Footlites*, stage musical comedy which opened in Los Angeles.

Clive Brook to be Sherlock Holmes in a picture by that name.

Hits of the Month

These are the pictures you must see

Movie Crazy
HAROLD LLOYD
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

My Pal the King
TOM MIX, MICKEY ROONEY

Down to Earth
WILL ROGERS, DOROTHY JORDAN

Downstairs
JOHN GILBERT, VIRGINIA BRUCE

Two Against the World
CONSTANCE BENNETT
NEIL HAMILTON

The Dangerous Game
JOEL McCREA, FAY WRAY

Hollywood has been curious about the status of the Don Cook and Evalyn Knapp love affair for a long time. Finally they have announced their engagement with no date set for their marriage.

While Ruth Chatterton is abroad, her husband, Ralph Forbes, has taken up residence in Reno, Nevada. When the divorce is secured rumor has it that Ruth will marry George Brent, leading man in her last two pictures.

Diana Wynyard chosen by the three Barrymores for a leading rôle in *Rasputin*, the picture they are making together.

Trouble again in the Buster Keaton family. Natalie Talmadge files suit against Buster charging incompatibility.

Helene Costello seen here and there with Hugh Trevor, Betty Compson's one-time top-notch beau.

Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell and Ben Alexander off to Europe in a threesome.

Helen Kane, with contracts in mind, is trying to reduce on a New England farm.

Douglas Fairbanks' nieces come to Hollywood in search of a movie career.

Jean Harlow and Jack Gilbert to be co-starred in *Red Dust*.

Harry Bannister, Ann Harding's ex-husband, taking pretty Nanci Lyon everywhere with rumors of their engagement in the air.

Sally Eilers comes out on top in the tennis matches at Santa Monica.

Richard Dix and Ann Harding will be teamed together for the first time in *The Conquerors*. Stellar cast also includes Edna Mae Oliver.

Gene Sarazen, golfdom's greatest star since the retirement of Bobby Jones, is soon to appear in a series of short reels.

Johnny Weissmuller hard at work on the sequel to the picture that brought him fame. *Tarzan and His Mate* is the intriguing title.

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The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days

IF you dread the time when you will wear the new Fall Frocks, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee.... Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

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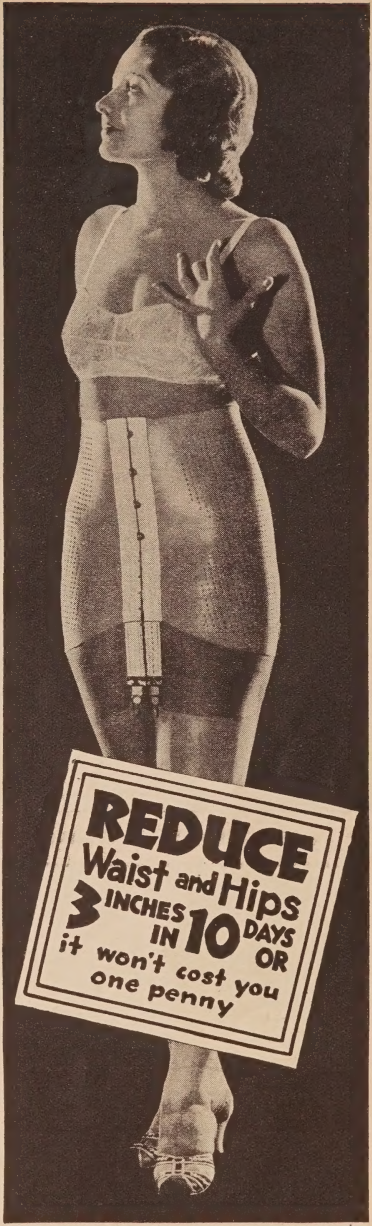
Don't wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny—try it for 10 days—then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results—and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.



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STAR POWER

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

TRADE MARK

Marion Davies

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Marie Dressler

Greta Garbo

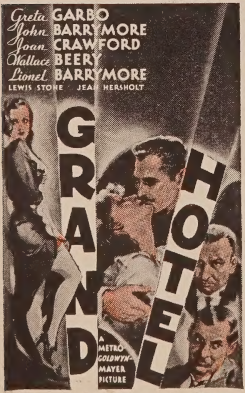
Jimmy Durante

Buster Keaton

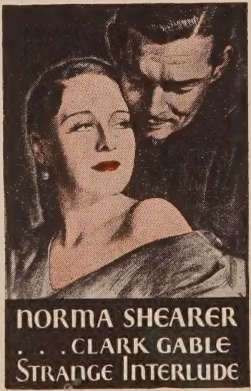
Ramon Novarro

John Gilbert

Laurel & Hardy


Greta GARBO
John BARRYMORE
Joan CRAWFORD
Wallace BEERY
Lionel BARRYMORE
LEWIS STONE · JEAN HERSHOLT
GRAND HOTEL
A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE

Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play


NORMA SHEARER
. . . CLARK GABLE
STRANGE INTERLUDE

Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

Other M-G-M Personalities:

Lewis Stone
Polly Moran
Jean Hersholt
Jean Harlow
John Weissmuller
Walter Huston
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Karen Morley
Dorothy Jordan
Leila Hyams
Joan Marsh
John Miljan

Conrad Nagel
Robert Young
Nils Asther
Wallace Ford
Ralph Graves
Neil Hamilton
Myrna Loy
Una Merkel
Verree Teasdale
Helen Coburn
Nora Gregor
Hedda Hopper
Diane Sinclair

Louise Closser Hale
Ruth Selwyn
Diana Wynyard
William Bakewell
Helene Barclay
Virginia Bruce
Mary Carlyle
Claire DuBrey
Muriel Evans
Lawrence Grant
Gertrude Michael
Kane Richmond
May Robson

METRO-

Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"..."POSSESSED"..."TARZAN THE APE MAN"..."MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"..."RED-HEADED WOMAN"...*space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.

Clark Gable

Wallace Beery

John Barrymore

Ethel Barrymore

Lionel Barrymore

Helen Hayes

Jackie Cooper

William Haines

Colleen Moore

Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL... STRANGE INTERLUDE... NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH... MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY... JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

—and many others

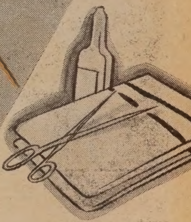
GOLDWYN-MAYER

The Man Who Knows the Stars Best!

They all tell their intimate secrets to Jim, the studio barber

By Hal Howe

Neil Hamilton had Jim, the barber's car repainted as the result of losing a bet to him on a baseball game



EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following story may be seen in pictorial form at your local theatre in the current issue of "Screen Snapshots," a Columbia Picture feature.*

THERE'S something about a barber's chair that naturally invites confidence—providing the barber is not too garrulous himself. Jim, the barber out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, is not, so he counts among his best friends many of the movie great. Not only is he their confidant, but he's their counselor and sympathetic friend, as well. Besides that he's a humorist and inveterate practical joker.

Ask Lionel Barrymore if he doesn't think Jim can put a prank over in a pretty smooth manner. Not long ago Lionel was at the receiving end of one, but, being a Barrymore, he could laugh, even so.

Jim has one of those radio gadgets which permits a person to step into a closet and, unseen by the listeners, say what enters his mind. But to the crowd outside it's all a part of the program and apparently emanates from the radio cabinet.

Just imagine Lionel Barrymore, all relaxed after a shave, and with a warm towel over his face, hearing the following: "Ladies and gentlemen, through the courtesy of the *Los Angeles Times,* we will hear the latest world and local news. Burglars entered the home, this afternoon, of the famous actor, Lionel Barrymore, rifled his safe, and—" But Barrymore waited for no more. He leaped from his chair, towel and all, and would have run out of the shop with the speed of a hare, homeward bound, had he not been stopped by Jim.

The joke went over big and Lionel laughed harder than anyone else with the possible exception of Buster Keaton, who was in on the joke, too. Buster, of the frozen face, was getting a shave just as the fake report was broadcast. Jim was working on Buster and he told us his hardest job was to keep the supposedly stoic comedian from giving away the whole show. He started to laugh so heartily that Jim all but crammed a towel down his throat to keep him quiet.

If Jim wanted to take to writing, he'd have a scoop on all the chatter writers in Hollywood. Numbered among his customers are many popular young bachelor stars, such as Ramón Novarro, Robert Young, and William Haines. Of course they don't discuss their current heart affairs in the barber shop, but in the course of getting "all fixed up" they usually mention who the date for the evening is going to be. And the warmth with which they mention the name tells the astute Jim enough so that he could do a column on it.

Neil Hamilton is Jim's chief betting consort. Neil is the unlucky one of the two, however. Recently he lost to Jim on a baseball game and now Jim is driving an automobile that looks like new. The wager paid was a complete overhauling and repainting of Jim's car.

IF ROBERT MONTGOMERY takes a lot of razzing from Jim about his polo game (which incidentally has become expert by now) Clark Gable takes just as much on his horsemanship. One day Clark walked into the barber shop, dressed like an equestrian fashion plate—glittering boots, immaculate breeches, natty sweater, et al.

"Where's the hoss?" Jim inquired.

"Hitched it out in front," said Clark while he escorted Jim with great dignity to the sidewalk. Jim marched out the door and nearly dropped in a faint, for there was "the hoss," the prettiest polo pony one could ever hope to see, tied to his beautiful barber pole. And maybe Jim didn't tear his hair!

"But," says he with a big grin, "Clark's a great guy!"

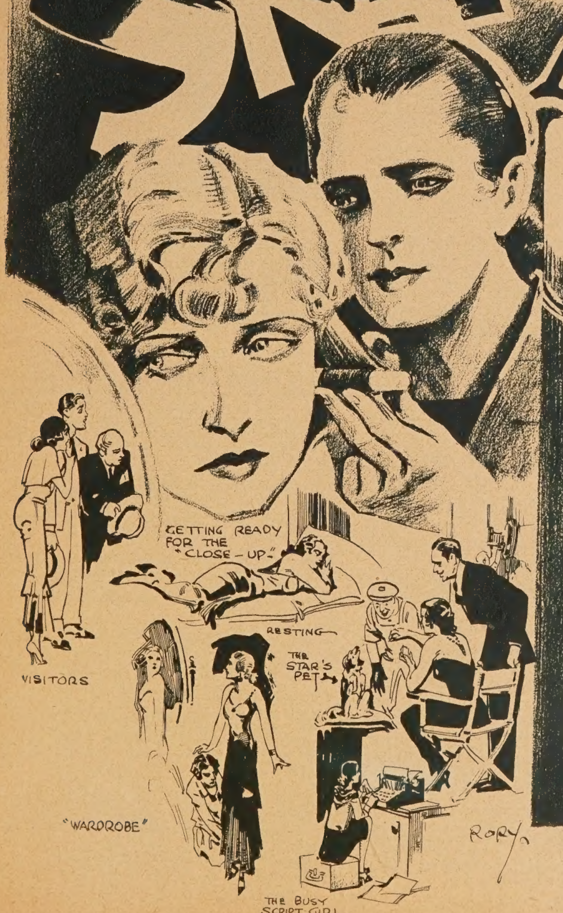
Of Jack Gilbert he says precisely the same. It is Jim who usually gives that artistic flourish to the famous Gilbert mustache. He considers Jack a model [*Continued on page* 58]

"Back Stage" with

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

Distributed by
COLUMBIA
PICTURES

Directed by
RALPH STAUB


GETTING READY FOR THE "CLOSE-UP"
VISITORS
RESTING
THE STAR'S PET
"WARDROBE"
THE BUSY SCRIPT GIRL
RORY

"Vacation Days" only a faint memory — Hollywood Stars return to their work at the studios. Again the cameras start to "click" under the big arc lights. Busy days ahead for the writers, directors, cameramen, wardrobe mistress and script girls. The studios again begin to hum after weeks of quiet while all Hollywood played at the beaches and mountain resorts.

Watch for **Special**
SCREENBOOK MAGAZINE
Novelty Every Month

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **THE AGE OF CONSENT** — (RKO-Radio)—Snappy romance in a college setting with splendid work by Dorothy Wilson, a new find; Eric Linden and Richard Cromwell.

AA. **BACHELOR'S FOLLY**—(World Wide)—Herbert Marshall and Edna Best have an unusual plot full of intrigue with a triangular love affair, blackmail, robbery, and a horse race.

AAA. **CROONER**—(Warner Brothers)—The real lowdown on the Bing Crosbys of radioland. David Manners, Ann Dvorak and Ken Murray turn in fine performances.

AA. **DEVIL AND THE DEEP**—(Paramount)—Interesting because it brings Gary Cooper back to the screen. Melodrama in which Tallulah Bankhead flees from a tyrannical husband, played by Charles Laughton.

AAA. **DOWNSTAIRS**—(M-G-M)—Jack Gilbert plays his unsympathetic rôle brilliantly in a story he wrote himself. Most action is in the servant's quarters of a Viennese castle. Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas, Hedda Hopper and Baclanova are in fine cast.

AAA. **DOWN TO EARTH**—(Fox)—Exactly the sort of story Will Rogers needs to bring out his homespun talents. It's about a self-made millionaire who is hit by the depression and likes it.

Nancy Carroll and Doug Fairbanks Jr. step out of their usual type of rôles in *Son of Russia* to offer an exciting interpretation of the struggle for life and love in the Soviet nation

AAA. **GUILTY AS HELL** — (Paramount) — Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe together again, as Chief of Police and fresh reporter, respectively they try to solve a murder mystery. Richard Arlen and Adrienne Ames also in cast.

AA. **HOLD 'EM JAIL**—(Radio)—Football in the "penitentiary league" offers Wheeler and Woolsey a chance to turn their insane clowning to good effect.

AAA. **LADY AND GENT** — (Paramount) — George Bancroft as a down and out prize fighter who raises his partner's orphaned son, is at his best. Wynne Gibson, Charles Starrett and James Gleason are excellent in supporting rôles.

AAAA. **THE LAST MILE**—(World Wide)—Powerful dramatization of San Quentin's death chamber. Seven men sentenced to die make a break for life. Preston Foster heads cast.

AAAA. **MOVIE CRAZY** — (Paramount) — Harold Lloyd and his eye glasses go through the mazes of movieland as gag after gag keeps one rolling in mirth. Constances Cummings is excellent and Harold is Harold as never before.

AAA. **MY PAL THE KING**—(Universal)—When Tom Mix and his wild west show visit a mythical kingdom and rescue the boy king from the villain there's excitement aplenty. Mickey Rooney as the boy king is grand.

AAA. **ONE WAY PASSAGE** — (Warner Brothers)—An exquisite brunette, a gentleman crook, a phoney countess and a funny drunk in a combination hard to beat. It's a unique love story with Kay Francis, William Powell and Aline MacMahon at perfection.

AAA. **SKYSCRAPER SOULS** — (M-G-M) — The story of what happens within the towering walls of a great skyscraper. Warren William, Verree Teasdale and Maureen O'Sullivan follow the mazes of destiny most dramatically.

AAA. **SPEAK EASILY** — (M-G-M) — Buster Keaton's frozen face and Durante's "schnozzle" combine to make a rare laugh-fest with Thelma Todd providing sex appeal.

AAA. **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—(Warner Brothers)—Society intrigue in which Constance Bennett is put on the witness stand and does some fine acting. Neil Hamilton is her lawyer-lover.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **ALMOST MARRIED**—(Fox)—Complications ensue when girl, fleeing from Russia, pretends to be married to a British officer. Violet Heming is the girl and William Kirkland and Ralph Bellamy make up the triangle.

AAAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—Stirring drama with Walter Huston, Constance Cummings and Pat O'Brien in a story of small-town banking.

AAAA. **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—(M-G-M)—Garbo never seen to better advantage than in this sophisticated drama. Maintains suspense to end. Melvyn Douglas performs excellently as the husband. Eric Von Stroheim and Owen Moore good in small rôles.

AAA. **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS**—(Fox)—Delightful comedy that shouldn't be missed. Adolphe Menjou is the bachelor who should have known better than to marry a dizzy blonde. Joan Marsh. All very gay and amusing.

David Landau resorts to third degree methods in his efforts to learn from Phillips Holmes who killed the famous football player who was shot down before *Seventy Thousand Witnesses* in the midst of an exciting gridiron battle

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—Fannie Hurst's gripping novel of illicit love done full justice by Irene Dunne, John Boles, George Meeker, June Clyde and Paul Weigel. Romantic and dramatic entertainment that will appeal. John M. Stahl deserves credit for doing swell job of directing.

AA. **BIG CITY BLUES**—(Warner Brothers)—Entertaining melodrama of a "wet" party and a murder. Joan Blondell, Eric Linden and Walter Catlett save it from mediocrity.

AAA. **BIRD OF PARADISE** — (Radio) — Dolores Del Rio never better than in this unusually photographed tropical drama. Joel McCrea plays opposite. Director King Vidor overlooked no tricks.

AAAA. **BLESSED EVENT**—(Warner Brothers)—Lee Tracy in near-perfect rôle of a columnist hence James Cagney, originally slated for the part, is not missed. Mary Brian makes good job of her most ambitious performance.

AAA. **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—(Radio)—An authentic picture taken in the Malayan jungles. Once only is an animal killed, when a baby elephant's life is saved. Other beasts all brought back alive under guidance of Frank Buck.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Edmund Lowe as an unscrupulous district attorney whose past entangles him in his own web. Constance Cummings splendid as the girl. Evelyn Brent comes back with a bang.

James Gleason, Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery as they appear in *Blondie of the Follies*, a rollicking comedy-drama dealing with a chorus girl's adventures in love and life. Billie Dove also has an outstanding rôle in the picture which is hailed by critics as one of the season's best

AAAA. **THE DARK HORSE**—(Warner Brothers)—One of the cleverest, funniest satires to reach the screen. It's a political story but don't let that scare you. Guy Kibbee, Warren William, Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh make up positively perfect cast.

AAA. **DOCTOR X**—(Warner Brothers)—Mystery thriller done in technicolor. Swell performances of Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, Lee Tracy and Preston Foster make it outstanding.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front. Large cast of notables does full credit to excellent story, including Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz, H. Gibson-Gowland and Albert Conti.

AAAA. **THE FIRST YEAR**—(Fox)—The inseparable lovers in another knockout. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell prove that the first year of married life is the hardest. Nothing finer since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This introduces Sari Maritza and brings back an old favorite, Marguerite Churchill, in story of modern Russia, coupled with the less modern *Ten Commandments.* Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel complete cast.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Startling and entertaining exposé of a scandal-mad Broadway columnist played by Ricardo Cortez. Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong and ZaSu Pitts. Well worth seeing.

AAAA. **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier dishes out love and Jeanette MacDonald shows how she can take it. One of the Frenchman's best. Excellent portrayals by Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy.

AAA. **MAKE ME A STAR**—(Paramount)—Here is *Merton of the Movies* funnier than ever. Stu Erwin plays Merton—and how! Joan Blondell helps him get his big break. Great entertainment.

AAAA. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March never seen to better advantage. Adrianne Allen also acquits herself nobly. Excellent job of directing on part of Dorothy Arzner. Picture based on novel, *Jerry and Joan.*

AAA. **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**—(Paramount)—If you like your comedy mad and goofy with a Marx Bros. flavor, you'll go for this one. Story is a series of gags which stretch from a mythical kingdom to the Olympic games.

AAAA. **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**—(Universal)—Mystery drama that keeps you keyed up every minute. Not a dull moment and full of the unexpected. Boris Karloff, monster of *Frankenstein*, even better here. Gloria Stuart makes good every prediction for her being a new star. Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond and Walter Byron play strong rôles.

AAA. **ONE HOUR WITH YOU**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald singing their way through a sophisticated comedy-drama.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY** — (M-G-M) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran again team in riotous, side-splitting comedy. Marie Dressler steals the biggest slice of the picture. Wallace Ford and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

AAA. **THE PURCHASE PRICE**—(Warner Brothers)—Vibrant story in which Barbara Stanwyck as the chorus girl marries George Brent, a farmer, via the mail route. Intensely human.

AAA. **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—(Fox)—The old stage classic lives again with Marian Nixon, Ralph Bellamy and Louise Closser Hale in the old familiar rôles. Excellent for young and old.

AAAA. **RED HEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M)—Blonde Jean Harlow goes redheaded in this Katharine Brush story and scores biggest hit of career. Chester Morris socks her a few times and gets away with it. Fine support from Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams and Una Merkel.

AAA. **ROAR OF THE DRAGON**—(Radio)—Good old Richard Dix in a Chinese setting. Plenty of thrills in this Manchurian romance. Picture notable for début of Gwili Andre, beautiful Danish actress.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **STEADY COMPANY** — (Universal) —

[*Continued on page* 56]

WHAT DO THE STARS FORETELL?
MY ADVICE ON
3 QUESTIONS
WITH EACH ORDER FOR MY NEW GIANT ASTROLOGICAL READING AT 50c
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Ask the WHITE WIZARD

Internationally known psychologist and philosopher, answers burning questions of the soul, puzzles of business, etc. You've heard him over KMOX, KMTR, KLZ, KYA, CJOR, KJR, KOL, KEX, KSL, KVI and other radio stations.

Address WHITE WIZARD, Box 1214, Tacoma, Wash.

N. A. I.—The boy that I was engaged to left this town three months ago and has never written to me. Will I ever marry him, and does he love me and why doesn't he write?

Ans.—This man went back to his wife. Forget him.

H. O. S.—Should I put money into this partnership proposition? Is this gentleman pal of mine all right? Can he be trusted?

Ans.—I see you have made a great many mistakes in the past in a business way by placing too much confidence in what people say. However, this deal of a barber shop and beauty studio combined appears to be a very good proposition since this man offers to put in equal money with you.

L. W. S. of Toronto—Will I have trouble in getting a divorce and will I marry again?

Ans.—Under the Canadian law you will not be able to secure a divorce. I do not see you marrying again.

A. S. D.—Will my husband's work continue steadily?

Ans.—According to astrology not only will your husband's work continue steadily but there is a possibility of an increase in salary during the month of November.

A. J. A.—I let my girl friend take my car to drive about a hundred miles north to see her mother. She has been gone a week now. I called up her mother and she isn't there. Where is she?

Ans.—I believe she took your car and drove about a hundred miles west to see her other boy friend, but she will bring the car back. Don't worry.

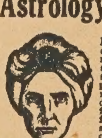
H. A. D.—Will I get anything and how much from the savings and loan?

Ans.—You will get about 55 per cent in about four months and very near all you had invested at the end of six months.

P. S. F.—Is it advisable for me to go West and try and pan gold in the Rockies, as I have been advised to do?

Ans.—There are several thousand people making wages and there is always a chance that you might strike something heavier. I would advise you to do so.

Astrology Readings 50¢



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Frankly Speaking

About Movies and Hollywood Personalities

A Vital Thought

IT ONLY occurred to us the other day, after reading a newspaper story about the millions who are out of work. It was a survey, showing that the large majority are of the working class, where families of seven and eight children are more the rule than the exception. One of these fine days, some daring producer will do his country a favor by daring to produce a picture based on the subject of birth control, showing that over-population and hunger and joblessness are not strangers.

Why Not?

THE Democratic party could do no better than press Will Rogers into service as a stump speaker. At the donkey party's Chicago convention, Will was the ace entertainer and you can't tell us that what he did and said there will have no influence on several hundred thousands of votes this fall.

Political ace of spades

As Usual

NOW that Joan Crawford is reaching the top she is being bombarded by snipe-shooting criticism. "She is doing a Garbo!" "She's high-hat." "An ordinary actress who has had all the lucky breaks!"

Strange, isn't it, that human nature drives us to derogatory comment about those who reach high places while we lesser folk plod along in the common rut. Joan Crawford deserves every bit of her success. She worked like a slave to be where she is today. She is a self-made girl who did an excellent job. Don't believe what her self-appointed critics tell you.

Clara's Fight

THERE'S something about that Clara Bow girl that moves us to sincere admiration. After passing through a hectic period that would have meant *finis* for the ordinary girl, she is back again ready to fight her way to the top with strength mustered during her year's desert retirement. Only two months ago she tipped the scales at 134 pounds. Today she weighs 115. When Clara starts a thing, she finishes it. That's why we predict that her picture, *Call Her Savage*, will be a smash hit. She deserves it!

Has what it takes

Champ Kisser

THERE'S a handsome young fellow by the name Bruce Cabot at Radio studios who can lay claim to being Hollywood's most kissed man. Just at the beginning of his screen career, Bruce was used as "the other half" in test love scenes for *Thirteen Women*. They tried a good many girls for the part. Bruce welcomed them all with open arms, and so far as we know there were no complaints on either side.

A Great Team

STRANGE INTERLUDE promises to be the most important picture of the year. Critics have labeled it perfect, and are singing to the skies the praises of Norma Shearer. Norma's husband, Irving Thalberg, is responsible for planning and producing this great picture. That just about keeps the laurels of the movie industry right in one family.

Touchdown!

CARL LAEMMLE at Universal believes in doing things in a big way. His latest venture is to import the nation's greatest football players for one huge gridiron spectacle, *All America*. Among the pigskin heroes participating are Albie Booth, "Red" Cagle, Frank Carideo, Ernie Nevers, Dick Hanley, "Big" Munn and Adam Walsh. They will be coached before the cameras by mentors from Harvard, Notre Dame, Northwestern and Stanford.

After seeing this *Grand Hotel* of football pictures, it will be hard to appreciate an ordinary game.

Critics rave about her

The Editors

FINAL SCREEN TABLOID EXTRA

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1932

THELMA TODD ELOPES!

Surprise Marriage To Pasquala de Cicco Climaxes Exciting, Whirlwind Courtship

First Jean Harlow slipped quietly to the altar to wed Paul Bern. Now Thelma Todd has whizzed down the bridal path to become Mrs. Pasquala de Cicco.

And there go two of Hollywood's most colorful ladies—out of circulation. Jean Harlow's marriage was a surprise, but Thelma's simply laid the Movie City low with astonishment. Only a little while ago, the beauteous Thelma enthusiastically was going to the very best places with Austin Parker, the celebrated writer. Then suddenly their romance, if it was that, collapsed, and the eligible young men about town again began to court Hollywood's most charming free and unattached blonde. But not for long—

One fine day a tall, handsome fellow answering to the almost unpronounceable name of Pasquala de Cicco dropped into town from New York. He spied Thelma. Thelma spied him. Speedy courtship followed.

—Fink

AN EXCLUSIVE NEWS PHOTO of Pat de Cicco and Thelma Todd in the high-powered sport touring car in which they burned up the roads to Prescott, Arizona, bound for the altar

GOSSIP HOUNDS ARE LICKED

—Fink

NO DIVORCE for Clark and Mrs. Gable. They've decided to stay married no matter how often whisperings around Hollywood may indicate that they are ready to split. This exclusive Tabloid photograph was taken in their new home by SCREEN BOOK's staff photographer

All's Well In Gable Household; Divorce Idea Definitely Off

Is it possible for man and wife to remain happy when one or the other suddenly becomes the nation's romantic idol?

Not in the opinion of Hollywood. One marriage after another has faltered and tumbled, because one or the other could not stand to see his or her mate being pursued openly by members of the opposite sex. For this reason no one was surprised when divorce rumors began to fly thick and fast about Clark and Mrs. Gable. When Mrs. Gable went East a short time ago, gossips predicted they would never again be together and that divorce proceedings were already under way.

Then Mrs. Gable returned to the family mansion—and to Clark. Together they talked over the problem; decided to cheat the divorce court. To escape the rumblings of that blatant Hollywood Goddess, Rumor, they went vacationing together, and have only just returned—more attached to each other than ever.

As a final defiant gesture at gossip-mongers they have bought themselves a cozy little home in Beverly Hills. It's no mansion as film stars' houses go. "But it's ours," Clark says, "and we'll be happy."

Chevalier Wins Paris Divorce

"Best of Friends," Says Maurice While Rumors Hint New Marriage

The marriage of Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée, regarded as one of Hollywood's happiest unions, has collapsed! In a Paris court, Maurice has obtained a divorce on technical grounds of desertion. Formal efforts to effect a reconciliation, required by French law, proved unsuccessful.

Rumors linking Maurice's name with prominent screen stars, a popular French dancer, and an American woman of wealth have been rife. That he will re-marry soon is contended by many in Hollywood. His friendship with Marlene Dietrich has been interpreted romantically and Genevieve Tobin is another who has been named as the possible future Mrs. Chevalier. That Marlene is to divorce her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and marry Maurice is believed by some.

The divorce was by mutual agreement, with Mrs. Chevalier filing a cross-complaint as soon as Maurice instituted proceedings in Paris. They were firm in their insistence that there would be no scandal, no public airing of soiled linen.

One month before Maurice went to Paris for his annual visit there, Yvonne returned to her native land. It was this leaving of her husband that gave Maurice grounds under French law to sue on a complaint of desertion. Incompatibility also was named in the suit.

Maurice vehemently denies that he loves another. He declares that he and Yvonne are the best of friends and that they parted so that they would remain friends. Referring to the charges of incompatibility, he said that within another two years they would have become enemies and that they cherished their friendship so dearly that divorce was the only course open to them.

Maurice fell in love with and married Yvonne Vallée when she joined his act in Paris as his partner. When Chevalier obtained a contract to appear in American films his wife was not included.

MAURICE CHEVALIER and his wife, Yvonne Vallée, have been divorced in Paris in order that they may remain friends! Maurice denies that he loves another although his name has been linked romantically with two screen stars, a French dancer and a wealthy American woman

FIRST GLIMPSE OF A NEW HEIR

ANOTHER BARRYMORE! Dolores Costello and John Barrymore are rejoicing over the arrival of John Junior, who may in years to come carry on the fame of the great theatrical family. This is their second child, the first, Dolores Ethel, being born about two years ago

Clara Bow Battles With Hubby; Has Baby, But Who Believes It?

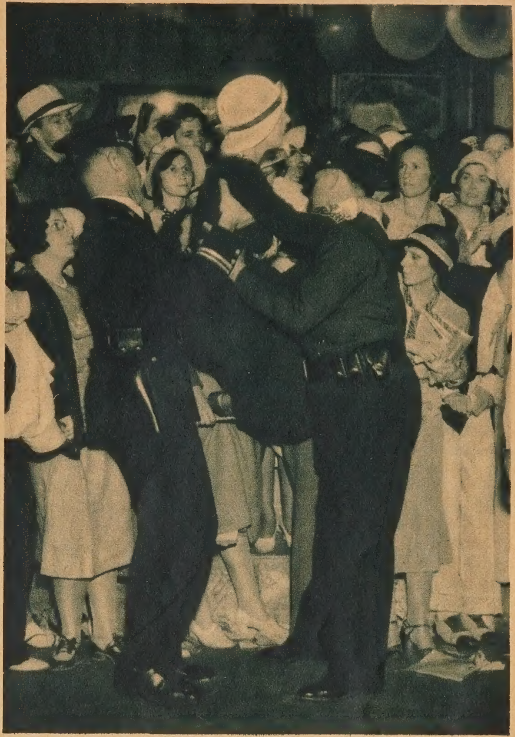
Now that the inside dopesters haven't been able to realize on their predictions that all was not well in the household of Clark and Mrs. Gable, their attentions have turned to Clara Bow and Rex Bell who, whisperings have it, are chilling each other with frigid glances. Although anything can happen in Hollywood, it isn't likely that the two are considering separation. Also extremely devious is the report that Clara has a baby, born some time ago at her desert ranch, but kept secret because the star didn't want it publicized.

Fans Riot at Movie Premiere!

25,000 Battle To See Stars At Brilliant Opening Of *Strange Interlude*

There have been premières and premières in Hollywood, but the opening night of *Strange Interlude* at the Chinese theatre was little short of a riot. Long before the event began, 25,000 fans clogged the street, and when stars began to surge through the mob in their limousines police were called into action. Even then parties of movie folk consumed more than a half hour in traveling the last block to the theatre.

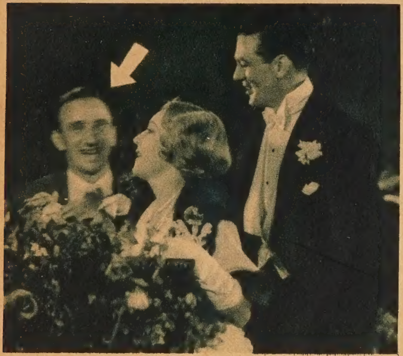
The exuberant multitude crashed into the forecourt of the theatre and would have made the première impossible had not stern guardians of public safety ordered out more reserves, the fire department and later ambulances [*Continued on page* 50]



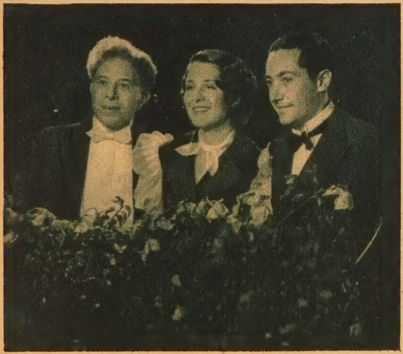
—*Acme*

"BACK TO THE ROPES!" This was the battle cry of 300 policemen who struggled with the huge *Strange Interlude* première crowd that clogged Hollywood Boulevard for a glimpse of movie celebrities

First Night Highlights

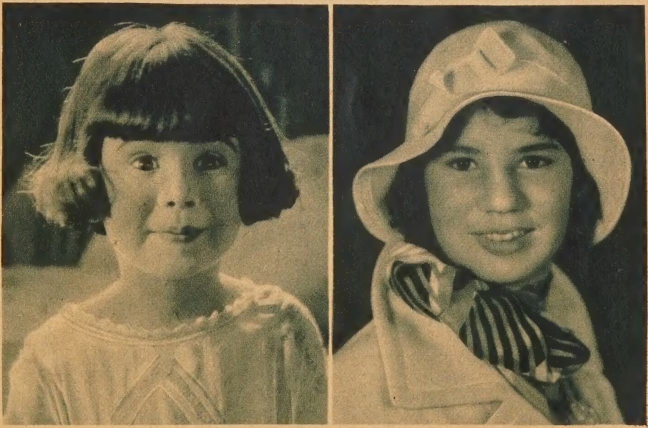


MARY PICKFORD, escorted to the microphone by Gary Cooper, suffered stage fright and exclaimed, "This is the best picture Norma *Talmadge* ever made!" The arrow points to "Schnozzle" Durante, who was all shaken up by the announcement



SID GRAUMAN, famous theatrical showman, at the microphone with Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. The camera shows Norma, radiantly happy over Hollywood's tribute to her greatest rôle

BABY PEGGY—BEFORE AND AFTER



BABY PEGGY, not long ago, was the world's most beloved child actress. But she was lost to the screen when she grew up. Now, after seven years spent on her father's ranch in Laramie, Wyoming, she is back again to resume her career at the age of fourteen. Miss Peggy Montgomery—that's her name now—will appear soon in six sport featurettes with Jimmie, Lucille and Russell Gleason

The INSIDE STORY of JEAN HARLOW'S

—*Fink*

Jean Harlow never could make a move without a deluge of newspaper headlines, but not a soul knew of her intention to wed Paul Bern, the movie producer, until a cameraman spotted them together in the marriage license bureau

How the dazzling star of Red Headed Woman *astounded Hollywood by keeping her love a secret for more than three years*

WHEN the story broke in the newspapers that Jean Harlow was going to marry Paul Bern, people gasped and said, "This is so sudden!" or words to that effect. They were completely taken by surprise.

What those on the outside didn't know is this. That our most famous and beloved bachelor had been in love with Jean for three years. The night that *Hell's Angels* had its spectacular première in Hollywood, the night the platinum-haired girl was introduced for the first time, Paul Bern escorted her to the theatre, accompanied by her mother.

Three years is a long time and just how the different columnists passed up the chance to make comments about these two is a cause for wonderment. They would merely mention the fact that Mr. Bern had taken Miss Harlow to such and such a party, but there it ended. None of the wild customary conjectures were broadcast.

For many years Paul Bern has been a great friend to many beautiful women. For some reason Hollywood never actually realized that he was seriously in love with Jean. Even Paul's intimates didn't sense that his devotion to Jean was more than mere friendship.

It's quite true that Jean's picture was the only one which graced Paul's lovely house; an exquisite one hung in his bedroom. There was another on his desk. A few months ago a third one appeared. All three were charming black and white reproductions of Jean's startling beauty.

At any dinner which Paul gave, no matter how formal or how famous the guests, Jean always sat in the place of honor.

ABOUT a year and a half ago some sort of an unhappy disagreement came up. There were no discussions, no explanations given to friends. Several months went past—unhappy ones for both. Whether this lovers' quarrel was instigated by the newspaper notoriety Jean was getting at the time no one ever knew. It was a difficult period for both.

One of the most interesting things about Jean is that she discusses with utmost candor her own shortcomings, her own personality. In fact she laughs at herself more than any actress in Hollywood. But you never hear her discuss anything which deeply touches her life. She just goes blank. Her eyes widen. She makes people feel uncomfortable, intrusive against her honest evasiveness.

Jean couldn't make a move without having it headlined in every newspaper in the country. With obvious glee, reporters seized every thin thread of a story and whacked out another hot feature.

Since the time Jean obtained her divorce from her first husband, the papers have attempted to link her name with dozens of different men. The press didn't want to let her remain in blissful solitude. She was good copy, partially because of her spectacular qualities, all of which were screaming at the public from billboards throughout the country.

Howard Hughes had made a great war picture, which came

Whirlwind ROMANCE

By Marcella Burke

Portrait by Hurrell

out about a year too late for war pictures to be of any great interest. They sold *Hell's Angels* to the public on Jean's obvious sex attractions.

There was nothing subtle about the campaign, there was nothing subtle about the way Mr. Hughes presented Jean in her initial performance. The public didn't know that Jean suffered the tortures of the damned when she was made to wear the grotesque clothes which exposed her lovely self down almost to the hips and which left nothing to the imagination when it came to her shapely legs. She gritted her teeth and went through it with an air of casualness which took people's breath away.

THERE is no star in the entire profession who has had so many bad stories. There is no actress in all of Hollywood who has had more difficult odds to fight than Jean has had from the very start. She was presented first as a trollop and she remained that in the consciousness of everyone.

Then the unpleasant publicity commenced to bother Jean considerably. Particularly when she read several things about her reputed engagements to men she had never even met. It was at this time that she withdrew from circulation. She didn't go out places unless with her father and mother. She was annoyed and unhappy. It was disturbing enough to be hailed from the countryside as the platinum-haired vamp, but to be hailed as the champion home-wrecker of all times was not so much fun.

Then Jean and her mother returned from an eastern trip and the differences which had existed between Paul and herself were forgotten. Occasionally they were seen at the theatre, but that was all. A few months later Jean made her astonishing and successful personal appearance tour throughout the eastern cities.

About a week after she came back to Hollywood to make *Red Headed Woman,* Paul left for his first vacation in several years. Ten days after he came back he persuaded Jean to say yes. The first that any of their mutual friends knew about the culmination of the romance was when they were photographed down at the marriage license bureau.

Three days later I went with Jean into the most popular shop on the boulevard for a fitting of her wedding gown. Her mother had gone down early in the morning and chosen a soft blue dress which made Jean's eyes look like smoky blue star-sapphires.

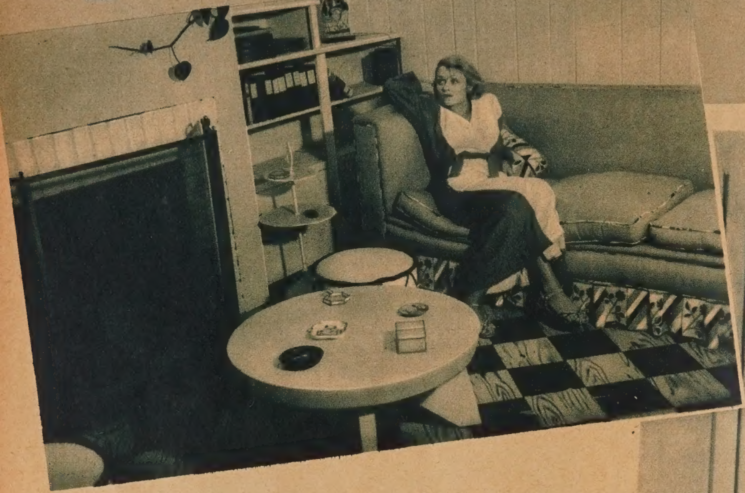
"But I look as [*Continued on page* 63]

Paul Bern first became interested in Jean Harlow when he saw her in *Hell's Angels,* opposite Ben Lyon. Shortly after, their friendship began—and after many proposals, Paul won her heart

Jean Harlow is untrue to her screen self. She considers marriage a great responsibility and intends to do everything in her power to make it succeed

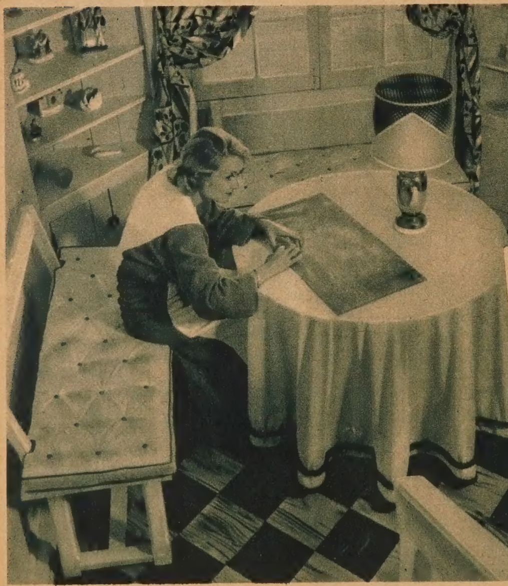
Connie at Malibu

First pictures of Constance Bennett's new beach cottage



Where Connie and her Marquis greet their friends after a dip in the ocean. The entire room radiates the hospitality for which the Bennett girl is famous

There's no formality at Malibu! Constance, whose reputation for fashionable attire has become a legend the world over, wears pajamas—morning, afternoon and evening



The bright little breakfast room where Constance and her genial husband devour tempting platefuls of bacon and eggs after sunrise hikes along the beach

Connie has a coat of tan that is the envy of all her neighborly Malibuites. It's because she spends endless hours when not before the camera dozing in her front yard

—Photographs by Hyman Fink

The Love Credo of a Divorcée!

Loretta Young reveals her philosophy on love, marriage and life

By
Grace
Mack

Grant Withers captured Loretta Young's heart when she was seventeen and married her following a romantic elopement. Within two years, however, they were divorced

A NOVELIST in search of material could go to no better laboratory than a Hollywood interviewer's note book. They're filled with the stuff of which best sellers are made. Here, for instance, are a few revealing excerpts from my own:

December, 1929. Interviewed Loretta Young. She's terribly in love with Grant Withers. Too young to marry but probably will do it anyhow. . . .

October, 1930. Interviewed Loretta Young. She's now Mrs. Grant Withers. Still terribly in love. "If anything should ever happen to our marriage," she says, "life would be over for me . . . finished. I wouldn't want to go on living."

May, 1932. Interviewed Loretta Young. She is now the ex-Mrs. Withers. Her divorce decree becomes final in a few months.

In those few jottings you have the makings for a modern novel. To the novelist, however, the most interesting part of Loretta's story is just beginning.

What now? Is life over for her, as she imagined it would be . . . finished? No, indeed!

September, 1932. Interviewed Loretta Young. "I want to marry again!" she said.

"Men die," said Mr. Shakespeare—and he should have included women, too!—"but not for love."

LORETTA has merely taken her first degree in the school of experience. It may have left her with a few wound stripes but she's too intelligent a girl to spend her days nursing them. Neither has she sought to forget by plunging into a series of romantic interludes, as do the young divorcées of fiction.

Instead, she has built a charming Colonial house. It is to be a home for her mother, sisters and herself. She has been so busy with plans and furnishings that she has not had time to think of romance.

Oh, there are numerous young men in Hollywood who would like to qualify for the job [*Continued on page* 61]

He's No *Dude!*

Gary Cooper laughs off the rumors that he's gone suddenly high-hat

By J. Eugene Chrisman

"GARY COOPER has gone sophisticated!"

That has been Hollywood's cry ever since the long lanky Gary disembarked from the Sante Fé *Chief* with his Italian-tailored suits, his big game trophies, his monkey "Toluca" and his derby. They have said that his taste now runs to imported cigarettes rather than Bull Durham and that he prefers *pâté de foie gras* to ham and'. They have said that he has forgotten the volcanic charms of Lupe for the aristocratic smiles of the Countess di Frasso and that the suns of Italy and Africa have faded the once virile Gary to a pale imitation of the lad who wandered down from the Montana ranges to take his place as a star in filmdom's firmament.

I decided to find out for myself.

My first trip of investigation took me to old Sime's ranch, out San Fernando Valley way where Gary often went in the old days to ride. More modern riding stables may feature English saddles and gaited horses but at Sime's you can still find a short-loping cow pony and a forty-pound stock saddle to top him.

"They tell me that Gary has gone dude on us, Sime," I told the old man as he came out to greet me. "Heard about it?"

"That boy gone dudish?" old Sime squinted and ejected a stream of amber juice toward the nearest post. "Well, maybe so, but if he has he ain't showin' it none. Out here yestiddy Gary was, chaps and all; rode 'Spitfire' for two hours and then me and him set and chew the fat for the best part of an hour I reckon. What you doin', writin' a story on him for the papers?"

"Well," said the old man, when I had admitted that such was the case, "why the h— don't you go see Gary himself?"

TWO days later I sat with Gary in the dining room at Paramount studios. We ordered and then with a grin which showed all those fine strong teeth of his, Gary said,

"Well, shoot, old top. I suppose you're going to do a story on the *new* Gary Cooper?"

"Right! What about him? Come on now, Gary, no interview twaddle—give it to me straight from the shoulder."

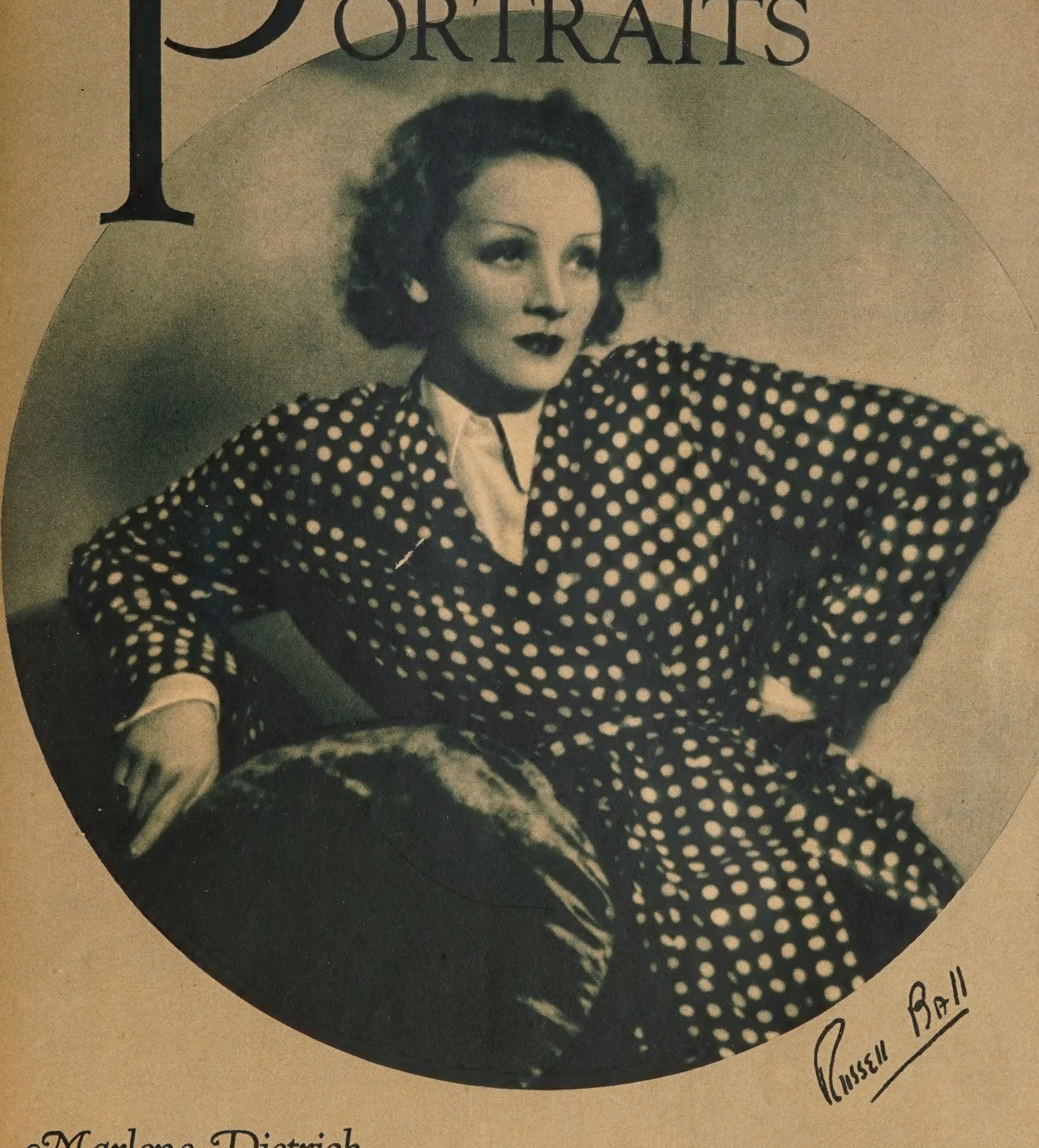
"There just ain't no such animal," grinned Gary, "and there goes your story. You're barking on the wrong trail."

"Well, perhaps you don't talk like a *boulevardier* or a *dilettante,* so—"

"Smile when you call me that,' drawled Gary, "and before we go any further let me tell you this. I'm not the same as I was when I went away, thank Heaven, but I haven't changed like they say I have. I was pretty [*Continued on page* 64]

Gary Cooper, completely his old self again, as he is seen with Tallulah Bankhead in *Devil and the Deep.* Tallulah is rumored much interested in Gary, who denies being interested in anybody—romantically

PERFECT PORTRAITS



Marlene Dietrich

● A perfect portrait of a perfect actress whose every picture has been an outstanding success. Marlene Dietrich, despite the big black headlines that have raged around her at every turn of her career, remains a study in complete composure. She gives another of those disturbingly poignant performances in "The Blonde Venus," with Herbert Marshall and Cary Grant

Russell Ball

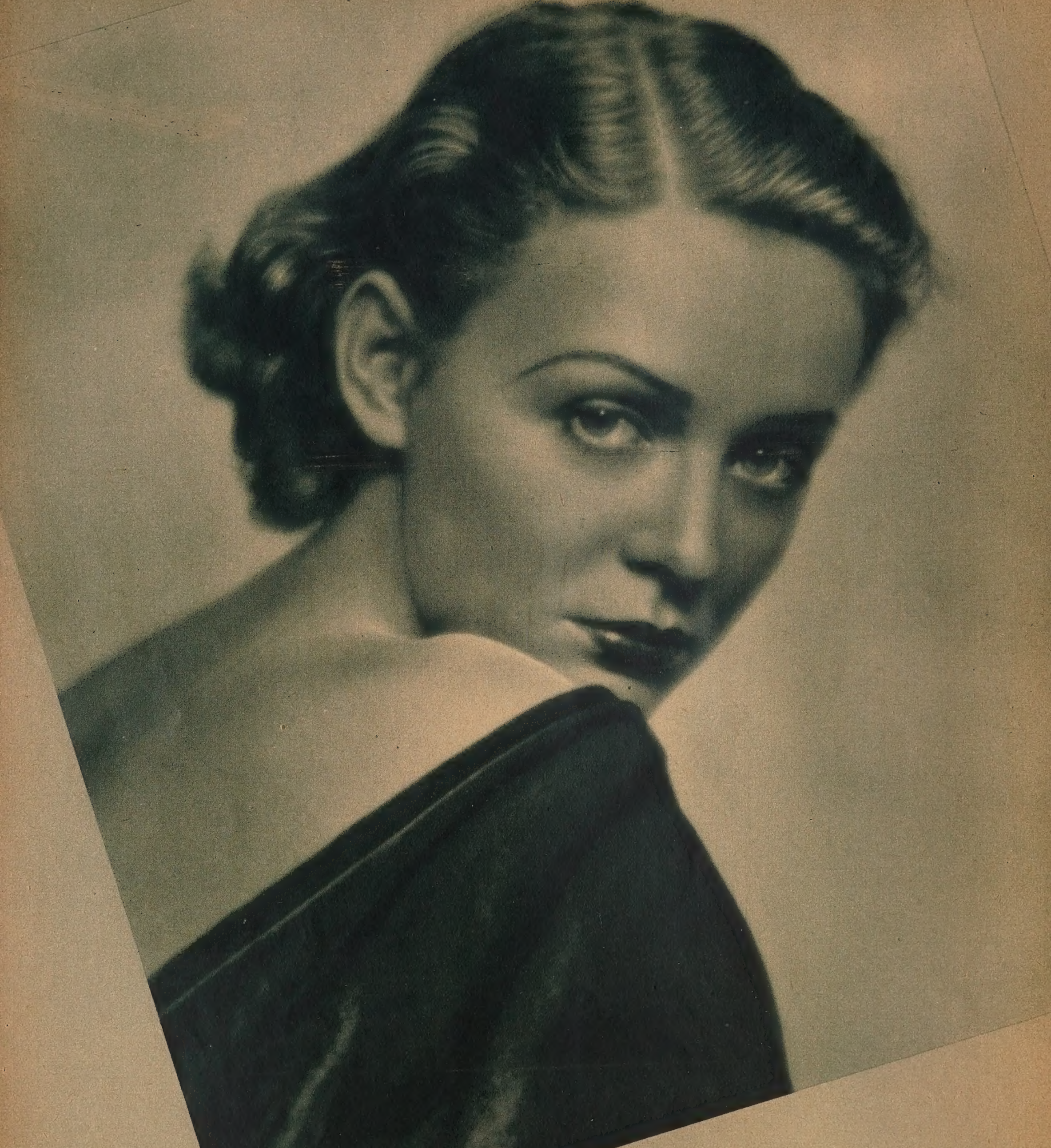
David Manners

● Hollywood, it seems, has never been able to fully appreciate David Manners. He is something better than a capable actor and yet he has never caused a sensation. His popularity is no sizzling skyrocket, headed heavenward and doomed to come down like a plummet. Five years from now he will still be giving fine performances, such as his last effort in "Crooner"

Russell Ball

Miriam Hopkins

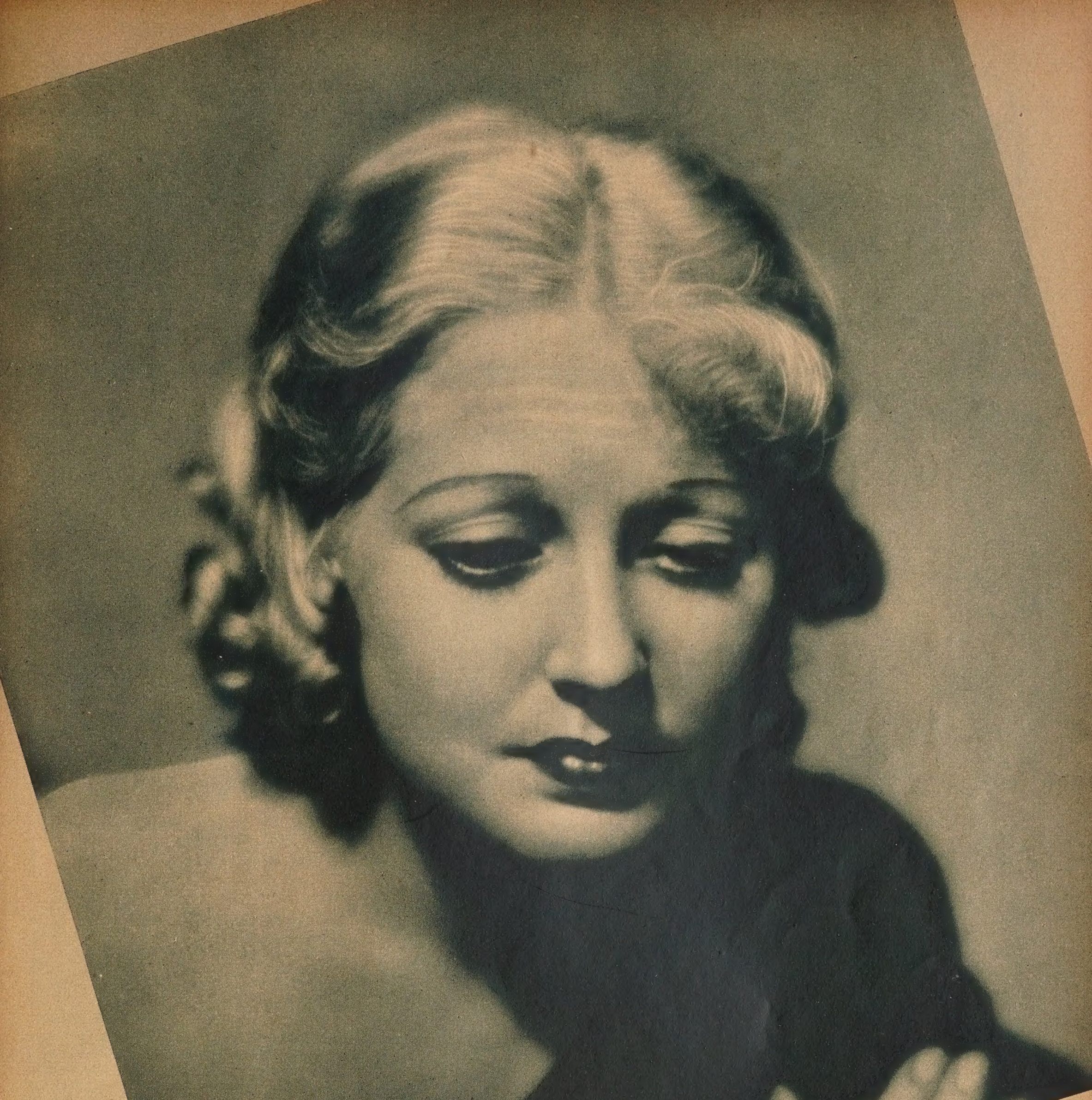
● Miriam is the living proof that blondes really have something behind their silvery locks. From student in a Vermont seminary to a stenographic job to stardom, via the stage, is an achievement of which few young women can boast. Though in Hollywood only two years, she has become one of the more important actresses. Now she is to be seen opposite Clark Gable in "No Bed of Her Own"



Russell Ball

Gloria Stuart

● Great things are expected of the vitally charming Gloria Stuart, who first came to the attention of Hollywood movie producers through her unexcelled performances at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Those who would catch a glimpse of an actress refreshingly different can do no better than to see her in two current screen hits, "The Old Dark House" and "Air Mail"



Russell Ball

Thelma Todd

● Imagine a Greek goddess playing slapstick comedy! That's the only way to describe Thelma Todd, one of the very important reasons why Hollywood is known as a city of beautiful women. Although thoroughly alluring in her rôle with Buster Keaton in "Speak Easily," she really can be a fine dramatic actress if given the proper opportunity

Keep this UNDER

News and breezy gossip about Hollywood celebrities

Ever since Genevieve Tobin stole a good slice of *One Hour With You* from Maurice Chevalier, she has been going great guns. She has a perfectly grand rôle in *Hollywood Speaks*

Just try to figure this one out. Jack Oakie and his favorite photographer are making you see double, and it's not because of last night's party. The miracle happened on the set of *Million Dollar Legs*

HOLLYWOOD seems to be picking on the Hollywood. The Hollywood is a restaurant in New York which features a floor show of feminine creatures who knock your eye out. Ziegfeld, White and Carroll pick beauties for their shows by raiding the ranks of the Hollywood chorus. The film producers have finally gotten wise and are following suit. Columbia drafted Dolores Ray from the Hollywood and has cast her with Tim McCoy as a starter. Sam Goldwyn picked Vivian Mathieson to appear with Eddie Cantor. Incidentally, Vivian is a dead ringer for Marlene Dietrich, legs and all!

And now, two major companies are dickering with the golden-haired Vera Milton who is featured at the Hollywood. She's a pretty English lass who says she doesn't like to be dickered with. Time and time again she's turned down offers for screen tests. Can't be bothered, it seems. "They want you to get up too early in the morning, and how do I know they're not white slavers?" says Vera.

Vera's quite a character on Broadway. She's a sort of blonde Gracie Allen of Burns and Allen, and her remarks continually find their way into the various columns. One of the columnists has even gone so far as to incorporate all her bright sayings into a scenario. One of the two major companies that is after Vera is reading it, and will try to force her dainty hand to move over the dotted line, so they can star her in it.

Anna May

ANNA MAY WONG, who's been wowing them in vaudeville around New York, is flirting with the radio. They do say she's already signed to radio yodel on a tea program over a national hook-up. Sam Shipman has a play for her, but she hasn't said yes and she hasn't said no yet.

Beery-Hatton

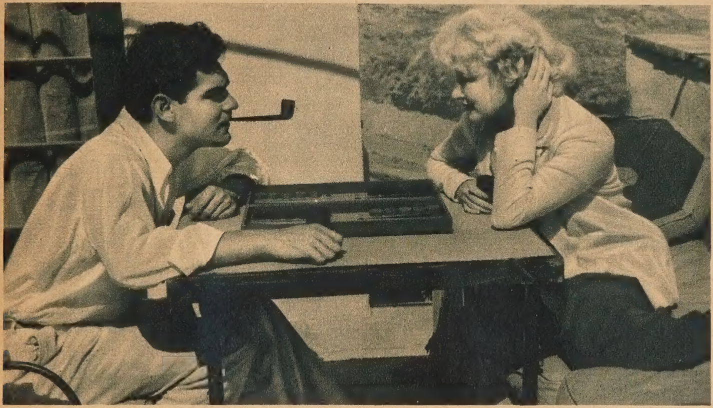
REMEMBER the Beery-Hatton comedies? They were swell, weren't they? Well, Beery and Hatton are together again. Only it's not Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. It's Noah Beery and Ray who will appear in support of Tim McCoy in Columbia's *Long Loop Laramie*. Wally's too big a star to be teamed with anyone but Jackie Cooper.

High Loew

ARTHUR LOEW is flying high these days. He's back with Helen Morgan again. And he made a flying busi-

Your HAT

By Beverly Hill



Marriages have a habit of dissolving rapidly in Hollywood, but Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen will take short-time prizes if they get their discussed divorce this fall. They were married in March of this year

SECRET LOVE?

SINCE the Maurice Chevalier-Yvonne Vallee divorce clouds appeared, Hollywood is buzzing with whispers that Marlene Dietrich is very much upset. Marlene and Maurice, gossip has it, think a lot of each other.

ness trip to the coast in the record time of fourteen hours and some few minutes. On the return trip he beat the record made by Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh. Arthur is one of the cleverest executives in the business, handling all of Metro's foreign business.

Is Every "Buddy" Happy?

BUDDY ROGERS is coming back. Buddy appeared with Lupe Velez in Ziegfeld's *Hot-Cha* and led his own band on the Pennsylvania roof. Now, he'll conduct them at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, and do a picture.

Barrymore-Costello

THE latest romance is that between Helene Costello and Ethel Barrymore's boy Jack. Wouldn't it be nice if they got married? Then we'd have two Barrymore-Costello hook-ups. Incidentally, there's no holding John Barrymore, now that he's the father of a boy. And what a profile the kid's got!

Heh-Heh!

YOUR Aunt Beverly's keen orbs spotted this one on a talkie house:

"MAURICE CHEVALIER
in *ONE HOUR WITH YOU*
and 'MICKEY MOUSE'"

The Fall Guy

SPEAKING of people who dare, there's our old Broadway friend Frank Fay, who spent $100,000 trying to do as he liked. Frank cast that sugar lump into a production of *A Fool's Advice* (an ironic tag, it developed), a picture he made when the studios ran out of chores for him.

Nobody has any official objection to Frank turning indie producer, but there is a concerted disinclination to give his work a showing. It's a matter of booking and distribution, which is a pretty good blockade, come to think of it. Some say that nobody wants to see Frank's lovely wife, Barbara Stanwyck, take awkward tumbles, which is one of her tasks in his act, which he offers with the film.

Clearly, however, there are those who don't mind Frank taking those falls.

So What?

RICHARD BENNETT, proud daddy of Joan, Constance and Barbara, and himself a featured screen player, has just finished a survey which shows him that there are in Hollywood thirty-two featured screen actors and eleven actresses whose parents won prominence on the stage. That ought to prove something.

—*Fink*

The Countess di Frasso and Gary Cooper at Santa Barbara. The countess and her husband are Gary's most intimate friends

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

News You Ought To Know

CLARA BOW gave the studio a headache when she had her bangs cut, for the new hairdress was entirely unsuitable for her rôle in *Call Her Savage*. . . . Mary Brian, returning from her personal appearance tour, woos a Warner Brothers contract. . . . *State Fair* will have as many big names as *Grand Hotel*—among the stars being Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Sally Eilers and James Dunn. . . . Charlie Ray is ready for a comeback with Fifi Dorsay in *The Girl from Calgary* directed by Paul Whiteman.

Believe It Or Not

ACCORDING to Barney Kleig there's a brash young orchestra leader, recently arrived from Chicago, who can't be dazzled out of his job in hand. Much in the manner of the youth who expressed an eagerness to marry Garbo for her money, the tune-mangler, before Jean Harlow's marriage, approached one of her confidantes.

"I'd like to take her out some night," he said. "If I'd be seen with her, I think it would be good for business."

Garbo By The Dozen

SID GRAUMAN, who was outsmarted in his efforts to throw a parade of Garbo doubles, around his theatre for the première of *Grand Hotel,* may never have another chance, since the somnolent Swede is off to the herring and salmon preserves of her own land. There are those who grieve for Sid, pointing out that he went to the trouble of herding no fewer than a dozen babies who can match the Garbo tooth to toenail. Fancy! Weeping for the plight of a fellow who can find twelve Garbos! Myself, I urge him to keep up his quest and God preserve his cunning eye! I have to live here.

Oh, Nuts!

IT'S one of those Hollywould-you-believe-it stories. Eddie Cantor and a party of screen notables journeyed to an asylum where the Beverly Hillsillys are kept. They brought cigarettes and sweets, and put on a show for the poor unfortunates. After Cantor had done his stuff for fifteen minutes, one of the screws cornered him and chirped: "You and I will get along fine. The other nuts here are so damn dignified. What I say is, if a man is nuts, he needn't put on airs about it."

Titles

IT'S a good thing Eugene O'Neill's hair is grey, for if it weren't it would certainly turn so quickly. World Wide Pictures bought his story, *Recklessnesss.* It will be released under the title, *Gambling in Souls.*

$$$$

BEBE DANIELS is a lucky girl. Lucky in love, with Ben Lyon and their little baby, and lucky in her film work. For years she's been drawing down heavy salary checks which didn't stop with the advent of the talkies. Then she had a disagreement with Warner Brothers over her stories. And just the other day it was settled with the Warners giving her a heavy chunk of dough, a new picture to be made in October with more dough, and still more if Bebe and Warners can't agree on story or direction.

—Ray Jones

Tom Brown and his husky police dog have sinister things in mind for the couple on the opposite page. Tom's bodyguard is no set-up in anybody's dog fight

Beg Pardon

JACKIE COOPER ruined a Brunswick recording in the East by being a gentleman. Jackie had just had a big meal, and during the recording there was a slight, imperceptible sound from his chest. "Excuse me," interpolated the kid, and the recording was shot.

When they told him that he had ruined a record which cost about seventy-five dollars, he explained, "Mother always told me to say 'excuse me' when I did that, and I had to be a gentleman even if it did cost you seventy-five dollars."

Bluecoat Bluenoses

CHICAGO is reputed to be a pretty tough town. The cops are kept busy chasing the Chicago-gatters, but now they'll be still busier. Things are so tough, that, as a matter of economy, the finance committee of the city has abolished the censor board. The board of nine members has cost the city about thirty-five thousand dollars a year. The new budget contains no provision for salaries for the members, so the board is out. This doesn't mean that the windy city's cinema will not be censored. The work is to be assigned to "incapacitated policemen;" that is, policemen who are temporarily unfit for active duty, and can be used to decide what the public should see on the screen.

Ouch!

JIMMIE DUNN tells me that one of the more famous screen nymphs was battling with a producer. In the midst of the brawl he eyed her and said, "You look as though you're ready to bite me."

"I don't eat fat," was the devastating retort.

Strange Interlude

STRANGE INTERLUDE, **with Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, has been put on ice for the summer. M-G-M**

will road-show it in the fall. Your Aunt Beverly saw a preview of it and thought it was a marvelous picture. The manner in which Eugene O'Neill's asides have been handled is exceedingly clever. The only difficulty the producers may find with the production is that it may be too far advanced for picture audiences.

All Wet

A NEW way of coming to a party was introduced by Kay Francis and her husband, Kenneth MacKenna. As it was an informal affair and they were to wear anything they liked, they arrived in dripping wet bathing suits. They arrived by boat, moored their boat in their host's front yard, and swam in.

Up On Your Marx

IT WAS Groucho Marx, addressing the West Side Asthma and Riding Club, an organization of writers, stars, and directors, of which he is a prominent member, who said, "When I first went into pictures, three years ago, we made fifty pictures with one executive. Now we make fifty executives with one picture."

Incidentally, Groucho, who is the maddest of the Marxes, started a panic at Arrowhead Lake the other day. Up in the sun parlors on the roof he switched the sign over the ladies' and gents' rest rooms and then sat innocently by as the fun progressed.

Plenty Of Jack, Too

JACK OAKIE is planning a novel and strenuous series of personal appearances. Having finished *Madison Square Garden,* he is going into the big cities with a sparring partner, and will stage boxing bouts with this partner or some local boy.

Teddy Hayes, Dempsey's former trainer and supervisor of the picture, says he's good.

Marian Nixon, whose great comeback in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is the talk of the town, is vacationing right alongside her backyard swimming pool, with "Chotsy," her pet wire-haired terrier to keep her company

—*Ray Jones*

Andy Devine, and his pet canine, "Truck McCall," are not to be intimidated. "Truck" is a present to Andy from a Detroit fan who admired him in *The Spirit of Notre Dame*

Doctor's Orders

CONNIE BENNETT'S doctors have closed down on her work. They insist that Connie confine her work between the hours of 8:30 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. and Warners are complying with this request, even in face of each day over Connie's time limit costing them five thousand dollars.

Cutting Remarks

THEY were discussing one of the more unpopular stars. "He boasts that his clothes are cut by the best tailors," said one.

"Yeah, an' he's cut by the best people," was the stinger.

Oh Min!

THE Paul Lukases have an addition to the family. It's a pup they acquired for a dollar. They call it "Minnie, the Moocher." You should see it!

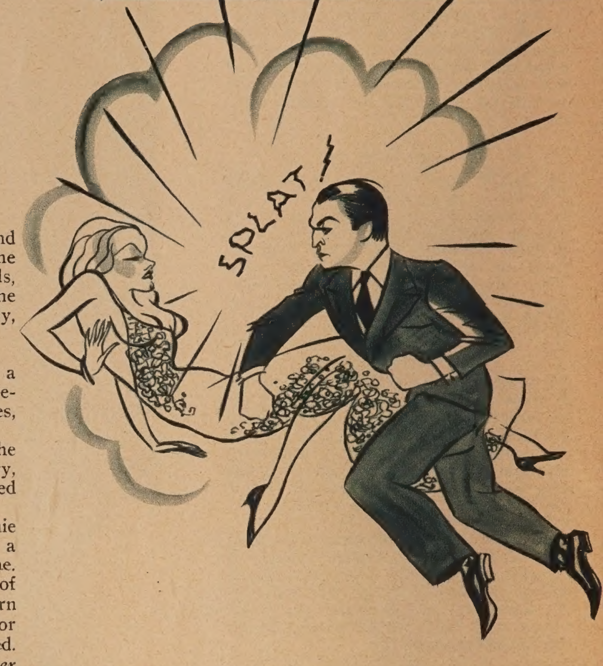
Boo—Hoop A Doop

THE courts did not give Helen Kane any relief in her suit against Max Fleischer to restrain him from using the name or the idea in the *Betty Boop* series of cartoons. Helen raised plenty of fuss when she saw the cute, little animated *Betty Boop* talking baby talk and singing in a manner similar to hers,

[*Continued on page* 55]

Putting PUNCH

Are movie fights faked? Here's Hollywood's red-blooded answer to that frequently made charge



Chester Morris was called on to caress Jean Harlow with a punch on the jaw in *Red Headed Woman.* Three retakes were necessary before the scene was correctly done—and after that it took ice packs to restore Jean's face to normal

CRACK!

The brawny villain brings one up from his instep and his fist crashes against our hero's dimpled chin! The blow would have put a mule to sleep but marvel of marvels, our hero shakes his head and with one terrible punch the villain, who in real life could lick the hero's whole family, is out for the count!

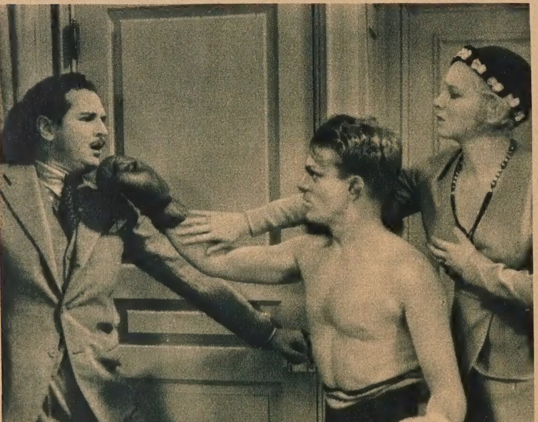
Did those terrible blows hurt or were they faked?

Was the fight you saw on the screen last night really a titanic struggle between two big rough men or was it the result of clever camera trickery and powder puff punches, cleverly masked to look like the real thing?

The answer is, yes and no. Although many tricks of the trade are used to minimize the chances of serious injury, punches often are real and many an actor has been carried from the set as cold as any champion from the ring.

In making *Society Girl,* his most recent picture, Jimmie Dunn refused to make his fight scenes too ladylike. As a result, to put it in the parlance of the ring, he stopped one. It was a terrific blow over the heart, delivered by one of Hollywood's most brawny ex-pugs. Several ribs were torn loose from Jimmie's breast bone and it was thought for awhile that more serious internal injuries had been sustained.

James Cagney likewise refused to use a double in *Winner Take All* and while his injuries were less severe than those of Dunn, he underwent real punishment at the hands of Harvey Peery, former fighter, and Joe Rivers, ex-lightweight champion with whom he also put on a bout for the picture.



James Cagney takes a poke at John Roche, despite Virginia Bruce's protest. Cagney refused to take a double during the making of *Winner Take All,* and the real pugs who faced his flashing right will tell you he didn't need one

Many of the older players of the screen have known what it is to be painfully and sometimes seriously injured in film fights. Richard Dix fought Jack Renault for his picture, *Knock-Out Riley.* In addition to four broken ribs and a fractured hand, he sustained a cut on his lip which required four stitches. Dick Arlen was carried from the set of *The Light of Western Stars* to have nine stitches taken in his scalp as the result of a film fight. George O'Brien, in spite of his boxing prowess, has been injured many times in his battles before the camera.

THE classic film fight of all time is, of course, that in the original version of *The Spoilers* in which the late Tom Santschi and William Desmond fought. Made twenty years ago, before pulled punches and camera tricks were heard of, this was indeed a battle. Santschi, being the villain, took the worst beating. His trophies were a broken arm and the loss of six front teeth. Desmond also suffered painful cuts and bruises and it was weeks before either man fully recovered from the struggle.

Fred Kohler, another heavy who has probably done more fighting for the camera than any other man in Hollywood, is another who has taken terrible punishment for art's sake. On his face, head and body, Kohler carries thirty-two scars

into FILM FIGHTS

By Clark Warren

Sometimes film fights aren't as ferocious as they might be in real life—but actors frequently suffer painful cuts and bruises. The taming of Boris Karloff in *The Old Dark House* is something Melvyn Douglas and Charles Laughton won't forget for awhile

A battle that was a battle! William Boyd and Gary Cooper, who staged the fierce struggle in *The Spoilers*, nursed cuts and bruises for weeks afterwards

as relics of twenty years of screen battling. Once, after a free-for-all, he spent three months in the hospital and estimates that he has spent two entire years, in the aggregate, recovering from such injuries.

Strangely enough, ring fighters seldom make good screen fighters. The technique of the prize ring is vastly different from that of the set.

"In the ring," says Harvey Peery, "a blow must be made to punish and to paralyze. In a screen fight it must *look* like it does so. The ring punches which hurt are those short, stiff-arm blows which travel not over eight inches and land like the kick of a mule. When the movie fighter strikes a blow, he starts it somewhere near his instep so that the audience can feel it coming."

The filming of a film fight is a carefully planned and plotted affair, as a rule. Breakaway furniture, lightly constructed so as to shatter easily, is used. The action is rehearsed, camera angles are calculated and every effort is made to minimize the risk, but in spite of these precautions many accidents occur. In making *The Purchase Price,* a battle is staged between George Brent and one of the supporting cast, Lyle Talbot. Falling backward from a rehearsed blow, Brent fell over a beer keg and suffered painful injuries. Talbot also was severely shaken in the battle. Sharp corners, falls and punches which land where they are not supposed to, contribute to a never-ending series of major and minor catastrophes.

A technique of picture blows also has been developed Sometimes the fist is driven forward at full force and allowed to slip off the shoulder. Some of these fighters have perfected blows which ease up a fraction of an inch from their target so that the effect is as though a hard punch had landed. Hobart Bosworth, who in spite of his years is said to still be the screen's roughest customer, hits with a stiff forearm, driving his opponent backward, but since it lands on the upper chest, no real hurt is done.

Accidental blows are frequent. Renée Adorée once was knocked cold by a blow which went astray because of the sudden lurch of the ship upon which the fight took place.

THERE need be no denial that doubles often are used, for this practice is certainly no reflection on the star. The star of a picture is a high-priced piece of furniture and a serious injury might cost thousands of dollars in delay to production. It is the condition and skill of these professional doubles which enables them to put on screen fights of such apparent violence that untrained men would be badly crippled.

"Ribbing" is often used by directors to secure realism. The doubles who did the majority of the [*Continued on page* 65]

I'll Marry!

—if the right man comes along! Frances Dee believes that love is all that matters

By Jewel Smith

"When I find a man, fall in love with him, and feel like getting married," Frances Dee declares, "nothing on heaven or earth or Hollywood can stop me." But when the most-dated girl in Hollywood will find the man she describes in this interview, it's hard to say

"I WANT to get married! Love is the greatest thing in life.

"If Mr. Right Man comes along, I'll be happy to meet him and we can go together hand-in-hand!"

Film Town's most popular girl said that. Of course, I refer to Frances Dee.

To come right out and say that a certain fair damsel is the loveliest, smartest, and most popular ingénue in Hollywood is as ridiculous as to suggest that Johnny Weissmuller enact Tarzan in a tuxedo!

Therefore, I shall expect a deluge of black-edged invitations to a nice little tar-and-feather party to be held at the homes of Loretta Young, Joan Marsh, Maureen O'Sullivan or Constance Cummings.

Frances Dee, the unanimous opinion of Hollywood b. f.'s (boy-friend's) contingent, is "The swellest babe this side of Mars—a honey of a gal—one grand peach—a darn sweet kid!"

She has more dates than Garbo has rumors. While her popularity on the screen rises with every performance—off-screen it has already smashed the barometer. Still, with all this peremptory esteem, Frances has not so much as been engaged once!

So what? I was curious to know. What did Frances think of these suitors who were as numerous as Bing Crosby imitators? Was she serious about any of them, or were they just good pals? What were her ideas on marriage, and how had she managed to dodge the engagement reporters?

THE day I went to query Frances on the low-down, she had just returned from the beach. Her face was rapidly reaching the hue that calls for an effective salve. Her nose was peeling, but she looked swell! She talked gaily. She laughed. You knew the moment she had taken your hand in hers and gripped it tightly that she was sincerely glad to meet you. That one thing is the secret of Frances' popularity.

She is sincere. To her "high-hat" is still something men wear on very formal occasions. She is what she is—a regular gal who is primarily a lady.

We talked seriously of marriage.

"When I find a man, fall in love with him, and feel like getting married," she said, "that's what I'm going to do. And nothing on heaven or earth or Hollywood will stop me!

"I cannot understand why people go into long discussions on the impossibilities of happy marriages

[*Continued on page* 54]

I Won't!

Maureen O'Sullivan isn't a man-hater, but her ideas on love and marriage mean a good many rejected proposals

By Grace Mack

"I DON'T want to get married!

"At least, I don't for a long, long time. Whoever said that variety is the spice of life knew something. I want variety!"

Maureen O'Sullivan, who has been offered wedding rings aplenty, means just that! This little Irish girl, with the blue of Killarney in her eyes and a wee bit of blarney in her tongue, just naturally gives men the wedding ring blues.

"And it's rather a pity," says Maureen a little sadly, "because, you see, I'm not really a man-hater at all, at all!"

A roll call of the young men who have decorated her doorstep ever since she's been in Hollywood proves that she is not. It doesn't mean that she has any radical or ultra-modern ideas about marriage. As an institution, she's all for it. But, as something for herself, she isn't taking any.

"I can't stand to be tied down to anything or anybody," she confesses. "I have to have change!"

So this charming daughter of Erin progresses from boy-friend to boy-friend, leaving a trail of aching hearts in her wake. A few months ago it was Russell Gleason. Then it was Eddie Quillen. Then it was Jimmie Dunn.

Jimmie is almost as Irish as Maureen. He has been quoted as saying, "I have to be in love." But his loves, up to now, have been as transient as Maureen's.

"Did Jimmie have wedding ring ideas, too?" I asked.

A little telltale blush crept into her cheeks and her eyes which had been looking straight into mine were suddenly focused on a dish of raspberries and cream.

"JIMMIE'S a dear," she said finally. "Marriage? No! We had a lot of fun, playing around. In real life, he's just like he is on the screen. When we first began going around together we spent all our evenings dancing at night clubs. That's what Jimmie likes. When you're working, you can't stay up all hours and be fit the next day.

"The camera catches all the little tired lines around your eyes. I told Jimmie that and he said: 'But think of all the fun you miss if you stay home every night!'

"I finally got him trained. We went dancing about once a week. On other nights we went to a movie, and I got him home early."

Now you know as well as I do that when a girl takes enough interest in a man to see that he gets his quota of sleep, so he'll be fresh for work the next day, that such an interest is likely to lead to the altar. Maureen denies that there was any possibility of this but I suspect that she had her fingers crossed. [*Continued on page* 66]

Her blasted romance with James Dunn proves what Maureen maintains—that she loves her freedom too much to take a wedding ring from any man. She wants thrills, adventure and travel before the ties of matrimony hold her fast to one family fireside

LET'S

What happens when the

Eddie Cantor doesn't give parties. But when his wife decided to stage a swanky fashion show for the sake of charity, he was right on hand to help out. You can see him standing on the edge of the swimming pool, acting as master of ceremonies

One of the month's most unusual affairs was the fashion wedding given in the Roosevelt Hotel. It was a make-believe ceremony with Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill holding the spotlight as best man and maid of honor

One of the very good reasons why Mrs. Eddie Cantor's charity fashion show was such a huge success—Jeanette MacDonald poured coffee for the eager guests

Ping pong is still the favorite indoor sport for informal evening gatherings. Mrs. Wallace Ford and June Johnson look on while Florine McKinney learns the fine points of serving from Wallie

GO PARTYING

stars decide to entertain

—Photos by Fink

Visitors' day at Universal found Charlie Murray in the brilliant rôle of master of ceremonies. June Clyde, convulsed with laughter, is shown taking her bow—as did other stars of that studio on the occasion

Another informal gathering of the sort to be found almost any afternoon in Hollywood homes. Back row: George Stone, Phyllis Fraser and Wallace Ford. Second row: Allan Wood, June Hearst, John Healy, Ginger Rogers and Nate Burns. Seated in the foreground: June Johnson, Mrs. Wallace Ford and Mozzelle Brittone

Volley ball is the ace sport at Malibu, where stars enjoy strenuous exercise on their parties. This group is bouncing the leather at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien

Jigsaw puzzles are as much the rage in Hollywood as they are anywhere else. Phyllis Fraser, Alan Mowbrey and Mozzelle Brittone are seen attending to their eye-brow knitting

SHE CLICKS!

—Freulich

"I'm crazy about pictures," says Aline MacMahon, who already has appeared in five screen plays. She considers the stage work and movies fun and, unabashed, frankly admits that seeing herself on the screen was her greatest thrill and that she thinks she's perfectly grand as a movie actress

—Bert Six

Aline MacMahon, in the rôle she created in the stage play, *Once in a Lifetime*, and Jack Oakie both appear in Universal's screen version of this uproarious travesty on the movies, a humor combination calculated to lift theatre audiences right out of their seats and leave them gasping with laughter

Aline MacMahon takes Hollywood by storm and sets a new high in hilarity with her dry, droll humor

By J. Eugene Chrisman

POSSIBLY one can imagine Janet without Charlie, Laurel without Hardy or eggs without salt but no one could conceive of *Once In a Lifetime*, that rip-roaring parody of Hollywood and picture making, without a certain tall, wise-cracking actress whose side-splitting drolleries were the hit of the play.

Her name is Aline MacMahon and it was she who played the rôle that convulsed the picture colony when *Once In a Lifetime* showed in Los Angeles and when the entire industry saw itself hoisted on the petard of parody with such telling effect. Junior Laemmle is making *Once In a Lifetime* with scarcely a change in its lines and it is Aline MacMahon who carries the brunt.

She was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, of Russian-Jewish, Scotch-Irish parentage, which, if you ask me, is enough of a start in life for anybody. Moving to Brooklyn with her parents at an early age, she graduated from Columbia to find herself in possession of a perfectly good diploma and an unquenchable desire to be an actress. Her first professional appearance failed to rock the theatrical world and consisted of one line in an effort called *One Night* which was, she admits, a sequel to *Three Weeks*. That was in 1924 and then followed a varied and checkered experience embracing a Yorkville stock company, a session at the Neighborhood Playhouse, the *Grand Street Follies* and, at last, Broadway. The Shuberts put her under contract for dramatic rôles but she found herself doing comedy in the Winter Garden with *Artists and Models*. Drama or comedy, it didn't matter to Aline but she left the Shuberts when they insisted that she play a part in *A Pearl of Great Price*.

"The title didn't appeal to me," she says, "so I quit."

IT WAS on New Year's Eve, after she had played for three months in the New York cast of *Once In a Lifetime*. A telephone call. A company was being formed to play the West Coast. Would she go?

"Why not?" said Aline. "I've always wanted to follow Horace Greeley's advice. Why not?"

And so she came to Hollywood, leaving behind her a trail of Indian nut shells which extended from Grand Central station to the Roosevelt hotel. If you don't understand about the Indian nuts—wait until you see the picture. They crackled like a Chinese Fourth of July from first to final curtain and so, according to both critics and public, did the performance of Aline MacMahon. Her dry, droll humor set a new high mark in hilarity and it was Mervyn Le Roy, the diminutive director of hits, who saw her first.

A part as the wise-cracking

[*Continued on page* 59]

WE NOMINATE!

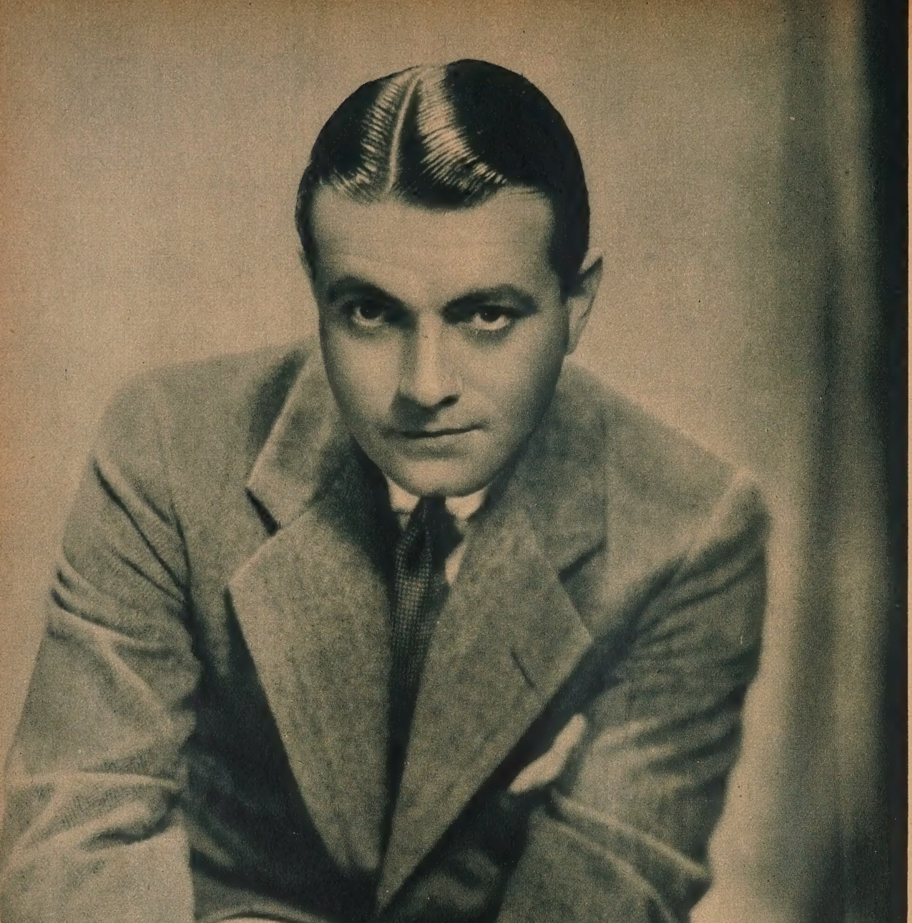
SCREEN BOOK holds its own convention to honor Hollywood film favorites

TALA BIRELL

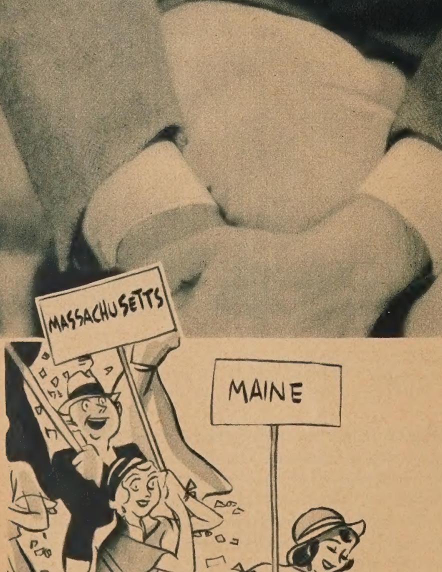
NEW YORK
MINNESOTA
VIRGINIA
'A

Tala Birell

Hearing no report from the disorganized minority, SCREEN BOOK rises to nominate Tala Birell, of Bucharest, Roumania, for the title of the most important foreign importation to Hollywood in the year 1932. She is truly a royal choice, being the daughter of Baroness Stephanie Sahayidakowska—and that is no typographical error. She studied music under the grand-daughter of Franz Schubert, the famous composer. Tala already has won the hearts of her new countrymen in "The Doomed Battalion" and is campaigning for more and greater glory in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood"



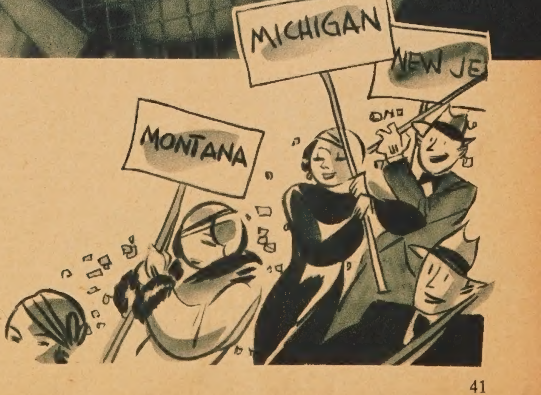
RICHARD
THELMESS



Richard Barthelmess

Dick is no "dark horse." For more than ten years he has been a consistent favorite, appearing always in clean, stirring dramas and giving, as no other star can, fine performances in every picture. Logically, he is the one actor to be named as "Hollywood's Most Successful." In private life he is the husband of Jessica Haynes Sargeant, with whom he travels the world over during several months of each year. Among Dick's most famous successes are: "Tol'able David," "Broken Blossoms," "Weary River," "The Dawn Patrol," and currently, "Cabin in the Cotton"

MARION
DAVI



Marion Davies

Ah, there's a girl! Dare anyone oppose the unanimous choice of Marion Davies as "Hollywood's Best Sport?" The books of Movieland's history are filled to overflowing with memories of the charities Marion has performed for members of her profession, young and old. It would be impossible to list all of Marion's kindnesses, for she won't have that kind of publicity. Ask anyone whoever worked for Marion Davies—they sing her praises to the skies. She is soon to be seen in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," another addition to her long list of delightful pictures

MICKEY MOUSE

MICKEY MOUSE

We couldn't stop him! Mickey crashed the convention and swept all before him, jumping far in the lead as "The Screen's Biggest Moneymaker." He has no rivals!

Clara Bow

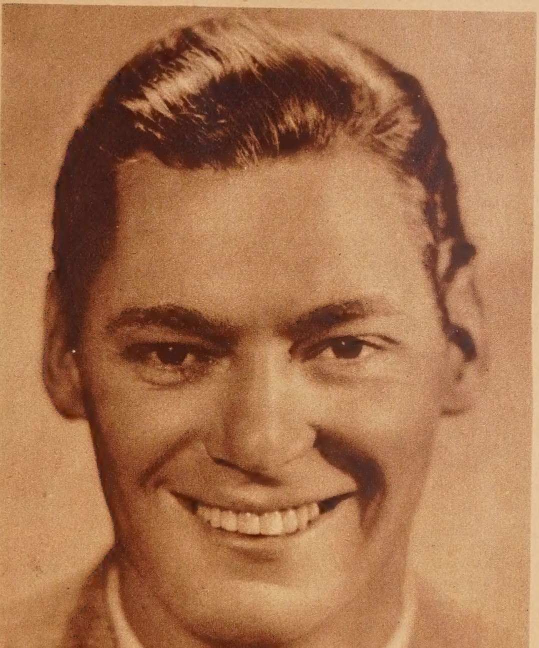
Fans the nation over will join the landslide for Clara Bow as her name goes on SCREEN BOOK'S campaign ticket as "Hollywood's Gamest Star". Clara Bow has battled every handicap during her career. When the odds became too great about a year ago, she retreated to her desert ranch, pursued by ill health and a cloud of unfavorable publicity. Now she is back again in fighting trim, determined to take her place once more as one of the foremost cinemaladies. "Call Her Savage," the powerful novel by Tiffany Thayer, is her comeback vehicle

Bobbe Arnst declares she's not jealous of Johnny Weissmuller's success, and that's something for a girl who has been the rave of both coasts with her eccentric dancing. She'd rather be Johnny's wife than have a career

You CAN'T Have MY HUSBAND

Bobbe Arnst, the tiny mate of Tarzan, hurls her defy at the gossip hounds

By Clark Warren



—*Paul Stone-Raymor Ltd.*

"His success in *Tarzan* hasn't spoiled Johnny," Bobbe insists. "And I don't care if all the women in New York are running after him. He's still mine, every bit of him!"

BOBBE ARNST, diminutive mate of Tarzan, the Ape Man, pulled an eighteen page love letter from behind the cushions of the divan and waved it at me.

"There's my answer to the gossips who are saying that Johnny and I will soon be divorced," she laughed, "now if you could read this letter—"

Regardless of what that old hag, Mrs. Grundy has to say, you can take it from me that Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst still are passionately, tenderly, head over heels in love.

Bobbe, perched on the edge of the divan, her head cocked sideways like a pert little sparrow, continued,

"No, we're not going to let them get away with it. Johnny gets frantic every time he picks up a magazine or paper that mentions the possibility of our divorce, but I'm still laughing at them. I love Johnny and he loves me and no matter what Hollywood has done to others, it isn't going to spoil things for us! I am willing to give up my own career on either stage or screen if it will help Johnny. I'll do anything to help him hold his success, for in a year and a half of married life I've reached the conclusion that the nicest and most satisfactory career in the world for Bobbe Arnst is to be the wife of Johnny Weissmuller."

Johnny Weissmuller met Bobbe Arnst in the Roman Pool at Miami, Florida. It was a case of love at first sight and within ten days they were married. For months they were completely, deliriously happy. Johnny, at that time was not a movie celebrity but a world's champion swimmer and Bobbe famous in her own right as a star of the musical comedy stage. Then came Hollywood and pictures.

"His success in *Tarzan* hasn't spoiled Johnny," she insists. "And I don't care if all the women in New York are running after him. He's still mine, every bit of him! Why Johnny was even afraid to go to the preview. Stubby Kruger and I went together and left him at home. Just before the preview started I saw him slip into the seat back of me. He wanted to watch and see how I took it. He left the theatre still believing that it was a good picture for kids and nothing more, but I knew, and I also knew that from then on we were going to have to fight for our happiness."

It all began when Johnny was sent to New York to make personal appearances in connection

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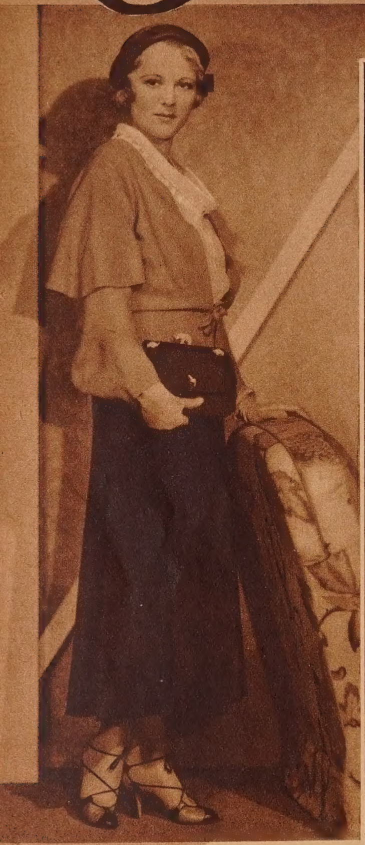
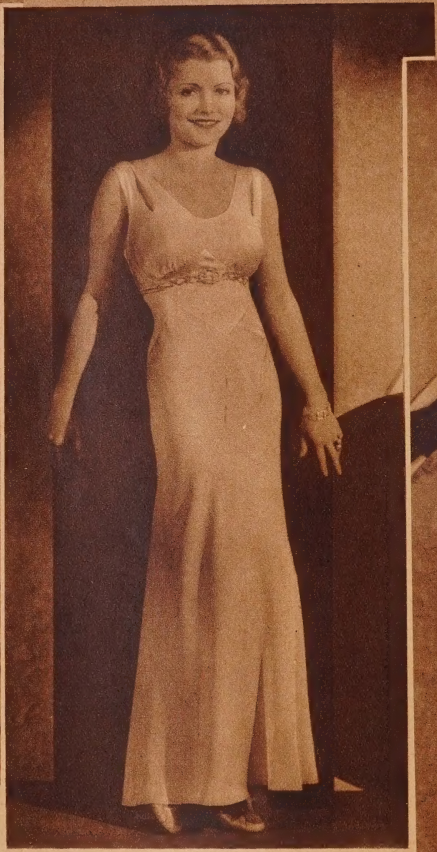
The Fall Fashion

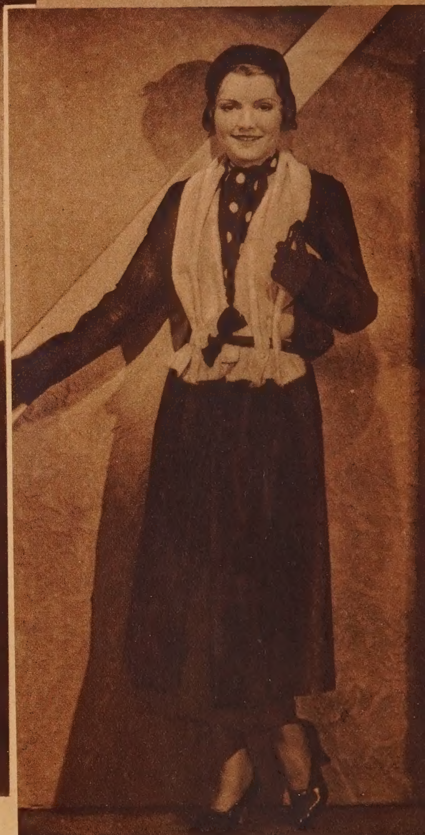
Photos by Powolny



Sports clothing for fall will be a little more dignified in cut, but gay in colors. Sally Eilers' costume, featuring a longer skirt-length has a white batiste blouse, red jacket and blue skirt. Hat and shoes match



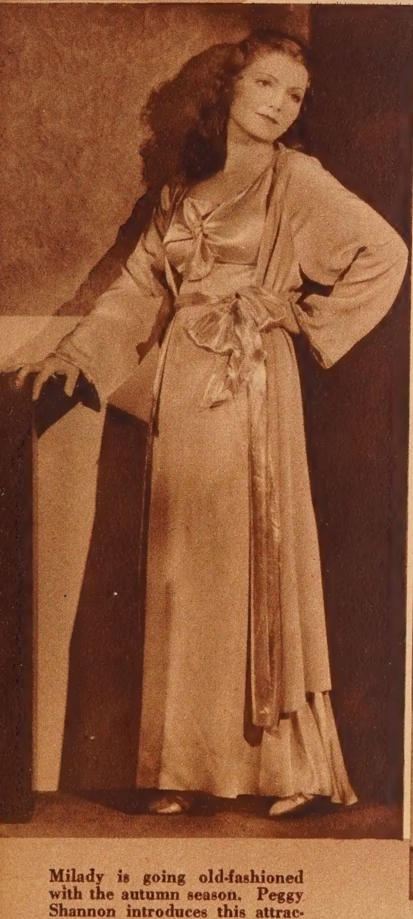
The new formal evening gowns for fall will feature simplicity. Peggy Shannon wears this nude satin creation with empire waist and form-fitting skirt cut on the popular bias lines.



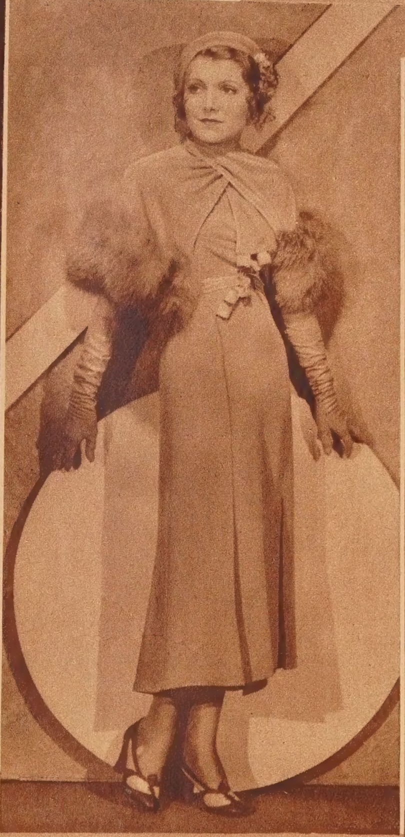
Peggy is the proud owner of something distinctly different in fall topcoats. It is of brown galyac fur, trimmed with white lapels of the same material. The béret is of brown suede and the scarf of brown and white polka dots. Accessories are in color harmony with the coat

Première

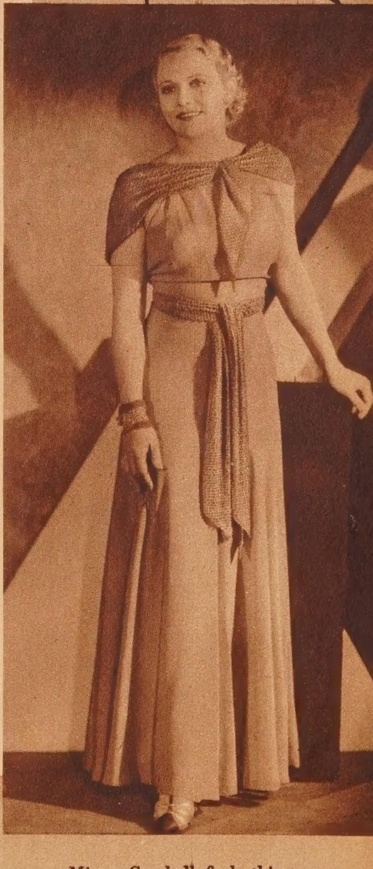
Parading the distinctive new seasonal creations



Milady is going old-fashioned with the autumn season. Peggy Shannon introduces this attractive nightgown and negligee in her new picture *Society Girl*. The nightie is of pale blue wash satin and the negligee is of pale blue flat crêpe lined with silver lamé cloth



Fall street dresses will be neatly tailored. Peggy's swanky boulevard outfit is of biege chiffon woolen material, trimmed in red fox fur. The skirt is plain and tailored with kick pleats. The blouse is woven in checked effect, with a scarf that becomes almost a cape



Minna Gombell finds this new hostess gown most attractive. It is a creation of red crêpe romaine, trimmed with red wooden beads. The design is by that well-known fashion creator, David Cox, and is worn by Minna in *Bachelor's Affairs*

What Every Blonde Should Know

By Dorothy Christy

A famous blonde movie star reveals the secrets of her lovely tresses and tells how you, too, may beautify your hair

—*Preston Duncan*

Dorothy Christy, an ash blonde, has bleached her hair for five years but during that time, due to the method she uses, the shade never has varied

—*Fink*

An ash blonde has no red in her hair so Dorothy Christy uses a lemon rinse after each shampoo. Vinegar should not be used because it dulls highlights. Ash blondes may bring out the highlights in their hair by adding seventeen per cent volume peroxide to their shampoo about four times yearly. Peroxide should not be used more often for repeated use results in an unnatural blonde shade

THIS is the story of the dangers that beset a blonde in Hollywood.

It is the story of soaps and vinegars and lemon rinses, and of how many blondes bleach in haste and repent at leisure. If you are a blonde, you may get a few tips on the question of remaining so if you read on and let me tell you what my hairdresser told me.

Hope Hanson, of the Ann Meredith beauty shop in Hollywood, has been my *bleach connoisseur* for five years. According to her, I am an ash blonde. That means that my hair has no red in it. It has a brown background, instead. Ash blonde hair has a tendency to become drab—almost a gravy color—because of an overflow of oil to the scalp. To counteract this, I use a special shampoo which contains camomile soap—a preparation that brings out the highlights in the hair and cuts the brown coloring.

During the five years that my hair has been bleached its shade has remained the same. This is because the pigment of the hair never has been allowed to vary from its natural coloring.

When exposed to the sunshine most blonde hair has a tendency to bleach. This is especially true in the tropical sunshine of California. My hair-dresser has prevented this, however, by shampooing in a special solution which keeps the texture of the hair in perfect condition and the coloring a natural hue. When she rinses, Hope uses a lemon liquid. She does this because vinegar would darken the blonde coloring and dull the highlights.

If you are an ash blonde and shampoo your own hair, you can bring out the highlights by use of peroxide, seventeen per cent volume. Use this peroxide in your liquid shampoo. Peroxide keeps the drab color out of the hair and at the same time is antiseptic and cleansing to the scalp.

Shampoo your hair in this manner about four times a year. If you use peroxide every time you shampoo your hair, you would soon bleach it to an unbecoming color. It is not an asset to a girl to be a "bleached blonde." Today we value naturalness more than ever before. The girl whose hair looks natural has a coiffure far more beautiful than one that has the appearance of being "touched up."

REMEMBER there is danger in bleaching the hair. If you are thinking of having a bleach, be very careful to select a skilled beauty operator to do the job. The danger lies in over-bleaching. When this happens, the hair becomes mossy and slimy. The unskilled operator often mixes the bleaching solution too strongly—possibly using too much ammonia. Many times operators use chlorox to

[*Continued on page 56*]

You Can't Have My Husband!

[*Continued from page* 43]

with *Tarzan.* Moving from the large apartment which they had shared to a smaller one on the ground floor, a reporter called Bobbe.

"I hear you're moving, Mrs. Weissmuller?"

"Yes," said Bobbe, "and Johnny is helping me. Why?"

"Nice of him, under the circumstances," said the reporter, "but could we get a statement from you on your separation?"

"But we're not separating," wailed Bobbe, "I'm not moving out, only to a smaller apartment while Johnny is in New York."

And so New York, especially the feminine part of it, went wild over Johnny. Women dogged his steps and overnight he became a popular idol. Newspapers and magazines began to hint and then to openly predict that Bobbe would never be able to hold him in the face of this avalanche. In bewilderment he wrote to her.

"Don't pay any attention to it, Bobbe," he pleaded, "you know I still love you."

Bobbe sighed and opened a big scrap book wherein reposed Johnny's clippings.

"People have wondered why I let Johnny go off to New York without me. I've been on the stage since I was three and I believe I have had a little sense pounded into me. Johnny wanted me to go and take care of his business for him but I insisted that he get a manager. He's just a great big kid and I knew if I tried to manage him in New York we'd disagree. I knew that the women were going to idolize him and lionize him and I was glad. The best way for me to lose him would be to hang on to his coat tail, wouldn't it?"

Professional jealousy has never entered Bobbe's little head. She is wrapped up, heart and soul, in that big, lovable boy she calls her husband and nothing else matters.

"Jealous of Johnny's success?" she laughed heartily, "Well I should say not. I'm proud, as proud as I can be. I feel about Johnny just as a mother feels about an exceptionally attractive child. I want people to notice him and to make over him and I'm mad if they don't. When I say I'd lay down my life for that boy tomorrow if he needed it, I'm not kidding."

A grand little girl, this wife of *Tarzan's.* Not many women who have achieved so much fame for themselves have the courage to throw it all overboard to follow the destinies of the man they love. Tiny in stature, she has the heart of a lion.

Johnny is one husband the gossip hounds can't have!

SEE THE STARS AS THEY REALLY ARE!

>•<

Hyman Fink, Hollywood's champion candid cameraman presents *Forward March!* in the November issue of SCREEN BOOK.

does away forever with revealing telltale outlines

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN

(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

NEVER AGAIN need you worry! Phantom Kotex is here, with ends flattened and skilfully tapered. They permit no slightest hint of a revealing wrinkle—even under the filmiest fabrics.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854.

Soft, highly absorbent

Not one of the original Kotex features has been sacrificed to attain this new-day result. You'll find here that same softness, that delicacy, that has made you insist upon genuine Kotex. Disposable of course. Hospitals alone bought more than twenty-four million Kotex pads last year.

Here is the same Kotex quality you have always known. Plus vastly improved design. And—think of this—there is no increase in price! Never were Kotex prices so low!

Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end of the new pad is now plainly stamped "Kotex." On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

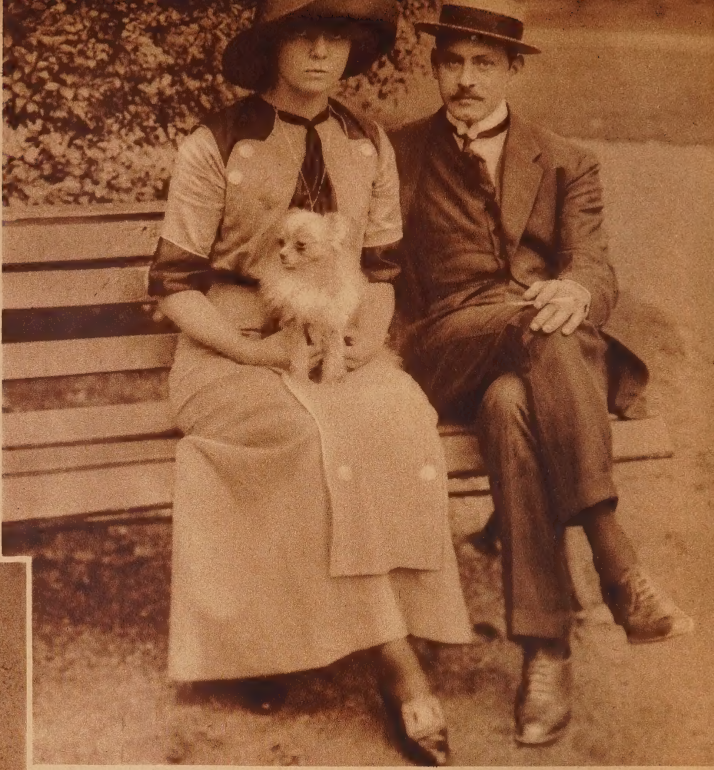
HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2190, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★Kotex.*

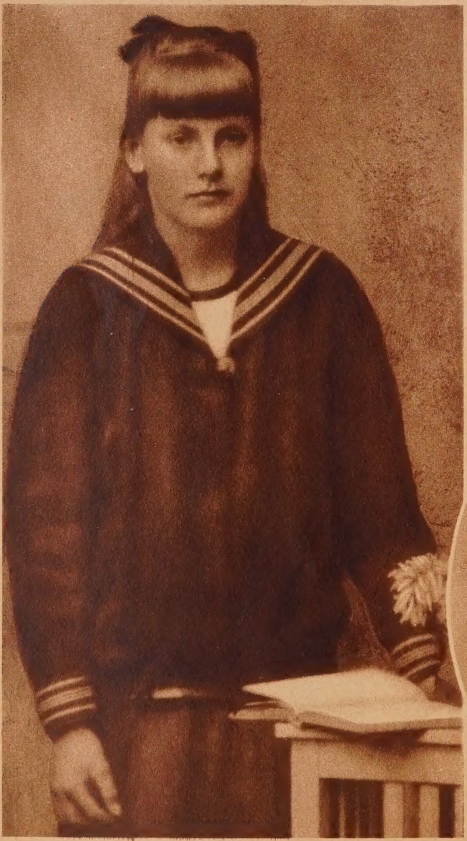
Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

We Knew Them When

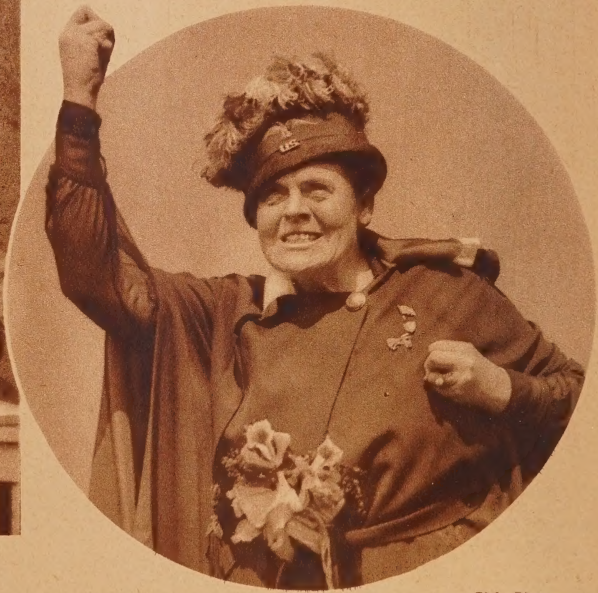


—*Globe Photo*

—**JOHN BARRYMORE** was as popular as a matinee idol as Clark Gable is on the screen today. The lady with him is his first wife, Michael Strange, the famous novelist



—**GRETA GARBO** was a shy, self-reliant girl of eleven, whose only thoughts were of her school books and fishing excursions with her dad



—*Globe Photo*

—**MARIE DRESSLER** was selling Liberty Bonds with the pep and speed of a tornado back in 1917. That was in the days when Marie never dreamed of becoming the nation's most beloved character actress

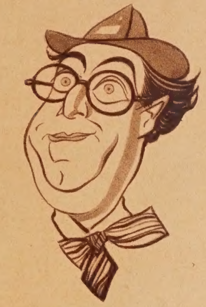
With the LOUDSPEAKER

Gather around movie and radio fans, for this first of a series of broadcasts about your favorites of the ether waves

By The Tuner-Inner

Presenting Bouquets

—To the fluttery MR. WYNN for being radio's funniest man. If you must know it, the laughs you hear during Eddie's programs are not microphony. He likes to "feel out" his audience, so invites about five hundred people to each broadcast. He dresses up, too, because he can't be funny unless he feels funny. May nothing ever happen to halt The Chief's hysterics over his national nitwork.



Ed Wynn, my favorite fire chief

—To GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN for their delicious, senseless patter that flows between tunes from GUY LOMBARDO'S orchestra. How they can crack so verra wise without going stale, you tell me.

—To RUTH ETTING, whose soothing love lyrics are fast making her radio's favorite sweetheart. What a landslide of love letters that girl must get.

—And to the Old Maestro, BEN BERNIE from whom comest always thirty minutes of matchless entertainment, punctuated with the superb music of those boys. If all advertising were as painless as Ben's Blue Ribbon ballyhoo, we'd all dial happily.

Static—

Why is it that EDNA WALLACE HOPPER always talks so fast—justlikethis? And loud—LIKE THIS? She's a grand girl and all that, but being a perpetual flapper shouldn't demand such a strain on the vocal chords.

KATE SMITH really ought to smoke a few of those cigars she talks so much about. Else how is she to know?

My idea of the height of futility is: "By special permission of the copyright owners." No radio listener finds out who the owners are so it doesn't do them any good. And if the fans did know they wouldn't care—so why?

When political speeches start booming in over the air, I'm going to take a nice long vacation. There ought to be a law against 'em, because they keep more radios silent than busted tubes.

Houck, I Say!

Movie folk who vacation at Catalina Island find the Avalon Casino a favorite dancing spot—and a very good reason, too. For here they can listen to so sweet music from the band of "CURT" HOUCK, a personable young orchestra leader whose tunes have kept things humming over the ether waves around Los Angeles.

Royalty

Hail to the Queen! RUTH ETTING has the title—"Queen of Radio," won in a recent contest sponsored by a New York newspaper. HARRY RICHMAN, entertainer supreme who was once "engaged" to CLARA BOW, was elected king. MYRT AND MARGE captured high honors for the best skit performers. NORMAN BROKENSHIRE slid into first place as the most popular announcer, while RUDY VALLEE, last year's monarch of the air, showed his heels to the field of orchestra leaders.

What Some People Don't Know—

That COLONEL LEMUEL Q. STOOPNAGLE can plow through the water a-la Weissmuller and that his mantelpiece is cluttered with cups and medals he captured as a boy swimmer.

That KATE SMITH finds Long Island Sound the best place for her swimming and no wisecracks from any of you.

That MORTON DOWNEY, who gets a lot of what it takes to pay rent and buy orchids for his beautiful wife, Barbara Bennett, once earned $8 a week selling phonograph records. It wasn't enough, so he sang his fool head off and became famous. Most of us would just moan—and go right on peddling phonograph records.

Editor's Note—Tuner-Inner more than welcomes correspondence from radio fans. If you have any questions, send them in and he'll do the best he can to answer in his column. If you have any pet peeves or pats-on-the-back, he'll loan you the "mike" on this page for a few words.

World's worst job ended by KLEENEX disposable tissues

No more handkerchief washing!
Use disposable tissues instead

MADAM, if you *like* to wash dirty handkerchiefs, don't read this advertisement. We are going to tell you how to get rid of this disagreeable job. We are going to tell you about Kleenex, a handkerchief to *use and destroy*.

This disposable handkerchief, Kleenex, is made of softest rayon-cellulose. It is far more absorbent than cotton or linen.

Softest . . . yet strongest

Kleenex costs so little that you need use each tissue but once . . . then destroy it. This means no self-infection from soiled handkerchiefs. No storing in laundry bags, to scatter germs through clothing.

In addition to the handkerchief-size Kleenex, try the larger sheets, three times usual size, for guest towels, dusting and kitchen use.

Kleenex also comes in 25c rolls, in pink or white. For a free sample of Kleenex, write Kleenex Co., Lake Michigan Building, Chicago.

'KERFS

Real handkerchiefs with borders. Disposable like Kleenex, but 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Ideal for tea napkins. 25c a box.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Fans Riot at Movie Premiere

[*Continued from page* 17]

to carry away the weaker fans who fainted or were trampled under foot. After a long delay, police forced the crowd back to the ropes by brute strength, giving the ticket holders a chance to get what they had paid for.

Unperturbed by the demonstration, Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante carried on as master of ceremonies, herding the stars to the microphone to say hello. Only one thing disturbed him—the failure of one star to appear. "I wonder what can be keeping Greta Garbo," he muttered into the microphone between introductions.

Clark Gable furnished the high spot of the evening when he was mobbed the second he appeared. Only after a struggle in which he was considerably mussed did Clark fine safety inside the theatre. Norma Shearer, too, received an ovation that threatened to separate the building from its foundation. But, in spite of the near riot, everybody had a huge good time.

Every star of importance was on hand, attired in the height of finery to make the event the most brilliant Hollywood has ever staged. The Tabloid reporter particularly noticed—Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, happy in their reunion, arriving with Marian Nixon . . . the Robert Montgomerys and Leslie Howards receiving a fine ovation . . . Jean Harlow making her first appearance in public with the new husband, Paul Bern . . . and tall, masterful Gary Cooper squiring Mary Pickford.

To top off the gala occasion, the Edmund Gouldings helped celebrate the tremendous success of Norma Shearer and Clark Gable with a glorious party from which everybody straggled home in the wee small hours of the morning.

—*Ray Jones*

Look out! Here comes the greatest football quarterback of all time, Frank Carideo of Notre Dame. He is only one of the famous gridiron heroes who will appear in Universal's new campus thriller, *All America*

"*Specially posed by* THELMA TODD *Noted Screen Beauty*"

You can have eyes like the Stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, *alluring* eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. *You* can have them. And *instantly!*

Just a touch of the New Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Interesting? Inviting? *Bewitching*, to say the least!

But—be sure you get the genuine New Maybelline because it is harmless, non-smarting and ideally tear-proof. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75 cents at any toilet goods counter.

Maybelline
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

For 10c and coupon below we will send Special Purse Size for trial

Clip MAYBELLINE CO. 84-10
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago
10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the New Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown
Name
Street
Town *State*

Are you Flat-Chested?

FORM DEVELOPED
To Full Feminine Proportions

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm?* NOW *it is* SO *easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

Just Give Me 30 Days

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No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

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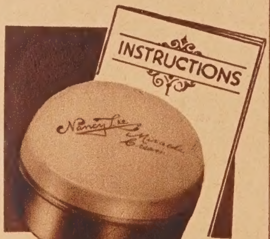
Mrs. M. M., New York, N. Y.

"My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."
Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.



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Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream and Complete Instructions. Also your new **FREE** Book.

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Town ....State ....

Anna Sten - The New Sensation

DER MOERDERER KARAMAZO
SALTO MORTALE

Talented Russian actress expected to prove one of greatest foreign importations

By Grace Morgan

IN A little house in Beverly Hills lives a twenty-two-year old, yellow-haired girl who is devoting six hours daily to learning the English language.

She is Anna Sten, Russian actress discovered by Sam Goldwyn when he viewed the German-made *The Brothers Karamazov*. He became more interested in the girl playing the feminine lead than the picture and immediately sent a representative to offer her a contract.

Anna Sten's father was a Russian ballet master; her mother was of Scandinavian origin. As a little girl, Anna displayed dramatic talent and resolved to become an actress. When she was twelve her father was killed in the revolution and the family was left destitute. Anna became a slavey to provide food for her ill mother and little sister.

When Anna reached fifteen she passed the rigid examination for entrance to the Film Academy in Kiev. Later came the opportunity to appear in Russian pictures. With the thermometer at twenty degrees below zero, Anna, garbed in several heavy dresses and shawls because she had no coat, applied to the director of the Wufku company.

One glance at her and he pronounced her too fat. Without ado she began peeling off the layers of garments down to her underwear to show him that actually she was slim. She got the job.

Those who have seen her with Emil Jannings in *Tempest* know her voice is low and musical, that her face is a kaleidoscope of changing expressions, indicative of histrionic genius. She indeed seems destined to become a sensation on the American screen.

—Vogel-Sandau

Fresh from triumphs in German, Russian and French films, Anna Sten, new screen find, prepares for American début

---

Will Charlie Fight His Sons?

Lita Grey Chaplin determined to give comedian's sons screen career despite his disapproval

By Alyce Curtis

Sydney Earl Chaplin, six, and Charles Spencer Chaplin Jr., seven, appearing here with their nurse, are possessed of extraordinary talent and must have their chance in pictures, declares their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin

CHARLIE JR. and Tommy Chaplin, seven and six-year-old sons of the world-famous screen comedian, are to be co-featured with their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, in a series of pictures—despite the protests of their father who is bitterly opposed to his children's donning grease paint. According to his intimates, Chaplin feels that the plan savors too strongly of exploitation of the family name.

Lita Grey Chaplin, however, resolutely brushes aside her erstwhile husband's objections.

"At the time of our separation, Charlie agreed that I should have sole authority over the children," she explains. "Consequently, he has no legal right to interfere in this or any other instance.

"I am not anxious that Charlie and Tommy should become child-stars and certainly I do not want them to become typical 'professional children.' But, they are the sons of a very famous actor, one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known, and it is only logical to expect that they will want to follow in their father's footsteps. If I refused to give them this opportunity, they might reproach me later. I believe they have extraordinary talent and must have their chance.

"True, they are only six and seven years old, but they are advanced beyond their actual age and amply able to profit by experience. I am anxious for them to gain wide enough experience

[*Continued on page* 66]

Nevertheless It's True!

Strange and little known facts about the stars

Don't believe everything! A check-up shows that newspapers had Greta Garbo married six times and dead on twelve occasions—all within the period of one year.

A German comedian who failed to attract attention in Hollywood tried to crash the studio gates by having himself shipped in a packing box from Chicago. He failed in his attempt, because his water supply ran out three days before his arrival in Los Angeles. Weak from thirst, he finally was able to attract the attention of express agents who released him.

Alice Doll has one of the strangest jobs in Hollywood. Having extra strong vocal chords, she is employed to scream when screaming is needed.

Babies who work in the movies receive a salary of $75 per day. They work only thirty seconds at a time, or twenty minutes in the entire day. It's the California law.

George Arliss' man, Jenner, resembles President Hoover so closely, that the studio wanted him for a picture. A test spoiled the idea when it was discovered that nothing could be done about Jenner's English accent.

John Barrymore's home is so secluded that he is forced to give a road map to "first-time" guests.

Johnny Weissmuller's wife, Bobbe Arnst was the darling of Broadway a few years back, before theatre-folk ever heard of the swim champ. Now he's famous and she's seldom heard from.

Stan Laurel is an Oxford man and served his Alma Mater for two years as coxswain of the crew.

El Brendel was once a champion ice skater.

Robert Montgomery received a polo pony as a gift from an unknown Eastern fan.

Adolphe Menjou still has the first suit of clothes he wore for a screen appearance.

At the height of her stage career, Ruth Chatterton refused $300,000 a year to appear in the movies.

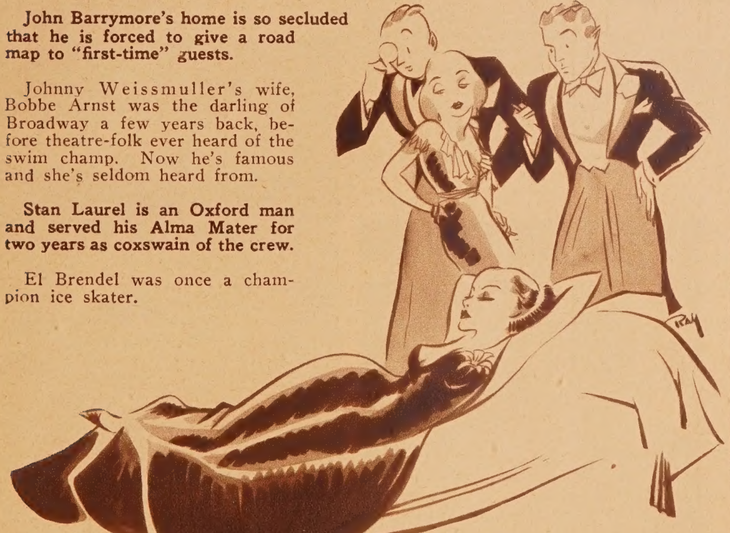
Gloria Swanson put one over on Lew Cody who is famous for his corned beef and cabbage dinners by appearing in a gas mask.

Loretta Young was four years old when she appeared in her first picture.

"Puzzums," the screen's most famous cat, can hold and drink from a bottle of milk, look cross-eyed and laugh.

Louise Fazenda once owned a duck called "Waddles." It earned $35 a day for her by appearing in comedies.

Joan Bennett, Fredric March and Richard Barthelmess like to get a fourth singer at house parties and sing *Sweet Adeline* and other old quartette favorites.



At her first Hollywood party, Tallulah Bankhead amazed the assembled guests by calmly going to sleep on the divan. Her utter unrestraint is astonishing even to movie folk who are more or less used to doing what they want when they want to

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No Fear... No Worry

with this new-type sanitary napkin with moisture-proofed back

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But that's not all. Veldown, as this amazing new sanitary protection is called, has a unique moisture-proofed back (U.S. Patent No. 1702530). This factor alone is worth everything in peace of mind. It gives perfect assurance that no accident can happen. Protective garments are unnecessary.

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The new chafeless filler is made entirely of soft, fluffy rayon cellulose. There are no harsh, "papery" edges to harden or irritate. So Veldown is far more comfortable than pads made from thin layers of crepe-paper can ever be—and its softness avoids all chance of bulge or faintest outline, even with form-fitting frocks.

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READ
What Fate Did to Norma Shearer
In OCTOBER SCREEN PLAY

I'll Marry!

[*Continued from page 34*]

in Hollywood. They are no more impossible here than in any other place. The world as a whole has changed. Women, especially those of the business world, are no longer content to sit back and let a man tell them what to say and how to vote.

"Even the young girl of sixteen today has a mind of her own. As she grows older she learns to live for experience and to cherish the fullness of life. She meets all types of people and knows many men. If she makes the mistake today of marrying the wrong man, I believe it is because she jumps into the thing hurriedly, blindly—without wanting to know or believe that she is marrying the wrong man.

"When I am ready to get married I shall want to find a nature so compatible with my own that we cannot help but live happily. This man must have ambition—ambition equaled only by his love for me. This desire to achieve will be most necessary because I have so much ambition myself that I should want to see it paralleled at least.

"His position in the world will not matter. That is, he need not be an actor or professional man. Naturally, I must have respect for him.

"On the other hand, I shall never seek perfection. I do not think, in the first place, that there is any such thing in the combination of two natures. Perfection in a man or a woman would be imitation. People just aren't made that way. I am reminded of the story of the girl who said she at last had heard of a man who didn't smoke, drink, swear, or philander —and wasn't it too bad he was dead? Yes, I am convinced that no man is perfect—if he were, he would cease to be interesting!

"If I should choose to continue my career after my marriage, I should want my husband to encourage me in it—to go hand-in-hand with me down the path of success. Then again, if there is something he wants very much to do toward gaining a name, I should want to be the one to inspire him.

"This man of mine need not feed me excitement. I hope to have had my share of gadding and dating by the time I settle down. That is the reason I go so much now. These Hollywood boys, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Jack Oakie and Ran Scott are all swell kids. We have wonderful times together, but they are not to be taken seriously. We all are only apprentices, learning the ways of the world, in an attempt to find eventual happiness.

—*Hyman Fink*

Mildred Davis Lloyd and Harold have given up their immense town house for the warm weather and have moved out to the beach. In the meantime Harold is getting his picture, *Movie Crazy*, ready for release

—*Hyman Fink*

Joan Blondell manages to outgrin George Brent while Ruth Hall keeps tab on the performance. They are all in the waiting room of KFWB radio station over which some Warner Brothers stars recently broadcast

"I HOPE I shall find it soon!

"I do not believe a man or woman ever attains the ultimate goal of artistry on the stage or screen, or in anything else for that matter, until love becomes an important part in their lives. Did it ever occur to you that love is the greatest thing in the world? The finest masterpieces of art, music and literature have been inspired by the love of someone for the maker. It may have been a mother, a sweetheart, or a little child—but love inspired it!"

I believe that Frances Dee is sincere concerning this subject of marriage. Her success of blending beauty, poise and youth with a sensible and alert mind assures me. Lucky is the man she marries!

Her mother has seen to it that she is unspoiled at the age of twenty-two and at a weekly salary of a thousand dollars. She is delightfully unassuming and has the delicacy of a tea-rose. She can cook and take care of babies. Her sister's two little ones have been with her since their birth.

She isn't especially goofy about clothes, but is one of our snappiest dressers. She has the reputation of being a grand conversationalist and a better listener. She neither smokes nor drinks, but knows just how it's done for picture purposes. She takes her work so seriously she is constantly losing weight, and therefore constantly on a milk diet.

Often she has been described as the type of girl you would want your brother to marry. But let me tell you, unless your brother has the qualifications outlined here, he doesn't stand a chance!

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 31]

but the courts ruled that she'd have to sue every baby for swiping her line of chatter.

Comeback

OLIVE BORDEN is through with love, but she's not through with the screen. Not by a long shot. The lovely Olive is starting her comeback with Paradise productions, making a film in New Jersey.

Oddly enough, Olive, who is suing her husband for divorce, is working in a picture called *The Divorce Racket*.

Good News

AND speaking of comebacks, "Fatty" Arbuckle is finally to get his chance in Warner shorts. If they go over he'll be seen in feature productions. "Fatty" was married to Addie McPhail recently, you know.

Watch George

GEORGE BANCROFT emulates another redhead—Charles Bickford—when he says he'll no longer tie himself up with a contract but rather give expression to his art in rôles of his own choosing. It would be hard to imagine a rôle more suited to Bancroft than the one Paramount handed him in *Lady and Gent*, but it will be interesting to see what he considers a real fit.

Claudia Morgan, who is just making her start in the movies, is an expert swimmer and tennis player. Her dad, Ralph Morgan, has a big part in *Strange Interlude*. Together they claim to be the only father and daughter combination in pictures

Enlarge Your Chest-Line!

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES *now all the vogue.*

WHY be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Yes, in just a few minutes a day you can build up those thin, sagging tissues and mould them to firm, fascinating curves. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment in the privacy of your own room. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful. It's easy, safe and SURE.

Free!

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and address and I will mail you my wonderful Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges—that is all. See how easily and quickly you can develop the most alluring of feminine charms. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed at once, in plain wrapper.

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You'll note the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder. Each shade is a color harmony tone . . . composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It creates an even-color, satin-smooth make-up; and eliminates entirely off-color, spotty and powdery effects.

Tested under blazing lights and before the camera by famous stars, you may be sure your make-up will appear perfect under strongest artificial or day light. Exquisitely fine in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin. So soft and velvety, it never "shines" . . . and it clings for hours, too, for stars will not trust a face powder that fluffs away.

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Without obligation, send my Make-Up Color Harmony Chart, Complexion Analysis, and your 48-page illus. Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*; include Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade. I enclose 10c for postage and handling.

Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	*LIPS*
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Sun Tan ☐	*LASHES*	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*AGE*
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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5-10-6M

Their first quarrel! By the time you read this, Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert will be wed. Their marriage should be a happy one, having already had their first family tiff before the camera in *Downstairs*, John's best picture since talkies first began

Let's Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 13]

Norman Foster and June Clyde as a boy and girl who fight for happiness. Laughs by ZaSu Pitts and Harry Armetta.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Something really new in pictures. Norma Shearer reaches dramatic heights as sex-torn woman. Clark Gable better than ever. Big names in supporting cast who all turn in splendid performances, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan, Robert Young, May Robson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry B. Walthall, Mary Alden and Tad Alexander.

AAA. **STRANGER IN TOWN**—(First National)—Chic Sale has no equal in this type comedy. As proprietor of a small town grocery, he leads you through a maze of chuckles and laughter. Romance by Ann Dvorak and David Manners.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sulivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **THE TEXAS BAD MAN**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony in another spine-tingling round-up of desperadoes who take some catching but meet a bad end as usual. No Mix fan would dare miss this one.

AAA. **TOM BROWN OF CULVER**—(Universal)—Tom Brown excellent in title rôle as cadet in thrilling military school story. Slim Summerville funnier than ever.

AAA. **THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE**—(M-G-M)—Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley give their usual finished performances in a powerful political drama.

AA. **UNASHAMED**—(M-G-M)—Tragic drama of modern youth, unwritten law and a girl without shame. Different but slow-moving murder story with Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Lewis Stone and Monroe Owsley.

AAA. **WESTWARD PASSAGE**—(Radio)—Ann Harding in a "love divorce", in which she gives Laurence Olivier his chance to write. She re-marries him to make happy ending. Her finest since *Holiday*, replete with dialogue best suited to her.

What Every Blonde Should Know

[*Continued from page* 46]

burn the red coloring out of the hair. This is extremely dangerous, as it scorches the fibre of the hair and causes it to break off in the shampoo water.

If through some misfortune you have experimented with bleaches to the extent where you have ruined the texture of your hair, I suggest you try soaking it in medicated oil. This has a tendency to renew life in the hair. Shampoo it weekly in this oil until it grows to normal length and texture.

If you are a brunette and want to be a blonde, my advice is—remain a brunette! It is difficult to bleach brunette hair to any state of loveliness because of the predominating red in it. A strong bleach necessarily must be used, and danger lies in strong bleaches.

Besides, it is expensive to be an "unnatural blonde." You will find it necessary to visit the beauty shop constantly for freshening and retouching.

Summing it all up, however, it seems to me that the pitfalls which lie in the path of blondes are the temptations to over-bleach. Try to remember always that the quality of naturalness is beauty's greatest endeavor.

THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

The stars reveal important truths about movie folk

By Madame Helene

THE stars will tell!

There is no make-believe—no chance of failure. If you have a favorite in the films about whom you would know the truth, consult the stars.

Looking down on the world for countless generations the stars have hovered over every land and people. Wise men have said that they guide our lives—that the star under which you were born really makes you a success or permits you to fail, if you do not follow its natural path.

Those who know tell us that Lew Ayres wanted to be a "hobo" during his high school days; but his star reveals more. It says that Ayres will always want to go exploring—that he will always want to see strange places and visit strange people. This same star reveals a strange sense of the psychic in Ayres' makeup. He will feel "hunches"—he will know things without knowing how he knows them. This is so closely related to music that we do not need to be told that he is passionately fond of various instruments and has won some success on the piano, banjo and guitar.

Men born under this star are broad-shouldered, finely built; the women are tall and move with grace.

If you were born on December twenty-eighth in the right year you have the same traits of character. But you must have the same combination—day, month and year—if you are to have a character like that of Lew Ayres.

Lew Ayres

Sidney Fox

FOR instance, Sidney Fox has a birthday on the tenth of December, but she is an entirely different person. There is a difference of eighteen days—the years are not the same, too—and Sidney has a personality distinctly her own because other planets effect her.

Her star-story says that she is a lover of home. She will buy strange, unique furniture and take it home and create a wonderful place which will mean very much to her.

You have your own group of planets that effect your life and habits. They may have given you unsuspected talents; they may have made it possible for you to take one of several roads as you go through life. In any case the hour, the day, and the year you were born each effect you in an amazing fashion. This is the truth told by solar psychology—the revealing study of the stars as they effect movie folks and your own friends as well as yourself.

Editor's Note—If you wish to know something of the effect of your own star upon your life write Madame Helene, giving your exact birth date—day, month and year. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and ten cents in stamps or silver. She will promptly send you a long report that will show you just how revealing your star-story can be. Send your letter to Madame Helene, care *Screen Book* Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

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SOME men make more money playing than others do working. They have been far-sighted enough to turn a hobby into a real source of money. Perhaps you've always liked to take a pencil and draw little figures. Successful artists are simply men who have kept on drawing little figures, studying and practicing, until they became expert. You may have just as much ability. It costs you nothing to find out—and it may be the most valuable discovery of your life.

The Federal Schools have taught hundreds of successful students. Many are now earning from $2,500 to $6,000 a year—others even more. Many famous artists contributed to this simple, thorough home course. In spare time you can learn the things they know about commercial art, lettering, poster designing, color harmony, fashion drawing, etc. Send coupon below—get the free book, "Your Future," which tells what other Federal students have done. With it, you will receive our Free Vocational Art test, which our artists will use to judge your ability. You may have real talent. Don't let it rust—it can bring you bigger money and an easier, happier life. Write today.

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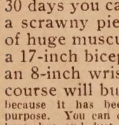
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The Man Who Knows the Stars Best

[*Continued from page* 10]

customer. "If I am busy," Jim commented, "he takes on any member of my staff." An embrasive gesture took in the other two barbers. So Jack isn't at all tonsorially temperamental as we had imagined from his perfectly groomed appearance on the screen.

SOMETIMES pretty heated discussions between stars take place in Jim's barber chairs. Other times players frankly discuss their business right before their friendly barber. For instance, if Jim wanted to talk he could tell you all about Robert Montgomery's house although he has never been in it. When Bob had it redecorated recently William Haines did all the planning for him and they held their discussions in the barber shop. They frequently called on Jim to decide a point in dispute and several times he suggested a novel idea of his own. They were well worth using, too.

"Two of the best tempered boys in the world," Jim says of Bob and Bill and heaven pity the one who contradicts him.

Next to Neil Hamilton's unsurpassable tricks, he says Bob does the best card tricks he's ever seen and and holds the whole barber shop spellbound. Bill, he maintains, is the greatest story teller in the world. That's a real tribute from a barber, too, who hears more jokes than a traveling salesman.

No one knows what practical joke of Jim's is rankling in Wallace Ford's mind, but for a long time that merry juvenile has been trying his hardest to get Jim out on the golf links. "I'll lick the tar out of you," he promises the barber. But Jim, perhaps nursing a guilty conscience, is game and expects to take him up on the challenge shortly.

John Miljan is an enthusiastic man of hobbies. They are goldfish and birds. Between scissor snips and soap blobs John will hold forth on them throughout Jim's ministrations. But his stories are absorbing so Jim loves to listen to them. He tells how difficult it is to raise the goldfish because birds outside his cages want to prey on them. Recently a big sea gull swooped down over his aquarium and grabbed a pet goldfish. Jim was much interested. He suggested various means to John of protecting the fish from their winged enemies. Now he and John together are trying to formulate some means of protection.

Nils Asther comes to his friend, the barber, for sympathy when he gets a traffic ticket. For some reason or other Nils can't help collecting them. But he doesn't confine his conversation to traffic tickets when he has a clever young daughter to brag about. His famous "International Baby" is getting to be an extremely active little girl and Nils can't refrain from telling Jim about the cute things she does. John Miljan is an-

—*Otto Dyar*

Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney and George Cukor are seen leaving the Paramount studio after a morning cup of coffee

other one who keeps Jim posted on the new baby at his house.

Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante is Jim's favorite humorist and the barber tells with gusto the story of "Schnozzle" at a California golf tournament. It seems the comedian insisted upon autographing everybody's golf balls. Thereafter, whenever he lost a ball, or his own had gone so far as to mean a long walk for him, he insisted that the nearest ball was his, regardless of whose it actually was. Of course he won. "Schnozzle" cannot understand why Jim can not shave him and cut his hair at the same time. He insists upon sitting bolt upright in his chair while being shaved.

Durante, also, can't get used to certain ideas of perfect grooming that actors have. When he gave a photograph of himself to Betty Sanford, the manicurist in Jim's shop, he inscribed it like this: *To Betty—well, Betty, if you ever get me in that barber shop to fix my nails—keep it quiet—please—*

"JACKIE COOPER is a regular little man," Jim told me one day. "He comes into the shop and inquires about the health of everybody's whole family, not forgetting a member."

When Jackie returned from his countrywide vaudeville tour he brought Jim two packs of linen playing cards because he knew his barber was a bridge fan. Jackie buys every sort of toy pistol his allowance will permit. His keenest fun, then, is to walk into the barber shop and hold up his friends—customers as well as workmen.

Jackie usually trails his good friend, Wallace Beery, into the shop whenever neither of them is working. Wally, as a rule, rolls in about nine-thirty in the morning. He enjoys telling about the good time he makes in his airplane. The last time he came in at that hour he looked at his watch and said: "Well, Jim, at seven-thirty I left for June Lake, three hundred miles away in the high Sierras, and now here I am—ready for work."

For many years Jim has helped Lewis Stone retain his reputation as the most distinguished looking man in pictures. Since Jackie Cooper has been at Metro Jim has given him that ragged haircut that makes him so delightfully boyish. During his time at the studio he has come to know famous people and their affairs—for people tell in a barber chair —but Jim isn't telling—much.

She Clicks!

[*Continued from page* 38]

secretary in *Five Star Final* with Edward G. Robinson, and Hollywood informed Broadway that it had lost another daughter. In *Heart of New York, Life Begins,* and as the haughty Russian countess in *One Way Passage,* she proved Le Roy a good picker. And when Junior Laemmle decided to put *Once In A Lifetime* on the screen, the little executive refused to rest until he had secured the tall comédienne for the identical part she had portrayed on the stage.

ALINE'S best friend would not insist that she is beautiful but her worst enemy would be quick to admit that she is fascinating. She is tall, and her figure is nothing to rave about. Her face has a distinct Slavic, almost Oriental, cast and she wears her dusky coif of hair drawn straight back to a knot on the nape of her neck. She has a full, flexible mouth which is quick to spread into a smile, or perhaps it's a grin; and she has the quick, nervous energy of a cat. When she goes places, she goes hell-bent and let those who wish to follow come along.

When she first arrived in Los Angeles, a newspaper woman, a tiny thing who could almost stand under Aline's arm, was assigned to interview her. An appointment was made and they were to meet in Aline's dressing room, following the evening performance. The interviewer arrived to find Miss MacMahon dressed for the street.

"Come along," said the actress, "and we'll talk as we go along."

For an hour the tall comédienne strode along, the diminutive interviewer dog trotting to keep pace. Not a word was spoken during the entire trip and when they arrived at Aline's hotel, the exhausted interviewer fled. She didn't have breath enough left to interview with.

"I'm different—I'm c-c-crazy about pictures," as she talked, Aline was brushing back her cloud of dusky hair and preparing her makeup. "I've made five pictures and in each I've had a new and interesting character. On the stage, if you are unlucky enough to get in a hit, you play the same old character until you're ready to claw her eyes out. This is fun, the stage is work."

"Oh yes, they left most of my good lines in the script but they did take out the one I like best. You know the scene when the producer asks, 'But vot's dot crackling sound that goes all through the picture?' and I say, 'Oh, it's those blankety blank Indian nuts!' Well, they took that out."

MISS MACMAHON is married to a New York architect. He cannot leave his business and she wants to remain in pictures. Ergo, she will not accept a contract but prefers to free-lance so she can make at least five trips back to see hubby each year.

"My greatest thrill since coming to Hollywood was in seeing myself on the screen and I'm going to be honest enough to say that I liked me—ever so much. In fact I thought I was grand—simply grand and if that be egotism, make the most of it.

"If you're going to ask me what my hobbies are, I'll tell you now," said Aline as she pinned a piece of gauze over her hair and reached for a wrap. "I collect old China. I like it because people are always breaking up my collection and that gives me an excuse to collect a new one. You can't do that with stamps or Great Danes, can you?"

She's one grand actress, this girl from McKeesport and if you're still curious about those Indian nuts, go see her in *Once in A Lifetime.* You won't regret it.

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ZaSu Pitts scores again with a great character portrayal in *Once in a Lifetime,* Universal's clever burlesque on life in Hollywood

Bits of Studio News

ON THE FOX LOT

JANET GAYNOR and ALEXANDER KIRKLAND are in the midst of *Tess of the Storm Country.*

WILL ROGERS is all set for *Jubilo* with NELL O'DAY, a Broadway celebrity, playing opposite. WILL sings in this one.

Walking Down Broadway has a first-rate cast including JIMMY DUNN, MARIAN NIXON and MINNA GOMBELL. It's almost finished.

JOAN BENNETT starts work on *Salomy Jane* with CHARLES FARRELL opposite.

OUT AT METRO

Rasputin with JOHN, LIONEL and ETHEL BARRYMORE is being shot.

Blondie of the Follies, nearing completion, has MARIAN DAVIES, BILLIE DOVE and ROBERT MONTGOMERY in it.

NORMA SHEARER has three leading men in *Smilin' Thru.* They are FREDRIC MARCH, LESLIE HOWARD and RALPH FORBES.

AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

The Sign of the Cross with ELISSA LANDI and FREDRIC MARCH is being whipped into shape.

No Bed of Her Own is getting under way with MIRIAM HOPKINS and CLARK GABLE as co-stars.

GARY COOPER and HELEN HAYES are speeding ahead on *A Farewell to Arms.*

Blonde Venus with MARLENE DIETRICH and HERBERT MARSHALL will soon be ready for the cutting room.

ON UNIVERSAL SETS

Air Mail is all set for editing. Its cast includes GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, RALPH BELLAMY and SLIM SUMMERVILLE.

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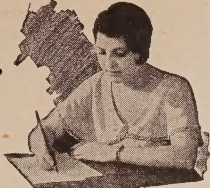
budget



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L.H. Fields,
Cathay Mansions,
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This signature tells the story of self-reliance—and Mr. Fields is self-reliant or he would never succeed in his dangerous undertaking in the Orient where he is gathering material for new pictures. But he will succeed—because he is not afraid. He is decisive, independent in his thinking, and has great ability to manage a business of any character.

You may not have these same traits, you may not have the talents shown by Mr. Fields, but somewhere in your nature there is a hidden talent that, if used, may lead to fame and fortune. If you want to make the most of your life—if you want to make money and have happiness the story told in your writing is worth knowing. Get this story—now!

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Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

The Love Credo of a Divorcee!

[*Continued from page* 21]

of helping Loretta "forget." She is more attractive now than she ever has been and—as a divorcée—much more intriguing. She is constantly being rumored engaged to this one or that one.

LORETTA will fall in love again. She knows that. However, she will stop, look and listen before she rushes off to the altar.

"I know now that my mother was right and that I was too young to marry when I did," she is frank to admit. "Still, you can't tell kids things. They have to find out for themselves.

"I want to marry again some day.

"I know from my own home and from my own mother's experience, that the nicest things in life and the things which bring the greatest happiness in the long run are marriage, a home, and a family, a large family like ours. That is what I want.

"It is what any normal woman wants. I know that it would bring me more real happiness and contentment than any success I might ever have on the screen. I'll be careful the next time to probe beyond the happiness of the moment, and to be very certain that I am not making a mistake, before I marry again. You see, I've learned my lesson!"

To the girl who hasn't learned her lesson and whose feet are itching to make that trek to the altar, Loretta gives this advice:

"When you fall in love with a man, dare to be honest and analyze his vices as well as his virtues. If you marry him you'll have to live with both. Ask yourself whether you love him enough to be happy living with his vices as well as his virtues. If you don't, stay out of marriage!

"Don't forget that in a marriage partnership there is one who is a leader, and one who is a leaner. The husband should be the leader, if it is to be a happy marriage. Be sure that you are not marrying a man who will turn out to be a leaner.

"If you are wise, you will marry a man whom you will always be able to look up to."

THEN Loretta adds sagely: "But it's useless to give advice like that. Just the other day a girl of eighteen was talking to me about getting married. I advised her against it. I told her to wait awhile—until she was sure she knew what she wanted.

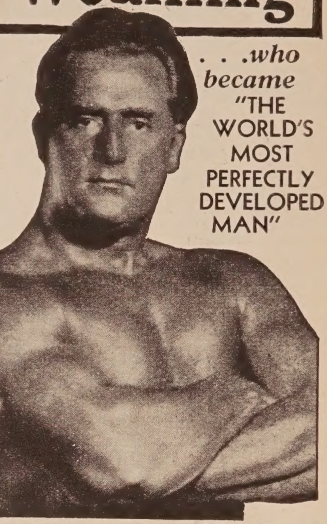
"'You're a fine one to talk,' she said, 'you got married when you were seventeen!'

"I suddenly realized that I was saying the same things to her that my mother had said to me, before I married Grant. I didn't listen to my mother—and this girl wasn't listening to me. As I said before, kids have to find out things for themselves."

For a girl who is not yet twenty, Loretta has found out a great deal. Whether she will be able to apply the things she has learned remains to be seen. The most interesting part of her life is still ahead of her.

The next entry in my notebook might tell the story!

The 97-lb. Weakling



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How They Make Love!

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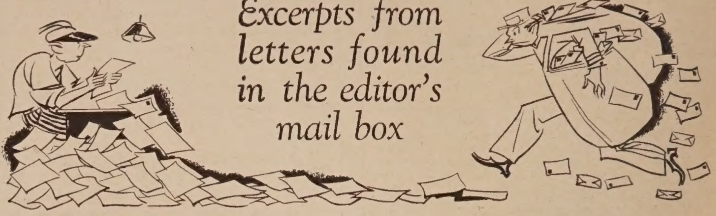
You said it, fans!

Excerpts from letters found in the editor's mail box



There never was and never will be any better actress than Clara Bow.—Fonda Stewart, Lubbock, Texas.

Doug Fairbanks Jr. is monarch of all he surveys.—Marcella Tousignant, Ironwood, Mich.

I've found only one way to end the depression, and that's to pretend it's ended. Give us more pictures with Joe E. Brown as he appeared in *The Tenderfoot,* to help us chase away our blues.—Gasna Prevatt, Darlington, S. C.

At last Anita Page has come into her own. Give her more stories like *Night Court* and we will have one of the finest dramatic actresses of the century.—Alice Lorenz, Chicago, Ill.

I've never seen anything funnier than Garbo's impromptu dance of joy in *Grand Hotel.* It reminded me of an overgrown calf cavorting around.—Agnes Worth, New York City.

Those who saw Garbo in *Grand Hotel* can hardly deny that she is the most talented, sincere and supremely beautiful artist the screen will ever know.—John Yerxa, Chicago, Ill.

Where have they been keeping Stuart Erwin? His performance in *Make Me a Star* is one of the finest I have ever seen. He should be starred in a series of pictures.—Grant Coleman, Spokane, Washington.

I want to suggest—Will Rogers for President, Rosco Ates for Vice President, and William Haines for Ambassador to the North Pole.—Jack Burns, New York City.

Why pick on Connie Bennett all the time? Perhaps she does earn $30 a minute when it's all figured out, but what about Garbo and the others? What about our big financiers who juggle the stock market? It makes Connie look like a miser during these hard times. Why be unfair?—Joan Blake, Albany, New York.

I'd give ten years of my life to talk with Joan Crawford for five minutes!—Agnes Morton, Denver, Colorado.

Now will the critics take back the mean things they said about Jean Harlow! Can't act? Why, in *Red Headed Woman* that glorious creature makes the rest of Hollywood's stars look like a bunch of amateurs!—Fred Marsh, St. Louis, Mo.

Let's have no more *Grand Hotels* or *Strange Interludes.* They are too wearisome!—John St. John, Detroit, Mich.

My choice of the best pictures this year: *Grand Hotel, Strange Interlude, The Doomed Battalion, The Miracle Man, The Man I Killed* and *Arrowsmith.* In my opinion there are two really great actors in Hollywood—Lionel Barrymore and Jean Hersholt. One great actress—Helen Hayes.—Clark Jamison, Philadelphia, Pa.

Where does James Cagney get that stuff? Doesn't he know that there's a depression on and thousands of people out of work? He's making himself unpopular with a lot of his old admirers by holding out for more salary.—Grace Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR MAY BRING YOU A PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF YOUR FAVORITE STAR

Each month, six names are drawn at random from letters received and six fans each receive an autographed portrait of some screen favorite. Write your letter giving an opinion of movies and movie folk. You may be one of the winners in the Lucky Six Lottery.

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Jean Harlow's Whirlwind Romance

[*Continued from page* 19]

though I am about to graduate from a girls' seminary," Jean wailed. "This is lovely but I could never wear it for I would be so self-conscious in it. It looks as though I were making an attempt to look demure and that would never do."

She laughed as off came the fragile mass of soft chiffon and satin. She stood there very slim, very white. No imagination was necessary to make her appear any more beautiful than she actually was.

Salesgirls came and went, their arms filled with clouds of shimmering dresses. Suddenly a white gown caught Jean's eyes, was slipped over her head and fell to her feet in ripples of softness. An intricate, and yet so simple, scarf arrangement edged with fringe was lifted by deft fingers, drawn around her waist, thrown over one shoulder, and it was—the perfect wedding gown. Just the one she wanted.

LATER, after we had left the modiste's, Jean told me so seriously and very quietly, "My marriage is going to be an amazing responsibility. I've got to make Paul happy. He is the most wonderful man in all the world and he has never done anything else except make other people happy. He has always done everything for his friends, even for people he scarcely knew. There isn't anyone I know who deserves happiness as much as Paul. I just can't fail at this.

"I didn't even want an engagement ring or wedding gift. I just wanted Paul. And my wedding ring is sweet—perfect. Just a hairline of platinum. I am so glad that everything has happened just the way it has. And I am especially glad that my picture, *Red Headed Woman*, turned out to be a success.

"Paul has asked me before to marry him many different times and I had never accepted until the other night. I wanted to make good first.

"He was East when *Red Headed Woman* was cut and previewed and he didn't see it until he returned from his vacation. Mr. Mayer was pleased with it and so was Paul. You see he has always believed in me.

"You know if I had married him before this had happened, people would have said I did it to get some place on the screen. They can't say that now.

"If I can go on and improve and learn a great deal more than I know now in my work, it's going to make Paul happy. Now I can't let down, because I belong to Paul. I want him to be proud of me.

"I want to manage his home for him just the way he wants it. We want to have children," Jean smiled. She was still curled up on the window seat, her hair tumbled about her eyes.

"It's a pretty important thing in a girl's life, isn't it? Marrying the man you love, wanting a baby, having one,—both of us interested in the same work. It's all like a very beautiful dream and it must not change."

Romance trailing enchantment through the ages, bringing happiness to Jean and Paul! And Jean and Paul will find the happiness they seek if they continue their romance as beautifully as it has endured thus far.

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30x5	3.25	1.45	31x5.25	2.95	1.25
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He's No Dude!

[*Continued from page 22*]

much of a wreck when I left, mentally and physically, I'll admit that. I'm back feeling like a new man. I've put on weight and I'm as hard as nails, but what's more important I can think clearly. I don't want to discuss the past, but I can tell you before you ask that everything which contributed to my breakdown, if you want to call it that, is finished—washed up. I'm my own man, one hundred per cent."

I could write several pages telling you why Gary hasn't changed. I could repeat his statement that his romance with Lupe is over and his denial that he has anything but friendship for the Countess di Frasso or she for him. I could tell you a hundred reasons why he's the same old Gary who loped into fame as the cowboy in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth* and why he's just as simple, unaffected and unspoiled as the day he left Hollywood—but I won't. Instead, let me tell you what happened.

"Where's that mustard?" demanded Gary looking over the table, "didn't I ask for it?"

"Sure you did but she must have forgotten it."

"Humph!" grunted Gary turning to catch the eye of our waitress who stood idly inspecting her home-made manicure a few tables away. At first he tried clearing his throat. Nothing doing. Next he hissed until the character woman across the aisle glanced apprehensively under her table. Still no dice. Our waitress tucked in a strand of hair. At last, in desperation, he turned to me.

"Say, how in the blazes do you call a waitress?"

"How do you call anything?" I countered, not being up on my Emily Post myself. Gary took a deep breath.

"Hey, Miss ! ! !" His stentorian bellow must have spoiled a recording on the *Horse Feathers* set on the other end of the studio. The extra girl behind us upset her water glass and across the room Miss Dietrich dropped her fork while von Sternberg swallowed an olive pit. It was as though someone had upset a truck of crockery in a Quaker prayer meeting. Gary turned to me with a grin as the waitress hurried toward us,

"That's bringing 'em, eh?"

"Yes, that's bringing 'em," I agreed as the girl departed for the mustard, "and, what's more, I'm convinced that this new Gary Cooper *is* all hooey. Italian suits, perfumed cigarettes, derby hats and hobnobbing with the Prince of Wales himself would never make you anything but a plain, bow-legged cow hand. I came here expecting to find you a combination Adolphe Menjou and Ivan Lebedeff and I find you yelling at a waitress like you used to call the cows. Polish? I wouldn't be surprised to see you eating mashed potatoes with your knife next!"

Gary looked up with a satisfied grin. His grey eyes twinkled with glee.

"Well, then, tell 'em that and now what else is on your mind?"

"Your future romances, present and future. Are you leaning again toward love's young dream or . . ."

"Listen, fellow," Gary shook his head, "do you suppose that a man with romance on his mind would be spending his time buying baby clothes for a monkey?"

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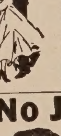

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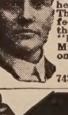

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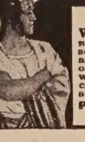

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Putting Punch Into Pictures

[*Continued from page* 33]

rough-and-tumble for Gary Cooper and William Boyd in the talkie version of *The Spoilers* were called aside by Director Carewe.

"Boys," Carewe said, "we've got to have a battle that is real. If you put that kind on, there are going to be bloody noses and black eyes but that's what I want. I am leaving you boys each a check for $100 in addition to your regular pay and I want action!"

He got it! Both boys took a bad beating and the two stars who only worked in close-ups did not get off too easily.

"In barroom battles or fights where a lot of men are used," says Peery, "it is always the professional pugs and fellows who fancy themselves as scrappers who get hurt. One of the worst battles I was ever in was for Tay Garnett in *Her Man.* There were fifty of us, including a lot of ex-pugs. Tay got the pugs ribbed before the fight and they nearly slaughtered each other. We regular stunt men knew how to make it look good and not get hurt.

Women are not often struck by men on the screen but occasionally this rule is broken, as in M-G-M's *Red Headed Woman.* In one of the early sequences, Chester Morris is called upon to deliver a punch to the smooth chin of Jean Harlow. Three retakes were necessary and the production was held up until ice packs could restore the contour of the Harlow visage.

THE gentle-mannered Conrad Nagel once was called upon to deliver a K. O. punch to the jaw of Genevieve Tobin as a reward for having his face slapped. After the scene had been rehearsed several times, Conrad's face was on fire, which is perhaps why the screen's perfect gentleman forgot himself on the take and knocked Miss Tobin kicking. Jimmie Cagney took a poke at Joan Blondell in one of their pictures and Clark Gable was none too gentle in a similar scene with Norma Shearer. It took Marie Dressler, however, to prove herself the champion feminine scrapper of the screen when she did the classic battle with Wallace Beery in *Min and Bill.*

More famous ex-pugs can be found in Hollywood than any other place on earth. This list includes such champions as Kid Broad, Joe Rivers and a host of lesser known ones. These gents of the squared circle eke out a sparse living, most of them, by appearing as rough atmosphere, their talents seldom being suitable for the usual screen fight.

Harvey Peery, who trained Cagney for his fights in *Winner Take All* and who appeared as his ring opponent in that picture, is one of the best known stunt men and fighters in the business.

"Don't think it's an easy game," grins Harvey from out his battered features, "for it isn't. I've fought with nearly every star in the business and believe me, they are willing to go, most of them.

"Film fights couldn't be as ferocious as they appear to the audience or Hollywood hospitals would be filled the year round, but try as we will to avoid stepping into one now and then, it's no game for children to play!"

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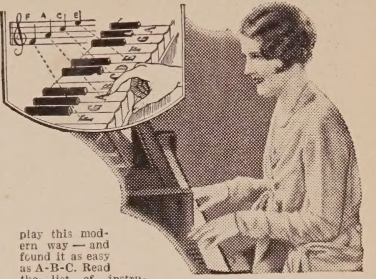

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DR. J. W. HAINES CO.
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I Won't!

[*Continued from page* 35]

Unlike many young girls in pictures, Maureen is not overly interested in her career. She came into pictures by accident. You know the story: how Director Borzage discovered her in Dublin and gave her a chance in the John MacCormick picture. It was all very thrilling to Maureen and coming to Hollywood spelled adventure. At the end of a year she went back to Ireland to visit her family.

"When I left the studio I was the white-haired child," she says. "When I returned—I was in the dog house! They told me I didn't have what it takes to be a success in pictures and that I wasn't bringing any money into the box-office."

THAT'S when Maureen's fighting Irish spirit asserted itself. "I made up my mind to show them that I wasn't licked. I determined to get myself a job with some other studio."

And she did!

Talked herself into a rôle in one of the hit pictures of the year, *Tarzan, the Ape Man.* Her work was so satisfactory that she was given a contract at M-G-M.

When you saw Maureen skipping through the tree tops with Johnny Weissmuller, you probably said to yourself: "Gee, that must have been fun!"

It was. Maureen had the time of her life. While it is highly improbable that anything so fantastic as meeting a *Tarzan* will ever happen to her in real life, if it did, the chances are that she would react exactly as the girl "Jane" did. In spite of the fact that Maureen looks so soft and cuddly, and is the sort of girl whom men yearn to protect, she has an adventurous spirit.

"I'd walk out of the best picture rôle that ever was," she says, "and I'd gladly turn down a chance at stardom if somebody offered me an opportunity to do something really thrilling and adventurous! I'd love to hunt big game in Africa. I'd love to go to Tibet or to the South Seas."

And I suspect that if the next man who offers Maureen a wedding ring would include a trip to some far flung port along with it, the chances are she would simply have to say "yes."

Will Charlie Fight His Sons?

[*Continued from page* 52]

to decide wisely for themselves when the proper time comes.

"I want them to have the finest educations possible. But this is an age of specialization, and I want them to decide, if possible, on their life work before they enter college. I am convinced that screen work now will keep them from being blinded later by the glamor of Hollywood and their father's fame.

"Any charge that I am 'exploiting' the children for financial reasons is ridiculous. The trust funds established for them by their father make them independently wealthy for life. Furthermore, I have been able to earn a very satisfactory salary in vaudeville."

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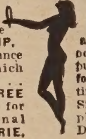

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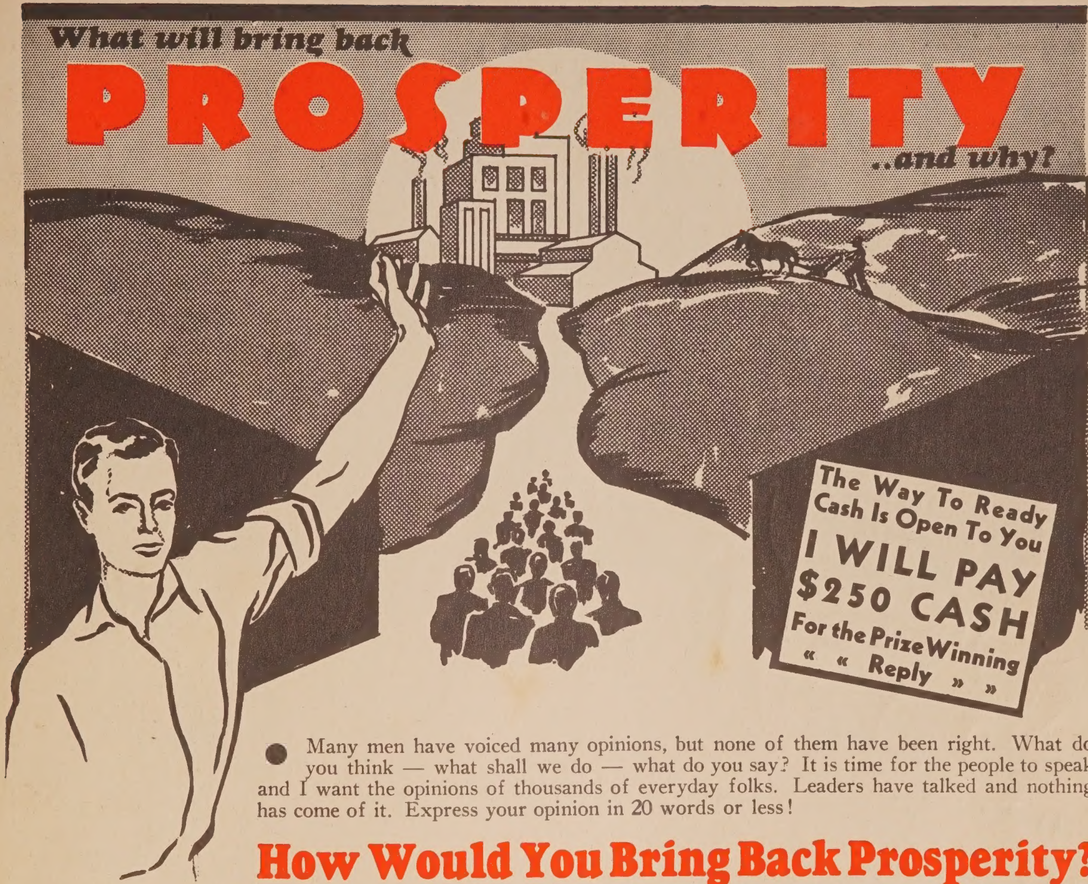

Many men have voiced many opinions, but none of them have been right. What do you think — what shall we do — what do you say? It is time for the people to speak and I want the opinions of thousands of everyday folks. Leaders have talked and nothing has come of it. Express your opinion in 20 words or less!

How Would You Bring Back Prosperity?

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for your suggestion, should it, in the opinion of the judges, best answer this question. Use the coupon or write on any paper you wish — a postal card will do. Use pen or pencil — grammar, style, punctuation or handwriting do not count. It is the suggestion you make that will be judged. What will help to bring back prosperity—and why?" Write your suggestion today!

What do I think about this? How would I bring back prosperity? — Fortune is not a matter of luck—it does not just happen. It will come now, as it always has in the past, to those who want to work and will do whatever work they find to do. People who make things and sell them. To my mind it all simmers down to one simple idea —

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To make it worth your while to send in your suggestion promptly on "What Will Help to Brink Back Prosperity—and Why?—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this offer, I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate. This Certificate entitles you to an extra $100.00 in Cash should your suggestion, in the opinion of the judges, win the $250.00 Cash Prize offered above.

I want everyone's opinion. No ties of aristocracy, wealth, race or creed can govern good judgment or right thinking. So everybody, men and women, write me what you think. What shall we do and how shall we do it?

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Hundreds of worthy people have benefitted from the financial help we have given them in the past year. We have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars. Dennis Beemer of Utica, Michigan, received $5,700.00. Just write your suggestion in reply to my question — do it in 20 words or less — your own idea expressed in your own way. Use the coupon, or any piece of paper — a postal card if you like. The suggestion that best answers this question, in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded the prize. All replies must bear postmark not later than February 11, 1933. All replies to be the property of Richard Day, Manager. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Mail today to

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SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

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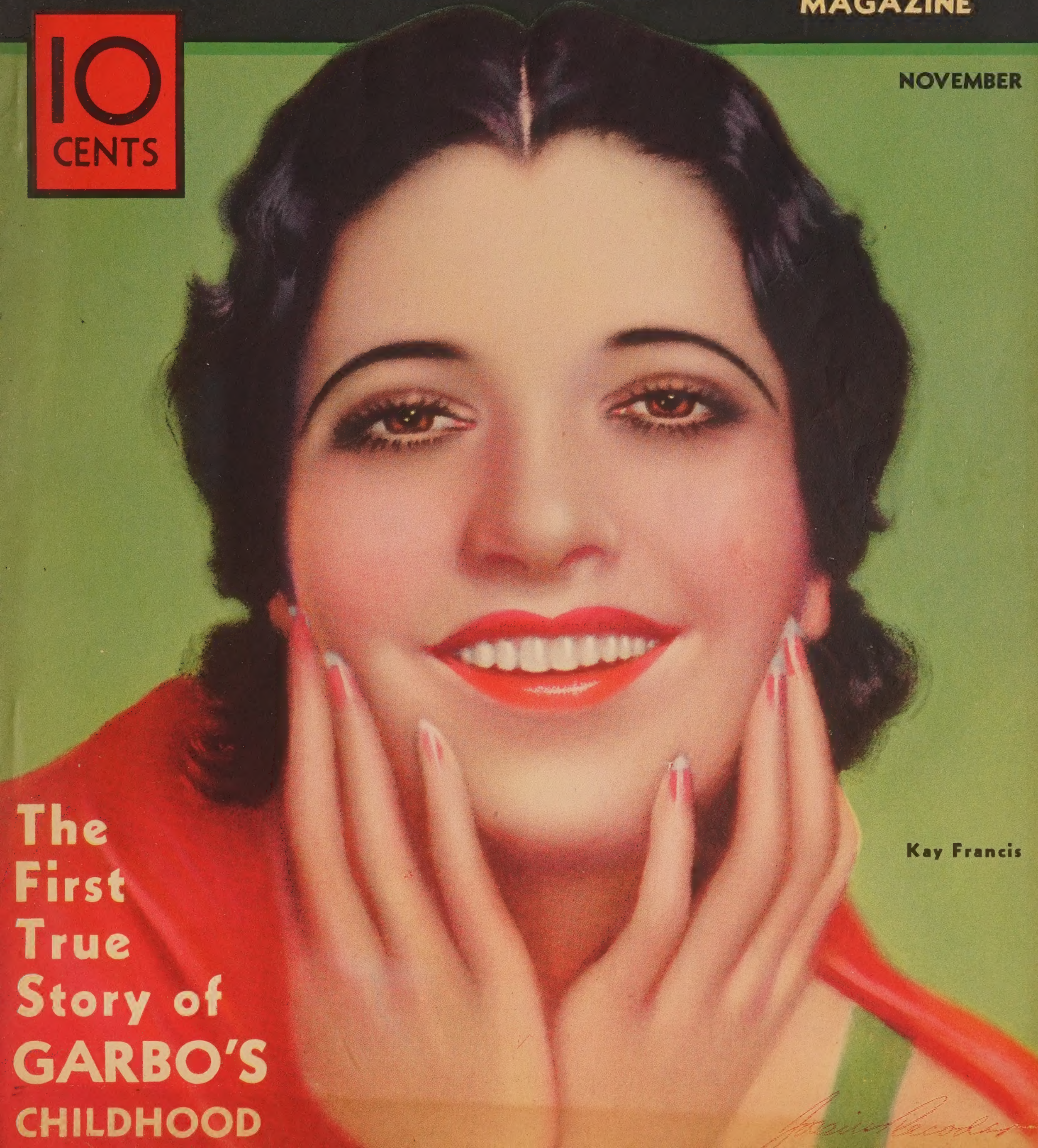
NOVEMBER



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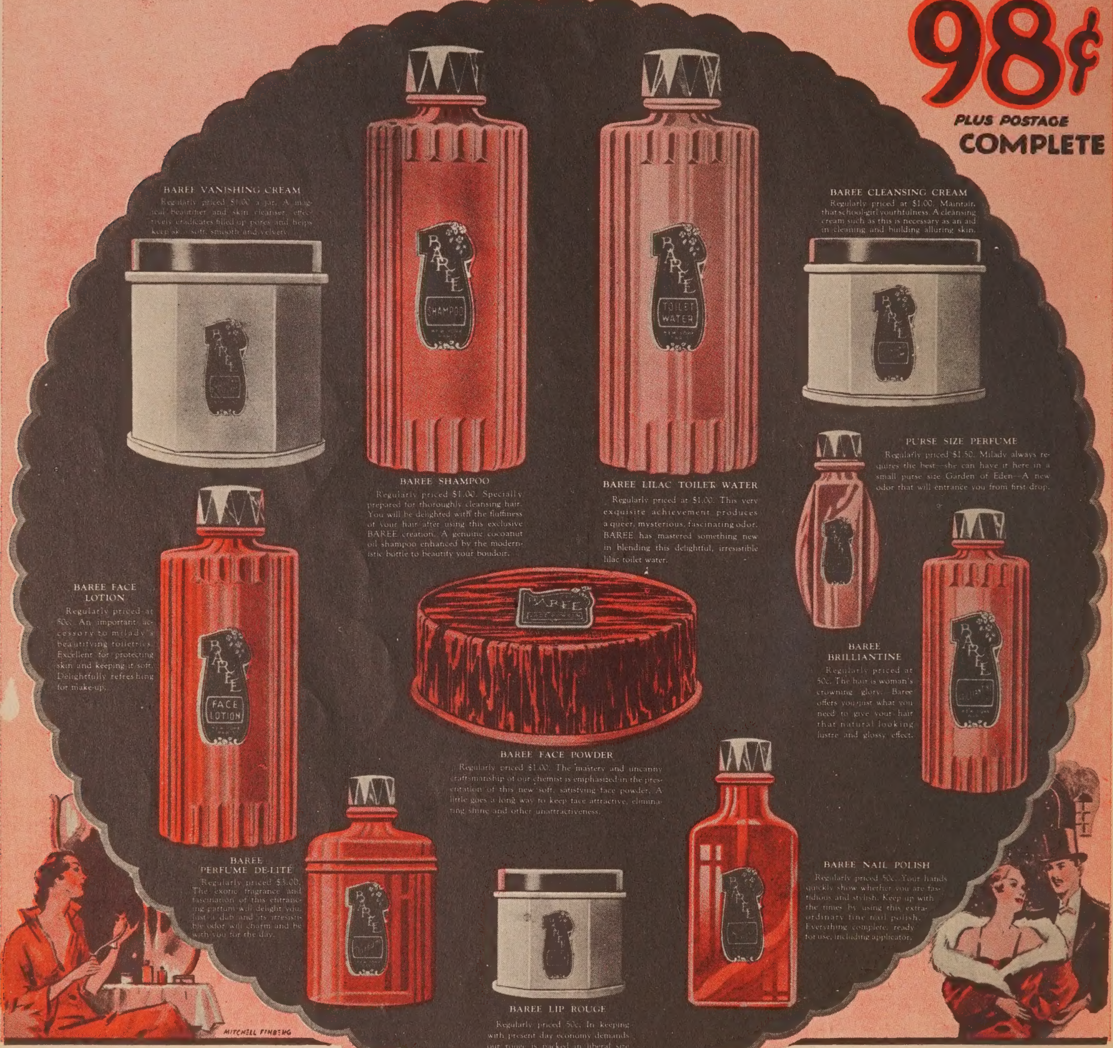

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Vol. IX, No. 4 **SCREEN BOOK** NOVEMBER, 1932

MAGAZINE

W. H. FAWCETT
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CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor and General Manager

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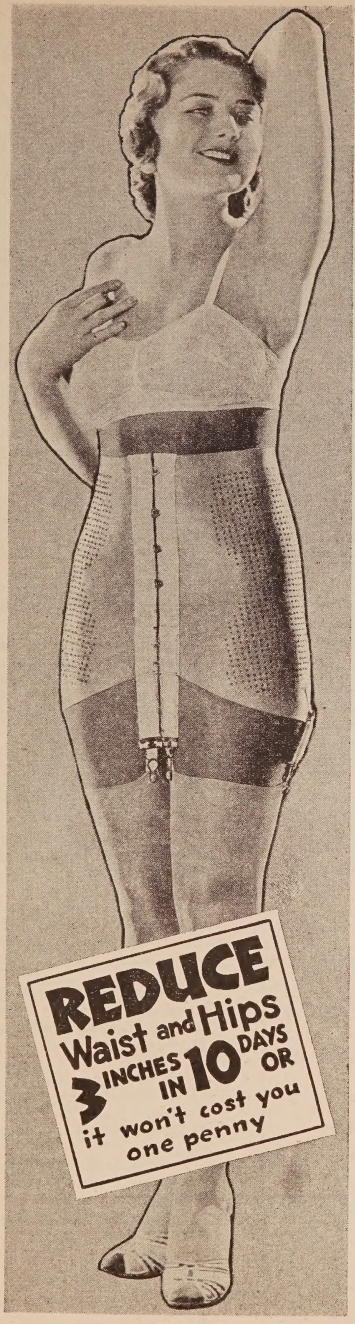

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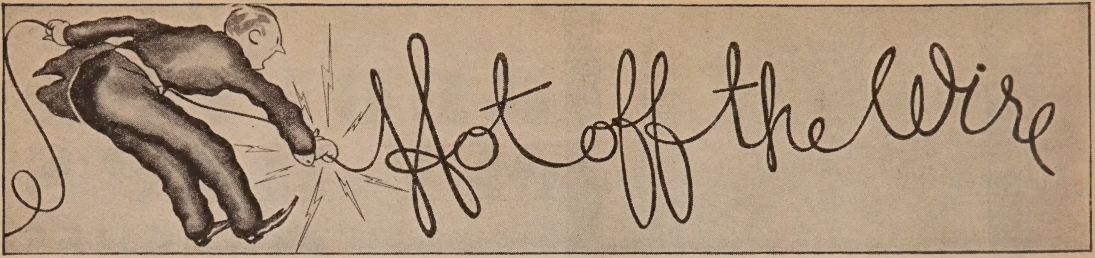


Latest Hollywood news as we go to press

Garbo has definitely refused to play in *The Match King* with Warren William. The story is based on the life of the late Ivar Krueger, Swedish financier, said to be a former close friend of Garbo, and whose estate she recently purchased through an agent for $10,000. Once it was valued at $150,000. Upon Garbo's refusal of the rôle it was given to Lily Damita.

Jewels and gowns of the late czarina of Russia copied for Ethel Barrymore for her royal rôle in *Rasputin* at the cost of several hundred dollars.

Charlotte Susa, beautiful blue-eyed blonde, comes to Hollywood under contract to M-G-M. Irving Thalberg saw her in a German-made picture when he was abroad and immediately planned to bring her to the United States.

Upon finishing *I Have Been Faithful*, Ronald Colman begins work on *Submarine* in which Anna Sten, talented Continental actress, makes her American début.

David Manners, born in Nova Scotia, seen applying for American citizenship papers.

New co-star team born in Frances Dee and Gene Raymond who make their second picture together when they begin action on *Eleventh Avenue*.

Eddie Cantor, close friend of Florenz Ziegfeld for many years, writing the story of the great producer's life for publication.

Pola Negri still at Atlantic Beach recovering from a nervous breakdown.

Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis and Claudette Colbert start fad for red wool dresses.

After parting and reconciling several times, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge tell it to the judge and go their separate ways.

Mary Nolan and Wallace McCrery Jr., after less than a year of married life, decide to live apart.

Mae Clark makes screen comeback, after serious illness, with Chester Morris in *Breach of Promise*.

Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton still tarrying in Europe with Ann negotiating plans to play in the German picture, *The Widow's Bed*, with Warner Brothers, her estranged studio, objecting to the idea.

Alice Joyce has received her final decree of divorce from James B. Regan, New York hotel man; and Ralph Graves and his wife, Virginia, have received their final papers.

Ruth Chatterton marries George Brent twenty-four hours after obtaining final divorce decree from Ralph Forbes. And that settles rumors definitely.

Mrs. Chico Marx recovering nicely from abdominal operation; Ralph Graves under medical observation at Cedars of Lebanon hospital; Tallulah Bankhead having all her wisdom teeth extracted.

Rin-Tin-Tin, fourteen-year-old dog wonder, dies as he is about to begin work in *The Pride of the Legion*, so the part falls to his son, Rin-Tin-Tin Jr. who, for some time, has been training to succeed his father.

Hits of the Month

You'll be sorry if you miss these pictures

Once in a Lifetime
JACK OAKIE, ALINE McMAHON

Hell's Highway
RICHARD DIX, TOM BROWN

After Divorce
JACKIE COOPER

Cabin in the Cotton
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Seventy Thousand Witnesses
PHILLIPS HOLMES

Upon completion of important part in *Farewell to Arms*, Adolphe Menjou goes to New York and from there on to Paris for at least one picture.

Rosco Ates stuttering in four pictures at once. His current assignments include comedy rôles in *Rockabye* with Connie Bennett; *Yukon* with Bill Boyd; *Little Orphan Annie* with Mitzi Green; and *Shampoo, the Magician*, a Headliner comedy. Apparently it pays to stutter.

Paramount mail census shows George Raft receiving more mail than any other four players on the lot. George's *Night After Night* with Nancy Carroll ready for release.

Bolton Mallory, Nancy Carroll's husband, is signed by Warner Brothers to write the dialogue for Joe E. Brown's next picture, *You Said a Mouthful*.

Edna May Oliver gets her first screen kiss in her long film career in *Hold 'Em Jail*.

Mary Hay, the first Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, divorces her second husband, David Bath, and plans to return to the stage.

Edward Everett Horton off to London as soon as he finishes part in *The Honest Finder* with Miriam Hopkins.

Vilma Banky makes screen comeback in *The Rebel* which is being filmed in the Alps. Luis Trenker will direct as well as play the lead.

Adrian, famous Hollywood stylist, says you'll trim your clothes in Astrakan fur, wear crinkly materials, don a feather boa and deck your hat with bows if you want to be smart this year.

Kay Francis wanted on the stage and making plans whereby she can have three months leave of absence from Hollywood to star in the play.

Helene Costello, now a beautiful blonde, and Ethel Barrymore Colt's son, Sammy, are having a heart affair.

Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy, once Hollywood's most romantic pair, decide to call it a day before wedding bells ring.

Bing . . . Leila . . . "Stu" in *The Big Broadcast*

By THE TUNER-INNER

OVER THE AIR WAVES

Yeah?

SO RADIO is the infant industry! Maybe so, maybe so. But the infant is lending a lot of lusty help to the movies right now. *The Big Broadcast,* one of the season's super-supers, features radio's ace performers, and it's no guess at all to predict that it will be a smash hit. And for a number of good reasons. There's George Burns and Gracie Allen, who are funnier than ever on the screen; Bing Crosby, just being himself; Kate Smith, in the huge rôle of a night club entertainer; The Four Mills Brothers, those dusky masters of harmony. Also the Boswell Sisters, the Street Singer and Cab Calloway's band. What a picture!

Great Stunt

Radio lends another hand to the movies in putting over *The Phantom of Crestwood* with a bang. This picture, an unfinished mystery play, was supplied an ending by countless thousands of fans who listened into the first episodes broadcast over the air. There's a fresh era in the offing — meaning that from now on radio and the movies will be justlikethis.

Radio Thrills

Buddy Rogers has been seen as an actor and heard as a radio artist, and now he's going to be seen as a radio artist. He, with Art Jarrett and Armida, has been making a series of shorts called *Radio Thrills* which are now ready for release.

Blackmail Broadcast

Al Boasberg, who writes some of the gags for a popular program, makes this choice crack about radio entertainment, according to *Variety*: "Something special in radio entertainment would be a blackmail program with the world's worst talent. The announcer would rise to say, 'Now, ladies and gentleman, if you don't rush out and buy a package of whoozis cigarettes, we'll put the Cherry Sisters on the air and you'll be sorry.' "

We think most of Hollywood and Broadway could be scared into submission by a threat to put Walter Winchell with his lowdown on the air.

Maybe You Didn't Know

That Ted Husing has a penchant for blue suspenders.

That Gracie Allen's brother finds living up to the anecdotes she tells about him most embarrassing.

That Jack Benny used to be in a vaudeville act in which neither he nor his partner uttered a word. (Now listen to him.)

That Bing Crosby has been doing some thrilling deepsea fishing off the coast of Mexico.

That Singin' Sam has bought himself a farm out in Indiana.

That Morton Downey doesn't believe in paying more than five dollars for a pair of shoes, but doesn't mind spending fifty dollars for a good dinner.

That since Georgie Price with his "priceless" imitations substituted for Harry Richman, he's been on the way toward being the only radio personality actually made in 1932.

That Jessica Dragonette, NBC soprano, was born in Calcutta, India.

Dizzy Duet~
Burns & Allen

Georgie: "Do tell me more about your, brother, Gracie. I'm all enthused!"

EFFECTIVE
HOURS LONGER

New Sanitary Napkin
3 to 5 Times More Absorbent

NOW—go *wherever* you please, *whenever* you please, for as LONG as you please—with perfect poise and peace of mind!

For now there is a brand-new type of sanitary napkin that lasts hours longer than any you've known before. One that affords you *perfect* and *continuous* protection, no matter what emergency may arise.

This new creation is called Veldown. Its super-soft rayon cellulose filler possesses 3 to 5 times greater absorbency than the filler in ordinary "crepe-paper" and cotton pads. Every woman will *quickly* see the advantage of this.

Too, Veldown has a unique moisture-proofed back—invisible, imperceptible, without weight or bulk—to furnish a *double* safeguard. Thus rendering protective garments unnecessary at any and all times.

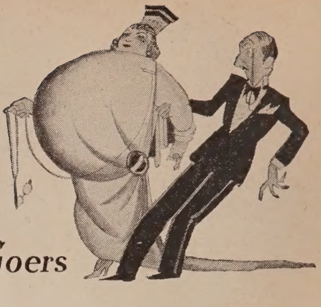
Vastly softer and more comfortable—Veldown can never chafe nor irritate. And because it is self-conforming it never betrays its presence beneath the filmiest, close-fitting frock . . . deodorant and instantly disposable, of course.

Yet with all its superior advantages, Veldown costs you no more. You'll find it priced the same as the ordinary run of "sanitary pads." At all drug and department stores. Simply mention the name "Veldown."

Veldown
The Utterly New-Type
SANITARY NAPKIN

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers



The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAAA. **CABIN IN THE COTTON**—(Warners)—Richard Barthelmess has excelled himself in a poignant and dramatic story of the cotton fields. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan are his two loves.

AA. **THE CRASH**—(Warners)—Although this is the effort of the new romantic team of Chatterton and Brent it falls short and the story about the stock market crash is weak.

AAA. **DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY**—(M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper scores again in a tale of divorce rich in pathos and humor. Splendid work by Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel.

AA. **GOONA GOONA**—(First Division)—The educated prince of the Island of Bali wins the love of a servant girl by a love potion and the hatred of her husband in a romantic story.

AAA. **HELL'S HIGHWAY**—(RKO-Radio)—Grim tale of a convict road camp. Sordid with flashes of comedy and magnificent performances by Richard Dix and Tom Brown.

AAA. **HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS**—(Columbia)—Exposing the cost of screen fame on the fellows who make it difficult by setting a price. Understanding portrayals by Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien.

AAA. **HORSEFEATHERS**—(Paramount)—Nothing to do with the title or sense but it's the crazy Marx Brothers at college in a circus of mirth.

Fredric March and Norma Shearer play the dual rôles of lovers of a bygone day as well as modern lovers in *Smilin' Through*

AAA. **LIFE BEGINS**—(Warners)—A tremendous revelation on child birth. Eric Linden takes first honors with Loretta Young, Aline MacMahon and Glenda Farrell also convincing.

AAA. **THE MAN CALLED BACK**—(Tiffany)—Conrad Nagel wins the woman he loves and his good reputation in an exciting story, the climax of which comes in the courtroom.

AAA. **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**—(RKO-Radio)—Leslie Banks gives a beautiful performance as a mad Russian who lives on an island and hunts human beings. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are the intended victims.

AAA. **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—(United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks wins a bet by becoming a modern shipwrecked sailor on a tropical island in a fantastic and hilarious adventure picture.

AAA. **NIGHT MAYOR**—(Columbia)—A spicy little story exposing the love life of a big-city mayor. You'll love Lee Tracy in the title rôle with Evalyn Knapp and Donald Dillaway.

AAAA. **OKAY, AMERICA**—(Universal)—Lew Ayres scores brilliantly as a big-city columnist in a fast moving drama with Maureen O'Sullivan.

AAAA. **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—(Universal)—The famous picture industry burlesque in all its comical glory with Aline MacMahon, Jack Oakie, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Fazenda, ZaSu Pitts and Sidney Fox.

AA. **THE PAINTED WOMAN**—(Fox)—A globe-trotting hussy finds love in the arms of a pearl-diving ex-marine. Peggy Shannon and Spencer Tracy love while William Boyd leers.

AAA. **SEVENTY THOUSAND WITNESSES**—(Paramount)—Phillips Holmes, Dorothy Jordan and Johnny Mack Brown in a gridiron murder mystery that really thrills.

AAA. **THE SIGN OF FOUR**—(World Wide)—Sherlock Holmes easily finds the murderous blackmailer whose disappearance from prison mystifies Scotland Yard. You'll like it.

AA. **THIRTEEN WOMEN**—(RKO-Radio)—An excellent story badly handled in which Myrna Loy is a murderess and Irene Dunne with Ricardo Cortez carry the heart interest.

AAA. **THIRTEENTH GUEST**—(Monogram)—A spook-drama in a desolate house with murderers and cobwebs for atmosphere. Ginger Rogers and Lyle Talbot furnish love interest.

AAAA. **TIGER SHARK**—(Warners)—A breath-taking action drama about a crazed fisherman who allowed the sharks to settle "everything". Edward G. Robinson, Richard Arlen and Zita Johann make up the cast.

AAA. **WHITE ZOMBIE**—(United Artists)—Highly fantastic story laid in Haiti in which Bela Lugosi is the ghoul who brings dead people to life.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AGE OF CONSENT**—(RKO-Radio)—Snappy romance in a college setting with splendid work by Dorothy Wilson, a new find; Eric Linden and Richard Cromwell.

AAAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—Stirring drama with Walter Huston, Constance Cummings and Pat O'Brien in a story of small-town banking.

AAAA. **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—(M-G-M)—Garbo never seen to better advantage. Maintains suspense to end. Melvyn Douglas performs excellently as the husband. Eric Von Stroheim and Owen Moore good in small rôles.

AAA. **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS**—(Fox)—Delightful comedy that shouldn't be missed. Adolphe Menjou is the bachelor who should have known better than to marry a dizzy blonde, Joan Marsh. All very gay and amusing.

AA. **BACHELOR'S FOLLY**—(World Wide)—Herbert Marshall and Edna Best have an unusual plot full of intrigue with a triangular love affair, blackmail, robbery, and a horse race.

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—Fannie Hurst's gripping novel of illicit love done full justice by Irene Dunne, John Boles, George Meeker, June Clyde and Paul Weigel. Romantic and dramatic entertainment that will appeal.

AA. **BIG CITY BLUES**—(Warner Brothers)—Entertaining melodrama of a "wet" party and a murder. Joan Blondell, Eric Linden and Walter Catlett save it from mediocrity.

AAA. **BIRD OF PARADISE**—(Radio)—Dolores Del Rio never better than in this unusually photographed tropical drama. Joel McCrea plays opposite.

AAAA. **BLESSED EVENT**—(Warner Brothers)—Lee Tracy in near-perfect rôle of a columnist hence James Cagney, originally slated for the part, is not missed. Mary Brian makes good job of her most ambitious performance.

The Phantom of Crestwood with Ricardo Cortez and Karen Morley, is the mystery thriller, broadcast in part over the radio

AAA. **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—(Radio)—An authentic picture taken in the Malayan jungles. Once only is an animal killed, when a baby elephant's life is saved. Other beasts all brought back alive by Frank Buck.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Edmund Lowe as an unscrupulous district attorney whose past entangles him in his own web. Constance Cummings splendid as the girl. Evelyn Brent comes back with a bang.

AAA. **CROONER**—(Warner Brothers)—The real lowdown on the crooners of radioland. David Manners, Ann Dvorak and Ken Murray turn in fine performances.

AAAA. **THE DARK HORSE**—(Warner Brothers)—One of the cleverest, funniest satires to reach the screen. Guy Kibbee, Warren William, Bette Davis, Vivienne Osborne and Frank McHugh make up perfect cast.

AA. **DEVIL AND THE DEEP**—(Paramount)—Interesting because it brings Gary Cooper back to the screen. Melodrama in which Tallulah Bankhead flees from a tyrannical husband, played by Charles Laughton.

AAA. **DOCTOR X**—(Warner Brothers)—Mystery thriller done in technicolor. Swell performances of Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, Lee Tracy and Preston Foster make it outstanding.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—Stirring war tale on the Italian front. Large cast of notables includes Tala Birell, the new Viennese star; Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz.

AAA. **DOWNSTAIRS**—(M-G-M)—Jack Gilbert plays his unsympathetic rôle brilliantly in a story he wrote himself. Most action is in the servant's quarters of a Viennese castle. Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas, Hedda Hopper and Baclanova are in fine cast.

AAA. **DOWN TO EARTH**—(Fox)—Exactly the sort of story Will Rogers needs to bring out his homespun talents. It's about a self-made millionaire who is hit by the depression and likes it.

AAAA. **THE FIRST YEAR**—(Fox)—The inseparable lovers in another knockout. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell prove that the first year of married life is the hardest. Nothing finer since *Seventh Heaven.*

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This introduces Sari Maritza and brings back Marguerite Churchill, in story of modern Russia. Gene Raymond and Irving Pichel complete cast.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—A dynamic story, expert direction, elaborate sets and the most stupendous cast ever assembled for a picture make this without doubt the event of the year. The cast includes Greta Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and others.

AAA. **GUILTY AS HELL** — (Paramount) — Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe together again, as chief of police and fresh reporter, respectively they try to solve a murder mystery. Richard Arlen and Adrienne Ames also in cast.

AA. **HOLD 'EM JAIL**—(Radio)—Football in the "penitentiary league" offers Wheeler and Woolsey a chance to turn their insane clowning to good effect.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Startling and entertaining exposé of a scandal-mad Broadway columnist played by Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong and ZaSu Pitts. Well worth seeing.

AAA. **LADY AND GENT** — (Paramount) — George Bancroft as a down and out prize fighter is at his best. Wynne Gibson, Charles Starrett and James Gleason excellent in supporting rôles.

AAAA. **THE LAST MILE**—(World Wide)—Powerful dramatization of San Quentin's death chamber. Seven men sentenced to die make a break for life. Preston Foster heads cast.

AAAA. **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—(Paramount)—Maurice Chevalier dishes out love and Jeanette MacDonald shows how she can take it. One of the Frenchman's best. Excellent portrayals by Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy.

AAA. **MAKE ME A STAR**—(Paramount)—Here is *Merton of the Movies* funnier than ever. Stu Erwin plays Merton—and how! Joan Blondell helps him get his big break.

AAAA. **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—(Paramount)—Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March never seen to better advantage. Adrianne Allen also acquits herself nobly. Excellent job of directing on part of Dorothy Arzner.

Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes and Adolphe Menjou have the leading rôles in *A Farewell to Arms,* Ernest Hemingway's poignant story of the love between a nurse and a soldier during the World War

AAA. **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**—(Paramount)—If you like your comedy mad and goofy with a Marx Bros. flavor, you'll go for this one. Story is a series of gags which stretch from a mythical kingdom to the Olympic games.

AAAA. **MOVIE CRAZY** — (Paramount) — Harold Lloyd and his eye glasses go through the mazes of movieland as gag after gag keeps one rolling in mirth. Constances Cummings is excellent and Harold is Harold as never before.

AAA. **MY PAL, THE KING**—(Universal)—When Tom Mix and his wild west show visit a mythical kingdom and rescue the boy king from the villain there's excitement aplenty. Mickey Rooney as the boy king is grand.

AAAA. **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**—(Universal)—Mystery drama that keeps you keyed up every minute. Boris Karloff, monster of *Frankenstein,* even better here. Gloria Stuart, Melvyn Douglas, Lilian Bond and Walter Byron play strong rôles.

AAA. **ONE WAY PASSAGE** — (Warner Brothers)—An exquisite brunette, a gentleman crook, a phoney countess and a funny drunk in a combination hard to beat. It's a unique love story with Kay Francis, William Powell and Aline MacMahon at perfection.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY** — (M-G-M) — Marie Dressler and Polly Moran again team in riotous, side-splitting comedy. Marie Dressler steals the biggest slice of the picture. Wallace Ford and Anita Page furnish the love interest.

AAA. **THE PURCHASE PRICE**—(Warner Brothers)—Vibrant story in which Barbara Stanwyck as the chorus girl marries George Brent, a farmer, via the mail route. Intensely human.

AAAA. **RED HEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M)—Blonde Jean Harlow goes redheaded in this Katharine Brush story and scores biggest hit of career. Chester Morris socks her a few times and gets away with it. Fine support from Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams and Una Merkel.

AAA. **ROAR OF THE DRAGON**—(Radio)—Good old Richard Dix in a Chinese setting. Plenty of thrills in this Manchurian romance. Picture notable for début of Gwili Andre, beautiful Danish actress.

AAAA. **SCARFACE**—(Caddo)—Bold history of Chicago's racketeer reign, with Paul Muni, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak.

AAA. **SKYSCRAPER SOULS** — (M-G-M) — The story of what happens within the towering walls of a great skyscraper. Warren William, Verree Teasdale and Maureen O'Sullivan follow the mazes of destiny most dramatically.

AAA. **SPEAK EASILY** — (M-G-M) — Buster Keaton's frozen face and Durante's "schnozzle" combine to make a rare laugh-fest with Thelma Todd providing sex appeal.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Norma Shearer reaches dramatic heights as sex-torn woman. Clark Gable better than ever. Big names in supporting cast: Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan, Robert Young, May Robson, Maureen O'Sullivan and Henry B. Walthall.

AAA. **STRANGER IN TOWN** — (First National)—Chic Sale has no equal in this type comedy. As proprietor of a small town grocery, he leads you through a maze of chuckles. Romance by Ann Dvorak and David Manners.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—A smashing animal thriller with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan making love in the jungle.

AAA. **THE TEXAS BAD MAN**—(Universal)—Tom Mix and Tony in another spine-tingling round-up of desperadoes who take some catching but meet a bad end as usual. No Mix fan would dare miss this one.

AAA. **TOM BROWN OF CULVER**—(Universal)—Tom Brown excellent in title rôle as cadet in thrilling military school story. Slim Summerville funnier than ever.

AAA. **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—(Warner Brothers)—Society intrigue in which Constance Bennett is put on the witness stand and does some fine acting. Neil Hamilton is her lawyer-lover.

AA. **UNASHAMED**—(M-G-M)—Tragic drama of modern youth, unwritten law and a girl without shame. Different but slow-moving murder story with Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Lewis Stone and Monroe Owsley.

AAA. **THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE** — (M-G-M) — Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley give their usual finished performances in a powerful political drama.

AAA. **WESTWARD PASSAGE**—(Radio)—Ann Harding in a "love divorce", in which she gives Laurence Olivier his chance to write. She re-marries him to make happy ending.

Their Champion Children

Toddling sons and daughters steal the spotlight from their stellar parents

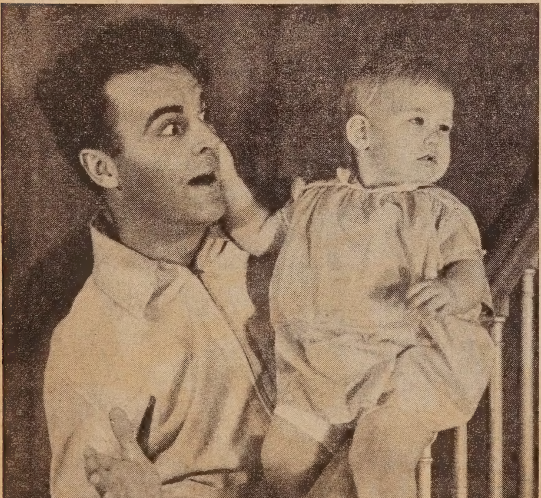
By Jewel Smith

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following story may be seen in pictorial form at your local theatre in the current issue of "Screen Snapshots," a Columbia Picture feature.*

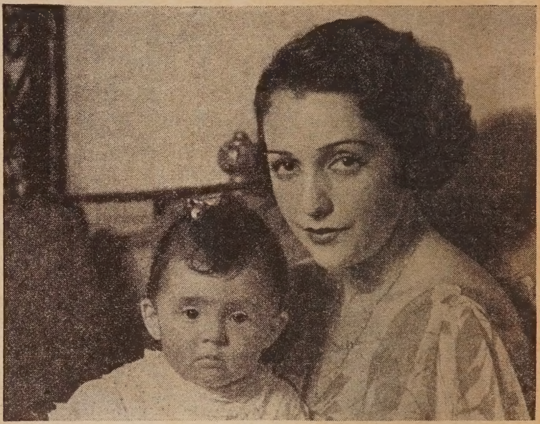
SO—the stars decided to have babies. And we have Young Hollywood—a small, limited, presumptuous group of beings who dare to fling "ga-ga" at filmdom's most beautiful ladies and not smile when they say it.

They are the children of the stars! The heirs and heiresses to some of the country's greatest fortunes. And are they conscious of this inherited renown? Well, I hope to tell you! Why, several of the little imps downright refused me an interview. I might even go so far as to tell you these same several dismissed me with a glub, glub, glooey (which is freely translated as "Scram!").

At any rate, to those darling cherubs who were kind enough to grant me a few minutes, I owe the nucleus of this story. As for the others—well, I'm just spiteful enough to bare the naked truth.



Who but Patricia Louise, adopted daughter of Neil Hamilton, would take such liberties with a famous screen star's ear!



Little Barbara Bebe Lyon, the most photographed baby in town, condescends to pose with her mother, Bebe Daniels

The day I interviewed Irving Thalberg Jr. he was taking a sunbath on the sands of Malibu. He wore one of those Seemore bathing suits, so smart and comfortable this season.

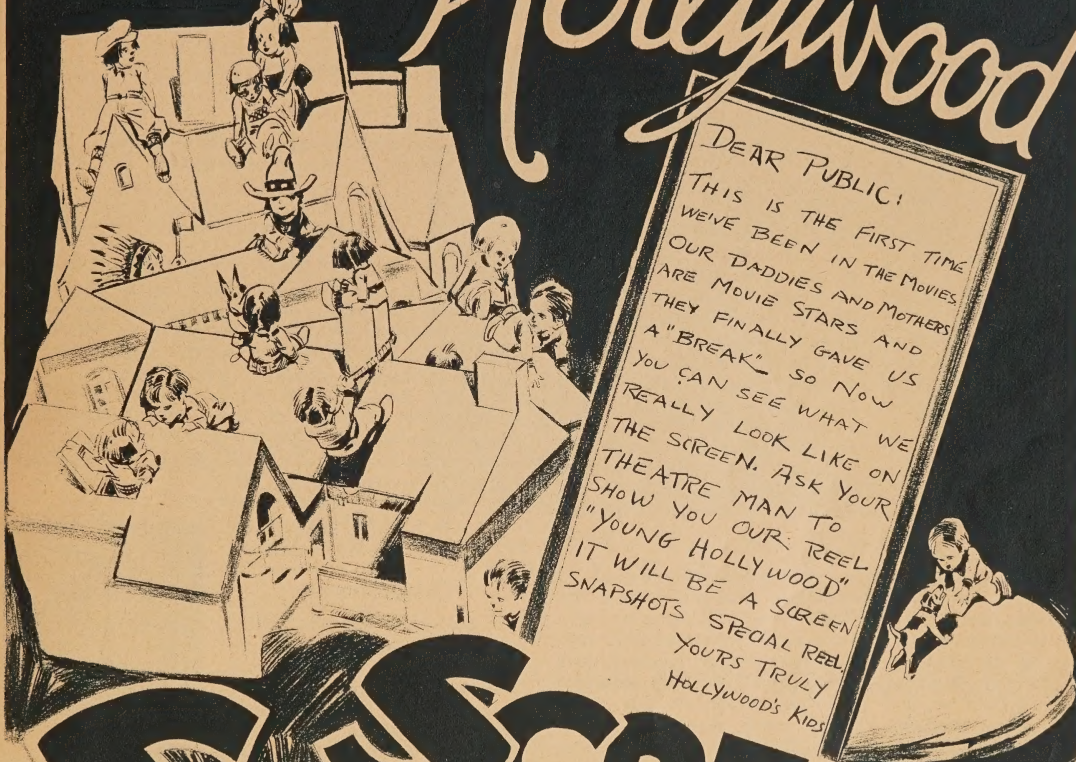
He's an appealing little minx with blond hair and dark blue eyes. Now close to two years old, he is very cagey where cameramen are concerned. That is, when mamma and papa are looking. At any other time, he'd just as soon pose for pictures as down a popsicle.

Master Thalberg, you see, is not for publication. When he was born, his mother, Norma Shearer, deemed that Irving Jr. was to be no part of her public life. She claimed that a babe in the arms of a screen sophisticate was a destroyer of illusions. Therefore, the little man's only photographs have been limited to a miniature on his father's watch-chain and a tiny framed picture on the Thalberg library table.

Next, we have (and we'd be glad to have her any day), Joe E. Brown's baby daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Now, there's a honey. Blonde, blue-eyed and round all over, she's the cream in her mama's coffee and the salt in her daddy's soup. Little Mary is just about to celebrate her second birthday. She doesen't look like her papa, which (pardon me, Joe) is a break for her. She does, however, have Joe's flair for making people like her. For the last six months the kids in the neighborhood have drawn

[*Continued on page* 59]

Young Hollywood



DEAR PUBLIC!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
WE'VE BEEN IN THE MOVIES.
OUR DADDIES AND MOTHERS
ARE MOVIE STARS AND
THEY FINALLY GAVE US
A "BREAK". SO NOW
YOU CAN SEE WHAT WE
REALLY LOOK LIKE ON
THE SCREEN. ASK YOUR
THEATRE MAN TO
SHOW YOU OUR REEL
"YOUNG HOLLYWOOD"
IT WILL BE A SCREEN
SNAPSHOTS SPECIAL REEL.
YOURS TRULY
HOLLYWOOD'S KIDS

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

DIRECTED BY
RALPH STAUB
DISTRIBUTED BY
COLUMBIA PICTURES

**Watch for
SPECIAL
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
NOVELTY—Every Month**

Frankly Speaking

Discussing Unusual Hollywood Happenings

Garbo talk now?

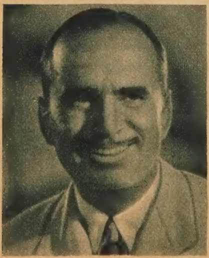
Interviewing Garbo

WE PREDICT that within six months Garbo will begin granting interviews. And why is it that she will step out of seclusion at least partially? Simply because the antics of news hounds in trying to capture her and her Houdini acts in attempting to avoid them are becoming comical. She cannot venture abroad in public without running the risk of being caught by the camera in some amusing, undignified pose—and it is not altogether desirable to be laughed at by the public, particularly if one's profession is that of a serious dramatic actress.

Garbo could increase her popularity ten-fold by granting occasional interviews, and still retain the solitude she desires. This, simply by employing a press representative to act as an intermediary, supplying newspapers and magazines with interviews under her personal jurisdiction. Such an arrangement would protect her from unauthoritative statements and relieve her of much worry. Perhaps Garbo is considering this plan now. Perhaps not. But it is apparent that she must do something before long to insure herself a continued high place in the esteem of movie-goers.

Doug's Ambition

DOUG FAIRBANKS SR. has turned philosopher. He says he's learning how to be a good consumer and argues that that's just as important as being a good producer—because without consumers producers couldn't produce. Get the idea?



"—and say, 'Nuts!'"

He says he doesn't know whether he's happy or unhappy, and that he's been asking himself too many questions about life.

"A great Chinese student told me that when a mature man thinks too much about the problems of philosophy, he does one of three things. He either commits suicide, goes insane or develops a sense of humor. I'm developing a sense of humor. Before long I can sit in the grandstand of life and say, 'Nuts!'"

John's Neat Trick

A YEAR ago John Gilbert found himself in a bad spot. Audiences had stopped liking him. They jeered when he made love; they laughed outright at his big dramatic moments. Try as they would, the studio could find no remedy for the unique situation of a great favorite suddenly gone wrong.

Finally, John himself found the solution. He wrote a story of his own, *Downstairs*, in which he appears as a rascally villain who has no end of mean tricks to perform. John deliberately wooed dislike from the audience—and the more villainous he became the better they liked him. Now he's back at the top.

Has no equal

Good News!

CHEERING are the words from Helen Hayes to the effect that she won't scurry away to the legitimate stage as soon as she has finished *A Farewell to Arms*. Helen has more to offer to the screen than any actress. She is the type equally beloved by men, women and children. She has a power to cast a great influence over the lives of a million movie-goers. Hollywood should keep this lovely personality, at all costs. Helen, God bless her, has no equal.

Kids' Best Friend

THERE never has been a human star in motion pictures who brought as much entertainment to kids all over the world as did Rin-Tin-Tin. Before death overtook him just recently, he spent almost all of his fourteen years before the camera serving clean entertainment and thrills aplenty to the youngsters.

Some of them will never know that he is gone, for Rinty will be replaced in his rôles by a two-year-old son, who looks exactly like his father and is equally talented.

The Editors

FINAL SCREEN TABLOID EXTRA

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, NOVEMBER, 1932

CAGNEY STILL UNTAMED!

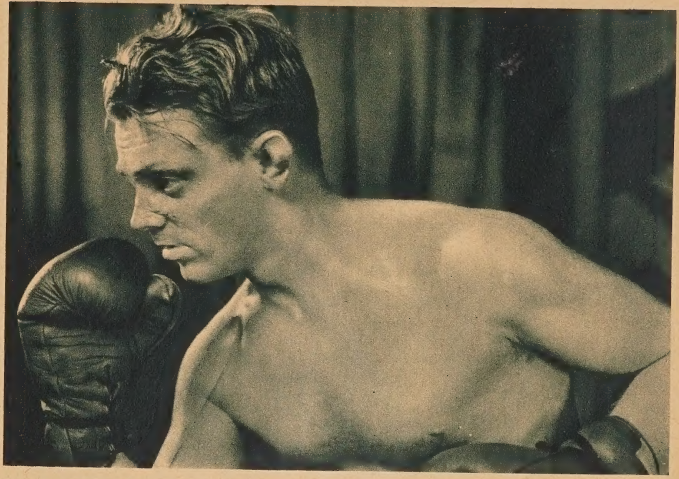
Star's Career is in Peril; Refuses to Budge in Studio Wrangle

It's the battle of the century! The fracas between Jimmy Cagney and his studio, Warner Brothers, still goes on, with neither side budging an inch. Jimmy is back in Hollywood, saying that one of these days he will go to work—where he pleases—because the option on his contract is up. But the studio says differently, claiming he is still bound because he refused to fulfill his term before deciding that he was not paid enough.

Both parties are pretty groggy from the battle. The studio wants Jimmy badly because he is a grand actor and simply knocks the tar out of the boxoffice with those two-fisted performances. Jimmy likes being a movie actor, but can't work anywhere until his difficulty is ironed out.

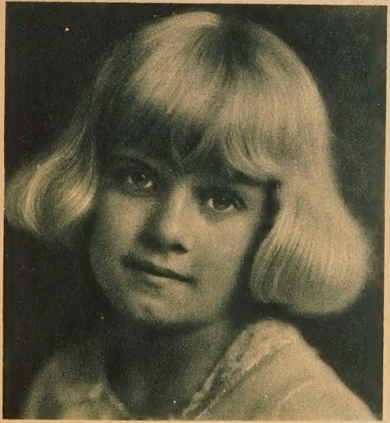
With both parties wishing the battle were over, yet both refusing to give in, the quarrel may go on forever—or it may end as suddenly as the flare-up came. Reports are that bargaining is going on and Jimmy may be back at work by the time you read this.

Once he makes up his mind about a thing, there's no changing it. Those at the ringside are betting on a finish to the salary war soon, but placing no wagers on the possible winner.



IN THIS CORNER, ladies and gentlemen, Battling Jimmy Cagney, who is scrapping for more money before he goes back to work in front of the cameras. The star of *Winner Take All* has given no indication that he will throw the fight and give in to demands that he return to work like a good boy

JEAN IS GENUINE



THE REAL PROOF for skeptics who say that Jean Harlow is not a real platinum blonde. This photograph, taken of Jean at the age of six, shows her with locks as silvery as the lining that is supposed to be behind every dark cloud

Doug and Joan Back From Foreign Triumphs

A ROYAL WELCOME awaited Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks when they returned to Hollywood after their exciting first trip abroad. Joan was received everywhere with great acclaim, as was hubby Doug. They're mighty glad to be home again and back to work

New Love Affairs Discovered!

Dan Cupid Sets Hearts of Movie Favorites on Fire

THERE'S more romance than ever in the Hollywood air these days—despite the fact that so many Movieland marriages have crashed in the divorce court.

The newest and most talked-of affair is that between Estelle Taylor and Lyle Talbot, a handsome new leading man who is just beginning to make his mark in the cinema world. Estelle and Lyle are seen everywhere together, and although the dopesters say otherwise, both deny any altar excursion plans.

Joan Marsh, Hollywood's most sought-after blonde débutante now that Jean Harlow has vacated the title through her marriage to Paul Bern, is love-bouting with Dick Powell—he being the sensational singer of *Blessed Event.*

Charlie Chaplin is taking more than a casual interest in a certain party these days—his first fling at romancing in a long time. The girl is the captivating Paulette Goddard, who will be seen soon in Eddie Cantor's *The Kid From Spain.*

Tala Birell has as her current flame no less a person than Prince Ferdinand Lichtenstein. Not since the titled romances of Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri has Hollywood been so stirred up at the prospect of a really royal love affair.

The Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez affair faded out as suddenly as it flared up. Lupe swears she has eyes for only one man—a prominent movie executive.

With all these cuddlings going on, Hollywood folk are looking forward to a season packed with marriage events, and cinema ladies who have been often a bride but never a bridesmaid are rehearsing in hopes that they may land leading rôles in one of the big weddings.

Chaplin to Wed Again?

—Fink

"AN IDEAL COUPLE!" So exclaimed those who saw Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin together at Mary Pickford's huge party. Charlie takes Paulette everywhere these days and seems more happy and contented than he has in a long, long while

—Fink

BLISSFULLY HAPPY! Billie Dove and David Manners have eyes only for each other. This photograph shows them on their arrival at a recent party given by Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks at Pickfair

Gary and the Countess

—Fink

ONLY FRIENDS. Gossips have tried to link the names of Gary Cooper and the Countess di Frasso together in a romantic way, but there's no truth in the reports. Gary has steered clear of romance since his ill-fated affair with Lupe Velez

Great Beauty Battle Begins!

Dazzling New Arrivals Threaten Crowns of Ruling Favorites

EVEN the most temperamental of Hollywood stars are behaving themselves these days. For never in the history of movies have so many lovely newcomers been on hand to battle for screen fame.

Perhaps the most distinguished to make a bid for stardom is Charlotte Susa, the exquisite German star just arrived in this country to make her début at Metro Studios.

Lorena Layson, who worked as Dorothy Mackaill's stand-in for two years, has just been awarded a contract and a chance at stardom. Recently she has been working as a double for Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak.

Alice Adair, a "bit" player, is one of the favorites to win success. She won her rôle in *A Farewell to Arms* because her legs were beautiful.

Other new discoveries who are as beautiful if not more so than today's most famous stars include: Sandra Shaw, an exotic feminine vision from Bennett's New York School. Dorothy Hale, who makes her movie début opposite Ronald Colman in *I Have Been Faithful.* Eleanor Post, a society dèbutante and graduate of the exclusive Mount Vernon Seminary in Washington, has been signed to a long-term contract at Radio studio because of her extreme beauty and natural loveliness. Evalyn Wise, whose radiant personality flashes across the screen for the first time in *You Said a Mouthful.*

Almost daily new names are being added to this list of imposing newcomers. Some of them will fall by the wayside, but for the most part these girls are here in Hollywood to stay—and some of them will be sure to supplant today's favorites in the affections of fans.

—Elmer Fryer

A CHAMPION BRUNETTE BEAUTY, Evalyn Wise, is certain to make a hit with the world of movie-goers, by virtue of her remarkable beauty, which is to be seen for the first time in *You Said a Mouthful.* Evalyn is just one of the many young newcomers who are making the big stars wonder how long they can stay at the top

—Cosmo Sileo

NEVER ANYONE LIKE HER! So say studio officials at Metro, hailing the arrival of Charlotte Susa, the famous German actress who is expected to become one of the screen's greatest stars. Her first American assignment has not yet been decided

←

PERFECT LEGS! Because she had them, Alice Adair was selected from hundreds of aspirants to play scenes in which her legs only appear. The picture is *A Farewell to Arms,* but you may see all of this delightful lady in future productions as she is a very capable actress

The First True Story of GARBO'S

How the career of a great actress really began

—*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Greta Garbo always has been an actress since the earliest days of her childhood. "It is difficult for me to think of her as a famous person now," her brother, Sven, says. "She will always be, to me, my little sister, in whom I couldn't help but believe"

STOCKHOLM, the great capital of Sweden.

In a small courtyard, in the rear of an apartment house, a small girl plays with her dolls. She talks to them, admonishing, cajoling, threatening. She walks back and forth. Her hands move. Her mood changes. Her voice is soft, then high-pitched, then laughing. She lives through various emotions. Pretending. Always pretending.

The courtyard is no different than hundreds of others in Stockholm. A patch of green grass, worn to the soil in some places. A place where the sunlight comes filtering down with its cheer and its warmth. A sheltered little place, especially in the sweet coolness of a summer evening.

But the girl who plays with the dolls adds distinction to that courtyard.

The girl is Greta Gustafsson.

The years drift by, happy, uneventful. The girl grows more mature. She has put away the dolls, and there are school books to attend to, but the love of pretending is as strong as ever. Stronger, perhaps.

The little courtyard is still her playground; still the center of all her dreams, her ambitions, her hopes. It has now become a stage, for here she gathers other children for dramatic games. She tells them how to stand, what to do. She flys here and there, laughing, happy, eager.

"You are the mother," she instructs. "And you are the father, and you are the little brother. . . ."

In a circle of children—and older people—the games are acted out. Childish imagination, and childish love of make-believe. But with one mind dominating the whole.

AGAIN the years pass. The girl sits now, on a summer evening, in a little open air theatre near her home, watching actors and actresses portray their rôles. She is intent, interested. It is more than pleasure for her. It is the expression of an urge that she has within herself.

A few years more. Friends of the girl learn that she is taking part in motion pictures, and they are not surprised. They expected something like that. They talk about the afternoons and evenings in the little courtyard, and nod their heads knowingly.

Still later. And Greta's career explodes into fame. She leaves Stockholm, leaves the little courtyard, the parks, and the shady walks, but she comes back to her home city on long strips of celluloid. In darkened theaters the people with whom she played as a child watch her interpret life for them. And her childhood friends applaud, and remark that they are not surprised that Greta should become famous.

For if one thing is certain about Greta Garbo, it is that she is living out a childhood ambition. A realization that she wanted nothing in life so much as a chance to act.

I sat with her brother in the veranda café of the famous Grand hotel in Stockholm. To our right, across a canal, was the royal castle, a warm silhouette in the sunlight. Straight ahead, a mass of rooftops, pointed and pyramiding, was the section of the city were Garbo was born. Three tables away, in a corner of the café, sat the crown prince of Sweden with a party of friends.

THE whole setting was symbolical of the Stockholm that Garbo must love, in her natural rôle of Stockholmer.

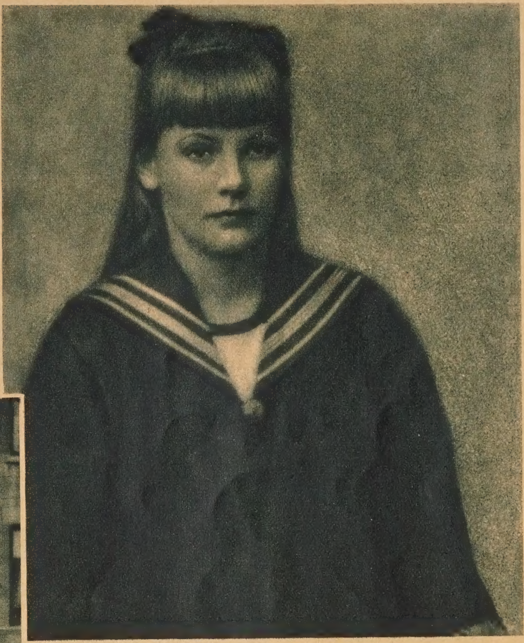
I suggested to her brother that it was strange—or at least

By PETER JOEL, SCREEN BOOK'S EXCLUSIVE SWEDISH CORRESPONDENT

CHILDHOOD!

Above: Where Garbo was born, in an apartment house, 32 Blekingegatan in Stockholm. The white arrow points to the third floor suite in which her family lived

Right: The doorway of the building in which Garbo first saw the light of day. Through the entrance can be glimpsed the courtyard where Greta, as a little child, unconsciously trained herself for the great career ahead



Garbo at the age of eleven—a serious little girl, still occupied with childish pastimes. A natural leader among her playmates. Even at this age, those who knew Greta well, believed that she would one day become famous

interesting—that his sister should attain her present fame as an actress.

Her brother, who is seven years her senior, good-looking, charming in manner and speech, shook his head. His blue eyes lighted up, and he smiled.

"Yes, I suppose it is strange."

He toyed with a cigarette.

"And still I'm not surprised. When she was young you couldn't help but believe in her. You couldn't help but have confidence in her. I speak as her brother, of course, but there was something about her that made you have faith in her."

"But how did she happen to choose a theatrical career? Was it by accident or did she have that idea for a long time?"

Garbo's brother smiled.

"She always wanted to act. Even when she was very young." He spread his hands. "It was just in her, I guess."

We talked, then, about careers; about the way that some people hew their way through to success with a guiding ambition to help them. Again I made mention of his sister's career, and this time it brought forth a beautiful bit of sentiment.

"Sometimes it does seem strange that she should be as popular as you say she is. You see, I can't help but think of her as my little sister. It's difficult for me to think of her as a famous person. She will always be, to me, my little sister, in whom I couldn't help but believe."

In all of this there was a natural modesty, a charm of manner, blended with intelligent understanding, that was pleasing. For Garbo's brother, known here as Sven Gustafsson, is an interesting person. He is married to a girl born in America, has traveled on the continent, but has yet to visit the United States.

But this, after all, was Garbo's brother, a member of her family. I determined to talk to someone else who knew Garbo as a child. In the house at 32 Blekingegatan, where Garbo was born and where she spent her childhood, I talked with Mrs. Emanuel Lönn, who remembers well when a girl who was christened Greta was born in the next apartment to her own.

[*Continued on page* 60]

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Forward

The Camera of Hyman Fink Catches the

1 **Randolph Scott,** one of Hollywood's more promising new leading men, on his way from the Assistance League lunchroom to Paramount studio

2 **Leila Hyams** returns from a morning bicycle spin near Malibu Beach. She says it's great for preserving that sort of figure

3 **Vivian Duncan** (recently separated from Nils Asther) and her tiny daughter escort Fifi Dorsay to the new Assistance League tea rooms

4 **Phyllis Fraser,** cousin of our own Ginger Rogers, goes on her first Hollywood Boulevard shopping tour. "Phil" is in the movies now

5 **Douglas Fairbanks,** tanned as an Indian from his South Seas jaunt, is seen marching to his spectators' seat at the Riviera Polo Club

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March!

Army of Stars on Their Way to Everywhere

6 Just out for a walk—Irene Purcell, with the socially prominent Emily Vanderbilt and Mary Duncan, starts out for somewhere

7 Lil Tashman, attired in a bizarre beach costume, paces briskly down the shore, making a round of social calls on Malibu friends

8 Head up, arms swinging, Sidney Fox strides briskly through the sand, acquiring a fine tan and getting her exercise at the same time

9 Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres (Lola Lane) are among those Hollywoodites who dote on long hikes. It takes a fast camera to catch them

10 Cronies of long standing seen on the cricket field. Clive Brook and Ronald Colman, being Englishmen, are clannish

Bobbe Arnst, stage dancer and social registrite before marrying Johnny Weissmuller, boasted that Hollywood could not wreck their happiness, but she underestimated filmdom's malign influences

Tarzan Seeks

"I really loved him!"

Mourns Bobbe Arnst who spurred her husband on to screen success only to lose him because of it

By Clark Warren

TWO weeks after Johnny Weissmuller, world's champion swimmer, met Bobbe Arnst, popular dancer and social registrite, down in Miami, Florida, he married her. It seemed like blissful romance until they came to Hollywood and Johnny scored a sensational triumph in *Tarzan, the Ape-man.* Then they separated and divorce rumors began to fly.

"Yes, Johnny and I are finished. He wants a Mexican divorce but I won't have it. We will get an honest-to-goodness California divorce though, just as soon as we can file the papers. Johnny is madly in love with Lupe Velez. I do not know whether or not she loves him or if they will get married but I've known about the affair for some time. I've tried to fight it out. It's no use, the gossips win. Marriage can't be victor in Hollywood!"

This is the story which Bobbe Arnst told me as we sat in her apartment. A week ago Bobbe still believed that she could beat the game but now she knows definitely that she has lost. A month ago she told SCREEN BOOK reporters that Johnny was her man, to have and to hold and that nothing could ever tear them apart. Bobbe was sincere. She believed that she could hold her man, in the face of anything Hollywood could do. She had no intention to deceive the press, she simply underestimated the malign influences arrayed against her.

"I've lost but I'll try to take it like a man," she smiled, "and if Lupe, or anyone else can make Johnny happier, I want him to have her. I loved him and I did what I could but Hollywood was too much for us. It breaks my heart to lose my boy but I'll play the game, no matter what it costs me."

That a romance existed between the stalwart *Tarzan* and the fiery Mexican was suspected before Lupe returned from New York. Both idols of the metropolitan populace, they were seen frequently in each other's company. Women by the hundreds demanded *Tarzan* but he showed a decided preference for the company of Lupe. Scenting romance, the New York reporters tried to pin it down but both Johnny and Lupe poo-pooed the idea and the matter was dropped.

When Lupe returned to Hollywood she went into seclusion. When Johnny also returned from his personal appearance tour, their meetings were frequent. Still they denied a romance and insisted that they just happened to be together in the same crowd and Hollywood, for once credulous, swallowed the bait. Now, from the lips of Johnny's own wife comes the statement that it is her husband's love for Lupe which has broken up their romance.

"It all happened so suddenly," she confessed, "that I was dumbfounded. While Johnny was in New York he wrote me long love letters almost every day and when he returned it was like another honeymoon. We had never been so happy with each other—not even when we were first married."

Then came the bombshell! They had been out with a party of friends. As they returned to their apartment, Johnny suddenly turned to his wife, and spoke frankly.

"I want a divorce!"

Johnny did not intend to be unkind—it isn't in his nature—but in his honest desire to lay his cards on the table he had spoken too abruptly.

But imagine hearing those words from the lips of the husband and lover whom you adored and the man whom you were striving to hold in spite of insidious gossip. No wonder Bobbe was stunned! As the tragic import of that brief request penetrated her senses, it required all her courage to smile up at him.

"Why, Johnny? There must be a reason."

"No." It was hurting Johnny as much as it was the wife he had loved. "Only that I want to be free," he said.

For two days Bobbe Arnst was [*Continued on page* 65]

No one suspected that all was not well with the Weissmullers when they gaily attended picture premières and other social functions together after Johnny's success as *Tarzan*

a Divorce!

"I'm never going back!"

Cries Johnny Weissmuller, who finds his marriage to Bobbe Arnst is stifling his freedom

By Marcella Burke

—*Paul Stone-Raymor Ltd.*

Johnny Weissmuller, who became an overnight screen star as the stalwart *Tarzan, the Ape Man,* now succumbs to the Hollywood divorce menace

HOLLYWOOD'S gone and done it again. This time it's wrecked the Weissmuller marriage and fastened the blame on Lupe Velez. Johnny avows that his marriage with Bobbe Arnst, cunning hot-cha dancer, who used to step fast and pretty in Ted Lewis' show, is completely washed up. But he adds that their wedded happiness had become a thing of the past long before the scintillating little Mexicano had come upon the scene. So that should exonerate Lupe.

The day I talked with Johnny I was dumbfounded. He acted like an embarrassed kid just playing hooky from school. He ate cantaloupe à la mode and growled about marriage. Johnny had no reticence at all. Said marriage wasn't in the cards for him.

He scooped up a satisfying chunk of ice cream and scowled. "It was down in Miami that I met Bobbe and it took only two weeks for us to decide to get married. I loved her at first but it began to fade when she always wanted to go every place I went. Gosh, that's no fun.

The friendship of Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez began in New York and continued in Hollywood. Lupe denies a romance and Johnny says he will not remarry after his divorce

"I like to get off with a gang of fellows and play around. Two or three times a week to go to the beach with Bobbe was enough. I got nasty about it after awhile. I'd say I was going down to the club and that I'd be back for dinner. Then I wouldn't show up. Then she would get sore and start nagging me. And I don't blame her. I guess I am spoiled. If anyone wants to start an argument I don't take it. I finish it—or walk out.

"You see the trouble with Bobbe is this. She tells people I am a boy, that I don't know my own mind. She takes the credit for making up my mind for me. Well, this time she can't do it. I'm finished. When I'm divorced from her I won't marry again."

Johnny's eyes laughed for the first time.

"Gee, I'm scared of marriage. I'm scared of everything now. And it isn't about myself, but the others I've gotten into this mess. Poor Lupe is all burned up and sore at me. Somebody told Lupe the other day that she was breaking up our marriage and she had better send me back to Bobbe.

"I didn't know what it was all about. I was at her house swimming in the pool when Lupe came home and said, 'You get out of here. I won't ever speak to you again.' Then she threw all my clothes at me."

Johnny looked like a fellow who had just seen his best friend commit suicide. Words seemed to fail him completely. He sat there and looked sick all over. Then he started talking at random.

"She's getting the divorce now. She wants twenty-five per cent of my salary. That wouldn't leave very much for me. You see I don't get very much—$350.00 a week.

"Anyway, this all started about two months after I got married. It bothered me with my work. I wouldn't let Bobbe go with me on location when I made *Tarzan.* She wanted to go but I wouldn't let her.

"You see she thinks I'm going to change my mind and come back home, but I'm never going back. It makes me sick when I hear the things she says about me. She ought to know we're all washed up."

Make no mistake about it, Johnny Weissmuller is sick. He's green around the edges. He can't understand why anyone he stops loving should continue to love him.

He isn't fit for marriage actually. No man is who can be so unwittingly cruel. Underneath it all he means to be kind but he wants his own way and that's that. He's proud of the fact that he won't compromise.

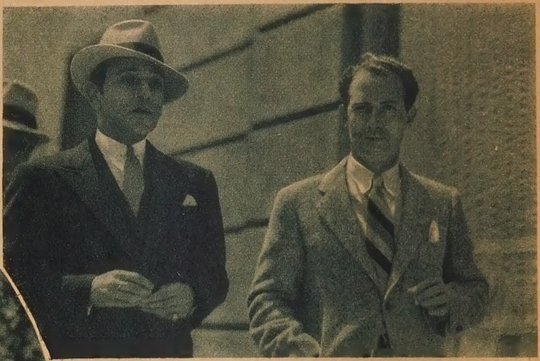
Later on Lupe said plenty about how she felt.

"I can't even look at a man without everybody saying I'm in love with him. One thing they [*Continued on page* 65]

TAKEN for a RIDE!

By

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



—*Fink*

"It's a shame to disillusion people, Gene," George Raft tells the author of this article as they stroll about the studio lot. "But tell them Valentino and I were never pals; that I don't drink; I'm not a gangster and I'm not a ladies' man. Then if they quit coming to see me it's my own fault"

George Raft has been put on the spot once too often! In this article he blasts the false rumors that have irked him for so long

—*Fink*

Ask Walter Winchell, shown here with George Raft. The ace of all news sleuths will tell you that George has never been a gangster, nor a gigolo

IT'S time you knew the truth about George Raft!

Ever since that tremendous performance as Muni's body-guard in *Scarface,* magazines and newspapers have been filled with stories about the slim, dark lad who so closely resembles Valentino. Legends which sprung up have given him the sinister glamor of a character from the pages of gangster fiction. Here, for the first time, you are given a picture of George Raft, as he really is.

He is said to have been a gigolo with Valentino in Rector's café.

It has been whispered that he is an ex-gangster; that he was at one time the personal body-guard of a notorious New York underworld czar, living by the law of the blazing automatic and taking his cut of the racket. It is also said that the mysterious Tony, who is today his constant shadow, is a gunman of deadly repute whose duty it is to guard George from possible retribution from his former gangster associates.

He is said to be a man who can toss off enough neat likker to put a lumberjack to sleep, to have a flaming temper and a quick and deadly punch and to be a lady-killer par excellence. In other words, George Raft is said to be all the things which he portrays on the screen—and more.

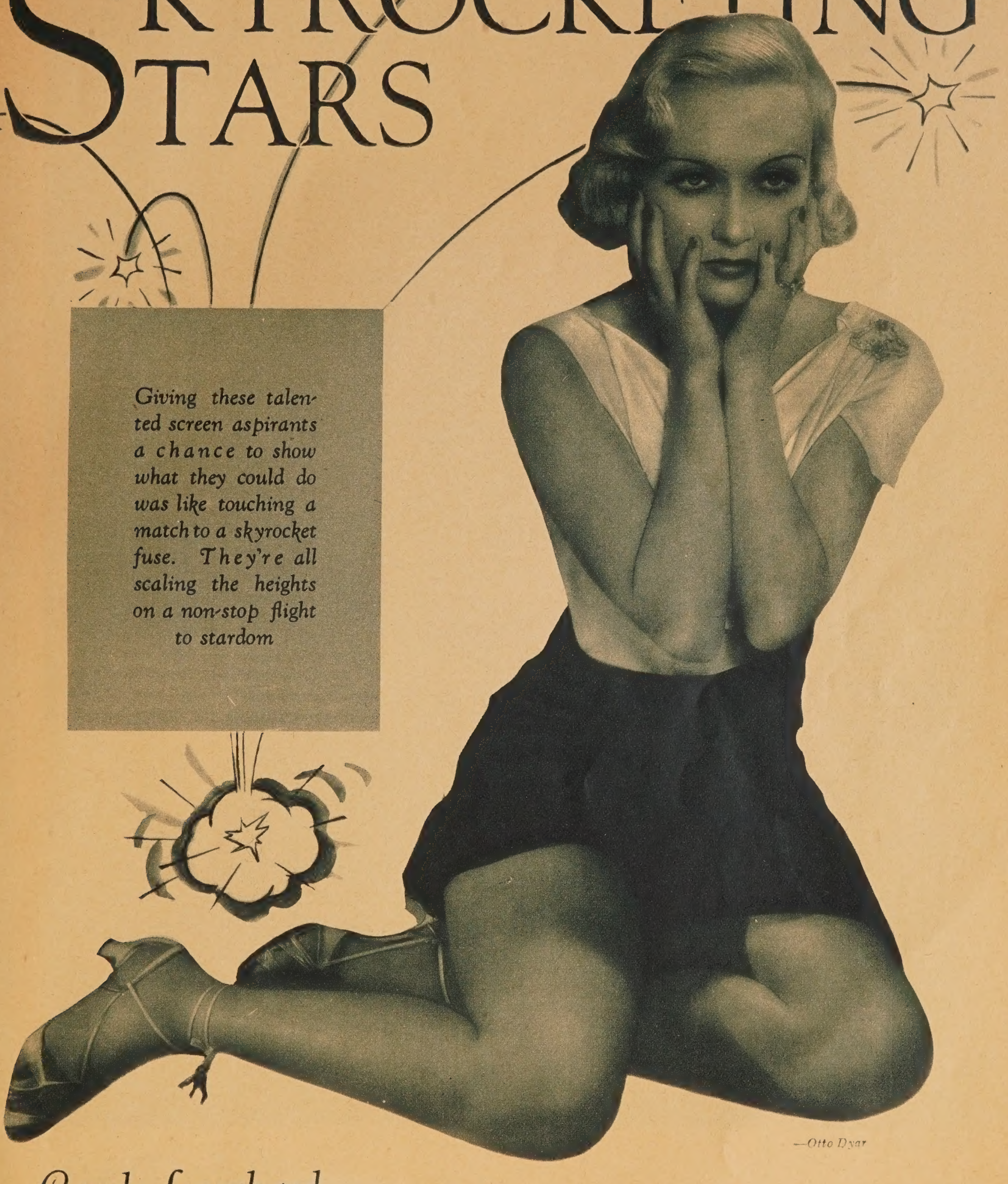
"A gigolo?" George grinned. "No, it doesn't exactly make me burn when they say that about me, only I'd rather the public knew the truth. I *was* a professional dancer in various New York cafe's and night clubs but I was never a gigolo! I did a specialty dance. If the hostess wished me to dance with one of the patrons whom she knew, I complied, more as a favor than as a business arrangement. I drew my regular salary, but never in my life did I take money for acting as a woman's dancing partner other than professionally."

Valentino was a dancer in Rector's at the time when George first knew him but he denies that he was an intimate of Rudy's.

"He wasn't Valentino then but Guglielmi. We were friends, of course, but not pals. They have said that he wanted me to come to Hollywood and act as his double but such a thing was never mentioned. After Rudy became famous, I never saw him except while he was in New York during the two years he was out of pictures. He came to the night club where I was master of ceremonies and I extended him the courtesies due him as a famous man, that was all. [*Continued on page* 55]

SKYROCKETING STARS

Giving these talented screen aspirants a chance to show what they could do was like touching a match to a skyrocket fuse. They're all scaling the heights on a non-stop flight to stardom



—Otto Dyar

Carole Lombard

● **Just being beautiful doesn't catapult one into stardom and Carole Lombard posed around for a long time in insipid rôles because she was considered nothing more than beautiful. But when a wise man came along and cast her in "Sinners in the Sun," Carole showed 'em what she could do. But she worked so hard she had a breakdown, and only recently came back to work. She is now making "No More Orchids" for Columbia Studios.**

—*Elmer Fryer*

Bette Davis

● Who'd think that this fluffy-haired child had won fame as the only girl who ever qualified as a lifeguard at the fashionable Ogunquit Beach! But that's Bette Davis—full of surprises. When she was settled as a Cinderella sister she became glamorous. When she was settled with a screen career she up and went on a stage tour with Warren William and came back married to Harmon Nelson. Then she set the critics into raves by her excellent work in "Cabin in the Cotton"

—Ernest A. Bachrach

Eric Linden

● He swept through public school so fast no one could keep track of what grade Eric Linden was in. When he landed at Columbia University for two years he was the youngest student enrolled. Then a stage career beckoned and he clicked in one Broadway success after another, and in his spare time sang over the radio. When an invitation to Hollywood came, Eric walked into the cast of "Are These Our Children?" and stole the show. His latest success is "Age of Consent"

—Otto Dyar

Richard Bennett

● Connie and Joan Bennett are usually in mortal dread of what Dad Richard Bennett will say next, and does he love it! But they are enormously proud of him, too. He was a Broadway matinée idol when they were tiny infants and he knows his dramatic alphabet backwards. It was only recently, however, when he won his co-starring rôle in "Madam Racketeer" with Alison Skipworth, that he had a real opportunity to show some young upstarts on the screen the real talent of an old Maestro

—Hurrell

Jean Harlow

● And what do you think of Jean Harlow? She's won smashing success in "Red Headed Woman"; been awarded a brand new M-G-M contract; and married Paul Bern, one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, all in the space of a few short months. In spite of her surface worldliness, Jean is delightfully naive and frankly tells you what's wrong with herself. She's all thrilled over being cast opposite Clark Gable in "Red Dust," her next, as that's a mark of honor on the Metro lot

—Ray Jones

Gloria Stuart—

● All the boys would join the navy if mermaids were really as beautiful as this synthetic one. Gloria Stuart is the perfect blonde who stole a scene or two even from the great Karloff in "The Old Dark House" and then scored again in "Airmail." Two studios fought to sign her to a long-term contract when she was discovered at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, but Universal won the argument. She is happily married to a successful young sculptor

LIFE IS TOO *EASY*

for Warner Baxter who placidly finds happiness in doing as he pleases

By Marcella Burke

Warner Baxter baffles Hollywood scandal mongers. He is an impeccably garbed Don Juan, a gypsy and a gentleman who is happily and faithfully married!

WARNER BAXTER is an immaculate cyclone. He is a Don Juan, a gypsy and a gentleman. He is also faithfully and happily married. Alas! It's too much.

"Married men never should be interviewed, asked questions or bothered about life in any way," he insists.

Perhaps he is right. Still, if important matters of life didn't bother men in the first place they wouldn't get married. In the second place, they wouldn't get divorced if it were not for the same reason.

"Men know, just as all women know, if there is an attraction the minute they meet a person. They happen willy nilly. So the only thing to do about it is to say, 'Oh, no, this will never do. Forget it!' Anyway, I don't want to care about anyone except my wife." Warner was being serious.

"If I feel any momentary attraction for a beautiful lady, I forget about her at once. She is dismissed from my mind."

Warner is the Sir Galahad of Hollywood—and a very contented one. He wants his own wife, his own books, plenty of tennis, a few friends and occasional trips. He wants contentment and chastity—and he has them both!

The tragic thing about this, from an artistic viewpoint, is that contentment rarely breeds great art. Warner Baxter today is too passive. He is too safe from any outside disturbances, be they financial, physical or imaginary.

He wants very much to adopt children, but he told me that five years ago and he hasn't done anything about it yet. One wonders what he is waiting for, because there are dozens of little children who pray every night that Warner will be their *Daddy Long Legs*. Therefore, instead of strumming his guitar to round-eyed children at dusk, he plays for his attractive wife.

WARNER says to a lady: "That hat is not becoming to you." Quickly he realizes that the hat mentioned probably will be the one hat for the coming season for the unfortunate lady. Then a rush of apologies.

"But you are too nice to wear a hat which looks as though little fairy horses' ears would shoot through the top suddenly," he might say. A flash of white teeth. Infectious laughter. "I shall send you a hat tomorrow. I'll send you two hats. Don't mind my having said anything about it." The promise is made, but never kept, and the lady wears the unbecoming hat in an agony of self-consciousness.

Months later . . . luncheon with Warner Baxter, who leaves the comfort of his Malibu house for a hot studio to submit to an interview concerning his secrets for a happy marriage.

If he can be handsome and happy, successful and married year in

[*Continued on page* 61]

—Fink

Warner Baxter is very contented. He wants only his own wife (Winifred Bryson), his own books, plenty of tennis, a few friends and occasional trips—he asks nothing more of life and gets what he wants!

INTIMATE

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1. **Director William K. Howard, seen with Janet Gaynor at a recent Hollywood première. The light being held over their heads shows the cameraman his focus**
2. **Passing board-walkers at the Santa Barbara Biltmore stop to gaze at the lovely Lyda Roberti, who deserted Broadway to become a Hollywood favorite**
3. **The breathlessly beautiful Gloria Shea, who makes her first picture appearance in *Life Begins*, is glimpsed walking across the lot in costume**

SNAPSHOTS

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4. **Serve! Clark Gable had to give up polo because the studio feared he might be hurt in a tumble. Now he plays tennis and is too fast for a camera lens**

5. **Ah, there's a girl. Ginger Rogers, the one and only girl for Director Mervyn Le Roy, waits her cue on the set. You'll see her in *Hat Check Girl***

6. **Buster Keaton gives Polly Moran an earful right in front of Tom Mix, who isn't quite sure the story is one a little Hollywood girl should be hearing**

—*Photos by Hyman Fink*

How Stars Spend

A frankly written article shedding new light on the subject so frequently discussed by movie-goers

IN A VILLAGE near Hollywood, the Chamber of Commerce has erected a huge sign, which reads: "Don't wait for 'good times'—spend *now* and keep business alive!"

Hollywood doesn't need that advice.

Many screen stars earn salaries so fabulous that they stagger the imagination of the average business man. They also incur expenses just as incredible. The studio scale of wages, in general, is high, but of necessity so is the scale of living. As long as a dollar is kept in circulation, it stimulates business and gives to each merchant who receives and uses it a measure of prosperity and profit.

There is food for thought in the expenditures of a "Hollywood Millionaire." Tom Mix, for example.

For the past five years, at least, Tom has been paid approximately $500,000 a year. He has spent it lavishly.

During those five years he has paid to the United States government in income tax $574,000. He owns an estate in Beverly Hills which is valued at approximately $500,000; also, a number of small residences and ranches. What his annual property taxes amount to, Allah alone knows. He owns nineteen horses and three mules, and spends $600 a month for their feed and stable space. He employs thirteen people—three grooms, three riders and seven house servants. I don't know their exact salaries, but the aggregate is undoubtedly in the neighborhood of $18,000 a year. Last year he gave more than $20,000 to organized charities, without counting his contributions to the Boy Scouts of America, an organization which has always had first place on his list. He also gave private gifts to needy friends, which amounted to $22,000. He spends $1,000 a year for the white sombreros that he gives to his admirers, and it costs him $12,000 a year to take care of his overwhelming fan mail. His wardrobe expenditures are estimated at about $8,000 a year, groceries at $7,000 (remember that small army of retainers to be fed), and physical conditioning (doctors' bills, gymnasium expenses, etc.), at about $4,000 during an average year.

Constance Bennett spends about $15,000 a year to maintain this beach home and her Beverly Hills residence. Entertainment, clothes and pleasure trips cost her thousands of dollars each year, yet she lives on a strict budget and spends only what is necessary to maintain her position as a star

—Hurrell

Wallace Beery has suffered terrific losses in the stock market, and pays a tax amounting to almost half his income. His financial problems would stagger the average business man, yet he spends freely for pleasures he enjoys most—and no one can deny that Wallie earns what he is getting

Their Fortunes

By
Jan Vantol

In five years Tom Mix has poured $574,000 into the United States treasury in income taxes. Entertainment, upkeep on his Beverly estate, ranches and other residences cut deep inroads into his pay check

Marion Davies, one of Hollywood's wealthiest stars, spends thousands of dollars each year for charity, supporting a child's clinic in California and a large foundling home in New York

THESE STARS PAY INCOME TAXES OF APPROXIMATELY $100,000 EACH YEAR

Doug Fairbanks Sr.
Will Rogers
Harold Lloyd
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Marion Davies
Ann Harding
Constance Bennett
Richard Barthelmess
Janet Gaynor

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many stars pay as much as half of their earnings to the government in taxes, the total amounting to several millions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are expended by them yearly on charities. Proportionately they are able to save less than the average business man, due to the constant demands on their pay checks. The public at large is prone to over-estimate greatly the wealth of movie folk.

IN THE foregoing maelstrom of figures, the $574,000 paid in income tax is worthy of especial note. No wage-earners in the United States pay so large a proportion of their lifetime incomes to the government as do the screen stars. The average star's professional span is short, usually about five years, but in that period he earns a sensational salary and pays a sensational tax. With the new tax schedules established this year, many of the highest salaried stars will pay nearly one-half of their total incomes to Uncle Sam.

Incidentally, because of the California "Community Property Law," a screen star actually saves money by being married—unless his mate happens to make a still larger income. As you know, the percentage of income tax paid increases quite drastically with the amount of the income. In California, the total income of a family is divided equally between the husband and wife, and each member of the connubial partnership is taxed separately. A star who earns enough to pay a forty per cent income tax (Harold Lloyd, for instance) saves about $35,000 a year by being wed to a non-professional.

CONSTANCE BENNETT has an undeserved reputation for extravagance, thanks largely to a certain imaginative article which claimed that she spends a quarter of a million each year on clothes. As a matter of fact, she is an exceedingly shrewd business woman, who invests wisely and keeps her expenses well within the limits of her income.

Her salary, according to the best available reports, is approximately $8,000 a week. This year her income tax will probably be far in excess of $100,000. She rents a large home in Beverly Hills, owns a house at Malibu Beach and estimates that the two residences cost about $15,000 a year.

Connie budgets her expenses. Three-fourths of her salary is invested by the Equitable Investment Corporation, which handles her business as well as that of many other stars. She allows herself $100 a week for pocket money to take care of tips, café and theatre parties, and [*Continued on page* 49]

Keep this UNDER

By Beverly Hill

It's a big treat for Mickey, her wire-haired pup, when Claudette Colbert is "between pictures" because she is such an attentive and indulgent mistress

WELL, lads and lassies, what d'ya think of the Great Garbo Hoax? Cute little publicity *coup d'état*, eh what? A dramatic operetta in four movements. First, will Garbo quit the screen? Second, Garbo leaves! Third, will Garbo come back? Fourth, GARBO RETURNS! The words and music were composed by the M-G-M publicity department—and the dancing was contributed by the press.

Your poor Aunt Beverly wore out three pairs of brogans doddering about from pillar to post, trying to get the low-down on the Aye-Tank-I-Go-Home girl's "permanent" (sound of gnashing teeth) retirement. And all the time, Greta, the little rascal, had her nice new contract tucked away in her stocking top—or wherever great Sphinx-women of the screen keep their valuables.

A RAFT OF GALS

HOLLYWOOD refuses to be swayed from its opinion that George Raft is a married man merely because he always says when people ask him, "I am not married now." If the sleek-haired Raft is a ball-and-chainer, his little wife is certainly getting the run-around. Such a conglomeration of girls as pursues George!

The precious document was signed and countersigned many, many moons ago. It promises to pay to bearer each week the tidy sum of $11,500—much to the delight of your Uncle Sam, who will take fifty-three per cent thereof to pay for new congressional toys; also, to the great glee of Mr. Harry Eddington, who will appropriate something like one-fifth of the remainder for being such a big success as Garbo's business manager.

Here's An Idea

BY THE way, it's a burning shame the Olympic committee didn't provide an obstacle race. In an event like that Garbo would certainly have scored a first for dear ol' Sweden. She's had so much experience running through crowds.

Olympic Notes

THE brawn-and-speed merchants of thirty-nine Olympic-conscious nations caught their breath in short pants for sixteen consecutive days—but they didn't have anything on the beauty brigade of the movem pitchur studios. That is, nothing but some skimpy track suits. The studio photographers had to work overtime for a month of snapping snappy snapshots of cute little starlets clad in trick running panties. Long before the Olympic games were under way, the fillum producers met in solemn conclave, surveyed the publicity opportunity and shrieked in unison, "It shall not pass!" And every rotogravure editor will admit that they certainly put perfect form into "athletics."

Playing Safe

THIS little Dorothy Wilson who Cinderelled her way from steno to starlet in Radio's *The Age of Consent* is a smart gel. She was impressed by her sudden zoom to the heights—but not excited enough to forget the dizzy speed

Brigadier Gignilliat of Culver Military Academy presents Tom Brown with a sword which the students voted he deserved after training at the school for *Tom Brown of Culver*

Your HAT

The news sleuth uncovers surprising facts about Hollywood's private life

Now let Kay try it! Bill Powell shows Kay Francis how to tie a fancy knot while they are on location on a ship for their globe-trotting rôles in *One Way Passage*

with which a Hollywood over-nighter can crash to earth again.

And when Dave Selznick offered her the great chance, Dot cannily countered by demanding a guarantee that in case she flopped on the screen or didn't like being a flicker-flapper she could have her steno's job back again.

Her Past

SOME of the Hollywood old-timers recall that Helen Hayes was once a child actress in movem pitchurs starring John Bunny, Florence Turner and Maurice Costello.

Ironical—Or Ironical?

SAM GOLDWYN boasts that the chorines in *The Kid From Spain* are "the loveliest, youngest and freshest ever seen this side of heaven and the most amply revealed ever seen outside a bathtub."

And his publicity scribbler gloats because "during the production even the stage hands and technical crew, except those actually working on scenery, lights or camera, were barred from the set to save the girls embarrassment."

The picture will only be seen by some seventy-five million people.

PARCHMENT FOR SLIM

THE first day Slim Summerville moved into his new Laguna beach home two hundred kids called upon him. Their mission was to present Slim with a piece of parchment requesting his appearance at their Scout meeting. The kids wanted to make an impression—thus the parchment. Had they known Slim's susceptibility to kid adoration, they could have used an old shoe.

Keep Cool—Keep Cool

AND when, the censors permitting, you see those ladies in the bathtub sequence of the pitchur, don't be misled. Even De Mille wouldn't ask 'em to appear in the altogether. They wear flesh colored tights—but, oh how tight!

Rochelle Hudson goes breezing down the RKO-Radio studio broadwalk on her way to meet Tom Brown for luncheon. They're both in *Hell's Highway* and a romance is brewing

Confidential bits of news and spicy gossip

The Lady Said No

SPEAKING of . . . er . . . nudity, reminds me of Estelle Taylor. She refused to play the part of Dacia in *The Sign Of The Cross* because the dancer-gal doesn't wear enough clothes to dust a miniature radio. Estelle declares the lack of costume would divert attention from her performance. Which may be modesty—or is it?

Rogers' Past

WILL ROGERS has signed a new term ticket with Fox for four pictures at $125,000 a picture—besides which he manages to eke out grocery money by wisecracking in the press. He's one of the most popular men in the world. He is constantly interrupted on the sets where he is making pictures by visiting world-famous figures whom Bill has met on his trips abroad, or who want to meet him because his quips have so often been quoted to them.

According to an oldtime Oklahoma cowman, however, Will hasn't always been a favorite son of the Sooner state.

"I've been ranchin' in Bill's part of th' country going on fifty years," the ancient one told me. "Knowed Bill ever since he was a yearlin'. When he was about as high as my stirrup, his paw, Clem Rogers, gave him a pony and a rope. No, sir, Bill wasn't popular, even around his home place, by the time his paw got through payin' damages on th' calves Bill crippled for neighbors while he was learnin' t' use that lasso."

PLEASE
KEEP OFF

"Ay ban yoost playing," says El Brendel when the Fox studio cop catches him uprooting signs, but he brooks no barriers when he's on his way to lunch

Editorial Troubles

HARRISON CARROLL authors a nifty in his daily colyum. He says a certain scenario editor reported for work after a prolonged bout with Bacchus and found his desk heaped high with manuscripts. On top of the pile was a new Los Angeles phone directory.

The befuddled editor picked it up, thumbed through it wearily and rang for his third assistant.

"Take it away," he ordered. "It's got too many characters."

The Red Headed Woman was a ruthless gal, but she isn't in it with the red-topped male. Harpo Marx, f'rinstance, who's in makeup for *Horsefeathers*

Terra firma feels like heaven to Gloria Stuart after an hour of turning somersaults in the air for her thrilling rôle in *Airmail*

Always Original

YOU know Fifi Dorsay, ze mam'selle weeth ze beeg, beeg eyes? Fifi was always doing something original—like taking a bath in the most sacred fountain of an Indiana city. Now she has a brand new personal appearance gag that certainly ought to give her three square meals a day.

A huge banner in front of Leighton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles announces:

"FIFI DORSAY HERE IN PERSON!"

Salute!

THERE are seven men in Hollywood who doff their Stetsons and bow with deep respect whenever the name, Pasquala de Cicco is mentioned. They are the luckless ones who wooed—but did not win—the beauteous Thelma Todd. Pasquala married her.

INTELLECTUAL

GLORIA STUART wears black-rimmed glasses off-screen, and they make her look so-o-o intelligent. Not that she doesn't without them. Gloria happens to be one of those rare specimens of feminine beauty endowed with an admirably keen mind—and the courage to wear glasses when they detract so from her loveliness.

about Hollywood favorites and filmdom events

Cecil B. deMille and his assistants, Roy Burns and Russell Mathews, hurry back after lunch to the sound stage where *The Sign of the Cross* is being filmed

"And the goblins 'll get you, ef you don't watch out!" But it's only Nancy Carroll come back and she's a lovely natural blonde again for the first time in several years

NOT FOR PUBLICITY

THERE were those who said John Gilbert proclaimed his love for Virginia Bruce, his new leading lady, as a good publicity stunt for their new picture, Downstairs. *But all skeptics had their suspicions put to flight when they were actually married—and added to that had the simplest kind of wedding ceremony possible. The wedding without frills took place in Gilbert's dressing room on the Metro lot and only their most intimate friends were present.*

Boulevard Jottings

TOMMY BROWN and Rochelle Hudson holding hands at the Brown Derby . . . Claudia Morgan and Jack Barrymore Colt hoofing it at all the places-to-dance . . . Frances Scully stepping about with Dr. Pat O'Callaghan, the Olympic hammer-throwing champ . . . Bob Armstrong offering to back the intelligence of his Scotty pup, "Filthy," for money, marbles or what have you . . . Doug Sr. and Amelia Earhart consoling Paavo Nurmi at the Olympics . . . Ben Lyon dashing back and forth between Hollywood and the Long Beach Aviation Base where he is carrying out his duties as a reserve officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Important Matters

WELL, your Aunt Beverly is at last taking her proper place in Hollywood society. The other day she had lunch with Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Harold Lloyd, Sam Goldwyn and Al Jolson. And what do you think those four great men talked about for one hour and thirteen minutes by my new Olympic stop watch? Clothes! Nothing but men's clothes!

Messrs. Fairbanks and Goldwyn (Doug and Sam to me) discoursed learnedly and at length on the merits of the Italian school of tailoring and finally decided that the East Indian shirt makers have a genius all their own.

And Doug told what happens to his discarded suits. They go to a poor first cousin in Utah, who wears them and passes them on to a nephew, who passes them on to a cousin, who gives them to a farmer chum, who wears them out and then uses them to dress a scarecrow in his cornfield.

Such Generosity!

ONE thing I learned from that luncheon—Adolphe Menjou isn't so perfectly dressed after all! He doesn't have an Italian tailor.

Adolphe still holds the quantity record though. When he was being widely tooted as the screen's best-dressed man, he had so many suits that he couldn't keep them all in his home. He had to store thirty outfits with his tailor, Eddie Schmidt. One day a friend of Adolphe's happened to meet him in Schmidt's shop and they started talking—about clothes.

"Ben," said the screen's best-dressed man, "You're a swell guy. I like you, Ben, and I'm going to do something for you. I'll let you copy my lapel."

[*Continued on page 62*]

VACATION PASTIME

IF YOU want to know what screen stars do on their vacations—the answer is they get married. Warner Brothers closed shop for a while during the summer to give everyone a vacation and four players came back newlyweds. Ruth Chatterton married George Brent; Joan Blondell became Mrs. George Barnes; and now Bette Davis has married Harmon O. Nelson, well-known orchestra leader.

HOW THEY

Facts you never knew about movie "clinches"

WHEN Clark Gable snuggles his chin in Joan Crawford's hair—when William Powell bends tenderly over Kay Francis—when George Brent caresses Ruth Chatterton or Loretta Young—you get a thrill, don't you? And you say to yourself, "What wouldn't I give to be in her boots!"

Well, forget it. It may be all thrills and throbs to you, but to Joan, Kay, Ruth and Loretta it's generally just a pain in the neck! Love-making on the screen is the most difficult job of all for those involved.

Upon investigating the grand passion before the cameras, the discovery is made that throughout the "takes" the lady has to hold one position. Since the man is usually the aggressor in screen love-making, he is allowed a certain amount of freedom. But the lady—alas! She is put in a spot and told to stay there. Any deviation from the pose is apt to move her completely out of the picture.

A satisfactory embrace is not made in a moment—nor in several slow motion moments. Many times a whole morning or afternoon is worn away with nothing accomplished except endless repetitions of the kiss from all angles and with varying degrees of intensity. And with the staring eyes, glaring lights, heavy makeup, a leading man could get tired of kissing Garbo.

Love scenes are usually made early in the day. That's because the players haven't had time to become temperamental, or hungry and tired. Their minds are then concentrated on the job and many times they forget all about the mechanics of the scene in the ecstasy of fervent moments.

But sometimes the screen kiss is not a kiss at all. Watch the next love scene you see closely. You'll find that many times the leading man doesn't kiss the heroine at all, although it looks that way. Sometimes, too, the back of his head obscures the view and his lips may be inches away—but the few seconds required for a love scene move so swiftly that the cash customers never suspect that they haven't seen the real thing.

Although not all love scenes are "phonies," it is generally an accepted fact that the imitations are better than the original, for when an actor and an actress become too inspired they forget to hold still. Their neck and facial muscles are liable to quiver and the scene is ruined. Too much enthusiasm has ruined many a clinch. Too little has often given us the most palpitating of love scenes.

The real thing! Jack Oakie kisses Susan Fleming in *Million Dollar Legs*, but it's not as moving as the scene below from *Love is a Racket*

They aren't kissing! Doug Fairbank's lips barely touch Ann Dvorak's but it seems like a fervent embrace

MAKE LOVE

Kay Francis and William Powell are two popular lovers. Their flawless love-making is "faked" before the camera, but very real in the theatre

Joel McCrea and Fay Wray in *The Dangerous Game.* Both spent many hours acting this picture's love scenes over and over

Arline Judge and Eric Linden in *Age of Consent.* This tender type of embrace is most difficult. The face must be completely relaxed, yet they must hold each other tightly and not move until the scene is over

In *Is My Face Red?* the kiss Helen Twelvetrees got from Ricardo Cortez was a light touch on the lips, but it looked like a passionate caress

Motherhood . . .

What it means to Helen Twelvetrees

Helen Twelvetrees, in an exclusive interview, says: "Motherhood is of far greater importance than a career to me. Even if bearing a child means that I will have to retire definitely from the screen it will still be worth while"

By
Sonia Lee

AN EMOTIONAL revolution! Forgetting herself and gaining spiritual values! That's what having a baby is meaning to Helen Twelvetrees!

She spoke slowly, weaving dreams into the reality of sentences—of hopes for her child—what coming motherhood means to her. How having a child with its intimate and complete relationship will change the pattern of her life. What quota of happiness and growth she expects from the experience!

"Having a baby means," she explained, "that you can no longer be self-centered. A screen star thinks too much of herself—of her hair, her complexion, her clothes. It is the most essential part of her life. Of necessity she must think of these things if she is successful—and wants to make progress. The ego must be developed—or she is buried under small criticisms, biting sarcasms, those frightful moments when she doubts her own abilities."

The dusk deepened as she talked. The comfortably unostentatious room told more potently than words of this girl's background. Her father is advertising manager of the largest newspaper in New York City; her mother has that social equilibrium which expresses itself in her daughter's choice of quiet domestic life as the wife of Frank Woody Jr.—Hollywood real-estate broker.

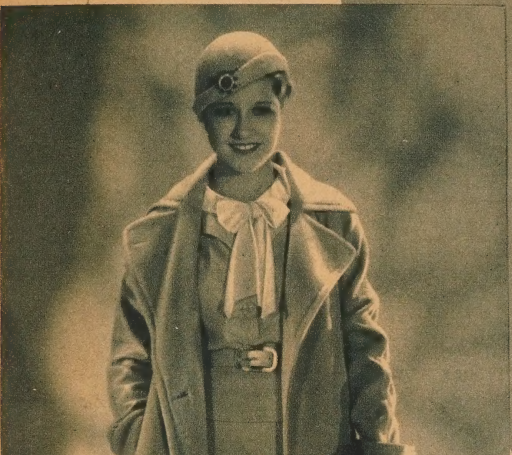
"When I knew I was going to have a baby—so much that was important became of not the least importance," Helen continued. "Now I see myself, my career, the people around me from a different angle entirely.

"Motherhood is of far greater consequence than a career! Even if bearing a child will mean that I have to retire from the screen for a year, it will still be worth it. I have no illusions about lasting fame. If I should disappear from the screen for twelve months, I know that at the end of that time, I should have to start all over again—from the bottom—as I started before. The public would forget me. Producers and studios would forget me. But somehow, even such a price in payment for one thing that is always and forever your own is not too great. I would gladly,

[*Continued on page* 57]

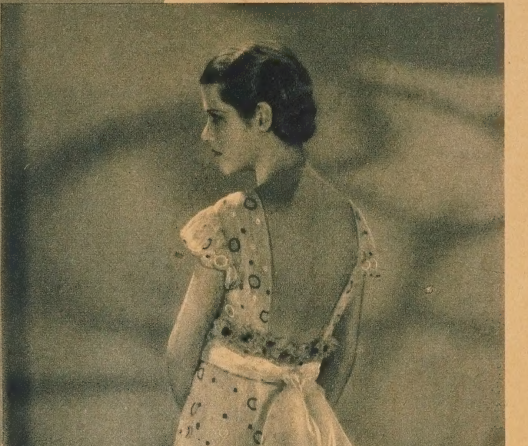
From Stenographer to Movie Star

Modishly speaking, Dorothy Wilson shows her transformation from typist to star



When the director at RKO-Radio spotted her for *Age of Consent*, Dorothy Wilson was wearing a soft ribbed wool dress of powder blue with white crêpe tie and Peter Pan collar with a biege polo coat and biege crocheted cap

It was by being a trig little typist that Dorothy Wilson became a glamorous screen actress. She used to type manuscripts in the RKO-Radio studio. One day a casting director was attracted by Dorothy's appearance and asked her to take a screen test. To her amazement it resulted in a featured rôle in *Age of Consent*. To the left is the voguish business outfit she usually wore to the office.

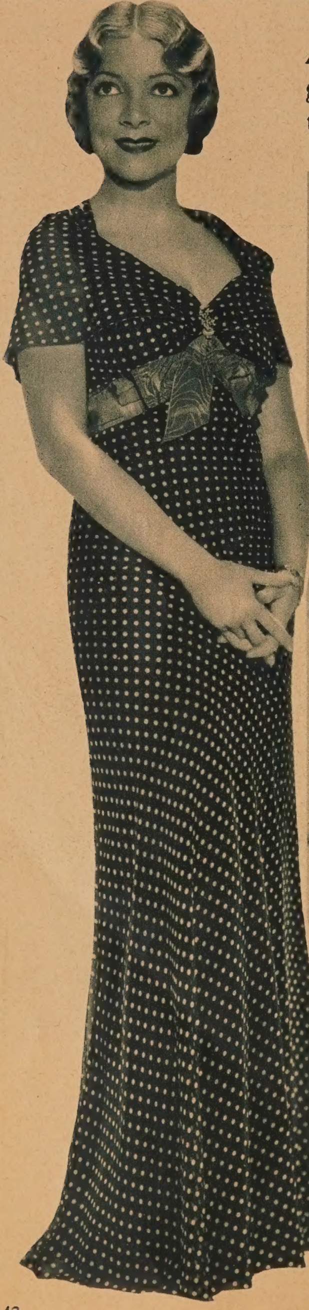


Dorothy Wilson, the brand new featured player, chooses white organdy embroidered in shades of gold and brown for her first party with the stars. It has a square neck in front and back, puffy sleeves, and a wisp of a train

BE CHIC! FOLLOW HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST FASHIONS in SCREEN BOOK

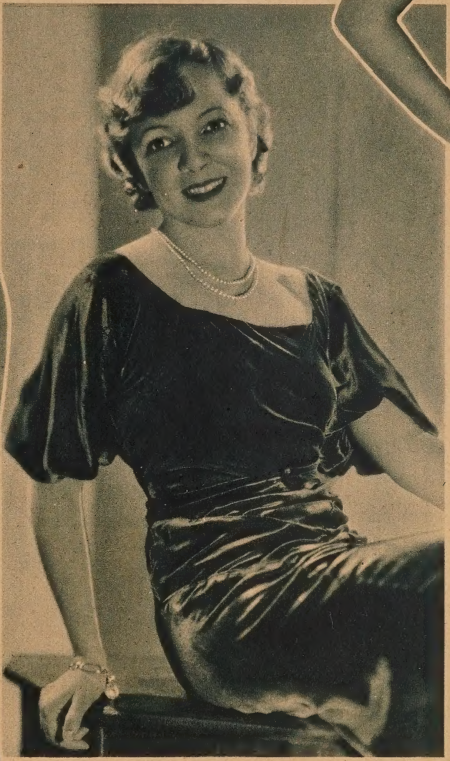
Helen Hayes Goes Shopping in Paris

And chooses whimsical gowns that show a return to quaintness in fashions

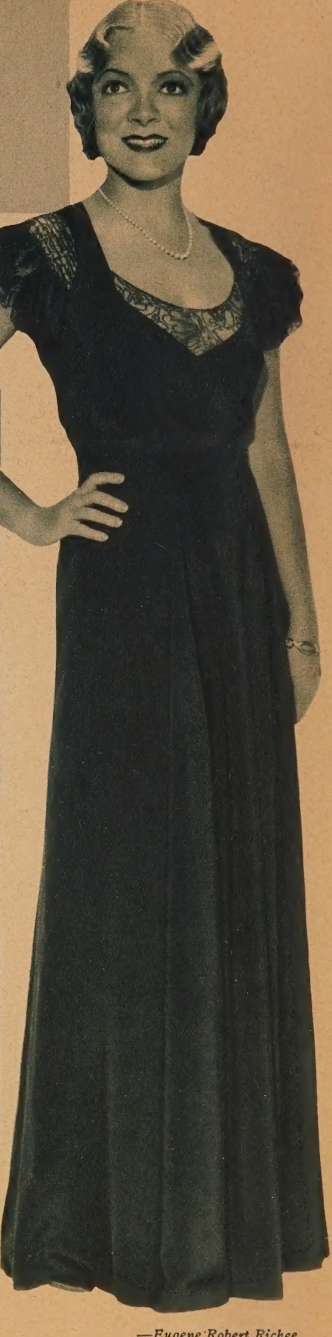


—*Eugene Robert Richee*

There's the same unique charm about Helen's frock of black and white dotted crêpe as there is about Helen Hayes herself. A bertha fashions the sleeves and the high waistline is set off by a bright green moiré belt



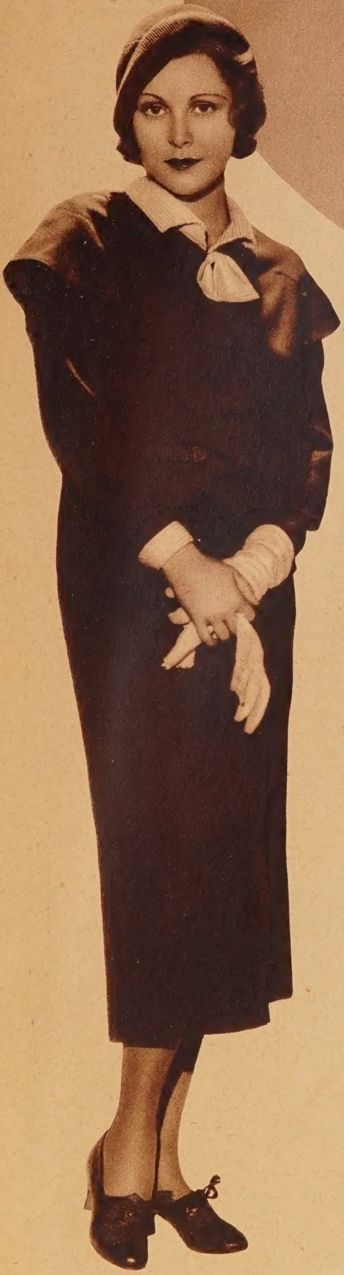
The Paris designers recommend dark velvet for the newest dinner gowns according to Helen, and most of them have sleeves quaintly puffed high above the elbow and deep-cut square necks in front and back



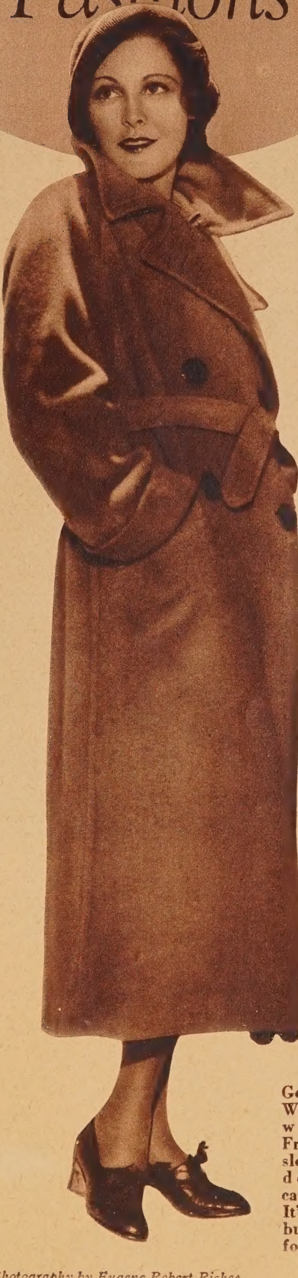
—*Eugene Robert Richee*

Fullness from the high waistline in front and straight lines in the back is the edict Helen Hayes has brought from Paris. Her gown is black crêpe and lace with gay little cap sleeves giving breadth to the shoulder

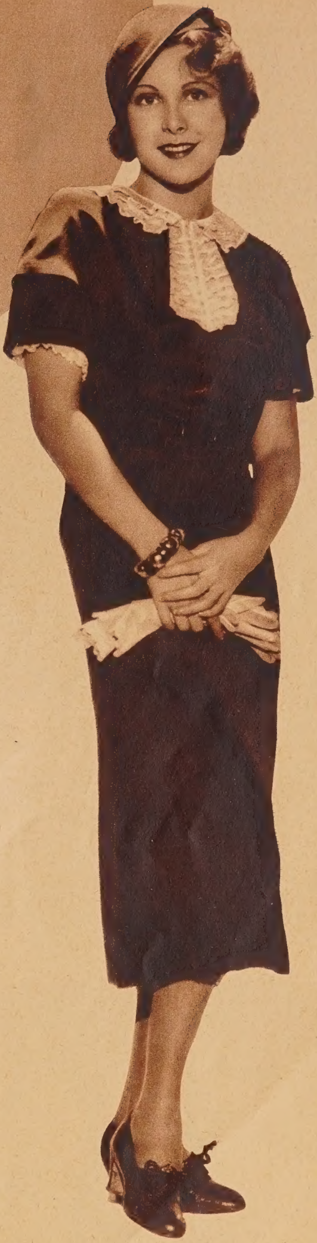
Frances Dee's Collegiate Fashions



A college campus puts its approval stamp on sporty togs, so Frances Dee recommends for school a brown woolen suit with collar and cuffs of ecru corduroy topped by a brown knitted softy tam



Good old polo coats! What would we do without them? Frances loves a big slouchy one with deep lapels and capacious pockets. It's biege with brown buttons and her oxfords are brown reptile skin



For tea dances Frances Dee selects a navy blue crêpe with a dash of white lace at sleeve and throat with smooth ruffles for sleeves. Her felt hat grips the head on one side and gives a full view of her coiffure on the other side

—*Photography by Eugene Robert Richee*

Behind the Scenes

What the stars are up to when their fans are not around

By Donna Carla

COINCIDENCE? Perhaps! When the final curtain descended for Florenz Ziegfeld, illustrious glorifier of feminine pulchritude, his beautiful wife, Billie Burke, was in her dressing room at the RKO-Radio studio, having just left his bedside. The news of her husband's unexpected death was flashed to George Cukor, who was directing her in *A Bill of Divorcement*. So it devolved upon him to break the sad news to her. Just as he approached her room to advise her of her bereavement, the door, which had been slightly ajar, blew shut from a sudden gust of wind. Inside the room, a candle had been burning in front of a photograph of Ziegfeld. The abrupt closing of the door snuffed out the candle! Thus, when the director entered a moment later, a taut and startled Miss Burke was prepared for the message. Her heart had already told her the news!

Romping Over Europe

BILLY BAKEWELL and Russell Gleason, those two juvenile irrepressibles, are jaunting abroad. Immediately after *Back Street*, in which they had important rôles, had its world première at the Carthay Circle, they left upon an eight weeks' European vacation.

This And That

IT'S Karloff from now on, the celebrated character actor having discarded the "Boris" handle. In her local vaudeville appearance, Dorothy Lee sang a song in which the names of "Marsh," "Jim," and "Fred" were mentioned. Two of these have been her consistent suitors, Marshall Duffield and Fred Waring, while the third, Jim Fidler, was her husband at one time. Jean Harlow and hubby, Paul Bern, seen here, there and everywhere, but always together. George Bancroft attains golfing heights by making a hole-in-one. Clara Bow insists she has lost eighteen pounds but that's not enough, yet. Perhaps one reason why Hollywood is reading so much now is because May McAvoy is operating a circulating library.

BEING CLEANED
In Los Angeles Calif.

Who says Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen aren't happy? They spend an evening on Los Angeles' Main Street and have a pretty picture taken

Fatty Is Back

THE old town is as one unit in pulling for Fatty Arbuckle to make a successful comeback. His signing with Warner Brothers was a cause for rejoicing on the part of the slapstick comedian's friends.

A Thriller's Biggest Thrill

"RED" CAGLE, one of the nation's greatest gridiron heroes, is quite apt to win a reputation for himself as a screen hero also. At least, he is one of the football notables in *All America*, Universal's pulse tickler which literally teems with the finest pigskin talent available. In filling out a questionnaire, "Red" was asked to name his biggest thrill. His answer embraced a world of romance. It was: "Entering West Point and getting kicked out!" This happened, you will recall, because he married while still a student at the military academy.

Hours vs. Money

THE strangest bridge tournament Hollywood has ever known is that wherein only two players participate. John Miljan and his wife. That increasingly popular M-G-M "villain" backs his bridge powess with coin of the realm while his wife pays her debts with "hours." In other words, if John wins, he gains no-questions-asked hours. The other day he told us he had thirty-six hours to his credit.

[*Continued on page* 50]

—*Hyman M. Fink*

Pat De Cicco takes his wife, Thelma Todd, to the Cocoanut Grove on her birthday and Jimmie Manus provides a knife to cut the cake

—*Hyman M. Fink*

Tallulah Bankhead spends her week-ends at Santa Barbara Biltmore doing just as she pleases—But Taloo always does that

NILS turns Chinese

By ALYCE CURTIS

The magic of movie makeup transforms Nils Asther, Swede, into Yen, Chinese

A MAKEUP artist is no respecter of age or race. Give him an inch and he takes—well, sometimes he takes about ten thousand miles.

All he needs is an inch—an inch of colored greases, just about the same amount most of us squeeze out of our toothpaste tubes each morning. With that amount of carefully blended shades, a fraction of an ounce of oils, greases and colors, a makeup man can achieve feats utterly unbelievable.

Such as, for instance, making a Chinese stand where two hours before was a Swede. Norbert Miles, makeup man for Columbia Studios, did that very thing with Nils Asther for his characterization of General Yen in Columbia's big special, *The Bitter Tea of General Yen.*

Makeup, to most people, suggests the occasional atrocities that are seen on some of the country's amateur stages, where the blotches of red on cheekbones and purple on eyelids stand out like a combination of apoplexy and measles. Makeup, in its most exact definition, is the process of replacing in a face all the personal characteristics originally there that the incandescence of footlights and studio kleigs remove by their sharp and piercing glare; also, to apply—in character rôles—a change of character.

No matter what the final result of character is desired, the actor or actress must look like a human being who is alive, instead of a six-foot mold of wax that will begin to melt in about the third reel. And if anyone thinks that such a delicate and involved result as a suave and cultured Chinese General can be created in five minutes, see either Norbert Miles or Nils Asther.

Five separate makeups and five screen tests were made before Frank Capra, the director, Miles, Asther and studio officials were satisfied that they had found the mental conception of the author of this unusual and glamorous story of an American Girl thrown at the mercy of a bandit chieftain in war-ridden China.

Even a deviation of so much as a quarter of an inch in an eyebrow is enough to throw off balance the rest of a makeup that requires from two to three hours to apply. And back of that time of application, lies hours of study of facial characteristics and bone structure that a makeup man must be as familiar with as his own thumb.

Asther, who, himself, can qualify with many of the best in makeup artists, confesses that the change of character he had to undergo for this rôle baffled him.

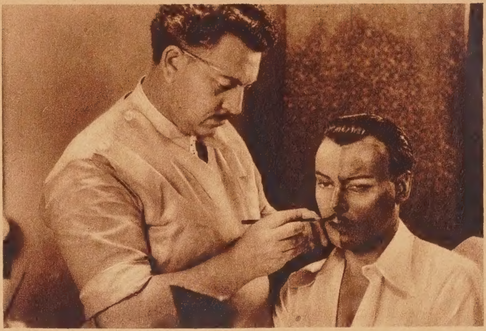
THEY transformed the Swede into a Chinaman without the use of a single definite line on the face—completely without the appearance of any makeup. When Nils visited the set where Capra was directing Barbara Stanwyck in a scene of *The Bitter Tea of General Yen,* Capra looked at Asther and set up a violent protest.

"Why, the man hasn't any makeup on at all," Capra said.

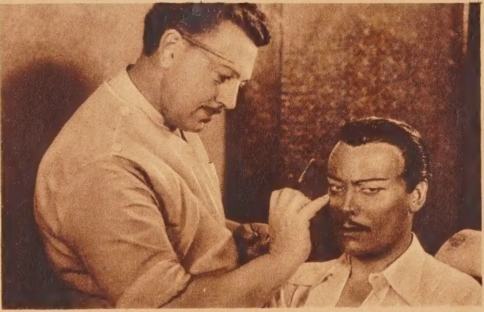
Miles considers that the highest compliment he could have received—that Capra, hawk-eyed as a director must be, could not detect the slightest suggestion of synthetic makeup.

How was it done?

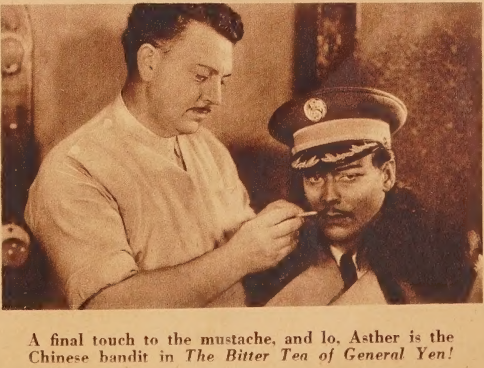
[*Continued on page* 50]



Norbert Miles, makeup expert, makes up half of Nils Asther's face as a Mongolian and shows the contrast



After the reddish brown grease paint has been applied to Nils' skin, Miles works in the natural highlights



A final touch to the mustache, and lo, Asther is the Chinese bandit in *The Bitter Tea of General Yen!*

善養生者食不過飽飲不過多冬不極温夏不

Confessions of

Stars at the Riviera Country Club...pen pictures of movie folk as they really are

By An Old-Timer

WHEN a movie fan meets someone who knows the stars, one question is always asked first: "Are they as beautiful and handsome off-screen as on?"

The answer is difficult, but after being around Hollywood for a good many years, I can at least try to give a short, accurate description of the better-known celebrities. You are warned in advance, however, that the descriptions are doubtless colored to some extent by personal opinion, and that your own impressions might be quite different.

Let's start off with GRETA GARBO: A distinct disappointment to me. Not nearly as beautiful as the camera pictures her. Yet, after ten minutes in her company, I was convinced that she is more enchanting than many who are twice as lovely.

JOAN CRAWFORD: First meeting shocks you—her dusky tan and strange eyes lend a surprising pagan appearance. Not at all beautiful of face but strangely fascinating. Her figure would bring spasms of jealousy from Venus de Milo.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: Every bit as fragile and lovely in private life, but lacking that languid attitude so apparent in her screen work. Quite thin, but thoroughly saturated with feminine appeal.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Beautiful, but cold and haughty as a marble statue. You're bound to [*Continued on page* 62]

The Gleason box, where that famous family can be seen regularly. Eyeing the exciting games are Ruth Weston, Russell Gleason, J. Trent, Lucille Gleason and Miss Groak

Hedda Hopper and Fay Wray engrossed in feats of horsemanship on the Riviera field. Fay is even lovelier in private life than she is on the screen. She recently completed *Kong* and has started *The Eighth Wonder*

RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB
POLO FIELDS
SADDLE

If you want to see movie folk in a real life closeup, visit the Riviera Country club during the polo games attended by all Hollywood sport enthusiasts

an EYE-WITNESS

—Photos by Hyman M. Fink

Bebe Daniels glances quickly around as the cameraman suddenly says, "Look this way please." Bebe grows more beautiful each day. Ben hasn't changed a bit in five years of ups and downs in Hollywood

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg in private life—Leila Hyams on the screen. Although one of the movies' most dazzling blondes, Leila dresses so demurely and is so completely natural and unaffected that she is seldom recognized in public

Miriam Hopkins engaged in conversation with Mrs. Clark Gable during a lull in the play. Clark, who doesn't like to face the camera in dark glasses is scowling into the mid-afternoon sun

Even though past the half-way mark to the century age, Doug Fairbanks is surpassed by no one in Hollywood as a sportsman. He is a frequent visitor to Riviera polo matches

The Way to NEW BEAUTY

Dermott, who receives $25 a haircut, gives free advice to SCREEN BOOK readers

By Jewel Smith

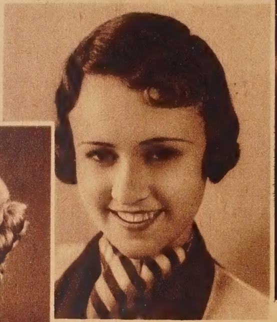
DERMOTT, famous London coiffure artist, has come to Hollywood. He is the clever hair putter-upper who, when not busy arranging the locks of royal British and European ladies, visits the United States to create coiffures for America's social leaders.

In the screen capital he is much in demand, for his original bag of hair tricks brings to us the glamour and allure that distinguish beautiful European women. His views on the whys and wherefores of the present "back to Greece" movement are interesting.

"I think the present classic style in hair dressing is one of the signs of modern culture," Dermott says. "It is in keeping with the demand for perfection in line. The Olympic Games may have had some influence on the vogue, but I am not inclined to credit this too much, inasmuch as there has been no such decided trend during former Olympic years."

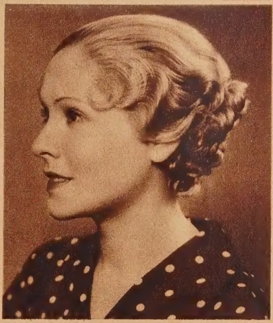
Tracing the evolution of new hair arrangement—the smooth, lacquered appearance that the smart coiffures present—Dermott recalls pre-war styles.

Dermott increased Margaret Lindsey's photographic possibilities by inventing a crooked part on her head and cutting off curls in back

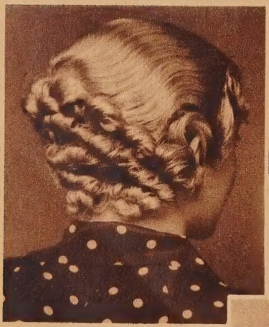


Margaret Lindsey's coiffure is a modified off-the-face mode relieved by shadow curls emerging from a crooked part

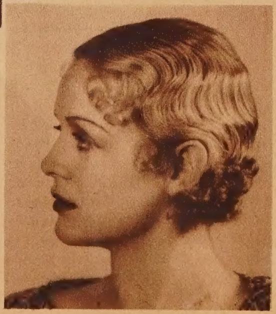
—Photography by Ray Jones



A brushed-back effect is achieved on June Clyde with flat curls at the temples



The back of June's hair is made into curls starting at the nape of the neck in slanting lines to the top of the head



→

Gloria Stuart's delicate features need a feminine hairdress, so shadow curls are formed at cheek and forehead

"Remember the fantastic masses of long hair women wore piled on top of the head or at the nape of the neck? They even resorted to 'rats' and 'puffs' which further distorted the shape of the head. It was appropriate, however, for those were days when women wore clothes to disguise the figure—and incidentally, to distort it, also.

"Ah, but the post-war flapper had courage," Dermott continued. "They over-did most things, but the women of today owe much to them. They cut off their long tresses and curled it in masses all over their heads. They fought for freedom in movement and as a result of the short skirts and waistless gowns, the feminine world went athletic.

"It had a splendid result in developing healthy and consequently beautiful women—women who move gracefully and whose bodies are as symmetrical as those of the maidens of Athens. Gradually, the short dresses were replaced by the sheath skirts and form-fitting bodices. Only the hairdress had fallen behind, until we began creating coiffures to correspond with the moulded lines of today's costumes."

There are unusual demands made [*Continued on page* 54]

How Stars Spend Their Fortunes

[*Continued from page 33*]

other odds and ends. She spends between $15,000 and $20,000 a year on clothes—a very modest sum in view of the position she is forced to maintain before the public. In her Beverly Hills home she has a housekeeper, nurse, cook, second cook, maid and two gardeners. For the beach house she employs a caretaker and a maid. She also employs a secretary. It costs her about $12,000 a year to take care of her fan mail and she pays the Equitable Investment Corporation approximately $5,000 annually for handling her financial affairs.

Her intimates report that her charities are enormous. She gives heavily to the Community Chest and pays one-half of one per cent of her salary to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. It is known that she supports four needy families.

Although most screen stars dislike talking about their charities the fact remains that no class of people in the world gives so lavishly to help the poor. Nine players out of every ten have felt the sting of poverty and are anxious to do their bit.

Marion Davies' donations to charity are almost incredible. She supports a clinic for children in Sawtelle, California, and a large foundling home in New York. She gives generously to many established philanthropic organizations which solicit her aid.

On the other hand, her personal expenses are fabulous. One can only gasp at the lavishness with which she entertains. To attempt fixing the cost of one of her parties would be an utterly impossible task. Her jewels are insured for $500,000.

ANN HARDING, on the contrary, entertains but rarely and then in an ultra-modest fashion for her small clique of tried and proven friends.

Ann's salary is in the neighborhood of $5,000 a week. She owns her home, valued at approximately $125,000, and keeps a staff of four servants, a cook, houseboy, maid and nurse. In addition she employs a secretary and three guards for her baby, Jane Bannister. The guards earn a combined salary of $450 monthly. At present, fifteen workmen, recruited from the army of unemployed, are constructing an elaborate playground for Baby Jane.

She gives generously to many charities, but refuses to discuss her donations. She carries considerably more than $100,000 life insurance, which demands large premiums. The taxes on her property must be in the neighborhood of seven or eight thousand dollars a year and her income tax, according to creditable reports, will amount this year to nearly $100,000. She spends very little for clothes in comparison to many cinema luminaries. Wallace Beery spends lavishly. Even the series of bank crashes and stock market losses which have wiped out the bulk of his fortune seem unable to slow up his open-handed way of living.

He pays out a goodly sum every month in insurance premiums. Besides his airplane policy, he carries $7,500 on his fine hunting dogs, $5,000 on his gun collection and $250,000 on his life.

He owns his home, worth about $60,000, and a hunting lodge at Lake Hughes, worth at least as much. He has a Lincoln and a Ford, but does not employ a chauffeur. Four servants, a gardener, cook, nurse and housemaid, care for his home and receive a combined salary of approximately $360 a month. The family clothing bill is in the neighborhood of $600 a month and the grocery bill averages about $300 for the same period. Of course, the biggest deductions from his salary are for income tax and commission to his agent, who receives ten per cent of Wally's pay check each week for negotiating his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CLARK GABLE, having tasted poverty for many years and not liking its flavor, is industriously saving most of his income. He lived, until recently, in a modest, unfurnished apartment which he rented for about $150 a month. He does no entertaining, spends little for clothes and employs only two servants, a maid and a cook.

Norma Shearer, with a screen income of approximately one-half million a year, spends very little of her own money, according to studio reports. Her husband, Irving Thalberg, insists on being the provider. Perhaps her largest expense, excepting the inevitable income tax, is her life insurance, said to be a $1,000,000 policy.

JOHN GILBERT lost heavily in the stock market and since then has been a canny investor. He owns a magnificent Beverly Hills estate but for several years has been living during the summer months at Malibu Beach, where he rents a house for approximately $2,000 a month. He does very little entertaining, dresses modestly and employs only two servants and a business manager. He carries a $1,000,000 life insurance policy. His salary in the last three years has totaled $1,000,000.

Joan Crawford, with a salary estimated to be in the neighborhood of $4,500 a week, is carefully investing the bulk of her income. She owns the home in which she and Doug Jr. live, but he, in common with most other male members to a co-star marriage, pays all the household bills. Joan dresses well, but not lavishly, and manages to hold her modiste bills down to about $15,000 a year. She employs a studio maid and a driver for her Cadillac and shares a secretary and business manager with Doug. Her voice is insured for $100,000 and her feet for $50,000. She gives generously to charities, entertains frequently, but not extravagantly, and considers her yearly vacation trip to New York, costing about $2,000, her one luxury.

Any article of this kind must necessarily be very incomplete, since to list all of the luminaries of the screen and report in any semblance of detail each one's mode of living would require a book-length manuscript. Many stars whose living expenses are almost incalculable — for instance, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and John Barrymore—I have not attempted to include.

A few statements apply to every person in the picture colony. One and all, they give with exceeding generosity to charity; one and all, they realize their good fortune and spend freely to the general betterment of business. There is not a hoarder or a radical in the whole lot.

If that Chamber of Commerce billboard—"Spend Now and Keep Business Alive!"—offers a cure for the world-wide depression, then the rest of the world might well profit by the example of Hollywood.

"*Chicken Croquettes—I just dote on 'em*"

Constance Cummings gives the recipe for her favorite dish

2½ cups of chicken (or veal)
1 cup of stale bread crumbs
4 tablespoons of butter
1 teaspoon of grated onion
1 tablespoon of lemon juice
½ lb. sliced blanched almonds
Salt and pepper to taste
½ cup thick white sauce
2 eggs (1 for dipping)
2 tablespoons of water

Chop meat fine, add bread crumbs, butter, onion, lemon juice, salt, pepper and almonds.

Mix well with white sauce and egg and mold pear shape

Roll in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Use frying basket.

Garnish with parsley.

Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page* 44]

Writer's Cramps

DOROTHY WILSON, the little girl from Minneapolis who seems to be headed on the right road, is still thrilled over her first Big Night. When *Age of Consent* had its première here not so long ago, she signed no less than two hundred autographs during the intermission.

Everybody Present

THE première of *Strange Interlude* was a dreadful nightmare. At eleven o'clock of the morning the première was scheduled, two hundred tourists, promoters, salesmen and other out-of-work citizens had planted their soap boxes and portable chairs in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese. By five p. m. the police reserves were called upon to segregate the dinner-time traffic from a milling mob of movie fans. The crowd did not assume uncontrollable forces, however, until after eight—when the screen sovereigns and sirens commenced to arrive. Then it was that an estimated number of twenty-five thousand people forced their way through police ropes and jumped upon the running boards, and every other landing spot, of the long, slowly moving line of star-carrying mobiles.

As the famous stepped out of their chariots, they were pounced upon by wild fans—mauling, scratching, tearing. Further and more serious injuries were evaded only by the prompt action of the police who placed a guard at the side of each star, escorting him or her through the seething gauntlet to the theatre's entrance.

Warning For Norma

A MESSAGE was sent to Norma Shearer, advising her not to appear at the opening. Six ambulances had already made trips to the scene of riotry—a boy shoved beneath a passing car—a tiny child knocked down and trampled on—fainting and hysterical women—all victims of ruthless, excitement-mad spectators.

Norma did arrive, however, during the intermission—about eleven o'clock. By this time the ranks had thinned, although thousands still remained to await the grand finale—the stars' exit.

An Oversight

TO GENERAL knowledge, Clark Gable has slipped up on an opportunity for making money. He should tender a bill for extraordinary advertising services to the Westwood Public Golf Links. He's been taking lessons and playing there almost daily for the past few months. Word of his presence having been widely broadcast, the golf course now looks like the scene of a Girl Scouts' national convention. All the little lassies come to gaze and stay to play.

The Wrong Guess

ONE prominent writer, whose opinions are generally worth harking to, predicted that whosoever enacted the title rôle of *Red Headed Woman* would be through in pictures, finished, washed up. That was before the cameras began to grind. Jean Harlow probably read the prediction herself but that hardly deterred her. Now she's to do *Red Dust* for M-G-M and is headed for bigger and better things. In fact, there isn't an actress in the business who has so many pictures scheduled ahead for her.

Not So Funny

JIMMIE SCHNOZZLE'S face was red all over the day he discovered the plaid "shoit" he wore in *Speak Easily* had been copied by Ruth Selwyn for her personal wardrobe. Ruth thought it was "right cute," and not the least bit "funny."

By-the-by, Jimmy is going in for piano moving. He is required to push one in and out of the scene more than twenty times during a sequence in his newest picture.

Anthropo-logical

WHEN Dave Selznick of Radio Pictures asked Bramwell Fletcher to play the lead in *The Monkey's Paw*, Bram demanded to know who would portray the monkey's maw. He says the only reason he took the part was to prove that Darwin was right.

Lady Of Secrets

WYNNE GIBSON is even a much smarter girl than anyone ever credited her for being and she was credited with being plenty smart at that. She kept her past a secret. We've just discovered Wynne has two ex-husbands and is about to take unto herself another. In the meantime, Paramount has discovered she's a pretty swell actress and given her a new contract. Who said depression?

Nils Turns Chinese

[*Continued from page* 45]

First, days before Asther visited the studio, Miles spent much time blending his browns, reds, yellows, grays and blues into the exact shade he considered necessary to reproduce for the camera the Mongolian tinge of skin. To the eye, it looks like a reddish brown, but the camera calls it a faint yellow.

In the meantime, Asther shaved off two inches of eyebrow on each side, to give the straight line necessary.

Now to the makeup room and the barber's chair which will be handsome Asther's reposing couch for the next three hours. First, more razors to ruin Asther's carefully trained sideburns. The Oriental hairline runs straight out from the ear, not out and down in the fashion that Americans and Europeans wear their hair.

As Miles finishes his shaving, one hand reaches out for a generous dab of black grease with a coal-tar base that will give Asther's hair the deep lustre of a Chinese.

Then eyebrow shaving and eyelash cutting. Eyelashes, curiously enough, grow faster than the hair on one's head. Their normal length is half an inch. In two days they grow almost half their normal length. Nils' were clipped to a sixteenth of an inch.

Next comes the bowing of the upper eyelid which distinguishes the Oriental eye. Contrary to popular conception, the Chinese and Japanese do not have slanted eyes, according to Miles.

"That is merely the effect. Actually a Chinaman's eye is straight along the lower lid, while the upper lid is much more curved than ours. That is what causes the illusion," he says.

The careful application of a thin film of glue to the upper lid precedes a lapping over of the skin that makes Asther lose three quarters of an inch of flesh surface and pulls the lid taut and bowed. Next, the skin about the eyes must be stretched to emphasize the straightness of the eyes and pull them out into a thin line.

The basic makeup is the brownish-grease mixed especially by Miles. First a line is drawn down the center of the forehead and the nose and chin. Then thin dabs of it all over the face, which Miles works into Asther's skin smoothly and carefully. One of the pictures accompanying this article illustrates the difference in texture between Asther's skin, natural, then, made up.

NOW comes the most intricate step of the entire makeup—putting in the highlights and shading over the brown-base that will definitely move Asther, the Swede, into Yen, the Chinaman.

Almost a pure yellow is first applied to the upper eyelids. This Miles blends carefully into the base. Then a light cream on the cheekbones and the sides of the nose. Worked carefully into the rest of the makeup, these colors will flatten Asther's face from his eyes to his mouth—as far as the camera is concerned.

The use of putty was absent from Miles' method of reconstructing Asther's characteristics. "I don't believe in falsifying a character with putty unless some skin defect, like a scar or a mole is required," Miles remarks. "Putty has no life, no pores. It is obviously a dead spot in a man's face."

When the entire makeup has been applied, and a light film of reddish-brown marked on Asther's lips, Miles sprinkles water over the grease, before powdering. This keeps the makeup soft and smooth, and prevents it from cracking under the intense heat of the lights.

Asther, along with Capra, calls it a remarkable piece of work. "There is nothing flat or lifeless about this makeup, and the subtle manner in which Miles has changed me entirely is not only unbelievable but somewhat startling," Nils says. "At first I was a bit afraid of myself."

Now that Asther's new face is finished, apply the mandarin robe of the Chinese gentleman—or the fur-embellished officer's uniform of General Yen—and presto! You have before you Nils Asther, romantic lover, gone Chinaman!

Chaney's Son Makes Good

—*Robert W. Coburn*

Creighton Chaney refuses to use his father's name and rebels against comparison to Gable

Creighton Chaney carries on the illustrious screen name

By J. Eugene Chrisman

BLOOD will tell and Creighton, stalwart son of Lon Chaney, has become an actor. He has finished his first RKO-Pathé picture, *The Roadhouse Murder* and more recently completed *The Most Dangerous Game.*

In spite of the fact that it was pointed out to him that by using the name of Lon Chaney, Junior on the screen, his boxoffice value would be greatly enhanced, Creighton flatly refused.

"I positively will not cash in on the fame which my dad earned by his years of hard work and suffering in the grotesque rôles he played. I know that I wouldn't have received a contract so soon if I hadn't been his son but that's as far as I want to travel on that basis."

A handsome six-footer is this twenty-six-year-old lad who bears the illustrious name of Chaney. His hair is dark and straight, his chin firm and his eyes clear and sparkling beneath heavy brows. He bears little resemblance to Lon, although there are times when a certain expression brings back the memory of the Old Master.

Creighton was born in Oklahoma City. His mother, Cleva Creighton, was a member of the "small-time" troupe for which Lon worked as stage manager, hoofer and general handy man. He was raised in the theatre, his first cradle being the lid of Lon's old theatrical trunk. Between scenes, Lon would hurry backstage, warm milk over a gas jet and feed the baby. The stage hands were his first playmates, the lore of the stage his first education.

Until he was nearly seven, Creighton toured the tank towns with his parents. His first garments were fashioned by Lon's own hands from odds and ends of theatrical costumes.

Then Lon and Cleva were divorced. Lon got custody of the boy and the name of the mother was never permitted to pass his lips. During the years before Lon's second marriage, he was both mother and father to the lad.

"Dad won his spurs in a hard school," says Creighton, "and he wanted me to [*Continued on page* 59]

Dice Brought Him Fame

By Clark Warren

Clarence Muse tossed a seven and his stage career started

HE JUST felt it *in his bones* that he was to be an actor. So, with the seven thousand dollars won in a crap game, Clarence Muse organized the famous Lafayette Players in New York City. That was the beginning of a seven-year tour for the colored players.

It was in 1929 that Fox brought him to Hollywood to play a part in *Hearts of Dixie.* Since that time, Muse has been in constant demand.

Since his first screen appearance his broad, black, good-natured face has been seen in such pictures as *Dirigible, Huckleberry Finn, Secret Service, Prestige, The Wet Parade* and a dozen others. In addition to being the foremost colored actor of the screen, Muse is a famous radio performer, a veteran of the stage and author of that popular song, *When It's Sleepy Time Down South.*

Clarence Muse was born in a tumbledown shack in the negro district of Baltimore, Maryland. He earned his way through Dickerson University by acting as a combination dish-washer, waiter and entertainer on the Albany nightboat which plies the Hudson between New York and Albany. He was graduated with a degree of doctor of law.

"FUNNY thing how I come to write that song, *When It's Sleepy Time Down South,*" he told me with a grin. His first royalty check, received a short time ago, was for $7,500. "You see I was asked to play a part in a play called *Under The Virginia Moon.* Among the titles which had been submitted for it was, *When It's Sleepy Time Down South.* One [*Continued on page* 57]

Clarence Muse is America's foremost negro actor and radio performer as well as the author of *Sleepy Time Down South*

Are You

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THE CHARM of a Beautiful Bust
NANCY LEE

FREE

My new illustrated book tells all about this wonderful, easy way to develop the bust. Read how you, too, can have the feminine charm of a full, rounded figure. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my breasts grow larger and firmer until now they are shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement." Take advantage of special offer now. Send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my new book FREE.

INSTRUCTIONS
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NANCY LEE, Dept. P-11

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A Full, Shapely Bust for YOU

Thousands of grateful women testify that my MIRACLE CREAM Treatment produces results almost magically! Women who were really pathetic looking, with their flat chests and childishly tiny breasts, have developed magnificent busts; fashionable, full, naturally curved. You can do the same. You can have the glorious breasts—firm, rounded, plump—that are the most alluring charm of the world's most famous beauties.

How much development of the bust do you need? Perhaps just another inch will give you the full, lovely form of the perfect figure. Or if your breasts are extremely thin and flat, then you will want to add a good 3 inches or even more. In either case, you simply continue my famous Treatment until you have all the development you want.

ADD 1 to 3 INCHES

Let Me Show You How Amazingly EASY It Is!

It's so easy to have lovely feminine contours with my new easy method. And the results are so quick. You will be amazed—filled with joy and happiness when your mirror reflects lovely, firm, rounded youthful breasts—developed with my dainty MIRACLE CREAM Treatment. No clumsy, dangerous appliances. No harmful drugs. Just a fragrant, subtle Cream and my *private instructions*. Just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own room soon develops your bust to glorious fullness and shapeliness. In an amazingly short time you can have the greatest of feminine charms—a smart, well-rounded figure.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. My Miracle Cream Treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be. Astonishing results are *guaranteed*. You simply must *try* the Miracle Cream Treatment to convince yourself that you CAN develop *your* bust! Don't miss this chance to get a large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions for only $1.00.

A Beautiful FORM

Do your girl friends pity you? Do men pass you by because you lack the true beauty of lovely femininity? Do the prettiest frocks "hang like rags" on your flat-chested, undeveloped figure? Don't suffer this embarrassing handicap any longer. Simply mail the coupon or write and watch your bust fill out to that beautiful, cup-like form that is so irresistibly attractive. In 30 days you will be thrilled and delighted with the glorious change. Send only $1.00 TODAY for *your* large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions, with Free Book. This offer may not be repeated, so mail coupon or write *at once*.

816 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mail Coupon!

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816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream and Complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book—all in plain wrapper.

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Address ....

Town .... State ....

Guided By Doctor's Advice - Happy Woman

LOSES
27 Pounds
of FAT

Mrs. Helen Greene

It's important to health and beauty to banish fat and it's just as vital to employ the *proper* means—a safe, sane method which won't injure health and leave you haggard looking.

How capably a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning fills this need!

Kruschen is the SAFE, HEALTHY way to reduce—it builds up splendid health all while it helps restore your weight to NORMAL.

Notice how complexion clears, eyes grow brighter and mind keener—you'll be delighted when your scales show how quickly excess fat is disappearing. Many folks hasten results by cutting down on fatty meats, pastries and potatoes.

Mrs. Helen Greene of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes: "A physician advised my mother to take Kruschen Salts for overweight so I started taking it myself. I weighed 192 and after taking 3 bottles I reduced to 165 and never felt so well. It's a tonic as well as reducer".

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at any drugstore—for REAL results and your health's sake—refuse imitations—accept nothing but Kruschen.

Kruschen Salts

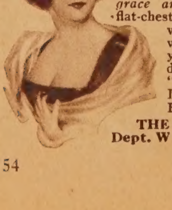
"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. B., E. Griffith Hughes, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

"Rids Self of ASTHMA"

Says O. W. DEAN

If Asthma is getting the best of you and is slowly tearing down your health I want you to try a treatment that saved me from a life of torture and agony, after everything else, even Doctors, failed to help me. I could not get life insurance because I was considered hopeless. But this treatment performed a miracle in my case. Within 24 hours I could lie down and sleep in comfort all night long. All choking and wheezing stopped almost instantly. It is really astonishing how quickly I got well and I have not had an attack since. My recovery was so complete I had no trouble in getting my life insured for Ten Thousand Dollars. The Doctor could not even find a trace of Asthma. I will prove this by a sworn affidavit from the Doctor who examined me. Now I want to help every one suffering the torture and agony of Asthma attacks. I will gladly send a generous free trial treatment to every sufferer who will write for it. If anything you have tried has given only temporary relief, write me today for a free trial of my treatment and proof that I got rid of Asthma after suffering six years. Remember the trial treatment is free. Write today. O. W. Dean, 748-A Dean Bldg., Benton Harbor, Mich.



YOUR FORM

Beautifully Developed

IS FASHION'S DECREE—*a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm.* If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for sixteen years — praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent FREE—no obligation.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
Dept. W Manitou, Colo.

The Way to New Beauty

[*Continued from page 48*]

on a hairdresser today—due largely, to the variety of types and personalities to be considered. I begged Dermott for a few concrete examples of this art.

GLORIA STUART, Universal's beautiful and talented young actress, was selected for demonstration. Her hair, a lovely natural straw color with the texture of fine floss silk, is not easily manipulated. Her features are photographically perfect. Dermott noted the unusually fine hair first and ordered that it be arranged without a fixative—claiming that water was sufficient.

"Miss Stuart has the broad low forehead so decidedly a mark of great beauty," he said. "Hers is a type frequently selected for severe-off-the-face coiffures, but her features are too delicate and feminine. It is better to intensify her quality of daintiness."

He dressed her hair, therefore, with little curls over the temples and in front of each ear. The longer hair was combed back of the ears and curled in three or four perpendicular rows across her head just at the nape of the neck. When it dried, Dermott took a comb and loosened the curls at the bottom of each row, making a soft fringe which he drew around the lobe of each ear. It was a most becoming and appropriate coiffure for the lovely Gloria.

Little June Clyde's face, Dermott declared, was the piquant type. "Her coiffure must reflect her vivacity." So he combed her hair straight off her forehead in an unbroken line—without part or wave. By pulling the hair straight back June's face became longer and her high cheek bones less prominent. There is a touch of roguishness in June—and so, Dermott suggests this personality by means of two or three flat round curls that turn out over each temple. On either side, a large wave hides the tops of her ears only, the waves running back into a veritable cluster of round curls. These curl horizontally across June's head in rows that reach from the neck almost to the top of the head. It is an astonishingly lovely effect, slightly sophisticated, but gay and young as the minute actress herself.

Margaret Lindsey, Universal's beautiful young brunette starlet, had the surprise of her life when Dermott ordered the shears used on her raven locks. A few months ago the actress arrived in Hollywood after a short but successful stage career in London. She wore her long, curly black hair in a roll at the back of her head. This arrangement obscured her photographic possibilities so at the request of the studio, her hair was cut to a long bob. These ends were curled into a mass at the back of her head and still detracted from her.

Dermott was asked to advise—and presto! When the shears were laid aside, there was a large mass of dark ringlets on the floor. Dermott's creation is worthy of note. In the first place he gave Margaret a crooked part—an innovation. He arranged bangs where none had even been before, and such a fringe! A side affair that started where the part came down to the forehead and lay in lovely shadow curls sideways on her forehead. The back of the head was glossy, as though lacquered, and around the nape of her neck appeared a couple of loose rolls of curls. Her ears were entirely covered by intriguing waves. The effect was most becoming, and now Miss Lindsey is one of the busiest players on the Universal lot, having appeared as leading lady in *Pony Boy* and in featured rôles in *Once in a Lifetime* and *Okay, America.*

Dermott's ideas on coiffures are helpful to the girl who would be individual. He advises a study of the profile, the texture of the hair, the line of the jaw, forehead and back of the neck. "Know well your best features and realize your limitations," he says, "and then experiment until you become more beautiful."

IT CAN DO FOR YOU what it did for Dorothy!

Dorothy Dix, the charming comediénne, sent her handwriting to Dr. Bunker, the famed grapho-analyst for examination. Later she wrote him: *"It's wonderful—akin to the black arts, and leaves me gaping in amazement at how you do it."*

Dorothy Dix

Dorothy's signature reveals that she possesses a very strong intuition and much understanding of human problems. She is warm hearted, kindly, sympathetic and one who is always ready to help those who need assistance. Dorothy possesses strong determination and is always capable of making good decisions.

Your handwriting reveals your character. It never fails. Learn the truth about yourself and discover hidden talents this easy way.

M. N. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK, Minneapolis, Minn.

I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells.

....

....

Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

Taken For A Ride

[*Continued from page 22*]

We did resemble each other and when Rudy died it was suggested that I appear at the funeral, dressed as much like him as possible and give some of the thrill-seeking women a *real* thrill by giving the impression that Valentino had actually arisen from the grave. I did go, just to pay my respects but not in that capacity. A man couldn't do a thing like that."

IT GIVES George a big laugh to think that he should be suspected of being an ex-gangster. He considers it a tribute to his work.

"Me a gangster? When would I have had time? My life is an open book, both in New York and Europe. Of course I know many gangsters, boys who grew up with me in "Hell's Kitchen" and I see them when I'm in New York. The funny thing is that they are all proud of me for having made good."

As for Tony, the supposed body-guard of George, his name isn't Tony at all but Sammy—Sammy Finn, a Jewish boy who has spent all his life in the ladies' ready-to-wear business.

"Kill that body-guard business, will you," he pleaded across the luncheon table where the three of us sat, "I've been in the ready-to-wear business all my life and wouldn't hurt a fly. My health broke down and Georgie here brought me to California with him to get well. Sure we go everywhere together. Why not? I'll never be able to repay him for what he's done for me. Me, a body-guard! I wouldn't know which end of a gun to take hold of."

Both he and George laughed heartily at the idea of Sammy's being a body-guard. Georgie turned to me.

"The noise is going around that I'm drinking heavy. As a matter of fact I have never taken a drink in my life and haven't the slightest idea of what whiskey tastes like. They also say I'm a great hand with the ladies. That's another laugh. As a matter of fact I'm afraid of 'em. There are some guys who can walk up to a strange girl, grab her by the arm and say, 'Come on, baby, let's play games,' and that sort of thing. Say — I'd rather grab a wildcat. I wouldn't have the nerve."

At that moment "Buddy" Longworth, Paramount's demon photographer spied our table. A moment later he had his Graflex trained on us.

"Smile a little for me George," he asked Raft, "just a little."

George shook his head. After "Buddy" had gone he said,

"I suppose people wonder why I seldom smile. Well, when I was a kid on the vaudeville stage I was hired as a dancing partner for a girl who had a really wonderful smile. Her husband worked in the act too and he was always telling me not to smile while I was dancing with her because it might detract from her. That stuck with me so hard that to this day I seldom smile.

"It's a shame to disillusion people like this, Gene," said George, "but I don't like to be sailing under false colors. Just tell them that I never was a gigolo; Valentino and I were never pals; I don't drink; I'm not a gangster. Now, if they quit coming to see me on the screen it's my own fault."

Another
KLEENEX PRICE REDUCTION!

Full size package now costs but 25c

KLEENEX
THE HANDKERCHIEF FOR HEALTH
TO PREVENT SELF-INFECTION REDUCE SPREAD OF COLDS
KLEENEX

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs! For removing cosmetics, for dusting, for polishing — for everything!

25c

NOW—use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50c a year ago—35c six months ago—now costs but 25c!

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others, as when handkerchiefs are carried all day long, left in laundry bags, washed with other clothing.

Softest—yet strongest

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

Note all the Kleenex products, listed below. Every one has a place in your home. Keep a package in the kitchen, for wiping up grease, for polishing, for draining fried foods. The price is low—try them all!

Four Kleenex products

1. REGULAR KLEENEX comes in a variety of shades, 180 sheets for only . 25c.
2. ROLLS OF KLEENEX are convenient to hang in bathroom, dressing room or kitchen. In pink or white, . . . 25c.
3. 'KERFS are for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered. . . 25c.
4. LARGE SIZE KLEENEX comes in sheets 3 times the regular size. Splendid for removing face creams and for household uses. Formerly $1, now . . 50c.

KLEENEX ***disposable*** **TISSUES**

A WOMAN'S SECRET

LADIES now can safely depend on our new S. P. Relief Compound. Use it when nature fails you. Banish fear and pain if not in accordance with the laws of nature. Many old and unusually stubborn cases are often successfully relieved in 2 to 5 days. Guaranteed to be made according to U. S. P. Standard, absolutely safe and harmless, with no inconvenience or interference with everyday duties. It is a truly reliable compound which often produces most remarkably amazing results in an unbelievable length of time. This superior product is now used regularly by thousands of particular women throughout the country. Every wise women will give it a fair trial because it is a pure, safe, superior product which assures the most satisfaction in most cases.

Grateful testimonials without number—Mrs. S. of Canada says, "Results within less than three days. There was no pain at all." Mrs. B. of New York states, "They are just fine. Send two more boxes to keep on hand." Mrs. G. of Kentucky says, "I think it's the most wonderful treatment ever sold. Will tell all my friends."

Give **S. P. Relief Compound** a fair trial and you'll never be without it. All orders rushed the day they are received. Single Strength, send **$2.00** per box; 2 for **$3.00**. Double Strength, **$3.00; 2 for $5.00.** Mailed in plain wrapper. Order today. Send postcard **now** for valuable **FREE CATALOGUE** every woman should have on Feminine Hygiene and other **valuable** articles.

Write for FREE BOOKLET

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Your home budget

Must be maintained. Everybody, everywhere counts costs carefully, and comparing quality and economy, makes every penny count. You want to know every way possible to get the most for the least—and so you will listen. Perhaps it will be one of your neighbors—but, in any event someone, a courteous man or woman—will call on you to tell you about Health-O Quality Factory-fresh Products. These wonderful toiletries, food specialties, medicines and home necessities are sold only through personal representatives, direct to the home, and quality is doubly assured by the reputation of the maker. Every product is as good as its name. Ask your next-door neighbor—she may be one of the hundreds and thousands of pleased users of Health-O Quality Products. There are more than 200 proved and tested products of sterling merit. Compare them with ANY line and select your wants right in your own home. Delivery as you like it. In each package there is a gift coupon redeemable for valuable premiums — a choice selection—and you get these without a cent of additional cost. Ask about them.

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89¢ NEW LOW PRICE

New low price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargement of any part of group picture. Safe return of your original photo, snapshot or tintype guaranteed. Our secret process produces superior enlargements for only 89c.

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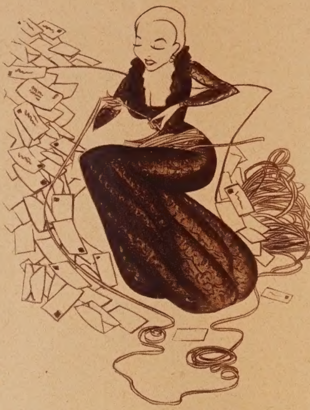
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send 91c with order and we pay postage.

FREE With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today. UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY, 900 W. Lake Street, Dept. P-222, Chicago, Ill.

Nevertheless It's True

Strange and little known facts about the stars



Karen Morley recently received a fan letter written on ticker tape a half mile long

Clive Brook has written his own epitaph—"Pardon me for not rising!"

Despite Garbo's importance she never asks for special privileges and has never been late to work in six years.

Rudolph Valentino, when an extra, offered a Hollywood tailor one-third of all the money he earned during the rest of his career in exchange for a complete wardrobe. The tailor refused.

Maurice Chevalier was wounded eighteen years ago, captured and sent to a German prison camp where he spent twenty-six months.

Colleen Moore once received a fractured neck in an accident which occurred in one of her early pictures.

Elissa Landi has a fruit tree that bears oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes. This freak of nature was accomplished by expert grafting.

Billie Dove's hair is prematurely grey. It began to grow that way when she was thirteen years old.

Walter Huston was once a star hockey player.

Andy Clyde is prevented by contract from shaving off his mustache.

Wallace Ford started his career as a clown in a circus. Although Irish, he is the original "Abie" of *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Marlene Dietrich can coax beautiful melodies from a musical saw.

Ruth Chatterton drinks three quarts of milk a day.

Dorothy Mackaill was once a chorus girl in a show starring Maurice Chevalier.

Joan Crawford has changed the color of her hair fourteen times. She now wears it in its natural shade, a medium brown.

Tallulah Bankhead always cuts the cards before making a business decision.

Richard Bennett has a wire-haired terrier who has coffee with cream and sugar every morning.

John Boles once hurled a base ball for the University of Texas.

Believed too heavy for a certain screen rôle, Kathryn Crawford went to a hospital to lose enough weight to win the part.

Hollywood has a pet cemetery where movie folk bury their dogs and cats.

The idea of animated pictures which developed into the movies of today was conceived by Thomas A. Edison when he placed 100 ordinary cameras in a line and snapped the shutter of each camera as a man walked before it. The exposed negatives then were spliced together in their proper sequence.

Three hours after Barbara Stanwyck married Frank Fay she left him and did not see him again for four and one-half months! She was traveling with a road show and had to rejoin the troupe after the ceremony.

Although Carman Barnes, author of *School Girl* and other sensational novels, was under contract for six months and was made a star she never appeared in a motion picture.

Unknown to Irene Ware, her aunt entered the future screen player's name in a national beauty contest. Irene won and became "Miss America."

Motherhood

[*Continued from page* 40]

willingly—begin to rebuild the career it has taken me years to establish.

"For having a baby is being a woman—entering into a woman's estate!

"I know that my emotional and mental life is being broadened. I have developed a tolerant spirit. Until recently if an actor in a scene with me went up in his lines, or was difficult to work with I was impatient and angry. Today, I can make allowances for human frailities. For I have another interest!

"Child-bearing is a woman's ultimate experience. It should make her a greater personality. To an actress it is an indispensable journey—from which she should come back with farther-reaching horizons. With a capacity to understand pain and joy, and kindness and pity, and to interpret them more movingly than she ever could before.

"TO ME—planning for my baby—the emotional benefits are just by-thoughts. They are pleasantly drifting clouds. They are part of the dreams for my baby—dreams which soon will be gorgeous reality."

For her baby—and she doesn't care whether it's a boy or a girl—she has definite expectations. If it's a girl—she visualizes her as a great actress—but without vanity.

"I feel," she explains, "if I give her the correct psychological mould while she is young, I can achieve a young, unspoiled girl—no matter what her career may be. If it's a boy—I want him to go out in the world of business—where problems are to be faced and solved. I don't want my son to be an actor. I don't think, somehow, it's a man's work. Although," she adds with a smile, "how could we have screen dramas without our Gables and our Barrymores?

"I trust," she says, "that I'll have my mother's clear insight regarding my child. Even though mother hoped that I would become an artist, yet when she realized that my entire ambition centered on the stage—her sole comment was 'in that event, you must be as good as possible; you must have the right training.' And so I went to the Sargent School in New York, where I learned the principles and the rudiments of acting. In no way has my mother tried to live my life for me.

"I want to be a successful mother. Not in the small matters of guarding my child's physical welfare—but in the larger realm of spiritual accord. For that reason—having one child or having many—will never take me permanently from the screen. Today motherhood alone is not enough. But to earn the lasting affection and respect of your children you must be a rounded-out personality, so that your viewpoint breaks the limiting bonds of a home alone."

The sunlit room which will soon be a nursery in the Woody's Brentwood home, is being measured for delicate pastel curtains. The wardrobe for the coming king or queen is to be all in white—and there are minute woolen shirts in the dresser drawers. The nurse will be the capable woman who took care of Helen as a child. She will come from New York in a short time.

And apart from dreams—Helen Twelvetrees is making very practical plans for her child. It involves a trust fund from her salary—to start the day of the infant's birth—a certain financial arrangement which will assure the Woody heir of a tangible measure of a mother's aspirations for it.

Dice Brought Him Fame

[*Continued from page* 51]

afternoon I was asked to write an original song for the show and since that title wasn't going to be used, I took it for my song. I went home and wrote it and sang it from the stage the next night. People liked it but it didn't make any great sensation, so when I went on the radio I began to sing it there.

"I sang that song for over two years before a publisher heard it and put it on paper. Since that time it's been going ahead and it looks like it's going to sell a million copies before it gets through."

Muse is a cultured man but in his work before the camera there is something elemental, fascinating. He plays the part of an illiterate porter to perfection. The picture *Dirigible* was made in English, French and German but Muse carried his part in all three versions, as he speaks all these languages fluently.

His parts have ranged from that of a Sengelese chieftain to an English negro with an Oxford accent, but he has never failed to give a pleasing performance. He has had twenty-five years of experience on the stage and concert platform.

"IT SEEMS that I am the only colored player who has lasted in pictures," he says. "I want to create a new type of negro screen actor. I think the interest in negro spirituals has convinced the white public that the negro is more than just a clown or a buffoon and that the soul of the negro race is a beautiful and sincere thing.

"I don't think pictures with entire negro casts will ever be made successfully and I don't want them to be. No picture of negro life can be drawn into which the white man does not enter. I hope some day the life of the real South, the beauty of the relationship between my race and the real aristocrats of Dixieland, will be made."

Muse encounters few barriers in Hollywood. Recognized as a cultured gentleman, he is invited to important cultural events of the colony and accepted, despite his color. He is popular among both races and whenever casting directors want a black man for a part which requires experience and real artistry, a call goes in for Clarence Muse.

Ask the

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Internationally known psychologist and philosopher, answers burning questions of the soul, puzzles of business, etc. You've heard him over KMOX, KMTR, KLZ, KYA, CJOR, KJR, KOL, KEX, KSL and other radio stations.

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Address **WHITE WIZARD, Box 1214, Tacoma, Wash.**

M. M. P.—Will I marry again and be happy?

Ans.—You will be married on the first of March next year to a person with the initials of K. S. T. This will be a marriage which will benefit you financially as well as make you happy.

A. N.—Will we sell our place of business this year?

Ans.—I would advise you to make no attempt to dispose of your business, owing to conditions at the present time, until March or April of next year. At that time you will realize considerably more for it.

Miss J. L.—I have been going with a young man for three months. He has never kissed me. Do you think he likes me and what is the matter with him?

Ans.—I think the matter is with you, not him, if he hasn't kissed you yet. Be a little sociable yourself if you want to be kissed.

I. W. S.—I have considerable artistic ability. Would it be advisable to develop it by taking study? Would I work into a paying position by doing so?

Ans.—By all means take up study along this line. Your success lies there. You will also have opportunity to meet certain people who could benefit you a great deal later on through this work.

S. D. E.—Will we ever get any of the S. estate which was to have come to my grandmother?

Ans.—This estate has been settled and cannot be opened again. There is no way in which legal action will help you in any way regarding this estate.

T. R. I.—Will my husband be cleared of the charges which have been brought against him on account of his partner in business being dishonest with him and others in the past?

Ans.—There will be no charges brought against him. There will be civil action against him and he will have to pay the debts which his partner incurred.

C. J. B.—My husband left me two years ago without any support for myself and two children. I started a little business in which I am doing very well. He recently returned and wants me to take him back. He is out of work and I do not feel I can support him also. What shall I do?

Ans.—If you love this man take him back.

H. B. H.—Will this other party and I ever marry, or will I marry the one I am engaged to?

Ans.—You had better break your engagement as you do not love this man. You will marry the other one, the one you really love, before Christmas.

T. D. E.—My brother-in-law is planning on going on a large farm. Would it be advisable for me to go with him or remain at my present position?

Ans.—Your brother-in-law and yourself would make a great deal more on this large cattle ranch than you possibly can in your present position. I would advise you to go with him.

M. P. E.—Did my girl friend take my pocketbook?

Ans.—I believe your pocketbook was lost from the car and was not stolen by anyone.

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My New Astrological Readings covering remainder of 1932 and all of 1933, special price 50c postpaid. These readings tell you at a glance the exact days and date, when the planets are in favorable or unfavorable aspect for your business and social affairs, such as signing papers and contracts, seeking employment, speculation, travel, love, courtship and marriage, as well as dealing with health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthdate with 50c for complete reading. Money refunded if not satisfied. My advice on 3 questions FREE with each order. Use question blank below or write questions on separate piece of paper. Send self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Enclose is 50c. Send your New 1932 and 1933 Astrological Reading covering my sign of the Zodiac.

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this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

*(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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Seattle, Wash. * * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ____________
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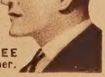

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THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

Read what the stars say about Joel McCrea and Nancy Carroll

By Madame Helene

IF JOEL McCREA had chosen the pulpit he would have been a soul-stirring preacher. As a lawyer he would have been able to sway judge and jury. He would have won his cases. It is natural for him to make friends and have a following of friends who believe in him. This would have been just as true in either of these professions as it is true of him as a screen actor.

Scorpio, Joel's sign in the zodiac, gave a depth of feeling that makes him like people. When Old Mother Nature decreed that Joel should be born on November fifth, she granted him that sense of the dramatic that appeals to your heart and to mine. We just naturally like him. A man born under this sign attracts the friendship and admiration of men and women alike by his readiness to help—to be a friend.

Such men are capable of great loves, and of dislikes that are just as strong. No matter what happens though, they will be able to make use of the dramatic possibilities—the heart interest circumstances that exist.

Joel is very likely to win much greater success than he has so far. The secret of this lies in his increasing emotional force. He is growing stronger in his ability to attract friends and so make new opportunities for himself. The stars say this increase will continue for several years during which time he can lay the foundation for fame.

This increase of emotional force is likely to apply to his loves as well as his professional life so that if he has a troubled matrimonial sea you need not be surprised.

The only dangers ahead for Joel McCrea come from within himself. The very force that gives him so much talent lays a trap for him. When he gives he is likely to give too freely. He sympathizes so quickly, is so willing to help that he may give too much.

NANCY CARROLL was born on November nineteenth.

This magic number unlocks secrets about Nancy. It says that she should be careful about making investments. Instead of listening to kind-hearted, well-meaning friends who will say to her, "Nancy, we think you should buy Goofus Consolidated Mining Stock because it will make you a lot of money quickly," she should take the money she saves to a banker or advisor who will put it into [*Continued on page* 64]

JOEL McCREA—is capable of great love, has intense dislikes, has a tendency to be too generous

NANCY CARROLL—ruled by her heart rather than by her mind, should be very careful about making investments

Their Champion Children

[*Continued from page* 10]

straws over whose turn to wheel her.

If it were possible for any one infant to be more popular than the others, I might say Richard of the Skeets Gallaghers is it. "Duke," they call him, and he is two years old, with blue eyes, blond hair, and a devil-may-care manner. I was told that he was somewhat of a thrill-seeker. When I asked him about it, he tersely said, "Nurts!"

CHESTER MORRIS' little girl, Cynthia Susan, is now a year and a half old. How well I remember when she was born. Chester was so excited he asked Doug Fairbanks Jr. to pace the floor with him. Cynthia looks just like her daddy. She has blue eyes and black hair which just won't behave. But Cynthia just winks at you as she swishes the hair out of one eye into the other.

Those high-chair thrones must necessarily quake a trifle when Gloria Swanson's newly born is mentioned. After all, Gloria Swanson's daughter is Gloria Swanson's daughter—and that's enough to scare any babe. Thus far Elinor Glyn is the only one to obtain an interview with Michelle Bridget. From what Miss Glyn says, she is delicately molded and looks like her mother. She has wee, pink ears like all babies—only pinker; pretty blue eyes like lots of babies—only bluer; and sweet like all babies—only sweeter.

An up and toddling son is George Elliott Summerville, age five months, only child of Slim Summerville. The day the babe's first tooth popped through, Slim was boasting about it to a friend, also a father. "But our kid's five months old with not a sign of a tooth," the friend remarked.

"Yeah," said Slim, "but we're not talking about the same baby."

The Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon heiress is the most photographed child in the colony. Her adoring father spends most of his time buying candid cameras and taking pictures of her. Barbara Bebe is about to have her first birthday.

Patricia Louise Hamilton, daughter of the Neil Hamiltons, was adopted several days after her birth—so she is practically their own. With blue eyes, blonde hair, and four teeth she is one of Young Hollywood's most charming rascals.

The cream of the crop (and I'll probably have to leave town for this) is Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore. A heart-breaker if there ever was one, this golden-haired, blue-eyed child, and what a job for papa when she starts stepping out. Now that John Jr. has arrived, however, she'll have plenty of protection.

Within the last few months Young Hollywood has increased its membership by six. Carmel Myers, May McAvoy, Mary Astor, Florence Vidor, Bessie Love and Sue Carol are the new mothers.

Whoever said Hollywood did not look to the future? Why, the town is simply alive with posterity.

Chaney's Son Makes Good

[*Continued from page* 51]

learn the same lessons. As I grew up, dad became famous and his earnings ran into big money, but I had nothing given me to indicate that I was the son of a rich man.

"I had to earn my own spending money in grade and high school and buy most of my own clothes. I never drove a car until I was twenty years old. My only vacations were those spent with dad in the mountain cabin he loved so well. I didn't rebel or feel abused, because dad had taught me his own philosophy of life."

Lon Chaney did not want his son to be an actor. No one knew better than he the hardships of a professional career. When Creighton finished high school, he was apprenticed to a boilermaker and it was this rough work which built up his great physique.

Later, he became a plumber and six years ago he married the daughter of his employer. His industry soon earned him a place in the firm and until his father died, he had no contact with studio life or the people who make pictures. Lon died believing that the son whom he loved was firmly established in business.

"I don't think dad would have objected had I told him I wanted to be an actor," says Creighton. "I knew he would rather see me in business, so while he lived, I did not reveal my desire to go on the screen. If he were here today, he would cuss a little, grin a bit and then tell me to go to it."

Young Chaney resents being told he resembles Clark Gable.

"I suppose I am of the same type as Gable," he admits, "but why make a comparison? He's Gable and I'm Chaney, and let the matter end there. I don't care what sort of pictures they put me in, only I hope I'm to play virile, he-man types. I feel better in a pair of riding pants than I do in a full-dress suit."

THE most refreshing things about Creighton Chaney is his modesty. Never has he presumed on the fact that he is the son of a famous man. His associates at the golf courses and bridge tables played with him for months before finding out that he was Lon's boy. He would rather play golf than eat and he's devoted to his wife and two boys. Until recently he had been inside a studio gate only three times. The second Mrs. Lon Chaney is mother to him and he relies upon her for advice and guidance.

"I wouldn't be in pictures if mother and my wife hadn't advised me to go to it. I don't know what's going to happen. I may be an actor or I may be just a good plumber, but I'm going to find out. I've burned all my bridges behind me and if I do flop, it means starting at the bottom again."

The theatre is in Creighton's blood. Whether the father's great talent has been handed down to the son is yet to be seen, but at least he means to find out.

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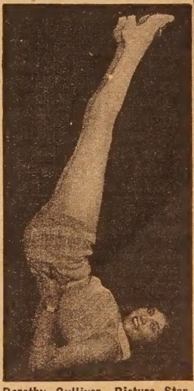

Dorothy Gulliver, Picture Star, illustrating Exercise 6 of Lesson 12 of Women's Course.

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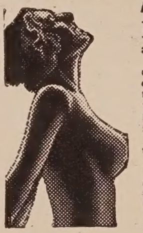

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The First True Story of Garbo's Childhood!

[*Continued from page* 17]

MRS. LONN, short, heavy-set, was nursing a sick husband, and she was distraught about his condition, but her kind blue eyes lighted up at the mention of Garbo.

"Yes, I remember her well."

I asked some questions about Garbo's childhood.

Mrs. Lönn sighed as she let her mind wander back.

"She was always so happy and full of life. She spent many hours here in my apartment and I liked her very much. Everybody liked her. They couldn't help it."

Mrs. Lönn sighed again.

"I'm not surprised that she has become so successful. It was in her to be an actress. You couldn't help but know that when she was young. . . ."

Mrs. Lönn pointed toward the little courtyard, serene in the morning sun.

"She used to get all the children together out there. And how the children liked her. That was when she was a little older. They came from all around to have Greta teach them how to play games. And you could tell then that she was a born actress.

"She knew then, I think, that she wanted to be an actress. She mentioned it to me many times. She was so fond of pretending in her games, and she was always so happy and gay. You couldn't help but love her. And she was so pretty. . . ."

Here, too, was honest sentiment, delivered in the Swedish language in the hallway of the quaint, romantic old house that was Garbo's first home. A few feet from the door that for a number of years was the entrance to Garbo's home. By a stairway with stone steps, which resounded many times to the echo of Garbo's footsteps as she came and went on her way to school or play.

Mrs. Lönn was busy, and she had many things to think of, with her husband ill. But it cheered her to even think and talk about Garbo; to discuss the little girl who tasted her cookies on baking day. I got the impression that Garbo would have left an indelible impression on the people who knew her as a child, regardless of whether she had become famous as an actress.

For the people here in Stockholm who knew Garbo as a child, as a young girl, do not begrudge her the place she has attained as one of Sweden's national figures. The sentiment among such people is genuine, inspiringly honest.

The house at 32 Blekingegatan is interesting. Through high wood doors you proceed into a hallway, from which steps lead off to the right and left. The hallway then carries through into the courtyard. The stairs have banisters worn smooth by many hands. The various apartments have shiny brass nameplates on the doors.

Leaving Mrs. Lönn, I paused to watch three children playing in that little courtyard, all concerned as ever in the grand game of make-believe. I turned away and walked down Blekingegatan. In the window of a tiny shop, where Garbo once might have bought things, I paused to look at a picture of her, a recent photograph; much different from the mental impression that one gets of a young girl who stood in the center of an admiring group of children in that courtyard, and fascinated them by her innate knowledge of ways to pretend.

But the impression that stays the longest, most purposeful, is that Garbo did not stumble into a career. Chance may have played some part, to be sure, but more fundamental was a certain force within her, that would not be denied. A force that made people believe in her.

For whatever place Garbo has attained in the vaulted and resplendent cathedral of fame was due, it would seem, to a wish. And they say that you get what you wish for if you wish hard enough. That, after all, may be construed as destiny. And Garbo, as one learns to understand her here in Stockholm, is most assuredly a woman of destiny, say what you will to the contrary.

Life Is Too Easy

[*Continued from page 29*]

and year out, it is only fair that he should pass on his great secret of a happy marriage. How could such a thing be? How can others be equally fortunate?

Yet one can't easily snag this brown-eyed, conservative Don Juan. He throws back his head like an Airedale pup shaking water from his ears, and orders cool things to eat and talks about his wife. He says that she has requested that a hat be purchased to replace the one he made rude remarks about so long ago.

"After lunch we are going to buy a hat," he announced briefly. And so to a hat shop, and what a nice hat he did buy! A broad-brimmed, colorful one, one that you had bought in Paris a year ago, worn it and fallen in love at the same time, which made the hat particularly precious.

"Nice hat," said Warner, tipping his head to one side. "You should always wear color. My wife does and she is lovely when she gets the right color—" The hat department filled up with young women stumbling over each other unabashed, thrilled to see the beloved Warner Baxter actually in the flesh.

Friends looking and becoming curious. "Why is Warner Baxter in the ladies' hat department? Is that his wife?" The friends coming up and saying, "Hello," seriously and Warner being more at ease than they were and having a great deal of fun about the whole thing.

"That was fun," he said later. "To me it was a great triumph. I didn't get one bit self-conscious and I thought I would. I'm amazed at myself."

WE STOPPED a moment at his home to leave an enormous stack of fan mail for his secretary to give to his mother. "Mother answers these for me," said Warner. "She would be inconsolable if she couldn't do it. We go over them together after she sorts them."

The secretary was cool and gracious, holding down the town house with the aid of a dignified negro man-servant. Later flying down Sunset Boulevard in Warner's beautiful new roadster. Like a small boy he turned on a radio. Music fell into our laps.

Junior League delegates were visiting at the studio and a party was on. The host and hostess hadn't arrived so Warner became a charming, unofficial host, whipping up cool things with a dexterity one hadn't suspected.

A cyclonic dash for the door.

"I must be at Malibu. We have dinner at seven and I want to go back to Hollywood to buy Mrs. Baxter some candy. No, I couldn't get it in town. There's just one kind which she likes best of all. I must get back over there to get her favorite kind. If you come along, I'll buy you some too. If you don't, I'll send you some of my chili Friday. I make it better than anybody in California." A flash of white teeth, laughter, as he shouted,

"Please say you like chili. If you do, I really will send it over."

While climbing into the shining roadster, he flung back the recipe for his insurpassable chili over his shoulder. Everyone at the party had immediately become a chili convert. Warner's shining black head popped out of the car as he shouted:

"And don't you tell on me about Garbo. Promise!" But I didn't promise—because it's such a swell story, and here it is.

BETWEEN all of these various places—the hat shop, the studio, the Junior League party—we had dashed into a little refreshment place where delicious root beer is served.

Everyone was in a frenzied state of excitement. Garbo was upstairs! Garbo had gone into the tailor shop above for a fitting. She was apt to come out at any moment. Someone dared Warner to go up and see if he could catch a glimpse of the glamorous star.

"You can order some new clothes," he was advised.

"But I don't need any," he moaned. Then he laughed and said, "Let's go!"

Upstairs to the renowned tailor shop pell mell. Into a narrow room with long windows wide open. At the far end stood the legendary Garbo, smart, so chic, in soft gray tweeds. A tiny skull cap pulled down over her head covered every inch of her hair. Long, long eyelashes, enviable ones.

Garbo casting a quick glance over her shoulder. Shy. Frightened. Then a low, sweet voice which made one think of bees humming. And there stood Warner Baxter, very red in the face and very excited. He ordered three pairs of white trousers. He was so excited he was in danger of ordering six, without knowing the difference. It cost him seventy-five dollars to see Garbo.

"It was worth it!" he said gleefully. "Such fun! I wish Mrs. Baxter had been with me."

There you are—with Mrs. Baxter back in the picture again. She always is and always will be. Don't you like Warner for that?

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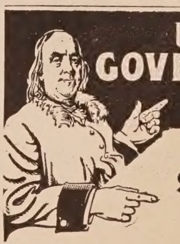

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FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY women from all over the country have used this compound with great success. Testimonials without number. Absolutely no harm, pain or interference with work. Mail, $2. Double strength, $3. Booklet Free. Also **FREE** with each order while they last 2 Books of 127 pages entitled "What Every Married Woman Should Know" by Fielding and "The Physiology of Sex Life" by Dr. Greer. Simply mail this ad and your order for either single or double strength treatment and receive these 2 valuable books FREE. Write today.

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is now more than ever the keynote of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women** will be glad to know that my patented Lim-Straitner Model 18 will successfully and safely improve these humiliating conditions in an amazingly short time. Worn at night. Many unsolicited letters of praise. Send a dime today for my copyrighted Anatomical and Physiological booklet, and further information.

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Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger —Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity, due to poor Kidney functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, circulating thru system in 15 minutes, often giving amazing benefits in 24 to 48 hours. Try it under the fair play guarantee to fix you up to your satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. Cystex is only 75c at druggists.

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I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face...unloved...discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids...even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 870, Chicago.

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Hundreds of Testimonials.
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"Allow time for return mails across the Atlantic"
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"Shame on You!" Are you nervous, embarrassed, or ill at ease? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer blushing and the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send **25 cents** for my book, **"Bashfulness,"** containing full particulars.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-1811 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. CITY

Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page 37*]

Defense Mechanism

TALLULAH BANKHEAD talks so fast an ordinary mortal can't understand her. After listening in bewilderment to one of her thirty-minute, non-stop, verbal sprints the other afternoon, I was so dazed I could only remember one thing she said. It was that she had had all of her wisdom teeth (four of 'em) pulled at one sitting. How, I ask you, did that dentist ever make her stop talking long enough to do his job?

Taloo says she learned speed-talking as a defense measure. She had to cover up her native inferiority complex!

Confessions Of An Eye-Witness

[*Continued from page 46*]

get the wrong impression unless you see her smiling and chatting with friends. Then she's really exquisite.

JANET GAYNOR: Every bit as demure off-screen—and just as sweet.

CLARK GABLE: Far from handsome, yet tall and powerfully built—the kind of man who fairly radiates strength of personality. Ears too large, but you don't notice it, particularly when he's smiling—which is most of the time.

LUPE VELEZ: Tawny, velvety skin . . . amazingly perfect features . . . highlights her eyes and mouth. Seems to be the thing to do.

HELEN HAYES: The first thing you notice are her very beautiful grey eyes. When she smiles something luminous and exciting happens. She becomes beautiful and at first you hadn't thought she was even pretty. She is warm and friendly but very shy. She is fragile and so eternally feminine that every man wants to protect her.

MIRIAM HOPKINS: Much smaller than you ever imagined. A tiny, curly-headed girl, with the complexion of a baby. Rarely uses any makeup. Looks just as lovely when she first wakes up as at any other time of the day. Lovely teeth and a fascinating mouth.

ROLAND YOUNG: Practically expressionless until he laughs. Actually has more sex appeal than almost any actor in Hollywood but never falls in love since he did with his wife. His eyes twinkle continually and his sarcasm seethes with sharpness.

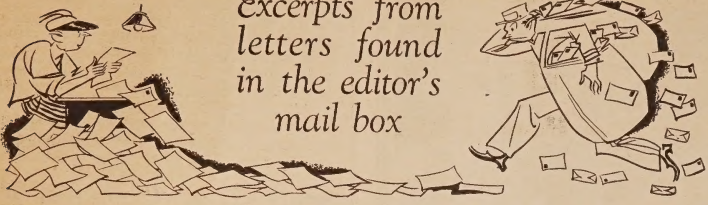
EDDIE CANTOR: Friendly . . . continually funny with no effort. Perfectly natural no matter where you find him or with whom. Has a Swede called Frenchy who is his man Friday . . . they are inseparable.

BEN LYON: Always looks like he just got out of school to play hooky . . . his boyishness is charming because it isn't affected . . . he'll be like that when he is ninety years old. Radiates an amazing amount of gayety in spite of anything that might happen. Extraordinarily clear eyes and beautiful teeth.

LEW AYRES: Like the boy who lives next door or a character created by Booth Tarkington. Ingenuous and disarming, yet shrewd and conservative . . . doesn't go in for display.

You said it, fans!

Excerpts from letters found in the editor's mail box



Please, instead of showing us so much of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and that dumb-looking Clark Gable, give us all a break and print something about somebody that is something. Somebody with talent. In other words, Leslie Howard.—Grace Buckingham, Omaha, Nebraska.

I think that story of the life of Tom Mix was wonderful. Thank you for doing us western fans a favor.—Mrs. R. Bowder, Chicago, Ill.

We want Buddy Rogers! I am only one of thousands anxiously waiting the return of this splendid young man to the screen.—George Michel, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Somebody said there shouldn't be so much written about Clark Gable. I don't agree. There should be more written, even if it is applesauce.—Dorothy Sleparker, Newton, Mass.

Hurrah for the depression! It's forced movie producers to give us better pictures in place of the trash that has been palmed off on the public for the last few years.—George Arnst, New York City.

I've just seen *The Last Mile*. There *is* a picture. Filmed to tell a great story in the most vivid possible style, it is void of the usual long scenes inserted to play up a star. The genuinely appreciative audience is more interested in the story than in the star.—Tony Waring, St. Louis. Mo.

Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Your *Congorilla* is the most thrilling of all animal pictures. Look out for a stowaway when you start on your next trip.—Polly Smith, Los Angeles, Calif.

Hollywood seems to be getting into politics. I've just seen *Washington Masquerade* and suppose that there are more like it to follow. The movies should stay out of politics. Things are bad enough now.—John Walker, Philadelphia, Pa.

Who told Clark Gable he could act?—Emily Jones, Chicago, Ill.

Clark Gable is creating a new school of motion picture actors—a "down-to-earth" type of player whose work is twice as enjoyable as the posing, affected actor whose every move and gesture looks as though he learned his business through a correspondence school. Clark is boxoffice because the public knows a good thing when it sees him.—J. Franklin, Houston, Texas.

Constance and Joan Bennett should take lessons in acting from Richard Bennett, their father. The screen has no greater actor.—Marjorie Branch, Louisville, Ky.

I have just returned from Hollywood, and anyone who says the stars aren't gracious and appreciative is all wet. Not one refused to sign my autograph book. And Connie Bennett was the sweetest.—Grace Gilbert.

I read where Garbo has gone back to Sweden. She can stay there. We want only our American stars.—Helen Johnson, Detroit, Michigan.

If Garbo doesn't come back, the movies will lose a great star. She is more responsible for the glamour that surrounds Hollywood than all the rest of them put together. No price is too big to pay for her return.—Betty Anderson, Kansas City.

THESE MOVIE FANS EACH WIN AN OUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF A SCREEN FAVORITE. YOU MAY BE NEXT!

Lucky Six Lottery winners for November: Almira Stoll, 6546 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.; Elsie Hoff, 111 Third Ave., So. E., Aberdeen, S. D.; Grace Buckingham, 113 No. 16th St., Omaha, Neb.; Nancy Beck, 728 North Main St., Uhrichsville, Ohio; Margaret Flynn, 610 East Meyer Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.; Josephine Nablin, East Radford, Virginia.

Each month six fans who write to the editor of SCREEN BOOK receive personally autographed pictures of the stars. The names are drawn at random from the many letters received each month.

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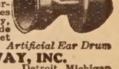

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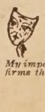

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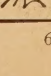

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Just Send Me Your Name

and address and I will mail you my wonderful Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges—that is all. See how easily and quickly you can develop the most alluring of feminine charms. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed at once, in plain wrapper.

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Do you *fear light*, shrinking from light, because it reveals pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, etc.? Do you want to banish your blemishes and lose your *luciophobia* (fear of light)? Send one dollar for 2 oz. trial jar of Salome Peach Astringent Creme. One week works wonders. Made only by Monsieur Sakele, the "Egyptian Beauty Specialist" who has advised 500,000 women. Three consultation charts free, on (1) How to treat your skin (2) How to dress your hair (3) How to dress to your type. You mail your snapshot, he does the rest. You needn't buy this jar to get the charts. Address:

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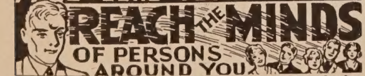

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The Fates of Your Favorites

[*Continued from page* 58]

investments that may not bring in as much ready cash, but where the returns will be much surer. She should be just as careful about buying corner lots in new additions or investing in anything else where there is a promise of huge and quick returns—and where one of her friends makes the recommendation.

All of this is true because Nancy is likely to listen to her friends—and friends are not always the best counselors in money matters.

THIS little warning is good for you, too, provided your birthday comes within two weeks of that of the famous movie actress. Like her, you make money easily, but you may also be influenced by your heart when you should use the coldest of cold judgment.

Nancy Carroll is a natural born actress, and if she had missed the movies she would have found a place for herself somewhere in the entertainment world. She might have been a success in the business end of the show; indeed she has almost as much of the natural executive as that of the actress.

According to the stars, Nancy Carroll should avoid extremes. She has the ability to interpret characters—to play the highly emotional part in a picture, but she should be careful to remember that after all it is just a play. There is a chance she may put all of the heart-throbs necessary into her hours before the camera—and then forget to lay them aside. She must throw aside the habit of feeling the part she plays after she leaves the lot. If she does this, her stars say that she will increase in her appeal to the heart of her fans. Her acting will have greater beauty—more of the appeal that makes a fan a lasting friend as well.

If you have a birthday close to November nineteen, you may not have all of the traits which make this movie actress a success, but you are certain to have the ability to make friends. You may not choose the screen for your profession—you may not have the opportunity to become a success in pictures, but you have ability—talents that are real, and that you owe it to yourself to use.

Let Madame Helene Reveal What the Stars Have to Say About You!

★ ★ ★

The stars can tell you many things about yourself and your future. If you wish to have your horoscope read, write to Madame Helene, giving your exact birth date—day, month and year. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and ten cents in silver. She will promptly send your star-story. Send your letter to Madame Helene, *Screen Book* Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Tarzan Seeks a New Mate

[*Continued from page* 20]

almost frantic with grief. Bravely she concealed her breaking heart from the world and when they went to see a lawyer, it was she who wise-cracked and smiled while Johnny looked on, hurt and sorry that things had to be as they were.

"HE IS such a big baby," smiled Bobbe, "and so unbelievably naïve. Poor *Tarzan,* he couldn't understand why we had to see a lawyer. He seemed to think that if he wanted a divorce, that was all the formality necessary, to tell me about it. When I asked him to move his things from my apartment, as was fitting under the circumstances, he said, 'What's the matter, haven't you got room for them?' Poor Johnny, he is a wonderful boy but I wonder who is going to take care of him."

If ever a man owed his success to a woman, Johnny Weissmuller owes his place on the screen to Bobbe Arnst. When they were married he was already a world's champion swimmer but he was content to do exhibition work for a bathing suit company and rest on his laurels. It was Bobbe who brought him to Hollywood. Bobbe who haunted the casting offices pleading for a chance for him. It was Bobbe who made life unbearable for M-G-M's casting director until he agreed to test Johnny for *Tarzan* and Bobbe who saw to it that Johnny made his calls on time and who drove him on. Tiny mite that she is, she has been the mainspring which drove the mighty bulk of *Tarzan* to success.

"When I saw the preview of *Tarzan,*" she admits, "I knew that Johnny would be besieged by a million women, women who wanted him. I thought that the best way to hold him against them was to give him free rein. I wanted to go to New York with him but I knew I should not, so I stayed at home. I thought I could beat this game which Hollywood plays but now I must admit that I have lost."

Johnny Weismuller and Lupe met in New York. The stalwart *Tarzan* and the fiery little Mexican were drawn together as the magnet draws the steel. Accused of having a romance, they both laughingly denied it. When Johnny returned to Hollywood, their friendship was resumed. They were seen places together but their denial of any heart interest persisted.

"Eet is not true," cried Lupe over the phone when confronted with the accusation of Bobbe Arnst that Johnny was divorcing her for love of Lupe, "Eef I am in luf I will say eet is true. I like thees Johnny ver' much but that ees all."

"I have nothing against Lupe," says Bobbe. "She was very kind to me once, when I was ill in New York. I do not know if she even cares for Johnny in a big way but I am sure that he is infatuated, at least, with her."

Bobbe Arnst believed with all her heart that she could hold her husband even against the onslaughts of Hollywood. When she told reporters that nothing could tear them apart, she spoke in good faith. It was soon after Johnny's spectacular success in *Tarzan* that Hollywood began to see the handwriting on the wall but Bobbe, her belief in the man she loved unshaken, refused to accept the truth. She fought a gallant fight, believing that she could win but like many another Hollywood wife, she underestimated the potency of the virus which creeps into the blood of those whom the cinema gods select as their favorites.

And so Bobbe Arnst sits alone in the apartment she once shared with *Tarzan,* wondering if after all their marriage is definitely on the rocks or if they have only hit a snag from which they will soon pull away and once more be the happy lovers.

"All I want is to get away from Hollywood," she told me. "My plans are not yet complete but I shall return to the stage. If we had never come here, Johnny and I would still be happy. I do not blame him, for after all he is just a big, lovable boy."

Johnny Weissmuller was Bobbe's first love. She will learn to laugh again but I doubt if the wound which Hollywood has dealt her ever will be quite healed. Her place on the stage is secure and no doubt she will go on to greater triumphs, but what of the boy she leaves behind? Without her guiding hand Johnny Weissmuller may find Hollywood a jungle more devouring than any conceived in the brain of Edgar Rice Burroughs!

◆◆◆

I Love Him

[*Continued from page* 21]

can say is thees. *Lupe never broke up any home.* I don't want anybody's husband. I deedn't even know Johnny liked me. Then one day he said, 'Lupe I luf you. I jus' want to look at you.'"

Lupe was charging around her dressing room. Her hair was standing on end. She looked like Salome about to behead John the Baptist.

"I yell at Johnny. I say, 'Go away and don't let me hear your voice. I never want to see you again.' Besides, Winnie Sheehan ees my boy friend.

"Let that Johnny Weissmuller go back to hees wife. I don't want anything to do with heem. Believe Lupe, she can't help eet eef handsome men say they luf her, can she?"

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Send a Name

For Our Soothing and Comforting Baby Talc

FREE GIFT TO ALL!

To every person who sends me a suggestion for a name for our Baby Talc, I will send

ABSOLUTELY FREE

a gift size can of this wonderful Baby Talc. Made for babies; soothing to tender skins of adults, too.

I Will Pay Just for a Name $250.00

We must have a name for our Baby Talc, to be used in advertising and publicity. Will you name it for us? Baby Talc is blended in our own laboratories from the raw materials and under the supervision of our own chemists. Baby's little skin is so sensitive that Baby Talc **must** be the best that we can produce. It must be—and is—clinging, soothing, delicately scented and smooth as finest silk. Minor irritations, surface tenderness and discomforts of the skin incidental to babyhood must be allayed and soothed. Baby is happy only when comfortable.

Name This Talc — It's Easy . . .

Simply send us a name—any name you think is good. It may be only a single name, a catchy phrase, or it may be descriptive. For example, *Bo-Peep, Cuddle, Daintee Babe, Hush-a-Bye, Babee Bunting, Dream Dust.* Think! A single name may be worth $250.00 to YOU. It's simple as A, B, C. Write your suggestion for the name, sign your own name and address. Use the coupon, any piece of paper, or a postal card. Mail it today.

I Want Your Reply Promptly So I Can Tell You How To Qualify For The Opportunity To

Win $3,500.00 Cash

or a Studebaker 8 Sedan and $2,000.00 Cash

This big prize is separate and distinct from the Cash Prize offered for the Baby Talc name. Picture for yourself — $3,500.00 all yours and to spend as you like. Start in business, pay your debts, cash for that rainy day, clothes, education — MAKE YOUR DREAM COME TRUE. Rush your name for Baby Talc to me now—today. Yours may be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

CHARACTER ANALYSIS FREE

From Your Handwriting

A personal character analysis from your handwriting by the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis will be sent FREE to everyone who sends me a name for Baby Talc. This will interest and perhaps amaze and amuse you at the seemingly uncanny accuracy with which your character is portrayed. Turn your talents to good account. Correct your shortcomings. It may be your turning point to success. A chart such as used by Dr. Bunker in the Institute's work sent you free will help you entertain by reading the characteristics of your friends.

BE PROMPT!

I WILL SEND YOU A $100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE

I'll make it worth your while to send me a name for Baby Talc. I will mail you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra $100.00 in Cash, should yours be the prize winning suggestion, if you send me your name within three days after you read this announcement.

RICHARD DAY, Manager
Dept. BB-306-M
909 Cheapside St., Cincinnati, Ohio

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

Only one name may be submitted by a single person and only one in a family may send a name. Use the coupon, any piece of paper or a postal card. Style, penmanship or ingenuity of presentation do not count. The prize of $250.00 will be awarded to the person sending in the name for Baby Talc which, in the opinion of the judges, is most suitable. Letters must be postmarked not later than January 31, 1933. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

Paste this coupon on a penny postal and

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RICHARD DAY, Manager, 909 Cheapside St.,
Dept. BB-306-M, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Name suggested: ....

My name is..

Address ....

Town .... State..................

Date I read your offer..

I am to receive FREE a brief character analysis from my handwriting and a FREE Character Analysis Chart.

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Think of it—over 2 million buyers paid $102.50 (cash) for this model No. 5 now offered direct-to-you at way below ½ original price—and on easiest terms besides. Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. Accept the special 10-day trial offer and be convinced. See the neat, perfect work it does—compare its bright, shiny newness without risk. Recognized as the finest, strongest typewriter built.

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UNDERWOOD STANDARD TYPEWRITER
No 5
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Regular $102.50 Model
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(Refinished)

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Only by an exceedingly fortunate purchase direct from the manufacturers am I able to make this amazing offer—less than half (½) the manufacturer's original price—and easy terms besides. This is the full-sized late model Underwood with Standard universal 4-row keyboard of 84 characters and has late improvements. Manufactured to sell originally for $102.50. Fully guaranteed.

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Brand NEW Corona No. 3

Hurry! Only a very limited number of these **Brand New** Coronas available at this **Special Low Price** and **Easy Terms**. Here's your chance to own a wonderful nationally advertised Corona at a **real bargain**. Has up-to-date improvements and carries our regular New Machine guarantee.

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FREE!

Beautiful Leatheroid carrying case with nickel trimming included Free if you act at once.

Act At Once—only $1 brings this shiny new Corona for full 10 days' trial. Write all the personal and business letters you want. If you decide to keep it send only $3 a month until the special low price of $39.90 (term price) is paid.

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Think of it—a genuine late model Underwood No. 5 reduced to $39.90 (cash). Send only $1 deposit for a 10-day Trial. Then only 10c a day on my easy year-to-pay plan. Use and enjoy your typewriter all the time. Remember this famous No. 5 Underwood all renewed and refinished is without question one of the greatest values ever offered.

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Accept my liberal 10-day trial offer. See for yourself the wonderful bargain this famous Underwood really is. Your deposit returned at once if you are not perfectly satisfied. Send now.

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Learn Touch Typewriting. Complete Home Study Course of the Famous Van Sant Touch Typewriting System, fully illustrated, given during this offer. Easily learned. Used in schools, business offices everywhere.

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Please send the typewriter marked below, F. O. B. Chicago, at the special reduced price for 10 days' Trial. I am enclosing $1.00 deposit on the Underwood No. 5 at $44.90 (term price); Corona No. 3 at $39.90 (term price) with the understanding that if I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it Express Collect and get my deposit back. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid the (term price) in full.

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Town.. State..................

Made fresh, kept fresh

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When you buy Camels you always get fresh cigarettes. Made fresh and kept fresh by the air-sealed Camel Humidor Pack, these cigarettes bring you the full flavor and fragrance, and the true natural mildness of choice Turkish and mellow sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that have never been parched or toasted. If you haven't smoked a fresh cigarette lately, switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

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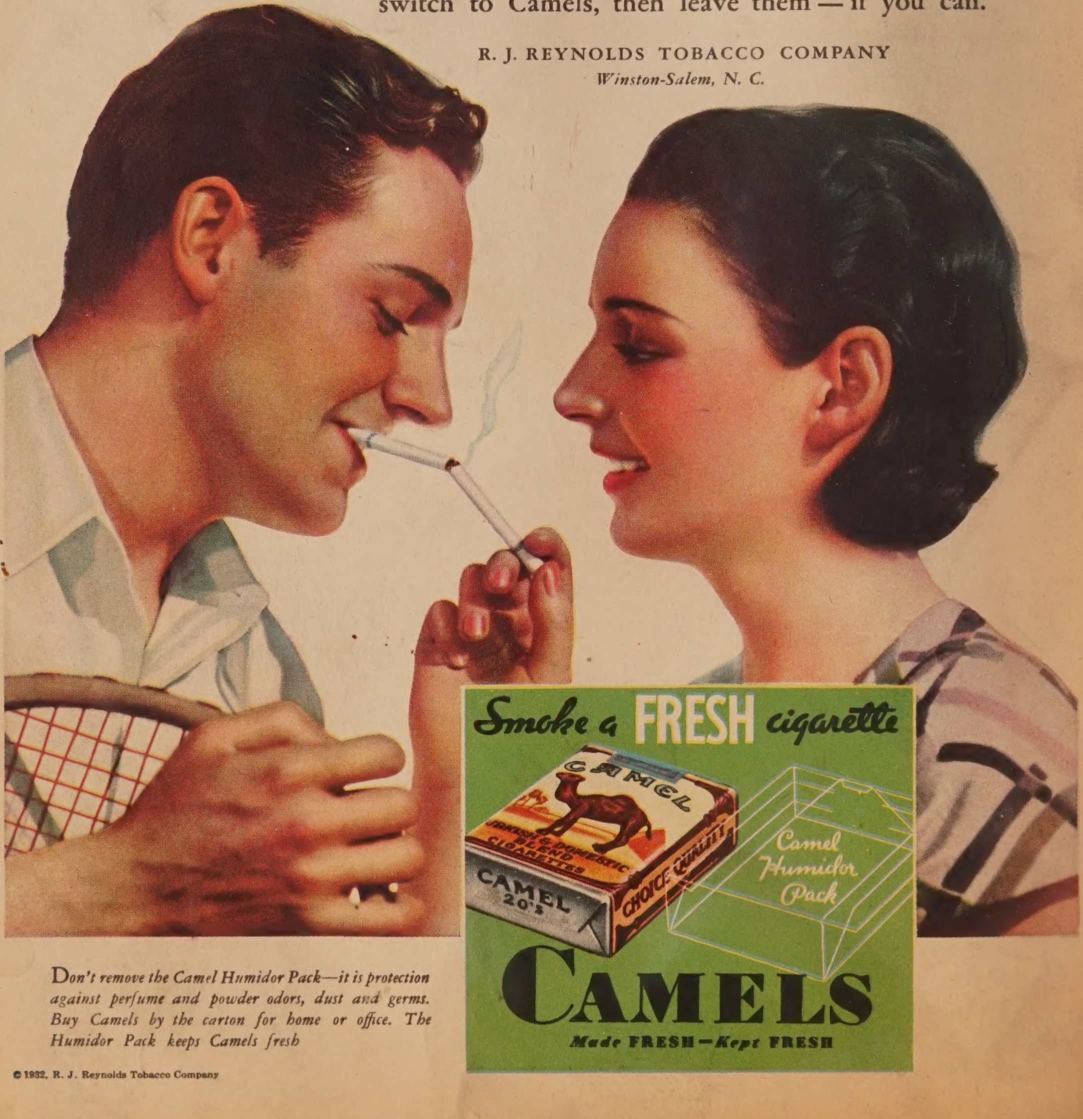
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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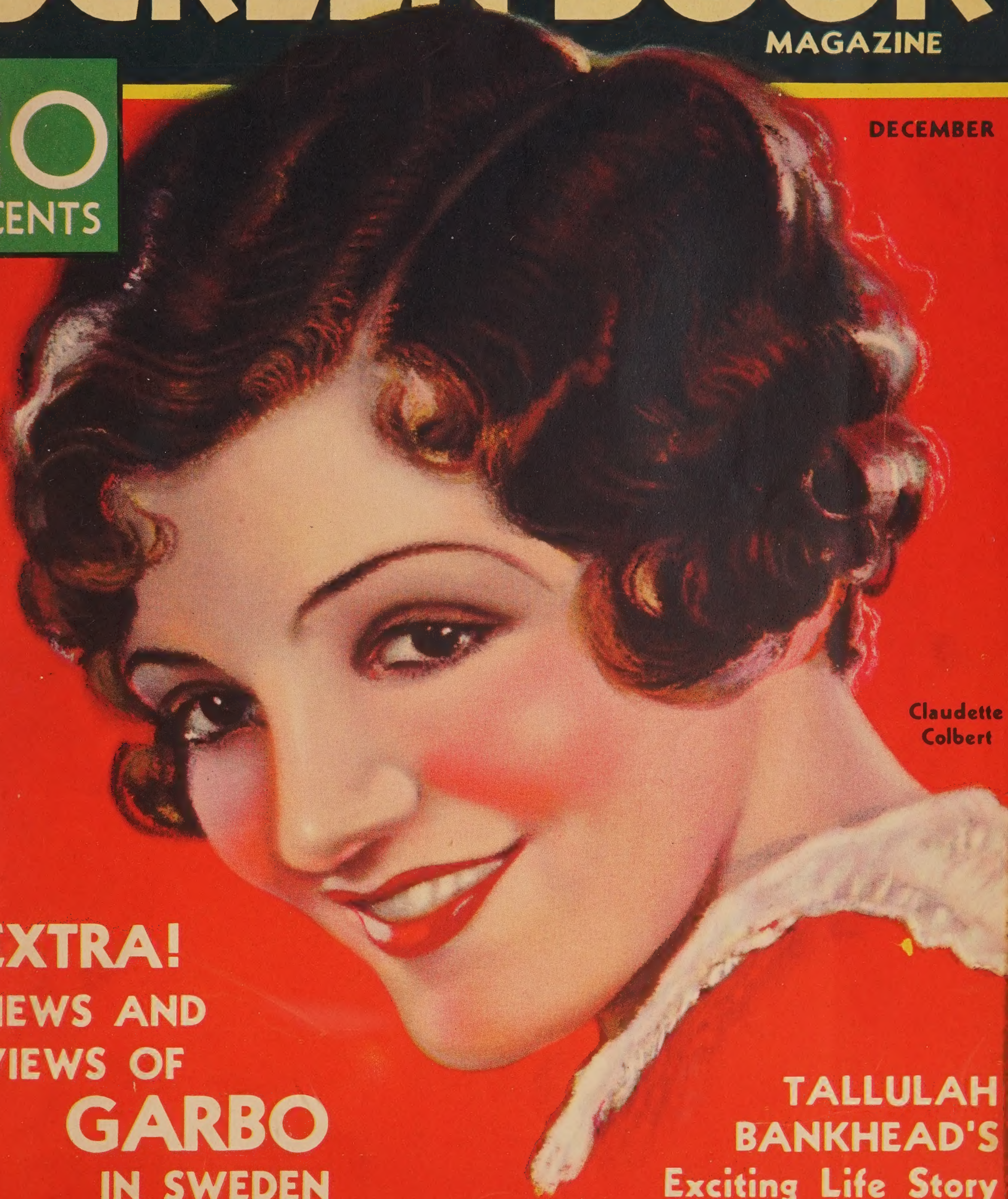
SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10 CENTS

DECEMBER



Claudette Colbert

EXTRA! NEWS AND VIEWS OF GARBO IN SWEDEN

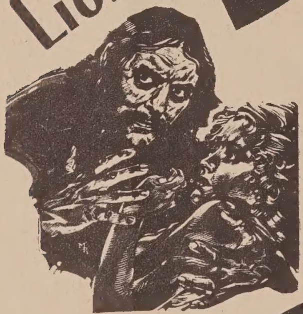
TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S Exciting Life Story

The Royal Family of the American Show World!

John Ethel Lionel Barrymore

TOGETHER for the first time on the Screen!

The eyes of the motion picture world turned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after the marvels of "Grand Hotel" were revealed to audiences. What next from this amazing producing company? Here is the answer! The most spectacular entertainment of our entire career! The last royal scandal of the present generation against a background of screen wonders never before attempted. And starring *for the first time together in films* the three Barrymores!



SAINT or DEVIL?

They came to worship, these gorgeous beauties of a debauched dynasty, and met a mad monk of hypnotic power.

in RASPUTIN

with

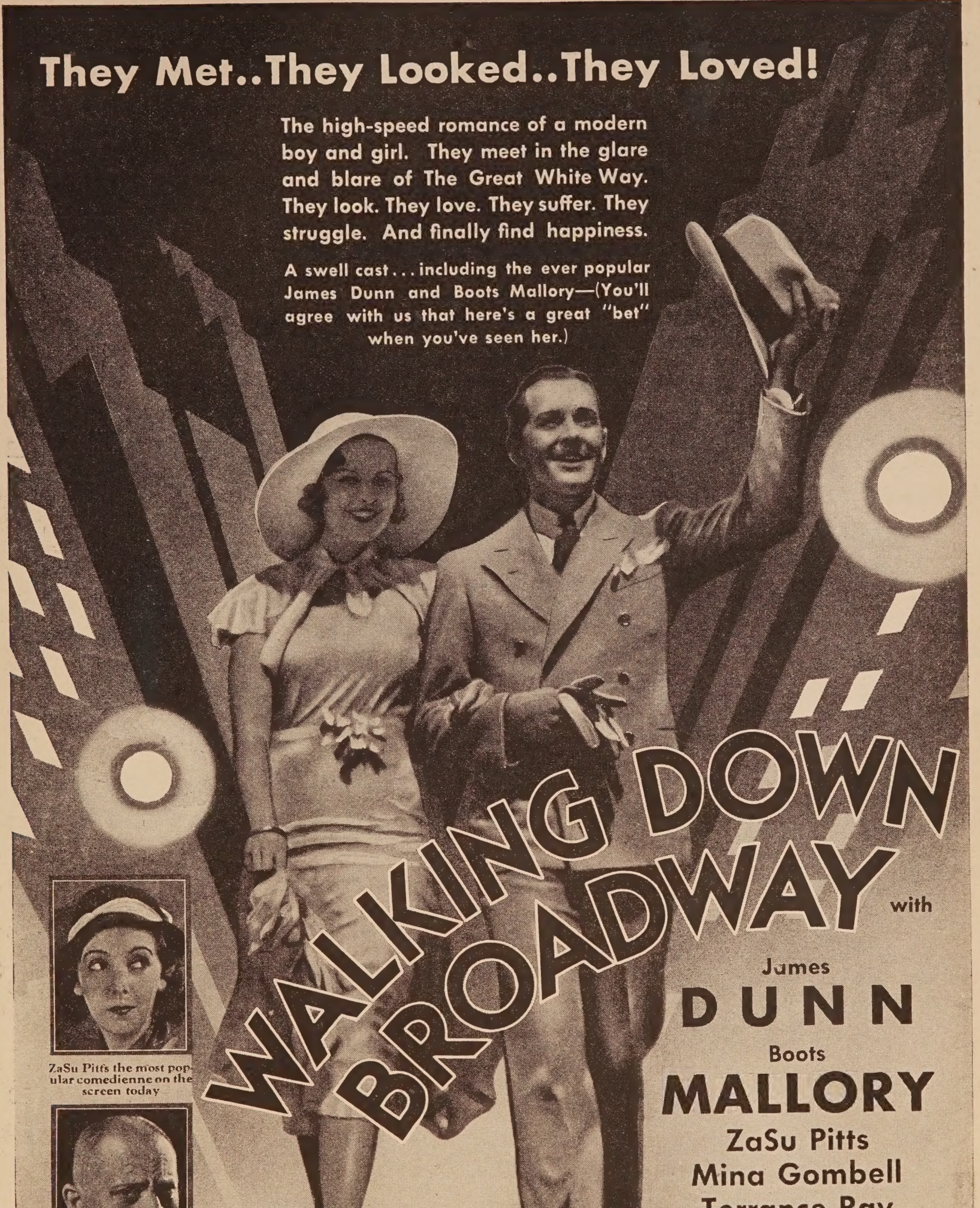
Ralph Morgan **Diana Wynward**

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky

Screen Play By Charles MacArthur

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH

N IT



They Met..They Looked..They Loved!

The high-speed romance of a modern boy and girl. They meet in the glare and blare of The Great White Way. They look. They love. They suffer. They struggle. And finally find happiness.

A swell cast . . . including the ever popular James Dunn and Boots Mallory—(You'll agree with us that here's a great "bet" when you've seen her.)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY

with

James
DUNN
Boots
MALLORY
ZaSu Pitts
Mina Gombell
Terrance Ray
Directed by
Erich von Stroheim
A **FOX** PICTURE

ZaSu Pitts the most popular comedienne on the screen today

Erich von Stroheim, whose great directorial successes, 'Wedding March' and 'Lost Squadron' are outshone by this, his latest production

Vol. IX, No. 5

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1932

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

CAPT. ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor and General Manager

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ONCE IN A LIFETIME A LAUGH-TIME LIKE THIS!

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME"

Greatest Mirth-provoking Comedy that has been produced in many years

Poking fun at Hollywood
Laughing at producer, player, director

"A blue-ribbon show. All of us laughed long and loud at the joshing which Hollywood apparently deserves . . See 'Once In a Lifetime' and die—laughing."
Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror

See it and forget your troubles!

The Cast of Comedians: JACK OAKIE • SIDNEY FOX • ALINE MacMAHON RUSSELL HOPTON • LOUISE FAZENDA • GREGORY RATOFF • ZASU PITTS • ONSLOW STEVENS • JOBYNA HOWLAND • CLAUDIA MORGAN GREGORY GAYE • MONA MARIS • CAROL TREVIS • DEACON McDANIEL

Directed by the ironical RUSSELL MACK

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA
Carl Laemmle
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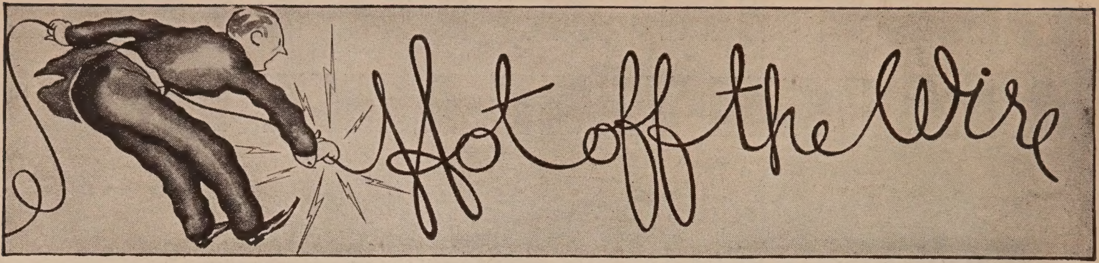
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Last Minute News About Hollywood

By the time you read this Rose Hobart will be Mrs. William M. Grosvenor Jr., daughter-in-law of the noted scientist.

Connie Bennett is going ahead in *Manhattan Lullaby* under a new director. George Fitzmaurice resigned because scenes to be retaken did not jibe with his artistic convictions.

Baby Rose Marie, the radio star, has been signed to play opposite Jackie Cooper in a picture to be made soon.

Three noted British actresses, Una O'Connor, Merle Tottenham and Irene Browne, have arrived in Hollywood to play their original stage rôles in the screen version of *Cavalcade*.

Although young Sidney and Charlie Chaplin have been jerked from the Fox picture they were to make, their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, contemplates carrying on with it herself while two other boys are to be substituted for her sons.

Ann Dvorak, although recently elevated to stardom by Warner Brothers, plans to make pictures in England and Germany.

Mae West, Broadway's "Diamond Lil," is staying in the movies, having signed a two-year contract with Paramount.

Kate Smith, having signed a Paramount contract, begins her first leading rôle before the camera.

Pictures should point a moral as well as entertain is the opinion of Ivan Abramson so he's begun a series of problem pictures, the first of which will be *Enlighten Thy Daughter*.

Mrs. Wallace Reid and her son, Wally Jr., are readying a vaudeville act to tour the country shortly.

Marilyn Miller and Jack Oakie will do a musical comedy together on Broadway.

Louisa Mae Alcott's *Little Women* is to be done again on the screen. The last time that immortal story for girls was filmed it was in a silent version.

Bobbe Arnst, freed from her mate, Johnny Weissmuller, is back on the stage in Fanchon & Marco's *Whoopee*.

Mrs. Chester Morris is recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Creighton Chaney is taking a vacation in the High Sierras. Dick Arlen is also up there for a two weeks fishing trip.

Fredric March and Florence Eldredge are all excited about the baby they are adopting.

Gwili André, knocked out by a tree branch while horseback riding, is back at work again.

—*Welbourne*

An electrician catches forty winks while Joe E. Brown capers with his switches, but the workman is just as glad as everyone else at Warner Brothers studio to have Joe back at work and wisecracking again in *You Said a Mouthful* after his series of operations

Jackie Cooper celebrated his ninth birthday by having about a hundred members of the neighborhood gang over for a big feed.

Anita Louise, 1932 Wampas star, makes her stage début with Billie Burke in *The Marquise*.

Paulette Goddard left Hollywood for New York by plane and Charlie Chaplin kissed her goodbye. It's Charlie's most ardent romance in years.

Jewel Smith, Screen Book staff writer, and Bill Bow, cousin of Clara, were married in Los Vegas, Nevada, recently.

Norma Shearer's son, Irving Thalberg Jr., celebrates his second birthday anniversary with mother cutting his big cake beside the swimming pool.

Charles Laughton who plays Nero in *The Sign of the Cross* admits his suppressed desire to play Der Captain in *The Katzenjammer Kids*.

Olive Borden petitions the supreme court to annul her marriage to Theodore Spector, saying he had neglected to tell her of a previous marriage.

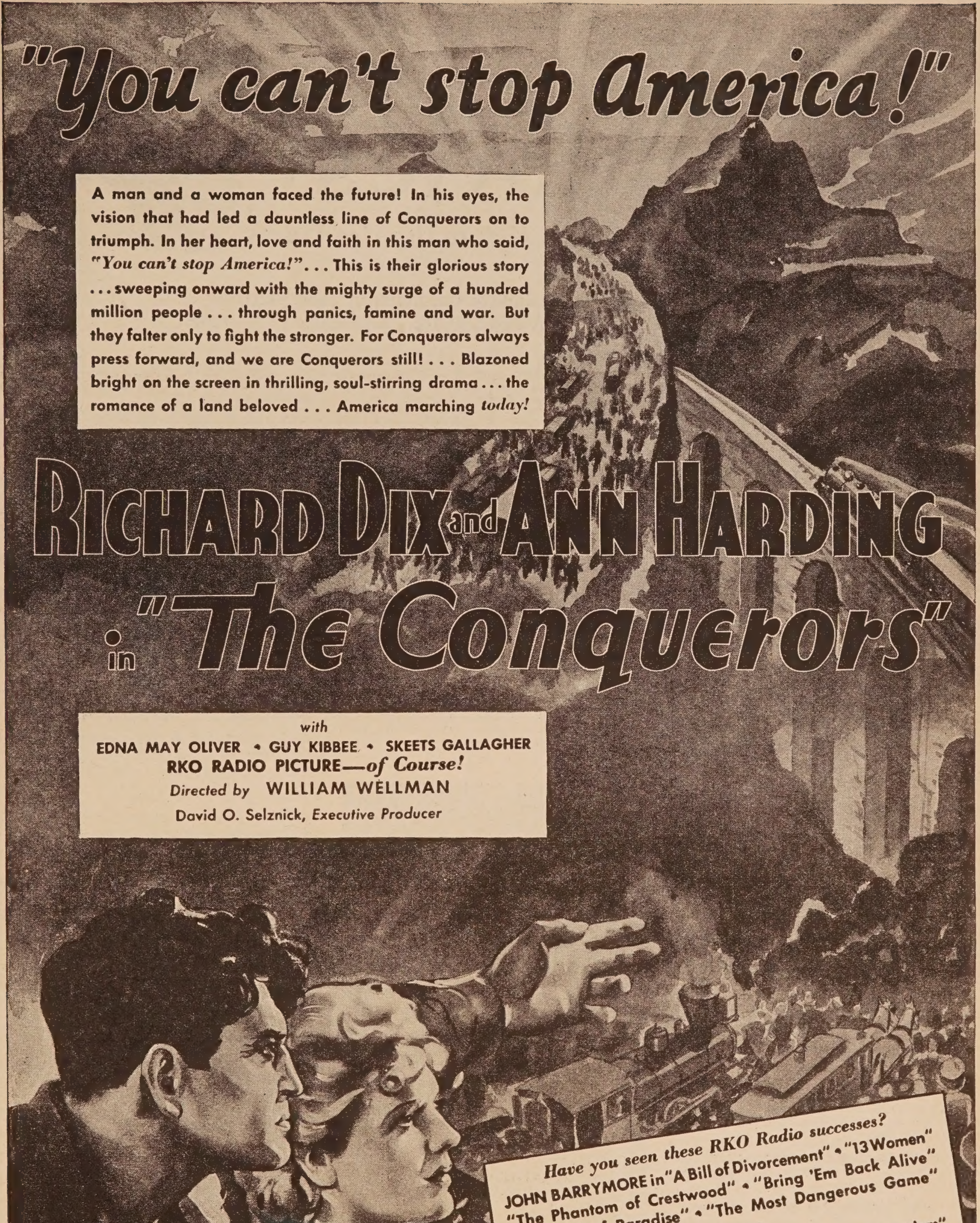
A cast rivaling that of *Grand Hotel* has been selected for *Forty-second Street*. Those thus far lined up for the picture are Bebe Daniels, George Brent, Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee.

At a dinner given in his honor Andy Clyde was presented with a wedding gift of a chest of silver by Al Christie. Elsie Tarron, singer and dancer, is the bride.

Lupe Velez will join up with Wheeler and Woolsey in their Columbia production *In the Jungle*.

Aline MacMahon is on one of her frequent visits to New York to see her husband. It's her regular in-between-pictures procedure.

Polly Moran is now legally adopting the boy she has cared for as a son since he was an infant.



A man and a woman faced the future! In his eyes, the vision that had led a dauntless line of Conquerors on to triumph. In her heart, love and faith in this man who said, *"You can't stop America!"*... This is their glorious story ...sweeping onward with the mighty surge of a hundred million people ... through panics, famine and war. But they falter only to fight the stronger. For Conquerors always press forward, and we are Conquerors still! ... Blazoned bright on the screen in thrilling, soul-stirring drama ... the romance of a land beloved ... America marching *today!*

with
EDNA MAY OLIVER • GUY KIBBEE • SKEETS GALLAGHER
RKO RADIO PICTURE—*of Course!*
Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN
David O. Selznick, *Executive Producer*

Have you seen these RKO Radio successes?
JOHN BARRYMORE in "A Bill of Divorcement" • "13 Women"
"The Phantom of Crestwood" • "Bring 'Em Back Alive"
"The Bird of Paradise" • "The Most Dangerous Game"
Coming!
CONSTANCE BENNETT in "Rockabye" • "The Animal Kingdom"
LIONEL BARRYMORE in "Sweepings" • and the great "Kong"

RKO RADIO PICTURES • RKO BUILDING • RADIO CITY • NEW YORK

Let's Go to the Movies

Screen Book's Guide for Motion Picture Theatre-Goers

The following symbols designate the merit of each picture:
AAAA—Extraordinary; AAA—Excellent; AA—Good; A—Fair.

NEW PICTURES

AAA. **AFRAID TO TALK**—(Universal)—Red-blooded political drama. Sidney Fox, Eric Linden.

AAAA. **BILL OF DIVORCEMENT**—(Radio)—Sound plot, brilliantly carried out by John Barrymore, Billie Burke, Katharine Hepburn, David Manners.

AAA. **BLONDE VENUS**—(Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's legs and songs return. Dickie Moore, Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall.

AA. **BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES**—(M-G-M)—Indiscriminate mixture of comedy and tragedy. Marion Davies, Billie Dove, Robert Montgomery.

AA. **BREACH OF PROMISE**—(World Wide)—The prison doors gape wide. Mae Clark, Chester Morris, Mary Doran.

AAAA. **CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN**—(Fox)—If the line buying tickets isn't too long, don't miss this. Edmund Lowe, Bela Lugosi.

AAA. **HAT CHECK GIRL**—(Fox)—At last—a sparkling comedy. Sally Eilers, Ben Lyon, Ginger Rogers, Monroe Owsley.

AA. **HEARTS OF HUMANITY**—(Majestic)—Would have jerked the tears in 1915. Jean Hersholt, Claudia Dell, Jackie Searl, J. Farrell MacDonald.

AAA. **JUBILO**—(Fox)—Will Rogers as a philosophical hobo.

AAA. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**—(Paramount)—Jack Oakie lets his fists fly in a barrage of comedy.

AAA. **NIGHT AFTER NIGHT**—(Paramount)—Romance in a night club with George Raft, Connie Cummings, Mae West, Alison Skipworth.

AA. **PAYMENT DEFERRED**—(M-G-M)—Go to it if all you care about is a great performance. Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan.

AA. **RAIN**—(M-G-M)—With a little more restraint than you've seen it before. Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan.

AAAA. **SMILIN' THRU**—(M-G-M)—Still the screen's most exquisite romance. Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard.

AA. **THE GIRL FROM CALGARY**—(Monogram)—Not so auspicious a comeback for Fifi Dorsay.

AA. **THE MONKEY'S PAW**—(Radio)—Mummified paw of a monkey brings bad luck to an English family.

AAA. **THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13**—(Paramount)—We dare you to solve this murder mystery. Clive Brook, Lila Lee, Adrienne Allen, Frances Dee, Gene Raymond.

AAAA. **THE PHANTOM PRESIDENT**—(Paramount)—Bang up burlesque on a presidential campaign. George M. Cohan, Jimmie Durante, Claudette Colbert.

AAA. **THEY CALL IT SIN**—(Warners)—Broadway and the village girl, but it's swell. Loretta Young, George Brent, Una Merkel, David Manners.

AAA. **THOSE WE LOVE**—(Tiffany)—If you're interested in love triangles. Mary Astor, Kenneth MacKenna, Lilyan Tashman.

AAA. **THREE ON A MATCH**—(Warner Brothers)—Exciting story with moral "Don't light three on a match." Warren William, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis.

AAAA. **WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND**—(Columbia)—What did the screen do before Lee Tracy came? Powerful political drama.

PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

AAA. **AGE OF CONSENT**—(Radio)—College romance without a big game. Eric Linden, Dorothy Wilson, Richard Cromwell.

AAAA. **AMERICAN MADNESS**—(Columbia)—You'll never forget this bank drama. Walter Huston, Constance Cummings, Pat O'Brien.

AAA. **BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS**—(Fox)—Smart comedy in which a bachelor loves and learns. Adolphe Menjou, Joan Marsh.

AAAA. **BACK STREET**—(Universal)—The perfect story, cast, direction. Irene Dunne, John Boles, June Clyde.

Clark Gable and Jean Harlow as they appear in a dramatic moment from *Red Dust*. This is the picture in which Clark returns to his earlier popular "he-man" rôles

AA. **BIG CITY BLUES**—(Warners)—Enough to make everybody blue if it weren't for Joan Blondell and Eric Linden.

AAA. **BIRD OF PARADISE**—(Radio)—Should start an exodus to the tropics. Gorgeous Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

AAAA. **BLESSED EVENT**—(Warners)—Columnist rôle fits Lee Tracy like a glove. With Mary Brian.

AAA. **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—(Radio)—Menagerie in its native locale.

AAAA. **CABIN IN THE COTTON**—(Warners)—If you saw Richard Barthelmess in *Tol'able David* you won't miss this.

AAA. **CRIMINAL COURT**—(Columbia)—Another district attorney gets caught in his own web. Edmund Lowe, Constance Cummings.

AAA. **CROONER**—(Warners)—Rise and fall of conceit in a radio station. David Manners, Ann Dvorak, Ken Murray.

AAA. **DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY**—(M-G-M)—Jackie Cooper gets you again. Lewis Stone, Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel.

AAA. **DOCTOR X**—(Warners)—Provided you're not tired of good mystery thrillers.

AAA. **DOWNSTAIRS**—(M-G-M)—Servants make melodrama under leer of John Gilbert. Virginia Bruce, Paul Lukas.

AAA. **DOWN TO EARTH**—(Fox)—Lovable Will Rogers in a delectable, sugar-coated lecture.

AA. **FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS**—(Paramount)—This can be forgotten, in spite of Sari Maritza, Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel and Gene Raymond.

AA. **GOONA GOONA**—(First Division)—If you still like your fairy tales.

AAAA. **GRAND HOTEL**—(M-G-M)—Event of the year. Garbo, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone.

AAA. **HELL'S HIGHWAY**—(Radio)—First of sordid chain gang cycle. Magnificent performances by Richard Dix and Tom Brown.

AA. **HOLD 'EM JAIL**—(Radio)—We can only hope you'll like it although Wheeler and Woolsey are still prize laugh-makers.

AAA. **HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS**—(Columbia)—Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien tear the mask off Hollywood.

AAA. **HORSEFEATHERS**—(Paramount)—Not to be missed by Marx Brothers fans.

AAA. **IS MY FACE RED?**—(Radio)—Columnist comes in for an exposé. Ricardo Cortez, Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Armstrong, ZaSu Pitts.

AAA. **LADY AND GENT**—(Paramount)—You'll remember the performances of George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson.

AAA. **LIFE BEGINS**—(Warners)—Daring drama of childbirth. Loretta Young, Eric Linden, Glenda Farrell.

AAAA. **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—(Paramount)—See this *r-r-right now*. Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Charles Ruggles, Charles Butterworth, Myrna Loy.

AAA. **MAKE ME A STAR**—(Paramount)—*Merton of the Movies* talks. Stuart Erwin, Joan Blondell.

AAA. **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—(United Artists)—Adventure picture presented as only Doug Fairbanks knows how.

AAA. **MY PAL, THE KING**—(Universal)—Tom Mix in a story made to order for small boys.

AAA. **NIGHT MAYOR**—(Columbia)—It's the mayor's turn to be exposed, and how that grand Lee Tracy can take it!

AAAA. **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—(Universal)—Movies make fun of themselves in the world's best satire. Jack Oakie, Aline MacMahon, Sidney Fox.

AAA. **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—(Warners)—We vote Kay Francis and William Powell the screen's greatest star team.

AAAA. **PROSPERITY**—(M-G-M)—Sure prosperity for any theatre playing Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Wallace Ford and Anita Page in one picture.

AAAA. **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—(M-G-M) Jean Harlow strides to stardom. Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Leila Hyams.

AAA. **ROAR OF THE DRAGON**—(Radio)—Richard Dix is robust; Gwili Andre is beautiful; but sound effects in China are deafening.

AAA. **SEVENTY THOUSAND WITNESSES**—(Paramount)—Racketeers join up with football. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Dorothy Jordan.

AAAA. **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—(M-G-M)—Talkies advance a step. Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Alexander Kirkland, Ralph Morgan.

AAA. **STRANGER IN TOWN**—(First National)—May Allah be praised for an unpretentious picture. Chic Sale, Ann Dvorak, David Manners.

AAAA. **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**—(M-G-M)—Johnny Weissmuller changes a bathing suit for animal skins and strikes up prodigious fan mail. Maureen O'Sullivan also.

AAAA. **THE DARK HORSE**—(Warners)—Whether you care who's president or not, don't miss this political hit with Warren William.

AAAA. **THE DOOMED BATTALION**—(Universal)—The great war picture of 1932. Tala Birell, Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker.

AAA. **THE MAN CALLED BACK**—(Tiffany)—A familiar plot delightfully turned out. Conrad Nagel scores.

AAA. **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**—(Radio)—For those who like drama raw and performances polished. Leslie Banks, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray.

AAAA. **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**—(Universal)—Ladies scream and like this mystery thriller. Boris Karloff, of course; Gloria Stuart; Melvyn Douglas; Lilian Bond; Walter Byron.

AA. **THE PAINTED WOMAN**—(Fox)—Something about a hussy, an ex-marine and a villain. Peggy Shannon, Spencer Tracy, William Boyd.

AAA. **THE PURCHASE PRICE**—(Warners)—George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck and Lyle Talbot are intensely human.

AAA. **THE TEXAS BAD MAN**—(Universal)—No Tom Mix fan will miss this. Cowboys, desperadoes and hard riding.

AAA. **THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE**—(M-G-M)—Crooked politicians are beautifully flayed. Lionel Barrymore, Karen Morley.

AA. **THIRTEEN WOMEN**—(Radio)—Myrna Loy makes a big killing. Irene Dunne, Ricardo Cortez.

AAA. **THIRTEENTH GUEST**—(Monogram)—Spooks, murderers, cobwebs and scre-eams. Lyle Talbot, Ginger Rogers.

AAAA. **TIGER SHARK**—(Warners)—An unusual plot and first-rate performances. Edward G. Robinson, fisherman; Zita Johann, his wife; Richard Arlen, the wife-thief.

AAA. **TOM BROWN OF CULVER**—(Universal)—Title tells it. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell.

AAA. **TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—(Warners)—Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton improve together.

AA. **UNASHAMED**—(M-G-M)—Too tragic for depression times. Helen Twelvetrees, Robert Young, Monroe Owsley.

AAA. **WESTWARD PASSAGE**—(Radio)—Applause for Ann Harding in a "love-divorce" tale. Laurence Olivier, Irving Pichel.

AAA. **WHITE ZOMBIE**—(United Artists)—If you don't mind bad dreams afterward, this is the ticket with Bela Lugosi.

Just one of the many thrilling moments from *Airmail*, in which Slim Summerville, Ralph Bellamy and Russell Hopton have leading rôles. Produced by the same studio this picture contains the most amazing air scenes seen since *Hell's Angels*

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Ans.—Most certainly, as you will receive a larger salary with more opportunity for advancement.

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Ans.—In your case it appears to be financial difficulties which has caused discord and inharmony in your matrimonial affairs for the past year. Now that things have changed for the better fer you and you will be in a position to give your wife some of the things she wants she will return.

D. L. I.—Your scientific readings are so valuable I cannot be without them to guide me in various undertakings. Will I get the contract at the bid I have submitted or will it be necessary for me to submit another bid?

Ans.—The bid you tendered will be accepted. You will hear favorably about it soon.

Y. R. E.—Should I marry the boy who proposed to me recently? Will my parents give their consent?

Ans.—A happy marriage is indicated for you there in the close future with consent of both sides of the family.

D. B. N.—Is my job permanent? Is there any advancement in sight for me?

Ans.—Your job appears to be permanent but there will be no increase in salary or promotion until July of next year.

L. I. T.—Your reading is the best I ever received. Everything you say is so practical and accurate. Will my aunt leave me any money in her will?

Ans.—You will inherit the bulk of your aunt's estate but not for several years yet.

H. T.—What occupation would you advise me to follow?

Ans.—You will do wonderfully well as a trained nurse according to the birthdate which you have given us.

L. S. K.—Somehow or other I have gotten myself engaged to two girls. Which one should I marry?

Ans.—Tell the blonde she can keep the diamond ring and marry the brunette and everything will turn out lovely for you. The blonde won't care so long as she can keep the ring.

G. O. H.—Have had many readings from various professors but none can compare with yours. Will we sell or dispose of our house this winter?

Ans.—You will have an opportunity to sell but I would advise you to hold it for another year as your property will be worth considerably more in my opinion.

E. S. S.—Does Bobby love me or is she only making a fool of me?

Ans.—Bobby appears to be around 19 or 20 while you are three years older than her mother. I think her mother likes you better than Bobby does.

L. M. O.—The invention that I have been working on, my attorney says will have to be changed before a patent can be issued. In what way can that be changed?

Ans.—By looking over the drawings you submitted I would suggest weights could be used instead of springs.

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Frankly Speaking

Discussing Unusual Hollywood Happenings

TODAY'S news events may be tomorrow's movie. Producers have slowed down their frantic search for highly fictionized stories and instead are looking to the news to supply the picture plots. *I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang,* starring Paul Muni, and *Hell's Highway* with Richard Dix were the result of newspaper stories on the chain gang troubles in the south. *Unashamed,* with Helen Twelvetrees, was obviously lifted from a much-publicized murder trial, and the recent columnist pictures are based on fact. The greatest dramas of all are happening all around us and make finer pictures than the most fertile brain could conjure.

Okay, Ayres!

IN THE manner peculiar to motion picture "breaks" Lew Ayres makes the smashing hit of his career through default of another who was to play the part. Universal studios had been searching far and wide for a rôle to fit the remarkable young star of *All Quiet On the Western Front.* One mediocre part after another was beginning to dim the brilliance of his career and Lew was mightily discouraged. Then Carl Laemmle Jr. procured the story, *Okay, America!* as starring material for Walter Winchell. Because of writing contracts, Winchell was unable to play the part, so it was handed over to Lew Ayres as second choice. But the Great-Boy-Beep himself couldn't have done what Lew Ayres does with that rôle. His personality dominates every scene. The picture is a personal triumph for him and it has zoomed Ayres back to the top of the heap. Long may he stay there!

Lew Ayres

Welcome Back

THERE'S a spark of never-say-die in the heart of every real trouper. No one is really finished in the picture business if he doesn't want to be and the new road back to success is via personal appearance tours. Little Alice White was once all washed up as far as picture contracts were concerned. Then she went on a stage tour and proved her fans still wanted her back. So Warner Brothers re-signed her and she has been given a good part in *Employees' Entrance.*

Barbara Stanwyck

Mary Brian and James Hall are two others who proved their mettle in a vaudeville turn and now they are back in Hollywood cast together in *Manhattan Tower.* This success thing seems to be largely a matter of wanting it badly enough to go after it.

The Baby Fad

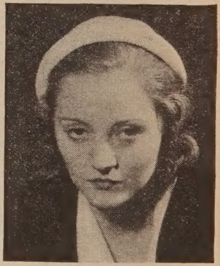
TO ADOPT a baby is quite the thing to do in Hollywood. Of recent months Miriam Hopkins, Neil Hamilton, Wallace Beery, Slim Summerville and Polly Moran have become fathers and mothers the legal way.

Barbara Stanwyck is the most recent to adopt a child, having given a home to a lusty Irish youngster whose parents wanted to give him a chance in life. Fearful that the mother might recognize her offspring, with resultant complications since the adoption was an anonymous affair, Barbara isn't giving out pictures of her new son.

When there are more adoption than divorce papers granted in a single month—*that's something!*

Thief! Thief!

IF EVER anyone walked away with a show, little Dickie Moore did in *The Blonde Venus.* The others simply weren't in it when Dickie appeared on the scene. As a picture-stealer he has no peer.


Tallulah Bankhead

We Salute You!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S career has been a series of unfortunate events, concerned mainly with three so-so pictures that didn't do a great deal to boost her reputation as a brilliant actress. Let it be said for Tallulah that she didn't quit under fire. She scores her first truly dynamic performance in *Tinfoil* with Robert Montgomery. Nice work, Talloo!

The Editors

I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 *inches with the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

.writes Miss Healy

"MASSAGES LIKE MAGIC"... writes Miss Carroll ... "The fat seems to have melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley ... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . and so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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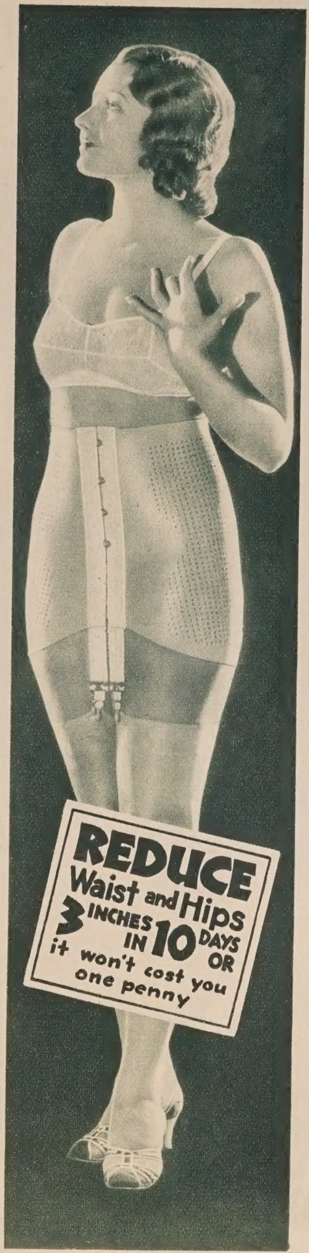

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MISS B. BRIAN
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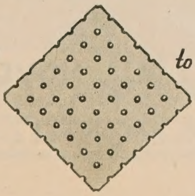

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1932

ALICE WHITE'S BATTLE IS OVER

Petite Former Star Signs Truce With Her Former Studio Employers

Alice White has won her grim fight to make a comeback in Hollywood.

Two years ago studio difficulties and a change in public picture taste left Alice, the little "hey-hey" girl, completely out in the cold. Baffled at the sudden twist of fate that toppled her from the pinnacle of stardom, Alice made two or three feeble attempts to score in minor productions. Failing, she mapped out a clever campaign to force her way back into the movies. She prepared a dancing act—something entirely different from her "wild girl" screen rôles and began to barnstorm her way across country. In every city she was met with violent enthusiasm. The box office records she has broken in theatres the nation over leaves other stars green with envy.

Only recently, after two years of hard trouping, she returned to Hollywood to sign a contract with Warner Brothers, the studio from which she was turned away as an outcast. She's a saner and wiser girl now, with not a trace of the old temperament. Now, with the many thousands of new fans gained on her two year tour, Alice is ready to show that she really deserves to be a star.

WELCOME BACK, ALICE! Two years of purposeful campaigning have put Alice White back in Hollywood, ready to resume her movie career. It was a collosal undertaking, but Alice turned the trick!

Virginia Bruce Spurns The Movies!

—*Hyman Fink*

SHE'D RATHER BE MRS. JOHN GILBERT. Virginia Bruce prefers the job of being Mrs. Gilbert to a career in the movies, so she requested Metro studios to accept her resignation, despite the fact that she was being groomed for stardom. The above photo shows Virginia and John at a recent party given by Sharon Lynn

News Scoops in This Issue!

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Doug Fairbanks' Farewell Party 18

Tallulah Bankhead's Life Story 30

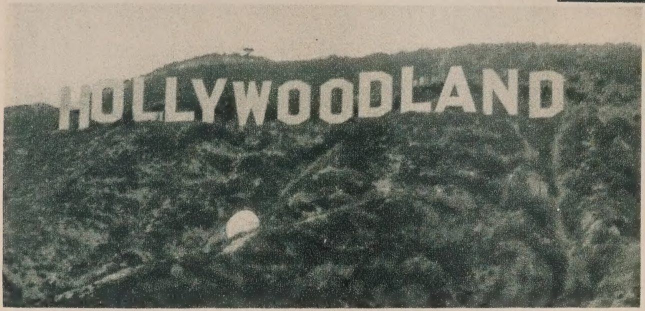
Hollywood's Newest Sensation 29

Champions of 1932 37

ACTRESS LEAPS TO DEATH

Peg Entwhistle, Hollywood Newcomer, Ends Life Dramatically

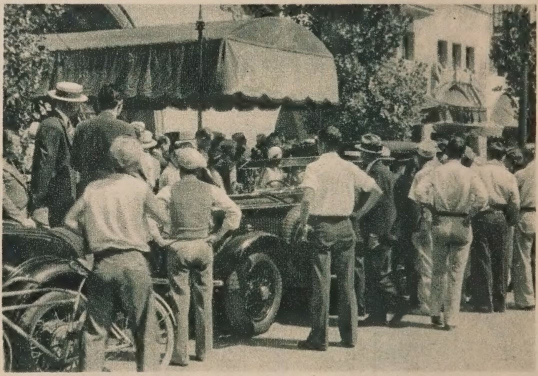
Fate dealt cruelly with Peg Entwhistle, the girl who might have become a famous screen star, but who today is just another sad memory in the history of tragic Hollywood episodes. At seventeen, Peg was well on the road to stage fame. She went from triumph to triumph until last season failure began to dog her footsteps. Eight successive failures of plays in which she appeared, led her to desert the East for Hollywood. But after appearing in *Thirteen Women*, her contract was not renewed. In despair, she surrendered to the jinx of ill luck, climbed high in the hills, and leaped into forgetfulness.



CHOOSING A SPECTACULAR DEATH, Peg Entwhistle, who recently made her screen début in *Thirteen Women*, committed suicide by jumping from the cross bar of the letter H in the Hollywoodland sign at the peak of the hills above the Movie City. She is one of the very few well-known actresses to commit suicide because of failure

Tom's Troubles Are Over

HAPPY AGAIN, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix and Thomasina just after the court had decided that the film cowboy's daughter would remain in his custody for two months each year and with his ex-wife the remainder of the time



WAITING to catch a fleeting glimpse of movie folk

Autograph Mob Pesters The Stars

That movie folk are more than a little harassed by the fast-growing fad of collecting autographs is evidenced in the above photograph which shows dozens of eager fans waiting outside the Brown Derby. Stars were once happy to sign their names whenever asked, for there were not a great many who begged the favor. Now, however, so many have taken up the sport that movie folk are being forced to appear less frequently in public.

JEAN HARLOW CARRIES ON

Star Strives to Forget Recent Tragedy in Future Plans

—*Wide World Photo*

WITH HER STEPFATHER, Marino Bello, Jean Harlow is seen leaving the little chapel where she said a last goodbye to Paul Bern

"The show must go on!" **This famous phrase, known to every actor and actress, echoes these days in the ears of Jean Harlow as she steadfastly finishes her job as leading lady opposite Clark Gable in *Red Dust*.**

Following the sad train of events which robbed the star of her beloved husband and Hollywood of its most admired movie executive, many predicted that Paul Bern's suicide meant the sudden end of Jean Harlow's career. But with admirable courage, the platinum blonde star quieted all these prophecies by insisting on im-

[*Continued on page* 48]

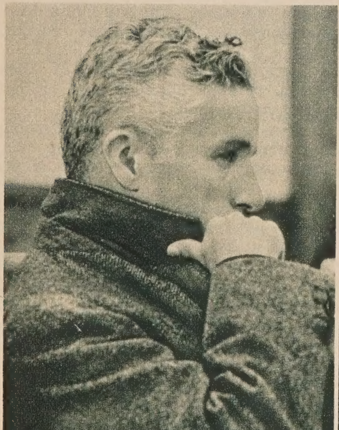
GRIEF-STRICKEN, Jean Harlow sought to deaden her sorrow by long hours of work in *Red Dust*, in which she appears with Clark Gable

Charlie Chaplin Wins In First Skirmish To Keep His Sons Out Of Motion Pictures

Youngsters May Still Work if Verdict is Reversed

Sidney Earl and Charles Spencer Chaplin Jr. will not become child movie stars if their famous comedian father can help it.

Hearing that his two sons were soon to appear in pictures with their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, Charlie went to court and secured an order restraining these plans. Fox studio executives, to whom the youngsters are under contract, are hoping that a reversal of the court judgment may be secured soon as extensive plans have already been made to start the younger Chaplins off on their careers.



—*Wide World Photo*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN as he appeared in court, determined to keep his sons out of the movies. The famous comedian argued that he wanted the children to develop normally and lead happy lives as children. Acting, he intimated, is very bad for children at the impressionable ages of five and seven

THE CENTER OF A RAGING LEGAL BATTLE, Charlie (seven) and Tommy (five) still hope their movie careers will begin soon

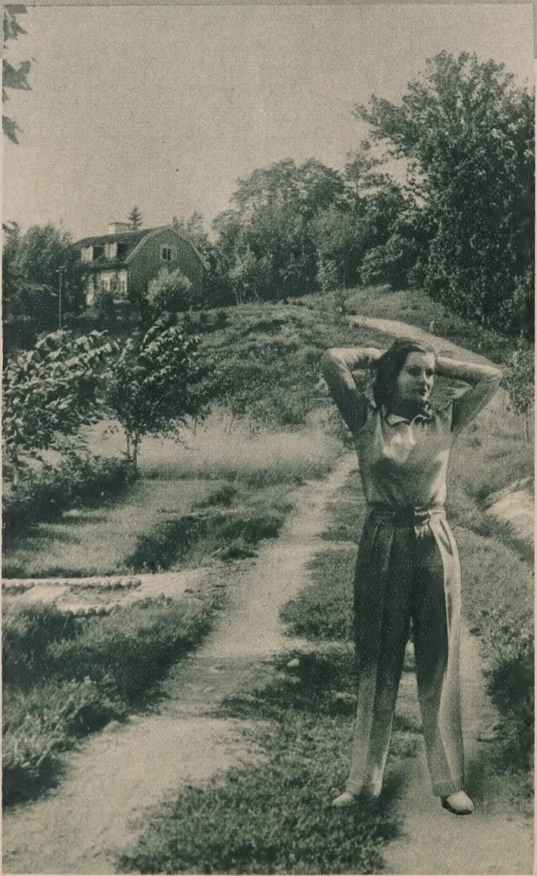
—*Wide World Photo*

SELFISH MOTIVES, Lita Grey Chaplin charges, are back of her ex-husband's legal battle to keep Sidney and Charles Jr. off the screen. She declares that Charlie has always been indifferent to his two sons and that his sudden interest now develops because he fears they may detract from his fame

GARBO'S HIDEOUT DISCOVERED!

SCREEN BOOK'S special foreign correspondent visits Greta's mystery home in Sweden!

By Peter Joel



Greta Garbo at last has found the sanctuary of which she dreamed. One hour from Stockholm by automobile, her retreat is one of the most beautiful and secluded spots in Sweden. There are flowers galore, interesting little footpaths, shady nooks and a crystal clear, sunlit lake

GARBO is vacationing at last. Far removed from studio lights and stage sets, she is enjoying rest and quiet in a typical Stockholm summer villa. The villa, large and luxurious, is cradled in trees on the top of a little hill and overlooks a small body of clear, limpid water.

One hour from Stockholm by automobile, following a winding road that leads through the maze of land and water that is the Swedish archipelago, and you come to this water-touched bit of land. It's a perfect spot for a vacation. Down by the edge of the water tall reeds rustle gently in the breeze. There is a faint, drowsy hum in the air. The sun filters down through old trees to place caressing fingers on the red-tiled roof of the villa.

It's the kind of place Garbo must have dreamed of when she sat in Hollywood, tired, perhaps unhappy, and let her thoughts wander back to her native land.

From the boat dock, a place to sit and dream in the moonlight, a rough road, edged with stones, leads up to the villa, the wide windows of which catch the morning sun in all its bright glory.

There are flowers galore, interesting little footpaths and shady little nooks. Garbo found one of the most attractive and secluded spots in Sweden in her search for relaxation.

For some time Garbo lived undisturbed, for the Swedish newspapermen, understanding and appreciating her desire to be alone, made no great effort to find her. She was as much a mystery over here as she was in the United States.

"Where is Garbo?" was a question that brought back only a lively echo.

IT WAS inevitable that the tranquil haven of refuge to which Garbo fled after she left the ocean liner, *Gripsholm,* at the little seaport of Gothenburg, eventually should be discovered. That the vacationing Garbo, a white tennis visor shielding her tired eyes and rowing a boat for exercise should be found. We were the first to catch a glimpse of the merry little bathing parties in which Garbo participated; the first to learn that the pleasant summer retreat, owned by a Stockholm dentist, had been rented by Garbo.

What was Garbo's vacation program during the first few weeks of her residence of Sweden?

It included plenty of sleep, for one thing, for the air in the Stockholm archipelago is conducive to drowsiness. The most thorough victim of insomnia would find it hard to resist

—O. Nerberg

Garbo's vacation is a round of bathing, rowing and hiking. Greta was snapped one afternoon as she (indicated by black arrow) rowed a boat while her brother, Sven Gustafsson, and his wife (white arrow) prepared for a swim

—International News

Garbo's infrequent visits to Stockholm have been shrouded with the same secrecy she maintains in Hollywood but on one occasion when she visited a theatre in the Swedish metropolis a photographer caught this view of her. She wears the characteristic béret and bangs

that air, and it is safe to say that Garbo, tired and wanting to sleep, had her head on a pillow early every evening.

Then out of bed early, to stand in front of a window and breathe deeply of the clear, stimulating morning air.

Breakfast! Probably served on a veranda if the weather was right. And the usual Swedish breakfast is by no means a matter of thin toast and orange juice. Usually it includes such things as *filibunke,* a thick, sour cream, or else porridge, boiled eggs, bread and butter, and coffee.

After breakfast, which is a slow, leisurely affair, or perhaps before if the sun was inviting, a swim down by the boat landing. Splashing around in the water without fear of prying eyes. Cool water that sets the blood moving fast.

Then into her brother's automobile for a little excursion into the nearby country.

During the lazy, languorous afternoons, a little voyage in a rowboat for exercise, more swimming, and more likely than not a cheerful gathering around a table for the inevitable afternoon coffee for which Sweden is famous.

During the evening long talks with her brother, her mother, her sister-in-law, or with her two good friends, Minnie Pollock and Nils Lundell, actress friends since her early days in Stockholm.

IN THE meantime Garbo has visited Stockholm, but always secretly, for she is making good her statements that she has come home to Sweden to rest.

One trip she made to Stockholm was for the express purpose, according to rumors, of placing a wreath of flowers on the grave of Mauritz Stiller, the director who brought her to America years ago, the man who first saw the spark of greatness in her acting—who was her trusted friend.

The Swedish public in general has been inclined to give Garbo a chance to rest. The newspapers published very little about her, after the splurge of her arrival. After a few days speculation as to her whereabouts she was practically forgotten.

It may well be, however, that Garbo, after she has rested sufficiently, taking full advantage of the sort of summer life that the Swedes enjoy, will make a public visit to her native city.

How long she will remain in Sweden is still a mystery although it is rumored she will not return to America until after Christmas. She is being carefully guarded by her brother and intimate friends. Sweden may wake some fine morning to learn that Garbo has skipped quietly away, back to her studios and her stage sets.

In the meantime, Garbo's vacation is typically Swedish. The Swedes, caught for eight months out of the year in a climate which does not permit real summer joys, are inclined to make the most of its warm weather. To bask in sunshine, to swim, to indulge in the luxury of close contact with nature's summer beauty, is one of the greatest joys of Sweden. Garbo, ensconced in her villa, with water and trees and flowers all around her, is getting her fill of such joy.

Then, too, Garbo has many interesting spots to visit in and near Stockholm; spots which are planted firmly in her memory of her early years here. There is the little place called Dalaro, where Garbo, taking the part of a bathing girl, got her first camera experience in a film titled *Luffar-Petter.* There is the little film lot where she worked in *Gosta Berling's Saga.* There is the Royal Dramatic

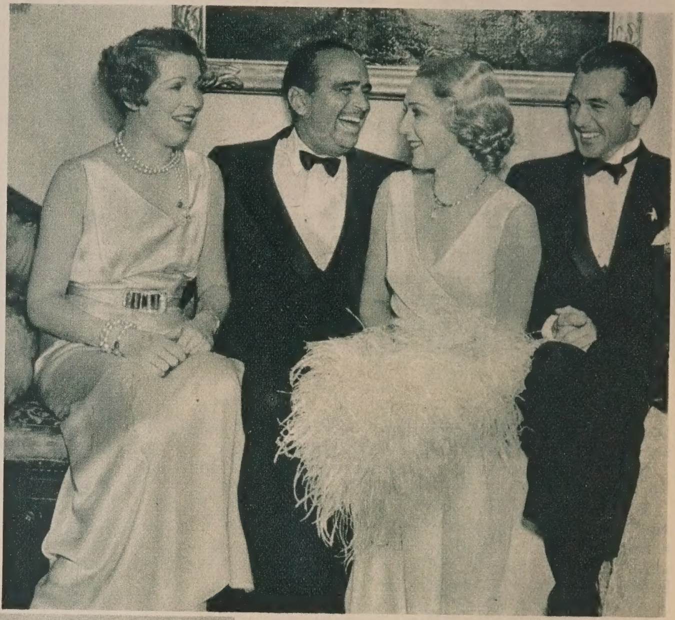
[*Continued on page* 54]

CAMERA SCOOP!

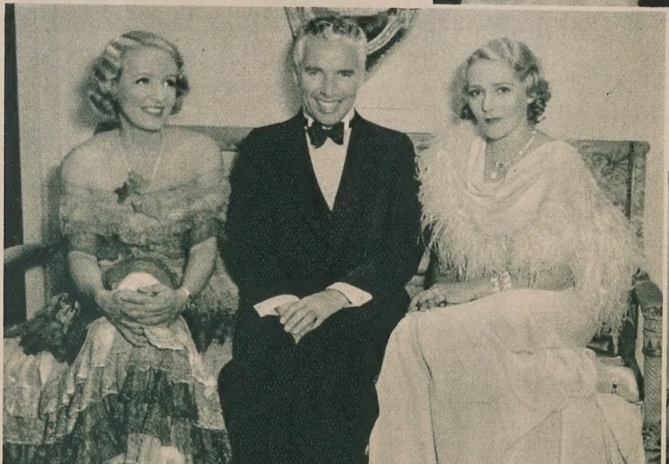
. . . . Doug Fairbanks' Farewell Party

Fascinating exclusive scenes from Doug Fairbanks' colorful going-away party

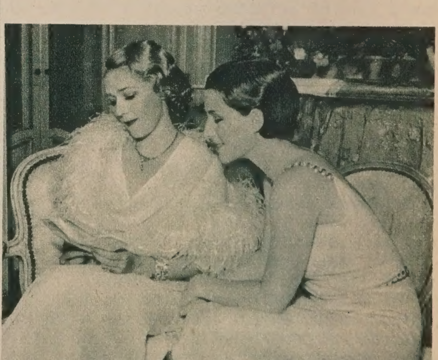
MARY PICKFORD continues to reign supreme as Hollywood's social leader. An invitation to Pickfair, where Mary and Doug reside, is like a royal command. Two or three affairs a week, some large and some small, are given at Hollywood's most beautiful private estate. Those who are not included on the guest list for a particular party have learned not to be chagrined, for Mary's friends are legion and at one time or another almost everyone of importance in Movieland uses the guest towels at Pickfair.



Ina Claire, Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Gary Cooper sound the keynote of the gay party Mary gave Doug on his departure for hunting in the Orient. Laughter prevails at Pickfair parties even though they are the most pretentious in filmdom



Not a photograph of a Colonial Days' gallant with his ladies fair but an unusually beautiful study of Claire Windsor, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford filmed during the party at Pickfair. Charlie and the Fairbanks' have been devoted friends for years



Mary Pickford and Norma Shearer interestedly read a letter from a mutual friend. Norma is another of the many old Fairbanks friends who gathered to wish Doug *bon voyage*

—Photographs by Hyman Fink

Falling in Love with Helen

By Marcella Burke

Helen Hayes is one of the most fascinating persons on the screen today. Fans who saw her in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* and *Arrowsmith* clamored for her return—now she is in *A Farewell to Arms*

Helen Hayes in *A Farewell to Arms* softly whispers "Oh, darling," to Gary Cooper and another unforgettable memory of Helen is born

Why Helen Hayes, once seen and heard, is a girl nobody can forget

WHEN Helen Hayes walks into a room she appears so quietly it is like sunlight falling across a shadow.

When a door opens into a gray hospital room, Helen Hayes runs softly over to a bed. It is a fragment of a bed. In fact, it is only a white iron foot of a bed. In the place where Gary Cooper's head should be is a camera.

"Oh, darling," she kneels quickly by the camera. A few rapid words of heartaching dialogue. With tears in her eyes, Helen leans over and kisses the glass which is in front of the camera. Once again I can hear her say softly, tenderly, "Darling."

Two miniature electric light globes inside the lens of the camera light up Helen's eyes. The camera is, according to measurements, in the exact spot that Gary's head is going to be in the next scene. It is what they call a "trick shot."

The director, Frank Borzage, is using the camera in place of Gary's handsome head to gain a novel effect. Wait until you see the famous Hemingway novel, *A Farewell to Arms,* on the screen. Then you can see for yourself what magic has been employed.

It is one of the most beautiful love stories ever written. People gasped when they heard that Paramount had purchased the novel for immediate production. Everyone said, "How can one transmit Hemingway to the screen?" It took genius to do it.

Two of the most fascinating people on the screen today were given the starring parts, Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou also is in the cast.

When you hear Helen whisper "*Darling,*" you have heard something which is unforgettable. Everything about her is unforgettable. Ever since the night she made her famous début in *Dear Brutus* no one has wanted to forget Helen. No one could.

For hours, sitting on top of an old trunk, I watched *A Farewell to Arms* being made. There were technical men on the set who had driven ambulances with Ernest Hemingway in the Big War. There were doctors who gave expert advice on all hospital details. There was a great solemnity attached to the entire place.

Between shots Gary would borrow some makeup from Helen for his eyes. He looked like a small boy who had lost cookies out of his lunch box when he rattled his makeup kit saying, "The darned stuff walks away by itself."

And Helen would sit perched up on some high place out of the way, drawing foolish pictures and making quiet little remarks which were far too droll for a nurse in uniform to utter. All the humor which took place was of a hushed nature. The rigid discipline of a hospital went on unconsciously.

Adolphe Menjou was the only one who insisted on making a disturbance, but then Adolphe

[*Continued on page* 54]

DE MILLE

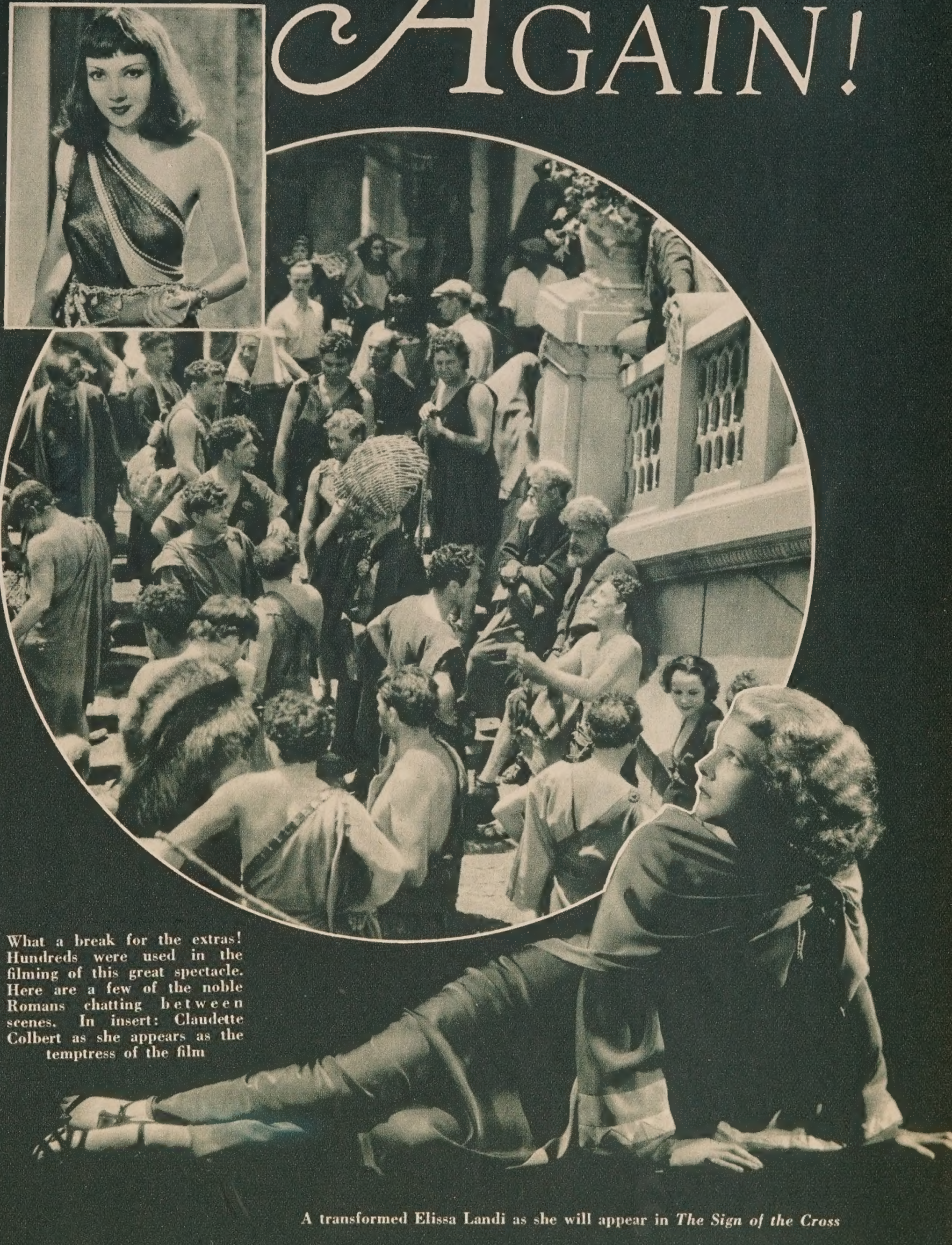
Hollywood's greatest directorial maestro creates *The Sign of the Cross*—the season's only sensational epic picture

Critics hail the performance of Fredric March, in the rôle of a romantic Roman warrior, the most outstanding in his entire career. It is his first attempt at a costume portrayal

Elissa Landi and Cecil B. De Mille in an animated conference on the set of *The Sign of the Cross.* This is Elissa's chance to become a great star and she's making the most of it

Although you can't see him, Tigellinus, the old Roman meanie, has just interrupted a charming love scene between Fredric March and Elissa Landi. Director De Mille is seated in front of the camera, superintending the active shooting

SCORES AGAIN!



What a break for the extras! Hundreds were used in the filming of this great spectacle. Here are a few of the noble Romans chatting between scenes. In insert: Claudette Colbert as she appears as the temptress of the film

A transformed Elissa Landi as she will appear in *The Sign of the Cross*

Let Me Grow Up!

Bette Davis pleads for a chance to act her age

With Richard Barthelmess in *Cabin in the Cotton*, Bette Davis gives the finished performance of a seasoned actress. Yet, casting directors, she says, refuse to believe, because of her youthful appearance, that she can portray mature rôles

By Miriam Gibson

MOST women want to be known as younger than their actual age. But not so with golden-haired, blue-eyed Bette Davis.

"My very youthful appearance is a hindrance rather than a help," she laments. "When casting directors are looking for a girl to fill a serious rôle, they take one look at me and say 'No.' They seem to think that I can't portray the proper balance for a girl of twenty-four. No one will believe that I am that age.

"Unusually youthful appearance is a characteristic of our entire family. My grandmother is seventy years old and looks not a day over fifty."

Imagine! And thousands of women all over the world are spending millions of dollars every year to look more youthful. But Bette Davis is one of those girls who wants to be herself.

"When I was on the stage with Richard Bennett he told me one day that I looked just like two of his daughters. Of course he considered it a great compliment—and it was. But I don't want to be like someone else. When I first went to Hollywood, everyone mistook me for Constance Bennett. It grew to be very embarrassing at times. It's not so bad now, but it still happens frequently."

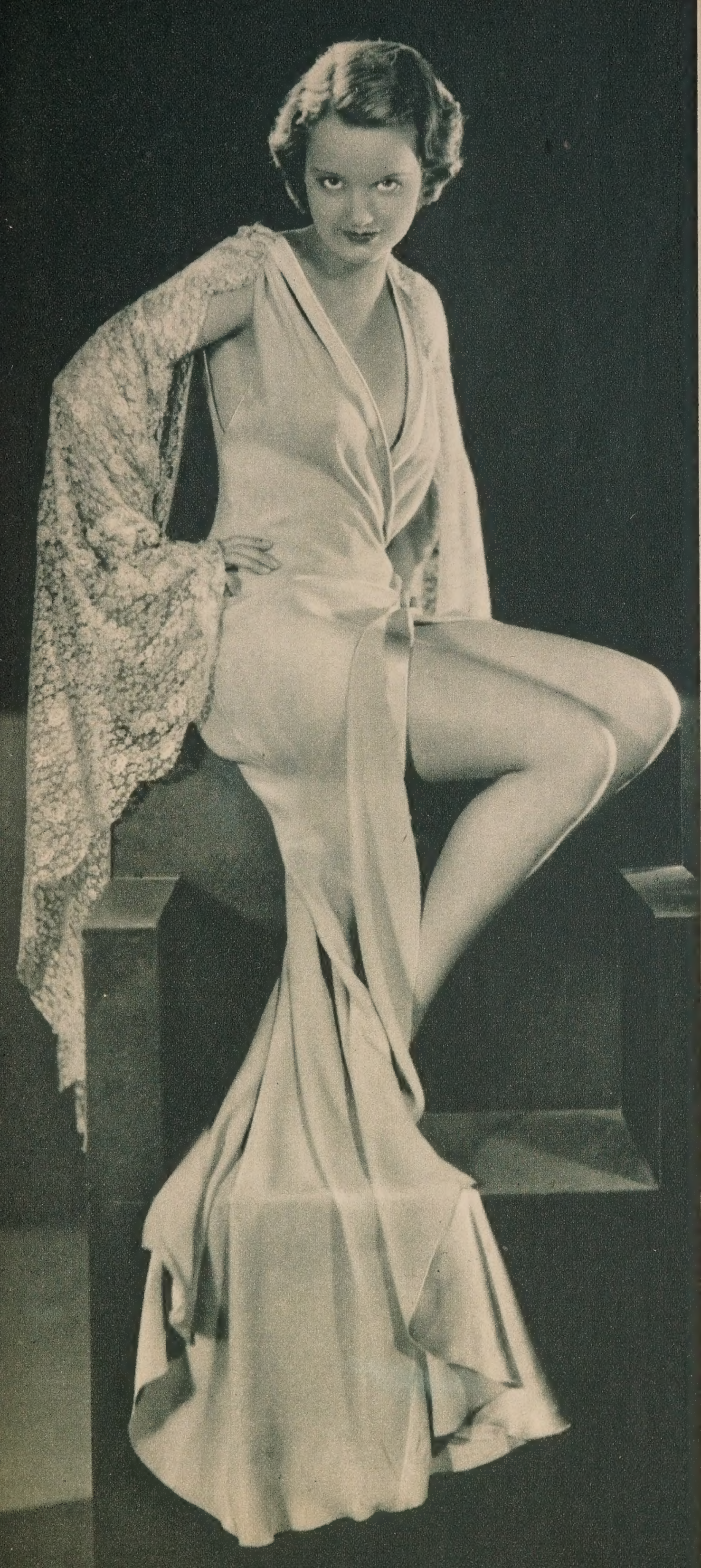
She flicked the ashes from her cigarette and tucked her foot more securely under her. She was curled up in a big armchair—which seemed to swallow her—in lounging pajamas of maroon and white, lined with green, her dainty little feet in green satin sandals and her only jewelry a deep red stone bracelet.

"You know, I loathe beads and jewelry in general. But I must always wear a bracelet—I adore them. I like long drooping earrings with formal evening clothes. And I love pretty clothes. I never had so many until I went to Hollywood. In New York I always wore black and white—really my favorite. But in Hollywood everyone goes in for bright colors, and I've joined the ranks. Of course, being a blonde my favorite color is blue."

[*Continued on page* 60]

—Irving Lippman

Most women are anxious to appear younger than they actually are, but not Bette Davis. Her youthful appearance is a hindrance rather than a help to her career. She is twenty-four but directors won't believe she is old enough to play that age on the screen



Preston Duncan Looks at the Stars!

Portraits by Hollywood's master camera artist of reigning favorites in exclusive new poses.

Rochelle Hudson

If it were not for her arresting, flower-like beauty, Rochelle Hudson would be considered a very commonplace young lady indeed, for she has none of the glamor such as one ordinarily associates with movie actresses. She is merely a girl who graduated from the public schools of Claremore, Oklahoma, and stepped onto the screen. She has never wed, but lives quietly in Hollywood with her mother. Nevertheless, Rochelle's portrayals stamp her as one of today's most promising screen bets

Ben Lyon

The eternal juvenile, Ben Lyon, seems happily to have discovered the secret of longevity in pictures. The list of productions in which he has appeared would make a volume to compete favorably with the New York telephone directory, and his thousands of fans comprise a veritable army. In the last two years Ben has appeared in more than twenty films, the most recent of which are "Rackety Rax" and "Hat Check Girl," a record that may be partially responsible for the proud gleam in the eyes of his wife on the opposite page

James Dunn

What Jimmy Walker is to New York, Jimmy Dunn is to Hollywood. Dapper and delightful as Gotham's ex-mayor, His Honor James Dunn is Broadway-bred and immensely proud of it. Like his father, Jimmy was a stock broker, but being tangled in ticker tape became irksome, so he gave it up in favor of acting. He likes Hollywood and won't return to the stage for awhile because he is too occupied with the enjoyable business of appearing in such hit pictures as "Walking Down Broadway" and "State Fair"

Tala Birell

Like other foreign actresses, Miss Birell seems possessed of an exotic appeal that American women generally lack. "The Doomed Battalion" leaves one with the paradoxical impression that she is somewhat like Garbo, yet strangely different. She is the daughter of a Roumanian noblewoman and a Viennese oil magnate—an heiress to European culture. Hollywood thinks she may wed Prince Ferdinand Lichtenstein of Austria. What Tala thinks, no one is quite sure, except that she likes America and plans to do a good many more pictures

HOLLYWOOD'S $16,000,000 CINDERELLA

How Katharine Hepburn won true fame despite the handicap of riches

By Jerry Lane

"GEE, what a swell lion tamer she'd make," grinned a prop boy on the *Bill of Divorcement* set.

It was a very respectful grin. And you could see at a glance how he happened on the idea. Katharine Hepburn has a certain mesmeric power that you could well believe would subdue even the king of jungle beasts. She has a dauntless, dominating air. Put her in spangled, flame-red tights in the middle of an arena and she'd crack her whip over tawny heads without the quiver of an eyelash.

From the moment she stepped off the train with Billie Burke she had Hollywood agog. Here was no ordinary Broadway light bent on shining in the movies. Here were sixteen million glittering dollars rolling into our fair land represented by the slim, aristocratic figure of the Hepburn's child, Katharine. She is one of the wealthiest women in America. But not once since she removed the gold spoon from her mouth has she permitted money bags to weigh her down. She is a free spirit, an intensely colorful one. If you don't believe it, ask John Barrymore.

Probably he was prepared to be bored black by another Junior-Leaguer-turned-actress when he walked onto the stage that foggy summer morning. They were to begin rehearsals on a play of such fine nuances that every line needed special thought and masterly handling. Barrymore, as an officer crippled in the war, returns to his home in England to find his wife (Billie Burke) and his daughter (Katharine Hepburn) in a strange entanglement of emotions. One of the two is required to make a tremendous sacrifice. It was not a production to be interpreted lightly.

MISS BURKE, with that radiance which is her particular charm, introduced her friend. Barrymore frowned. 'Tis said that even the great Garbo feared that frown.

"Ah," he said, "you *would* wear green!"

"Sorry," returned Miss Hepburn in her coolly amused voice. "It isn't green. It's turquois blue."

"Either you're color-blind or I'm a so-and-so!"

"You're a so-and-so!" agreed Miss Hepburn. That was the beginning of their friendship.

With a single glance she had [*Continued on page* 61]

Katharine Hepburn, one of America's wealthiest women, has made a business of acting and has succeeded. She has had Hollywood agog since her arrival to play in *Bill of Divorcement*

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S EXCITING LIFE STORY

The fascinating saga of Tallulah Bankhead, revealing a glamorous new insight into her brilliant life and career

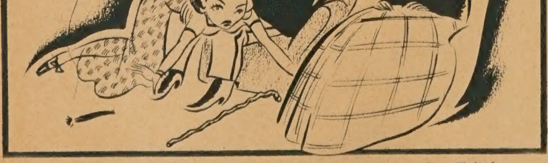
By Marcella Burke

"Take care of Eugenie but Tallulah will always take care of herself," was the strange prophesy made by Tallulah's dying mother

A PICTURESQUE old plantation house way down in Alabama was the birthplace on January 21, 1902, of Tallulah Bankhead. Her beautiful young mother almost gave her life in bringing Tallulah into the world.

Three weeks later, after a valiant fight, this sweet Southern beauty asked for her baby and little Eugenie, Tallulah's sister. Death lurked in the hallway outside her room.

"I want to talk to my babies alone," she whispered. So the three-weeks-old baby was placed beside her and little Eugenie stood by the bed, round-eyed, frightened. What pathetic words were whispered in that still room no one knows. A few minutes later, with her husband and family around her, the mother said, "Take care of Eugenie, but don't worry about Tallulah. She will always take care of herself."


—Ray Tollefson

Tallulah, as a child, got soundly spanked when she smoked one of her grandfather's cheroots. She resented the punishment for she felt she had been punished enough by falling out of a tree after becoming dizzy from the smoking

A strange psychic prophesy—for Tallulah has taken care of herself ever since she was old enough to know what she wanted. And, as the years passed and she grew from childhood into young womanhood, it has been Tallulah who has always watched out for Eugenie.

Tallulah was a madcap imaginative child. Intensely curious about everything around her, this impetuous little girl managed with great success to get into mischief practically every other minute.

She got soundly spanked for smoking one of her grandfather's cheroots, a punishment which she resented violently. Tallulah thought she had been punished enough for, after smoking the "beastly thing," she grew dizzy and fell out of the chestnut tree. To add to her torture, her grandparents were seated underneath the identical tree in which she had chosen to hide.

Tallulah used to want things with a violence that swept everything else away. She would, with all the cunning a child conjures, fling herself on the floor, cover her ears with her hands, work back and forth and get positively crimson, then purple in the face. Her old black mammy nurse would roll her eyes heavenward and rush for help.

"Missie Tallulah got 'nother one her fits!" she would cry. "Come help me get the chile out of dis fit!"

Immediately the entire household would rush into the room, grab Tallulah up, shake her and beseech her to be calm. But the "fit" continued and in desperation her adoring aunt or frantic grandparents would bribe Tallulah into a state of normalcy. It was a strenuous method, but it always worked. Tallulah got what she started out for.

There was a precocious period in which she disliked children and wished only to be with grown-ups. She would knock on the door of the living room.

"Who is there?" her aunt would ask.

"Tallulah," the answer would return in a deep, low voice which amused everyone to the extent that the door would be flung open and Tallulah admitted.

Left motherless by the loss of her mother when an infant, Tallulah was cared for by her grandparents and her aunt Mrs. John Hollis Bankhead. Grandmother is shown here with Baby Tallulah at the family home in Alabama

Tallulah as she appears today, one of the most interesting and unusual personages on the screen. She owes her success to her fanatical grit, her grim determination and ability to achieve what she wants most

For many years, as a child, Tallulah suffered from tonsilitis, laryngitis and other throat afflictions. "That's how I got my low voice," she says.

One day, with blonde pigtails flying, she rushed to her grandparents and announced breathlessly, "I am going to be an actress when I grow up."

Her aunt, Mrs. John Hollis Bankhead, wisely enough, did not argue with Tallulah, but let her cherish her childish ambition. So Tallulah practiced bowing gracefully and when this was accomplished announced she was ready for stardom.

Andy Lawlor, as a little boy, lived near the Bankhead home. His sprightly anecdotes about Tallulah keep everyone convulsed. Tallulah laughs and says, "Andy is a liar—none of those stories are true." To hear Andy's version, though, one only hopes he isn't making it all up just for fun.

Tallulah kept on thinking up more and more plots for mischief so that a slight reign of terror swept through the Bankhead home. The result was that Tallulah and Eugenie were whisked away to convents. Tallulah attended the Visitation Convent and Academy of the Holy Cross in Washington, D. C. She was the most beautiful girl there.

When Tallulah had been too naughty she knew the sisters would send a report home, so she anticipated the event by writing long pious letters to her grandparents, stating she wanted to become a nun and live in a convent all the rest of her life.

At fourteen Tallulah went to a finishing school.

"My education was really ridiculous," she says. "I studied only the things I liked best, violin and piano. I couldn't bear mathematics. It all seemed such a waste of time."

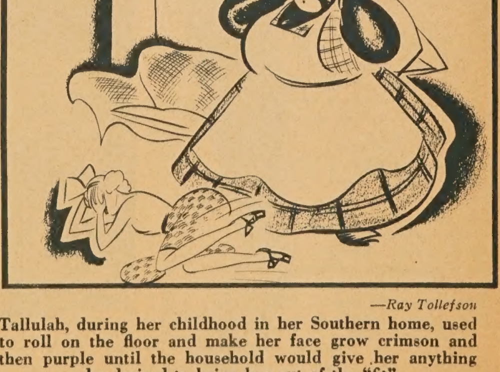
At seventeen Tallulah made her début in Washington. Senator Bankhead, her father, hoped his beautiful daughter would continue to lead a charming social life. But again Tallulah had no desire whatsoever to do the thing which was expected of her.

Just previous to her début, Tallulah had secretly sent in her picture to a beauty contest. It was the most exciting day of her young life when she saw her own face in the magazine with a question mark underneath because in her desire for secrecy she had not included her name. She had won the contest! That settled everything as far as Tallulah was concerned.

She raced through the streets back home, found her family, waved the magazine at them hysterically and announced her intention once again of going on the stage. Tallulah was determined to be an actress. This was in 1918 and she was then sixteen years old. If her family objected it was going to be just too bad for them because Tallulah was going to desert them flatly!

Her father had cherished a dream when he was a young man. He, too, had longed to act, but his parents had persuaded him to study law instead. Nothing could persuade his beautiful child to change her mind.

[*Continued on page* 53]



—*Ray Tollefson*

Tallulah, during her childhood in her Southern home, used to roll on the floor and make her face grow crimson and then purple until the household would give her anything she desired to bring her out of the "fit"

Keep this UNDER

Hollywood's famed gossip peers into the private life of screen stars and scoops the choice news items

—*Longet*

Rochelle Hudson doesn't need a horseshoe to bring her luck, but the game's an old custom in her home town. Rochelle's romance with Tom Brown is still aflame even if they are the youngest "grownup" stars

OUR QUEEN MARIE

Rumors that Marie Dressler may be forced to retire from the screen due to ill health are beginning to appear more than just rumors. The beloved Marie had quite a struggle completing her last picture, Prosperity, *and then when it was not up to snuff and had to be completely remade, she was much discouraged. Just like Marie, though, she dismissed all lamentings with a wisecrack. "If we don't give this old world* Prosperity *pretty soon, it won't be worth a cent," she said.*

MAYBE your Auntie's just a sentimental ninny, but it warms the cockles of her mid-Victorian heart t'see the devotion that flourishes between Ken MacKenna and his missus, who's none other than Kay Francis on the cast sheets.

Ken up and refused an on-the-level offer to play on the Gotham stage opposite the one and only Katherine Cornell. He says he couldn't stand the thought of being separated from his Kay for a whole year. And he adds—even when his best-pal-and-severest-critic is in the other room—that his marriage means more happiness to him than all the contracts in the world. Since a lead with the great Cornell is considered a higher honor than the Congressional Medal, Ken now rates in Hollywood as a museum piece.

The MacKennas are really happy, probably because they make it a rule never to talk about pictures or picture people. They don't night-life very often, but prefer going to bed early and reading themselves to sleep.

It's The Depression

MERVYN LEROY, the minute-sized directorial genius, tells about a Scotch actor who bought a dachshund so the whole family could pet it at the same time.

SCREEN BOOK

—*Hyman Fink*

Peggy Menjou and Sharon Lynn are frequently seen lunching together in popular Hollywood eating places. Sharon, who deserted the screen for a while, scores a hit in *The Big Broadcast* and look what she's been reading!

Your HAT

By Beverly Hill

Once Universal studio declared Karloff was not to be photographed out of makeup but he's a sociable fellow who is frequently invited out, so the studio can't object if a camera just casually lights on him

Lucky dog—that canine, Rascal. He's the choice of both Minna Gombell and Thelma Todd when they're looking for gay beach company on those all-too-rare days off

Excellence Rewarded

ONE nice thing about Hollywood is it always pays profound homage to honest merit. For instance, there's the gala celebration staged at the Fox Studios to welcome a wondrous prize hog which Director Henry King personally escorted to Flickertown from the wilds of the Middle West. The porker is to play an important rôle in *State Fair,* Will Rogers' forthcoming picture, which boasts a galaxy of stars including Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

TRAGEDY OF MOVIELAND

The happiest and saddest boy in all Hollywood was John David Horsley the day he was given the lead opposite Clara Bow in Call Her Savage, *and a few hours later had it taken from him. John, with many other equally anxious boys had been tested for the rôle. Ten days after his test, he was called to the executive office and told he was all set. A few hours later came word telling him that Gilbert Roland was to replace him in the picture. The most painful part, however, was calling his joyous little wife to tell her that bets were off. "I'd rather lose a dozen parts than tell her about this one," John said pathetically.*

And Who Wouldn't?

CECIL B. DeMILLE was looking for a gal to play "Ancaria," the sensuous dancing lassie in *Sign Of The Cross.* He advertised that he wanted a girl with "Gilda Grey's torso-tossing ability, Lenore Ulric's eyes, Pavlowa's graceful hands, Josephine Baker's seductive voice, Marlene Dietrich's symmetrical legs and Cleopatra's mysterious allure."

Jack Oakie read the blurb and said he guessed he'd take one, too.

Saddle Pals

SPENCER TRACY, who's crazy over horses, found a kindred soul in Baron Nishi, the popular young Nipponese cavalry officer who won the *Prix des Nations* during the Olympic Games. Before the Baron sailed for the Land of Cherry Blossoms and Geisha Gals, they had become inseparables.

The Baron, when it came time for parting, gave Spence a most unusual cigarette case, cunningly wrought of ebony and gold. Inside the case was engraved a tribute to their friendship.

And my Japanese gardener says Nishi is so beloved by all his countrymen that if Spence ever shows that token in Nippon, he'll be given a quit-claim deed to half the islands.

Hang Around, Cupid

MAM'SELLE DORSAY, having finished her personal appearance tour of the Leighton cafeterias, now announces that she is ready for "one beeg lofe affaire." Hollywood, watch your step!

Aunt Bev's Number One Scout reports that Fifi's particular big moment—

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

News You Ought to Know

BUDDY ROGERS is negotiating with Columbia studios and expects to be back in the flickers before long. . . . Ethel Barrymore Colt opens in a Broadway musical show. . . . Dorothy Wilson, ex-steno, begins work in *Men of America* for her next. . . . Harold Lloyd is going to meet Doug Fairbanks in Japan, and after he's toured the Orient he'll be meeting Mrs. Lloyd and the children in Europe. . . . Lupe Velez drives a long, flashing car with a still-brighter pennant on the door fluttering the name, "Lupe." . . . Paul Lukas has refused to play in *Nagana* with Tala Birell, saying two accents were too many for one picture. . . . Walter Winchell and Mark Hellinger will appear in a short reel feature. . . . Sylvia Sidney belongs to the Camp Fire Girls. . . . Lina Basquette made Hollywood's eyes pop when she announced her intention of getting a divorce from Teddy Hays whom she secretly married last year while all the time her engagement to Jack Dempsey was being rumored. . . . Miriam Hopkins' hair is catalogued by photographers as white-gold. . . . Helen Twelvetrees awaits arrival of the stork in New York.

The newest picture cycle as demonstrated by Neil Hamilton. Neil advocates a daily spin for those who would ward off that waistline

—Elmer Fryer

Aunt Beverly proclaims Loretta Young the most beautiful of them all. No wonder such gorgeous dahlias were named for her

at this moment—is that strong, silent Veldtman, Gary Cooper. Seems they went places and saw things together in dear old New York. And at that, Fifi looks like a logical successor to Lupita—she's the only cinema miss present who could hope to maintain the terrific Velez tempo. Fifi asserts, between flashing glances from those orbs of hers,

"Babee, when Fifi 'ave ze lofe affaire, eet ees ze beeg, beeg affaire!!!"

Bless her heart, she's no shrinking violet.

Knows His Gossip

LOWELL SHERMAN has been over on the Tiffany lot directing *False Faces.* The other day he pulled a good one when he walked into the publicity department with his face swollen completely out of shape by an ulcerated tooth. "Don't tell anyone about that," he pleaded, "I can already see it in print. They'll say my head's been swollen for years."

The Final Pay-Off

THE last of the wagers placed on Janet Gaynor's marriage to Lydell Peck, was paid when that couple celebrated their third wedding anniversary recently. It looks now as though Janet and her *homme* are going to make a go of it, in spite of all the boulevard know-it-alls, who freely predicted that it couldn't last.

Tribute To Beauty

ANYONE seeing *They Call It Sin* is sure to be amazed by Loretta Young's beauty. Loretta is just out of the gangly age and suddenly has become the most stunning creature on the screen. And a grand little trouper, too.

She has yet to see her twentieth birthday, but she has been an actress and a celebrity for fifteen years, and a widow (by virtue of her divorce from Grant Withers) for nearly two years. The average college freshman is just about her age.

Life moves swiftly in Hollywood's film colony. People live intensely.

Loretta admits she's just a bit disillusioned. No more orange blossoms for her, she says. From now on she intends to play the field.

JUST JOTTINGS

Anita Page keeps her complexion peachy by out-door five-mile walks, foggy days preferred . . . Verree Teasdale who looks so sophisticated on the screen, likes to tinker with her car . . . Maureen O'Sullivan has moved from her hillside home to an apartment house . . . Lionel Barrymore is planning to purchase a Monterey fishing boat—no yachts for him when John has such a lavish one.

Boulevard Jottings

LYLE TALBOT and Estelle Taylor still romancing . . . Lynn Browning, one of the cuties in Eddie Cantor's *Kid From Spain*, breakfasting in shorts at the Plaza Hotel café . . . Minna Gombell being squired here and there by Dave Blankenhorn, who's Irene Rich's ex . . . Arline Judge staring speculatively at the window display of a boulevard baby shop . . . Lew Schrieber beauing Dorothy Wilson, Radio's new starlet and ex-steno . . . Tom Brown and Rochelle Hudson lunching in blind rapture at the Brown Derby (this is getting serious) . . . Wally Beery calmly munching a steak in the same eateria while five fire brigades dash through the café to the kitchen, because a fire alarm had been turned in . . . Rénée

The real lowdown on Hollywood happenings

Four little tigers all appearing in *Kongo*. Three of them are docile cubs, but the fourth is none other than that fiery Lupe Velez

"You're one guy who can't tell me if you've heard it before," gloats Jimmy Durante as he tells a gag he uses in *The Phantom President*

—Ray Jones

Beau Geste and Noah Beery Jr. made their screen début together and now carry on to stardom in the big plans Universal has for the youngest Beery

Adorée, more beautiful than ever, back from her enforced stay in Arizona and on a shopping rampage . . . Bob Montgomery, looking a bit wan, wise-cracking about his recent appendicitis operation . . . El Brendel casting heart-rending glances at a dish of au gratin potatoes and bewailing his need to diet . . . Karen Morley stopping traffic with her new emerald green pajamas.

Temperamental Tantrums

FOR sheer, unadulterated temperament, Metro's willing to award the grand prize to John Curry, an ancient negro who plays his first picture rôle as the medicine man in *Kongo*. He's only 107 years old—just a mere pup—and he's a little erratic at times. His feelings were hurt when the director asked him to work without breakfast, and he said he guessed he'd go home. That "I tank I go home" business being a famous gag on the M-G-M lot, it naturally drew a big laugh.

But the director didn't think it was so funny when he had to delay production for three hours while his assistants located Mr. Curry.

TALLULAH SPARKLES

Something very amazing has happened to Tallulah Bankhead. It may be one of three things—the makeup Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given her in Tinfoil, *the change of studios, or the excitement of Robert Montgomery for a new leading man. Whatever it is, it's good for* Talloo. *Tired lines have disappeared in the smiles of happiness. Tallulah is beginning to like Hollywood, after all the months and months Hollywood has been currying that affection.*

Victimized, By Golly

FIVE times in a few weeks Buster Keaton's St. Bernard, Elmer, was "lost," and five times Buster paid a reward for his return. He began to regard Elmer with a prejudiced eye until police discovered that poor Elmer was being kidnaped at regular intervals by an enterprising racketeer. Elmer's expression of injured innocence is very noticeable.

Did You Know—

THAT George Arliss absolutely refuses to work on Sunday . . . that turtle racing is the latest fad in Cinema City, with the film-famous laying heavy jack on their favorite terrapins . . . that George M. Cohan (pronounced Ko-hañ) eats a pint of ice cream at exactly 3:30 p. m. every day . . . that Lew Ayres will play Baron Von Richthoffen in *The Red Knight of Germany* . . . that William Powell was once a theatre usher . . . that Marlene Dietrich and Joe (von) Stern(berg) are not such inseparable pals as of yore . . . that Barbara Stanwyck has a motor-driven go-cart for her adopted son, Dion . . . that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix are expecting old Doc Stork?

Wot' An Alibi

BING CROSBY, who's a golf maniac, tells about the handsome movie idol who played with him at Lakeside Country Club the other day. The idol had been bragging about his game and Bing expected to see something hot. He gave his opponent the honor on the first tee.

The handsome one assumed a graceful posture, took a vicious swing—and missed the ball by a comfortable margin. Again he swung—and missed. Then he turned a flaming face to Bing, wiped the perspiration from his beloved features, and said: "Gosh, this *is* a tough course, isn't it?"

[*Continued on page* 60]

—Otto Dyar

Susan Fleming gives a style tip on what the well-dressed girl will not wear ski-ing this, or any other year, but it's cunning anyway

Why Greta Nissen has been relegated to unimportant parts is one of Hollywood's deepest mysteries but if there is an answer, it is because she refuses to play Hollywood's game. She has everything that a great star should have and, a true Nordic blonde type, she is one of the most beautiful women on the screen

Greta DEFIES Hollywood

Greta Nissen is grimly determined to beat the film jinx that pursues her

By J. Eugene Chrisman

IF YOU are a woman and were going to be choked to death of course you'd prefer having Clark Gable or George Brent do it, but Greta Nissen was different. She preferred being strangled by a comparatively unknown young actor named Weldon Heyburn and she liked it so well she married the man, but after six months a divorce appears imminent.

Of course it was all done on a sound stage for a scene in *The Silent Witness* but Weldon was out for a reputation and the strangle-hold he clamped on the round, white neck of the fair Greta would have been a credit to Jim Londos. Bad as it was, however, it was nothing compared to the manner in which Hollywood has attempted to strangle the talents of the little girl from Norway, ever since her return from New York.

Greta Nissen has everything a great star should have, including the Scandinavian. Why she has been relegated to unimportant parts is one of Hollywood's deepest mysteries but if there is an answer, it is because Greta refuses to play Hollywood's game.

"Rather I would be in the gutter alone," said Greta in her fascinating English, "than in a pent-house with people I am obligated to."

Greta refuses to play Hollywood's game. She refused to attend a big première in the Rolls-Royce of a great movie personage and arrived in a taxi, escorted by an unknown artist. She is afraid to entertain the press for fear they will think she is bidding for favor and will walk a mile to avoid meeting someone she doesn't like.

She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 122 pounds after dinner. She is a true Nordic blonde with a peaches and cream skin that you'd love to touch. Her eyes are so blue as to be almost startling in the vividness of their coloring. She has a figure which would have made Cleopatra bite the asp and no less authority than *Diamond Lil,* nèe Mae West, is responsible for the statement that she has sex appeal plus.

She designs her own clothes and although she says she doesn't bother much about them, she always manages to dress like Paris in spring. She's had more offers of marriage than Peggy Joyce.

AN INDIAN prince, finding her photograph in the drawer of a bureau in a New York hotel suite which she and her mother had just vacated, appeared at her Hollywood apartment a week later with a bad

[*Continued on page 62*]

CHAMPIONS OF 1932

SCREEN BOOK Pays Tribute to the Season's Greatest Performers

By popular acclaim of critics the nation over, Jean Harlow is named the actress who has made the greatest progress in 1932. Her performance in *Red Headed Woman* overshadows any other single portrayal for spontaneity and depth of understanding

George Brent's rise during 1932 has been sensational. Practically unknown at the season's beginning, he is now second only to Clark Gable by virtue of dynamic performances in *Miss Pinkerton*, *The Rich Are Always With Us* and *They Call It Sin*

Reviewing the Parade of Headliner Stars and Their Achievements

First at the boxoffice —first in the hearts of her countrymen— Marie Dressler

***Love Me Tonight* Chevalier who has wooed and won thousands of new fans in 1932**

Still the most popular dramatic heroine of the hour, Garbo's popularity never wanes

The people's choice— Will Rogers. *Down to Earth* and *Ambassador Bill* are his latest

Every Marlene Dietrich picture is a sensation, but *Blonde Venus* is her greatest

Dickie Moore takes first place among child actors in 1932. He steals scenes from even Hollywood's greatest stars

←

How the Stars Rate In Popularity

100%

Marie Dressler, Maurice Chevalier, Greta Garbo, Will Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford.

95%

Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, Harold Lloyd, Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Charles Farrell, Jackie Cooper, Lionel Barrymore, James Cagney, Lew Ayres, George Brent, Joe E. Brown, Sally Eilers, James Dunn, William Powell, and Gary Cooper.

90%

Sylvia Sidney, Kay Francis, Joan Bennett, Joan Blondell, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Miriam Hopkins, Bob Montgomery, Tallulah Bankhead, Sidney Fox, Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Ben Lyon, Dorothy Jordan, Clara Bow, Wheeler and Woolsey, Fredric March, Johnny Weissmuller, Paul Muni, George Raft, Carole Lombard, Spencer Tracy, Tom Brown, Tom Mix, and Richard Barthelmess.

85%

Warren William, Ronald Colman, Madge Evans, Nils Asther, Bebe Daniels, Phillips Holmes, Edmund Lowe, Maureen O'Sullivan, Jack Oakie, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding, John Barrymore, David Manners, John Gilbert, Gloria Stuart, Ann Dvorak, Edward G. Robinson, Irene Dunne, John Boles, Paul Lukas, Lee Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Hopton, Eric Linden, Marian Nixon, Minna Gombell, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Nancy Carroll, Jeanette MacDonald, Dickie Moore.

[*Continued on page* 61]

SCREEN BOOK

—Ruth Harriet Louise

Although not yet seen on the American screen, Anna Sten is destined for great things. This dynamic person, trained in soviet stage and screen institutions is ready to take her place opposite Ronald Colman in romantic dramas

Winners Whose Performances During the Year Have Won Acclaim

The screen's leading male star, Clark Gable, has far outdistanced his rivals

Norma Shearer proves her versatility by *Strange Interlude* and *Smilin' Through*

Ruth Chatterton in *The Rich Are Always With Us* regains the heights of former glory

Wistful Janet Gaynor, still at the top with Charles Farrell in a series of fine films

With consistently great performances, Joan Crawford now challenges Garbo

FORECASTS THE FAVORITES OF 1933

If Ann Dvorak can patch up her quarrel with the studio, she is destined for great things in 1933. Talented and beautiful, her future is assured

In *Tinfoil*, Tallulah Bankhead's radiant personality is revealed to the fullest for the first time. With proper stories her career in 1933 should be sensational

Tala Birell's only American appearance this season is in *The Doomed Battalion*, but already her popularity has grown to immense proportions

In Bette Davis, Warner Brothers have another Constance Bennett. 1933 will see her ambitions for stardom fulfilled. Her latest picture is *Three on a Match*

They Will Find Greater Fame Next Year

SCREEN BOOK's editors predict greater fame for these Hollywood newcomers in 1933: Katharine Hepburn, who appears in *Bill of Divorcement*. Paul Muni, currently in *I Am a Fugitive*. Tom Brown, who scored in his first starring picture, *Tom Brown of Culver*. Eleanor Holm, champion swimmer signed by Warner Brothers. "Boots" Mallory, seen for the first time in *Walking Down Broadway*. Paulette Goddard, with Eddie Cantor in *The Kid from Spain*. Diane Sinclair, M-G-M's find in *Washington Masquerade*. Keep your eyes on these players during the next season!

HE'S A NATURAL!

Andy Devine's career has been as strange as his unusual, amusing personality

By Kurtley Baskette

—Ray Jones

For four years Andy Devine tried to be a movie actor but had no success. But when he gave up "acting" and appeared as his natural self before the camera he became a sensation!

ABOUT six years ago, a pair of bridge-like shoulders loomed before the casting window at Universal studios, eclipsing, for all practical purposes the well-known California sun which beat in vain against the broad back. The shoulders lowered and a sun-bronzed face with large, querulous eyes popped before the amazed casting assistant's vision.

"Hey," croaked Andy Devine in a voice resembling an ancient flivver in low gear, "how about a job?"

The casting assistant was further amazed at the two-toned vocal sounds. "What's the matter, son, got a cold?"

"No," said Andy, "got a job?"

At that time *The Collegians,* a series of short reel college pictures starring George Lewis, were just starting production. The casting office had been instructed to be on the lookout for colorful college types.

—Ray Jones

Andy Devine and a friend go for a sail in the comedian's "back yard." Andy, who has been a star athlete, lifeguard, sailor and adventurer, makes his home on a boat because he sleeps better there than on land

Andy looked different. He even sounded different. The casting assistant motioned him in. "Ever been to college?"

Andy wheezed that he had been exposed to a large assortment of colleges including St. Mary's, St. Benedict's, Santa Clara and Arizona State Teachers'. He added that he had played a little football, failing to mention that he was considered one of Santa Clara's greatest all-around athletes. He mentioned a term in the professional gridiron ranks and listed his present occupation as a lifeguard at the Venice beach. The casting director was called. He thought he could use the wide-eyed young giant, but he wanted to ask him a question.

"Can you act?"

Andy wiggled his eyebrows and gurgled another convulsive swallow. "Sh-sure!"

That question got Andy Devine his first screen job—but it kept him from screen prominence for four long years. It provided a mental handicap that might never have been overcome but for one of Hollywood's rare "lucky breaks."

ANDY thought he had to act. He didn't know how. He didn't realize that his singular screen charm lay in his devastating naturalness. He was just "one of the boys" in the college shorts—not much of a part to write home about, but in the script there were lines that instructed the actors to "take it big," to register this and that. Andy practiced "taking it big" before his mirror in the little lifeguard station on the Venice strand. He thought he was getting pretty good, but now he knows he was just making faces.

The college pictures were produced. They were successful shorts, and for a while Andy had a pretty steady job. He looked impressive in a track suit, he could juggle a football convincingly. But he knows it was his beef that got him by, not what he thought was his "acting." It was terrible, Andy Devine will tell you with expressive gestures. Whenever he got near the camera, he would assume odd facial contortions impossible to classify or identify. The directors shook their heads. The

[*Continued on page 62*]

Behind the Scenes

The life and loves of the stars back of the Hollywood curtain

By Donna Carla

ELEVEN Barrymores in the same show! The royal family, headed by the famous profile of John, appeared in a performance here recently that a producer would have paid a fabulous sum for if he could sign the entire cast. It was the christening of John Blythe Barrymore, three-months-old brother of Dolores Ethel Mae, two years of age. Those of the house of Barrymore who were present were: John and his wife, Dolores, together with their two offspring; Lionel and wife, Irene Fenwick; Ethel and her three distinguished Colts, John, Samuel and Ethel; and Aunt Helene Costello. It was the first time that the entire Barrymore clan had been under the same roof.

Careful Harpo

MAKING snoopy at Paramount we stubbed our toe on a choice bit of news that you'll probably enjoy. Harpo Marx, the silent one of the Four Marxmen, wows even his brothers on the set, because they have no more idea of what the red-shocked one is going to do than the audience. For be it known, never is one of Harpo's gags allowed to be written into a script! Fear of having his stuff stolen impels Harpo to work out all those crazy things alone. Not even his brothers, were they so inclined, could steal one of his gags, inasmuch as they are brought to a palpitating public for the first time when he faces the camera. Original, that's Harpo.

Studio Love Nest

GEORGE BRENT and Ruth Chatterton, who are now Mr. and Mrs. Brent, are just where they started from. When they met last spring, it was in a bungalow on the Warner Brothers lot. That's where they are living now, pending completion of their new home in Beverly Hills.

By Special Permission

AN ACTOR writes a song for his own play, publishes it himself but—must get permission to sing it. That is the position in which George M. Cohan found himself when he wanted to sing *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy* in *The Phantom President.* So he had to ask Warner Brothers, to whom he had sold screen rights to *Little Johnny Jones* in which the song was sung when he produced it on the stage, for permission to warble his own hit!

Cupid In High Gear

NOT long ago it looked as if the asbestos might descend on the Lew Ayres and Lola Lane marriage but all is serene now. Miriam Hopkins and ex-spouse Austin Parker seen everywhere together. Eric Linden has no greater admirer than Joan Blondell's sister, Mary, just eighteen. Wynne Gibson admits she is engaged and proves it by a flashing diamond on the right finger, but absolutely refuses to let it be known who the lucky chap is. Most any day now we expect those nuptial bells to ring for Karen Morley and Director Charles Vidor. As soon as Christine Marsen gets her final, she will probably be Mrs. Micky Neilan. Claire Trevor still has that handsome "I-kiss-your-hand,-Madame" Ivan Lebedeff, as her devoted swain.

[*Continued on page* 64]

Harpo is the mute one of the Mad Marxes on the screen, but when his public isn't present, Walter Winchell has nothing on his wagging tongue

—Acme

Mary Pickford is escorted down the gangplank of an ocean liner by Doug Fairbanks who is off to Thibet where he'll hunt long-haired tigers and make movies

—Ray Jones

The exquisite flowers in the Los Angeles Dahlia show derive their names from stars. A cream-colored one with orchid tips in called the Gloria Stuart

Hollywood Makeup Secrets

By
Janet Lynn

Betty Furness, teen-aged newcomer to Hollywood, protects her skin by patting on powder and smoothing it with a camel's hair brush

Mary Mason, recently contracted by Radio studios, never applies makeup without first spreading a film of powder base over her face

1933 MAKEUP RULES

1 Use transparent-appearing powder exact shade of skin

2 Use rouge very sparingly, striving for a soft glow

3 Pluck eyebrows to get the greatest possible distance between brow and eyelid

4 Wield lipstick to follow the line of mouth—no more

5 Cut shadowy bangs if they are becoming—almost everyone will have them

Write to SCREEN BOOK'S *Beauty Expert for free personal advice*

ALTHOUGH the general trend in correct makeup remains about the same as it has for two years, there are several new digressions that are interesting and worth chatting about in this first article in SCREEN BOOK. So let's check up on our makeup ideas and see if they are all up-to-the-minute. Being movie fans, as we are, we can't trust all the makeup tricks we see used by the screen stars because what's stunning on the screen may be freakish off the screen.

The first asset of a smart makeup today is naturalness. You must use a powder that matches your skin so closely that it doesn't *look* like powder. You must use rouge very, very sparingly. You must not go in for eyebrows that are fine lines nor must you load your lashes with mascara. But don't think that that prevents you from being glamorous and from using fascinating cosmetics. Men say they dislike makeup, but they would be horrified if they were asked to escort an un-made-up girl to dinner. What they really mean is that they like makeup but hate the misuse of it.

To make up intelligently and effectively, you must understand the good and bad points of your own face. That may sound ridiculous, but it is true that few women really know all of their best and worst points. It might be a good idea for you to sit down at your dressing table as you read this article and scrutinize yourself between paragraphs. Remove all your makeup first and comb your hair back off your face. Then cover your face and neck with a light film of cream or oil, to accent the curves and hollows. Study your face from all angles and you will be sure to find something that you had not noticed before. Your eyebrows, you will note, should be allowed to grow a little heavier to balance that strong chin. Your eyes would seem larger if you wore eyeshadow on the lids *away* from the nose; and they wouldn't seem so close-set if you widened the space between them by plucking. Your nose wouldn't appear so large if you wore your hair down over your ears. And so on. . . . Be just as critical as you can and practice on ways and means of covering up feature faults.

THERE are a few simple rules that should be followed by all women in arranging their hair and makeup. Anything that is shadowed is made less noticeable. Curved eyebrows make a long face more oval and straight eyebrows make a round face longer. The heavy face requires a heavy but well-shaped eyebrow. A large nose can be made less obvious by a few bangs or low dips on the forehead and by skillful makeup of the eyes and mouth. That draws attention from the offending nose.

There are more little hints like these than I could ever pack into this space. If you have some particular feature fault that you want to minimize and just can't decide how to do it, write to me and describe your face and I'll be glad to give you my advice. You must remember that all the features and one's general build are inter-related, so don't just tell me about one feature. Describe the shape of your face, the size of your eyes, forehead, chin and neck. And tell me your height and weight . . . I can give you much more intelligent counsel then.

And now for some definite information on making up. I want to impress on your minds the importance of using a good powder and powder base. Most of the treatment lines include a good powder base, so you can have your choice. If your skin is oily, a liquid base is preferable, but if it is dry, a rich cream base is better. Your powder will go on more smoothly, and little imperfections

[*Continued on page* 58]

The MYSTERY EXPOSED

The fascinating true story of Gwili André, new screen find

By Frances Kellum

"YOU can't solve this Gwili André person," people said. "She is an Unknown, the capital U kind. It's said that she was the highest salaried model in New York before she came to California. No one knows exactly how or when she entered the movies. She just appeared—that's all. The next thing we knew she was playing opposite Richard Dix in *Roar of the Dragon*. No publicity has been given out on her. No interviews.

I myself never would have learned a thing about her—if it hadn't been for my passion for Danish pastry. There's an old lady from Denmark who makes the best "oom-peufs" you ever tasted not a stone's throw from Sunset boulevard.

One day I strolled into her shop. There was a swanky black La Salle coupé standing at the curb and inside the shop was a gorgeous girl. She looked like the girl you admire in the cigarette ads. Her suit was green, a brilliant, startling green, and it was trimmed with black broadtail. She carried a black bag with an imperial jade mounting and was leaning casually over the counter talking a strange language and licking her fingers contentedly like an absorbed small girl.

When she went out the old lady nodded after her approvingly: "She is a goot girl—that one. Sveete and goot. Often she comes to hold talk with me for hours. She is from my country."

"Who is she?" I asked eagerly.

"Gwili André." Only she pronounced it "Queeli Ondrey." And so I was given a head start in tracking down this luscious young blonde. This is what I discovered—

GWILI was born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Like many Danes about her there is something unfathomable and elusive and terribly intriguing. Father André contributed a touch of artistic genius to her makeup. He was a noted designer. He executed the interiors of many of the government buildings and illustrated novels for the leading Danish publishing house.

Gwili grew up surrounded by books of every description. Before she was fourteen she had read Balzac, guessed at Kant and scorned Voltaire. She could quote you passages from *Hamlet* in English and from the works of Dumas in French. Four tutors in succession threw up their hands in a helpless gesture at her. She had a habit of walking out on them and of not coming back.

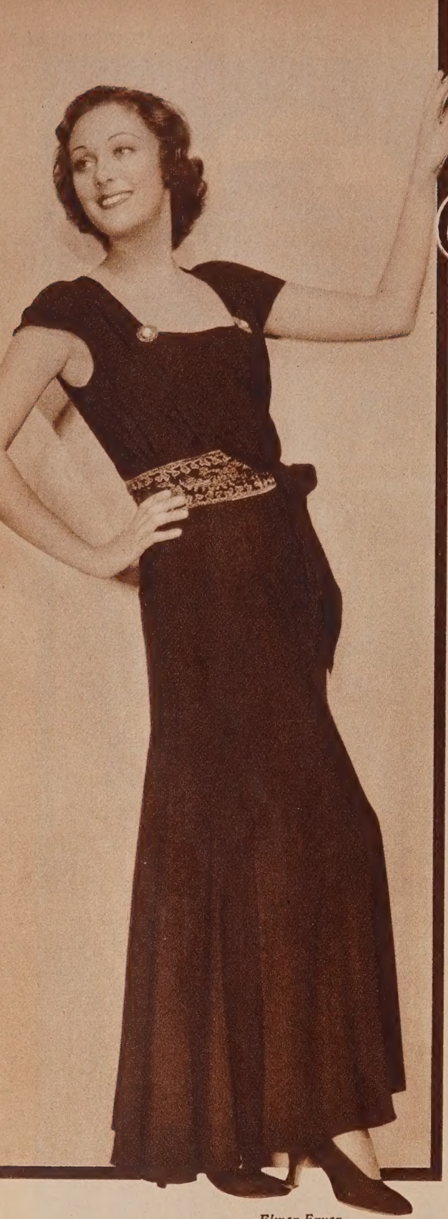
At sixteen, Gwili decided the iron-bound social conventions of Denmark were as antique and as [*Continued on page* 59]

—*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Many fantastic stories have been told of the origin and past history of glamorous Gwili André, who made her screen début with Richard Dix in *Roar of the Dragon*, but the true story of her life is far more fascinating than the legends!

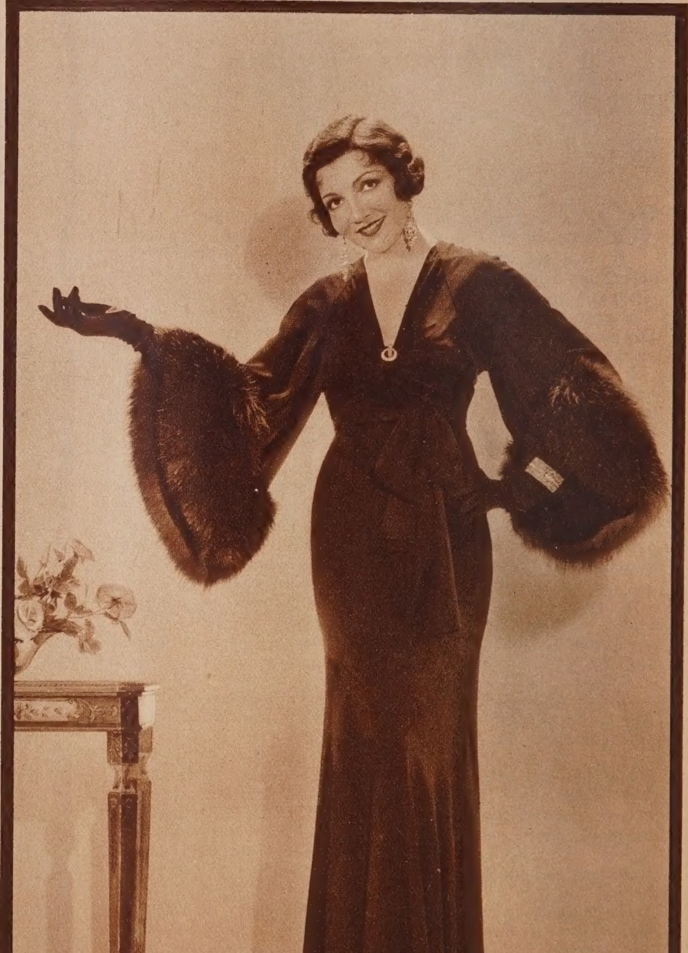
A Fashion Black-

A man's choice for a woman's gown



—Elmer Fryer

Ann Dvorak wears black because Leslie Fenton likes it. It's an ideal background for natural charm and depends upon svelte lines for its attraction. Ann's dinner gown has popular little cap sleeves and a low, square neckline. Its belt is embroidered in dull silver

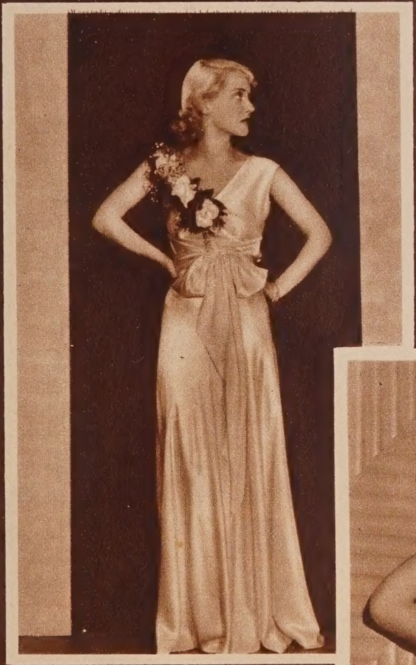


—Otto Dyar

If there was ever a French woman who did not know the value of a black gown she was not Claudette Colbert. Her choice is a roma crêpe styled with a slight train. The jacket with it bears out the new voluminous sleeve edict and is edged in silver fox. Accessories are black; jewels are brilliants

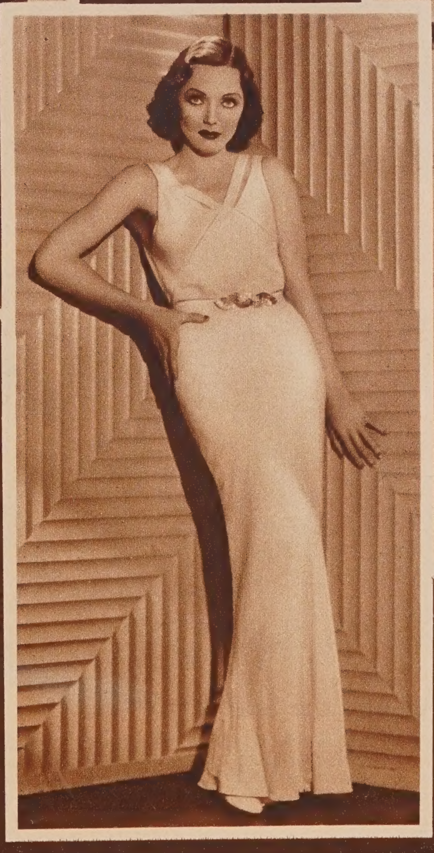
Judge's Verdict —White

It brings out all the natural color of a girl's face and flatters a youthful figure



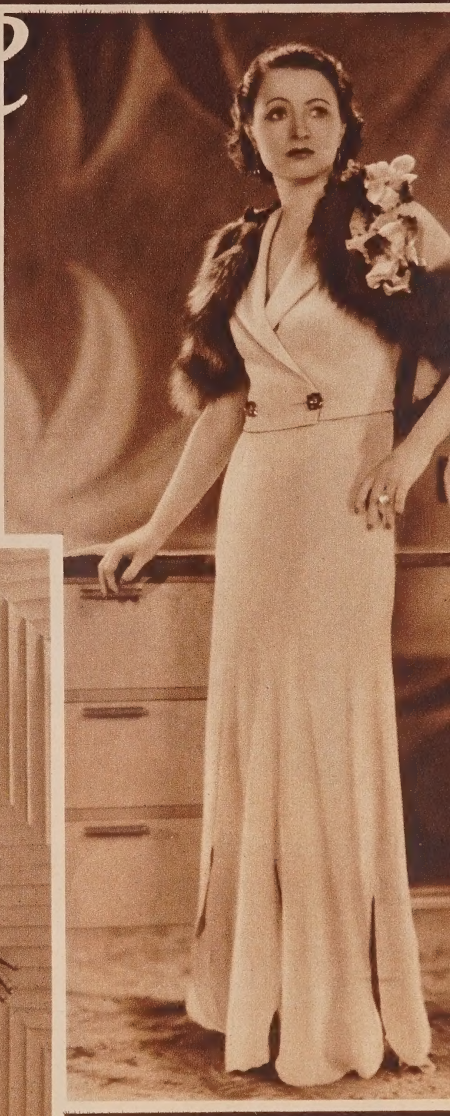
—Elmer Fryer

Bette Davis will always look like a charming little ingènue as long as she dresses so becomingly. This formal gown is that pure white satin that only blondes can wear. The sash modishly ties in front and flowers are worn diagonally on the shoulder again this year. Skirt is full from the hips



—Eugene Robert Richee

Adrienne Ames wisely goes in for creamy whites, as every olive-skinned brunette should. Her choice is roma crêpe cut on diagonal lines for a perfect fitted hipline. The split shoulder bands keep the dress from being too conventional while a six-inch belt buckle of rubies and brilliants radiates color

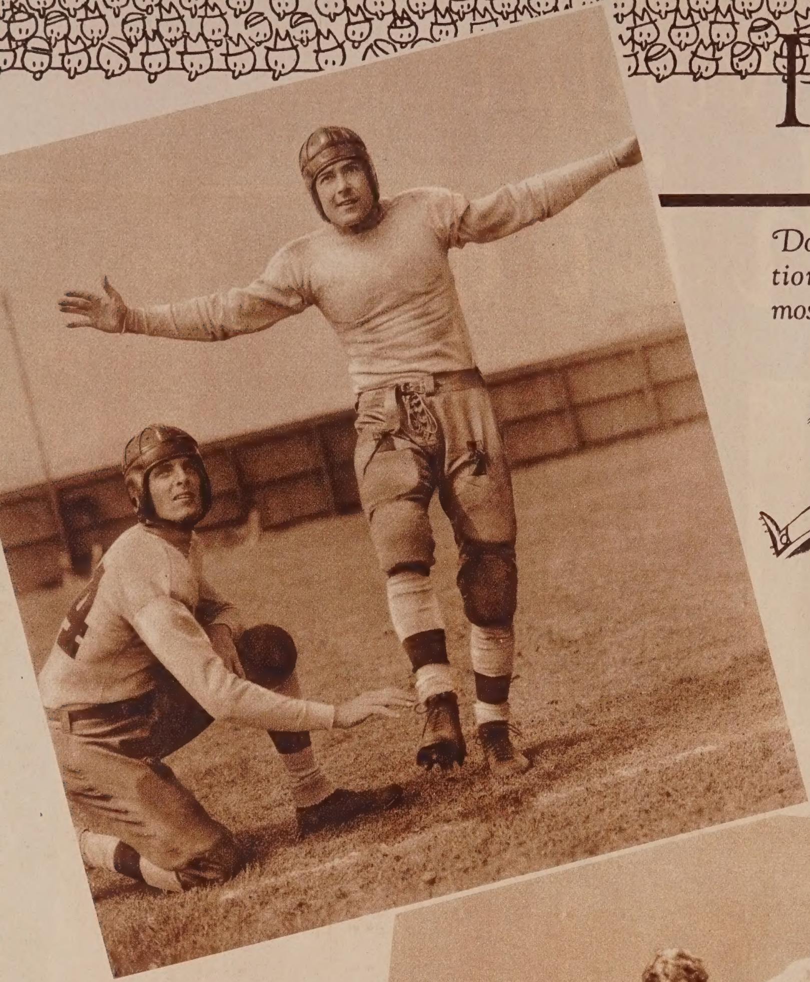


—Ernest A. Bachrach

Jill Esmond is that in-between coloring so many girls foolishly bemoan. There's a shade of very deep cream that makes such coloring the loveliest of them all and Jill's found it. She has made it up in flat crêpe with a deeply scalloped skirt and fitted jacket with silver fox trim

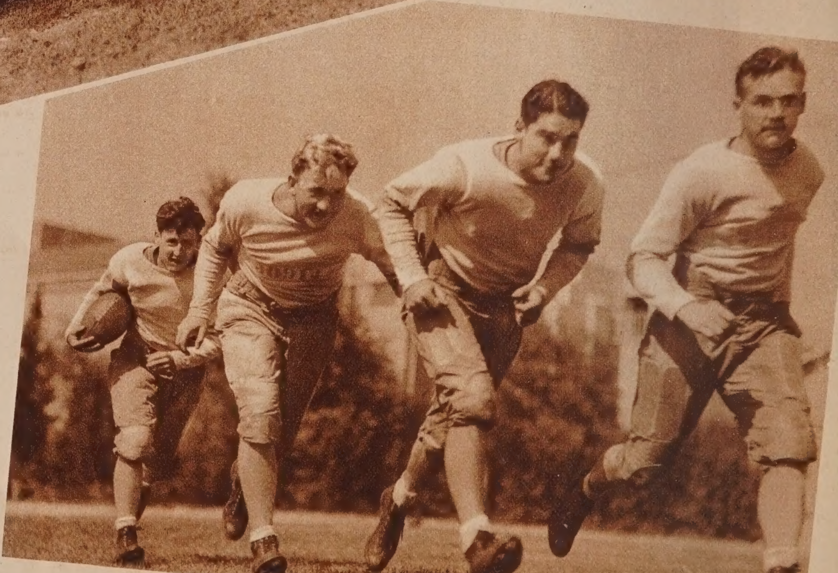
PLAY

Down on the field of action with Hollywood's most sensational football warriors of all time



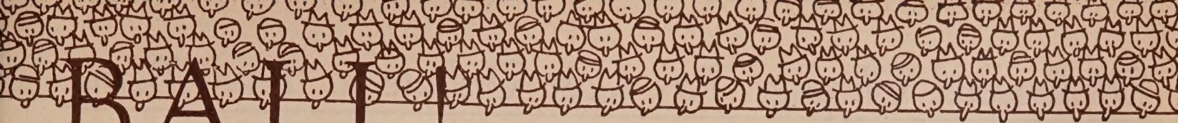
Block that Kick!

Phillips Holmes helps Johnny Mack Brown score a field goal in *Seventy Thousand Witnesses*, the most unusual football thriller ever to be filmed. Johnny, gridiron fans all know, was once a star player on the University of Alabama eleven

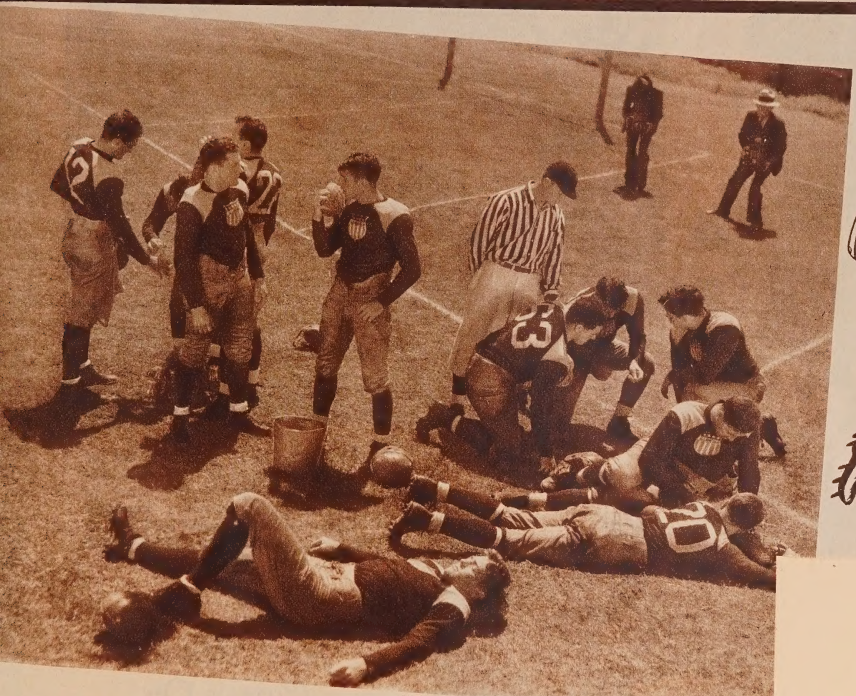


Around the End!

The greatest backfield ever assembled does its stuff for *The All American*. Toting the ball is Yale's Albie Booth. The terrifying interference just ahead consists of Ernie Nevers (Stanford), Marchmond Schwartz (Notre Dame) and "Red" Cagle, the fiery big gun of the Army

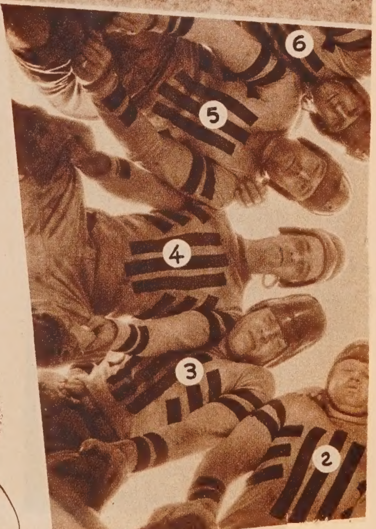


BALL!



Time Out!

The nation's greatest football players rest after work in *The All American*, in which Richard Arlen is starred. The scenes from this picture are more sensational than any ever witnessed in a college game



Here they are in the hu
western; (3) Hibbs, So
horst, Navy; (6) Phil
Army; (9) Andy Devi
Notre

Hollywood Throngs Pay Last Tribute to Paul Bern

—*Wide World Photos*

The little chapel in which last respects were paid to Paul Bern was submerged in flowers—costly orchids from cinema's brightest lights—and tiny floral sprigs from grieving folk the kind-hearted producer had befriended

Joan Bennett, among the many who mourn with Jean Harlow, as she stepped from her car to attend the services

Jean Harlow Carries On

[*Continued from page* 15]

mediate resumption of her studio duties.

Like Billie Burke, whose husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, died suddenly while she was appearing in her first talking picture, *Bill of Divorcement,* Jean has admirably obeyed theatrical tradition by going quietly, courageously on with the show.

All through that first day of her return to the studio Jean was cared for by a special nurse who watched carefully for any signs of nervous fatigue. Jean's stepfather, Marino Bello, was with her constantly, ready to summon a physician immediately if she collapsed. Fellow actors and studio workers tenderly and graciously extended themselves to make things as easy as possible for her.

Jean, with inborn courage, knew that the show must go on. She insisted on working through the full day and did her best to deliver a convincing performance. Her first scene was of a somewhat wistful nature and one scene was of light comedy nature but Jean saw it through, never letting down.

With her emotional and nervous system taut—at the breaking point—she never once gave in to a moment of weakness. The show went on.

OVER THE AIR WAVES

By The TUNER-INNER

Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees are more popular than ever since they were joined by the craziest of crazy comedians—Ole Olsen (left) and Chic Johnson (right)

THERE'S rare sport to be had with your radio these days when one gets tired of listening to sopranos and politicians. An A Number 1 pastime is listening to police broadcasts. The ordinary set won't pick them up, but the new radios are equipped with short wave receivers and for a small amount you can pick up a little attachment that will let you in on the merry chase after criminals via the ether waves. Not a few Hollywood stars have been having a high old time cruising around in their radio-equipped cars, arriving at the scene of crimes and disturbances almost as soon as the police.

Almost everyone knows of the little microphones that can be had for a dollar. You can do your own broadcasting, much to the mystification of friends. It's a great party stunt.

Best Bits From Ether Programs

Were you listening in when Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle announced his revolving goldfish bowl? It's an invention to make life easier for old goldfish who find it hard to swim around.

Ed Wynn at his best:
"Is a girl a fool to marry?"
"Of course, but where can a man find any other kind?"

An anonymous funster at the National Broadcasting Company cracks out that there are a lot of people on the ether who should be under it.

Now You Know That:

Paul Whiteman was once a member of an automobile racing crew.

Myrt and Marge are mother and daughter. Myrt Vail is a long-time vaudeville trouper, and Marge, whose real name is Donna, is her real-life daughter.

Irene Taylor—Radio's Loveliest Blues Singer

BORN in St. Louis, the daughter of a former judge of the Supreme Court. She began her career at the age of nine. Has never had any musical education beyond her experience in high school glee club. Started her career with Coon Sanders' orchestra. Played in stage productions before signing her contract with the National Broadcasting Company. She is unmarried. Hobbies: Swimming, riding horses, golf and reading.

Tito Guizar played baseball at the University of Mexico.

Ruth Etting started out to be a fashion designer, but ditched it in favor of singing and dancing in a café.

Little Jack Little first won fame at the University of Iowa where he organized a dance orchestra.

The contest in which radio fans submitted endings to the mystery thriller, *Phantom of Crestwood*, has had more entries than any competition of its kind. The movies will have it soon.

Radio Fans' Advice To Broadcasters

The Tuner-Inner's mail bag yields constructive criticism for air wave favorites.

MYRT AND MARGE—"Why does Marge insist on being *so-o-o* sweet and Myrt *so-o-o* dramatic. Otherwise their program is grand."—Paul B., Portland, Oregon.

COLONEL BLACKSTONE—"He needs a real gag writer. Our radio club thinks the patter of his friends is the weakest of weak humor and the incidental laughter so forced that it's funny."—Grace Smith, Gary, Indiana.

[*Continued on page* 57]

Irresistible over the air and a knockout in person. Irene Taylor, who has been singing for sometime from the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, is The Tuner-Inner's nomination for a chance in the movies

Are You

JUST GIVE ME 30 DAYS TO PROVE I CAN GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL FORM

• PROOF •

"I am the mother of four children, and although pretty young, my busts became flabby and started to sag. Now after completing the treatment, I have once again achieved for myself that feminine loveliness which I thought was gone forever."
Mrs. M. M., New York, N. Y.

"My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write me."
Mrs. H. E., Sioux City, Iowa.

"I obtained results beyond my fondest expectations. My breasts have grown in size and shapeliness until now I have a very pretty figure. I am especially proud and happy when I wear a bathing suit or evening gown."
Miss L. F., Chicago, Ill.

INSTRUCTIONS
Nancy Lee Miracle Cream

The smart figure today is feminine, with lovely rounded curves. You, too, can have an attractive, well-developed figure.

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? NOW it is SO easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands. Let me prove it to you in 30 days! Yes, in just 4 short weeks you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them to that firm shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. Just the simple application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid results obtained in just a few minutes a day. Read what they say. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily you can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust. Mail the coupon or write today and get the *genuine* Miracle Cream Treatment, the world's foremost bust developing treatment that is guaranteed to enlarge your bust to the fascinating curves now all the vogue.

FREE

THE CHARM of a Beautiful Bust
NANCY LEE

My new illustrated book tells all about this wonderful, easy way to develop the bust. Read how you, too, can have the feminine charm of a full, rounded figure. One grateful woman writes: "Day by day I have seen my breasts grow larger and firmer until now they are shapely and beautiful. My friends have all noticed the improvement." Take advantage of special offer now. Send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my new book FREE.

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-12

Flat-Chested?

FORM DEVELOPED
To Full Feminine Proportions

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

A Full, Shapely Bust for YOU

Thousands of grateful women testify that my MIRACLE CREAM Treatment produces results almost magically! Women who were really pathetic looking, with their flat chests and childishly tiny breasts, have developed magnificent busts; fashionable, full, naturally curved. You can do the same. You can have the glorious breasts—firm, rounded, plump—that are the most alluring charm of the world's most famous beauties.

How much development of the bust do you need? Perhaps just another inch will give you the full, lovely form of the perfect figure. Or if your breasts are extremely thin and flat, then you will want to add a good 3 inches or even more. In either case, you simply continue my famous Treatment until you have all the development you want.

ADD 1 *to* 3 INCHES

Let Me Show You How Amazingly EASY It Is!

It's so easy to have lovely feminine contours with my new easy method. And the results are so quick. You will be amazed—filled with joy and happiness when your mirror reflects lovely, firm, rounded youthful breasts—developed with my dainty MIRACLE CREAM Treatment. No clumsy, dangerous appliances. No harmful drugs. Just a fragrant, subtle Cream and my *private instructions.* Just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own room soon develops your bust to glorious fullness and shapeliness. In an amazingly short time you can have the greatest of feminine charms—a smart, well-rounded figure.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. My Miracle Cream Treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, right now, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, safer way to make your breasts as lovely as you have always wanted them to be. Astonishing results are *guaranteed.* You simply must *try* the Miracle Cream Treatment to convince yourself that you CAN develop *your* bust! Don't miss this chance to get a large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions for only $1.00.

A Beautiful FORM

Do your girl friends pity you? Do men pass you by because you lack the true beauty of lovely femininity? Do the prettiest frocks "hang like rags" on your flat-chested, undeveloped figure? Don't suffer this embarrassing handicap any longer. Simply mail the coupon or write and watch your bust fill out to that beautiful, cup-like form that is so irresistibly attractive. In 30 days you will be thrilled and delighted with the glorious change. Send only $1.00 TODAY for *your* large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions, with Free Book. This offer may not be repeated, so mail coupon or write *at once.*

816 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mail Coupon!

NANCY LEE, Dept. P-12,
816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only $1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream and Complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book—all in plain wrapper.

Name ....

Address ....

Town .... State ....

Awaken
the sleeping beauty
in your eyes

with the
New Maybelline

Deep in your eyes, regardless of their color, shape, or size, is great potential beauty. Dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes are needed to bring out this hidden charm—the lure of lovely lashes that may be yours *instantly* with a few simple brush strokes of the New Maybelline. Applied with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush, its magic touch will transform *your* lashes into the appearance of glossy, dark, curling fringe.

This marvelous preparation gives the very young woman the smart attractiveness she so much desires. And for the woman over thirty-five, it instantly erases at least ten years. Try it!

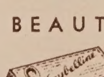
The New Maybelline eyelash darkener is not a dye. It is absolutely harmless, ideally tearproof, and will not smart the eyes. Its constant use keeps the lashes soft and silky and actually tends to stimulate their growth.

Truly, a real treat will be yours when you discover what the New Maybelline can do to awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes.

Be sure you get the genuine NEW *Maybelline Black or Brown 75c at toilet goods counters.*

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER



MORE THAN
A MASCARA . . . .

He Bucked Hollywood Alone ...and Succeeded!

How Ralph Staub happened to become the world's only one-man movie company

By
Alyce Curtis

Mr. Staub finds one of the thrills in making *Screen Snapshots* is forming friendships with such celebrities as Douglas Fairbanks

An original idea brought Ralph Staub success where many fail. With his movie camera he snaps the stars as they are in everyday life

WHATEVER it is stars do, *he* knows about.

Into the home of every man and girl star in the Cinema capitol of the world, he traipses, accompanied by his reliable camera. He has been wined and dined by the Barrymores, the Douglas Fairbanks', the Neil Hamiltons, the Gleasons, the Talmadges, the Cantors, the Joe E. Browns and the Dick Barthelmess'.

He is the only one-man movie company in Hollywood.

And he is Ralph Staub, author, cameraman and producer all in one, of Hollywood's Columbia Screen Snapshots, released monthly and minutely reviewed each month in SCREEN BOOK. This intimate, one-reel news-reel tells you who's building a new $100,000 wing on his home, who has a new baby, what the Hollywood star family does for recreation, how John Barrymore looks when you take him unawares and all the things fans would simply never be let in on if there weren't a star chaser like Mr. Staub.

From cameraman eighteen years ago, Mr. Staub has arrived at his present producer position. Staub decided to experiment with the idea of making a feature reel regularly doing all the work himself. When he got the film in shape for release he purchased a round trip ticket that would take him all around the country. Traveling about and personally showing his film to all exhibitors in the state's right market, he won numerous fans. He then sold the foreign rights to his film for $350, which was the cost of the making of the picture as well as of his transcontinental trip.

Returning to Hollywood, Staub continued to produce. He gave a different name to each release. There was the Cinema Stars series, the Guess Who series and others. Take it from Staub, Hollywood movie satellites are the kindest and most hospitable people to work with.

WHEN Mr. Staub has an appointment with folks like Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, or the Eddie Cantor family, he finds them all set to go into the sketch he's planned out for them. He injects laughs and gags in his skit. It's only when a second leading lady is being snapped that there's sometimes a delay.

Ralph Staub has caught the stars frolicking at Malibu beach, their warm weather rendezvous. For Memorial Day he issued a reel paying tribute to beloved stars of the past. He releases one reel of his chatter film each month, thirteen a year. He's recently been working on a "Young Hollywood" production, which features children of the stars.

Staub had the recent idea of informing the fans just what process a story went through from the time it was bought as a best-seller until it was released as a completed film. This he did at Columbia studio, including in the "scenario," every department and process through which the best-seller started.

Taking his films with a silent camera, Mr. Staub accompanies each picture with his own dialogue. He has been on the job for nine years now, "on his own" and he's going strong.

Tallulah Bankhead's Exciting Life Story

[*Continued from page* 31]

After she had finished the small part offered her as the prize for winning the beauty contest, Tallulah was left high and dry. This only strengthened her determination.

The same fanatic grit which was Tallulah's outstanding characteristic when she was a youngster; the same quality which caused her at five to come home from a circus practising cartwheels and somersaults until she was black and blue—this same grim determination now saw her through a world of opposition and Tallulah, for the thousandth time, got her own way, just as she used to way down South in Alabama, by covering up her ears and "taking on a fit."

There followed for her a fascinating period in New York. Greenwich Village was raising its artistic head for the first time. Tallulah's garret became the meeting place for most of the young intellectuals.

Tallulah's great beauty, her cyclonic wit, made New York sit up and take notice. She never for one moment gave up her dream for ultimate success.

Eventually Tallulah began to get parts. Her first important stage attention came in *39 East*. She succeeded Constance Binney in this production and it had a long, successful run at the Klaw Theatre.

Then one night Tallulah went to a party. At this time she was playing in *The Exciters*. Charles B. Cochran was one of the guests. Tallulah did a number of startling, perfect imitations. Evidently Tallulah impressed Cochran greatly for when he left for England he carried her picture.

Gerald du Maurier wanted a leading lady for *The Dancers*, an American girl, and Charles Cochran persuaded him to send for Tallulah. She was wild with excitement and happiness. She gave a glorious farewell party, tickets were bought, trunks packed—then a cable arrived saying "Don't come."

It was one of the most horrible things that ever happened to her. She burst into the most frantic tears, which actually developed into hysteria. A friend, attempting to comfort her, said, "Don't be silly. I'd go if I had to swim." Up came Tallulah's lovely head. She tore up the cable, borrowed some money and sailed as she had planned.

Arriving in London, and knowing no one besides Charles Cochran, she registered at the very smart Ritz. Later she went to the theatre and said to Sir Gerald, "Well, here I am."

He was astonished and dismayed.

"You must have received my cable, Miss Bankhead," he said.

But Tallulah shook her head, denying anything as tangible as a cable and went right on pretending.

"Oh well, something else will turn up," she said nonchalantly when Sir Gerald told her someone else was rehearsing the part. Outwardly she was indifferent, apparently composed. Inwardly she was shaking, frightened, ill.

A few days later Tallulah lunched with Mr. Cochran.

"Sir Gerald has never seen you with your hat off. Go and see him again," he advised. So Tallulah did just that. She dropped into his office and said hello. Whatever it was that turned the trick, Tallulah got the coveted part. The very next day Sir Gerald sent for her and she started rehearsing.

London over night took Tallulah to its heart. She was the first American actress to be idolized by the critical Londoners. Her feverish, mad passion for just living excited the phlegmatic English people.

Tallulah became one of London's great personages. She was painted by Augustus John, complimented by King George and squired by the Prince of Wales.

Tallulah painted her nails a vivid scarlet, the same color of her lips. She bought an extravagant Bentley car, surrounded herself with a flawless group of servants and straightway commenced to make unforgettable history.

Endless queues of women stood for endless hours in front of the theatre, waiting to catch glimpses of their favorite actress. The crowds became so enormous the police had to see Tallulah to her theatre. Gifts of all descriptions were showered upon her.

Thrill with Tallulah Bankhead in her repeated triumphs in England; glory in the experiences and achievements that have moulded her great career on stage and screen! Don't miss the next absorbing chapter of the dazzling Tallulah's life story, in the January issue of *Screen Book*—at your news stand November 29.—The Editors.

Social SINS that Rob You of CHARM

●

FREE! *Margery Wilson's* CHARM-TEST

ARE YOU SELF-CONSCIOUS when entertaining? Do you know how to be a "smart", gracious hostess—put people at ease—do and say the right thing?

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED when all eyes are on you? Do you know how to walk gracefully—what to do with your hands and feet?

DO INTRODUCTIONS BOTHER YOU? After the usual "How-do-you-do", can you bridge the gap with fashionable small-talk, or are you tongue-tied?

Just what impression do you make—when you are introduced to a distinguished person—at a dinner, a dance? Are you self-conscious? Do you lack poise? Are you a poor conversationalist?

Send today for Margery Wilson's "CHARM TEST", and see yourself as others see you!

Let this foremost authority on the cultivation of personal charm show you the way to gracious poise and beautiful self expression, as she has done for so many social leaders, business and professional women, famous stars of stage and screen.

Distinguished Tributes

NORMA SHEARER writes: "To capture the elusive spirit of Charm and analyze it for personal cultivation as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power."

BETTY COMPSON writes: "Your secrets of Charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, and who is not?"

RUTH CHATTERTON writes: "Margery Wilson's Charm is all that the title implies and more."

BEBE DANIELS writes: "I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of this knowledge."

RUPERT HUGHES writes: "You have given a golden prescription. You have solved the true mysteries of Charm and shown that it is as available to the homely, the poor, the ignorant and the old as to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers."

Learn to be Charming

Heretofore, Miss Wilson's instruction has been available only at tremendous fees. Now she has prepared a scientific home-training method—"a finishing school in correspondence." Grateful pupils write that this instruction has opened the door to social life, friendships, popularity, business advancement. It will teach **you** how to conduct yourself gracefully, exquisitely—how to walk—how to talk, how to acquire poise and presence, how to employ all the methods by which dramatic stars and social leaders enhance their charm.

One pupil writes: "I have been following your instructions and already feel like a different person." Another, "Your instruction has made a great difference in my life. Formal affairs have always terrified me, but now I am perfectly at ease anywhere. I know what to say and I really enjoy the social life that is opening up before me."

Special Offer

So that you may see just what this training will do for you, you are now offered, for the nominal charge of only $1.00, Margery Wilson's Special Lesson in the Cultivation of Charm, which includes her famous method for overcoming self-consciousness. And you will also receive the "Charm-Test" **Free.**

MARGERY WILSON
1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FREE! *Margery Wilson's* CHARM-TEST

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1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Miss Wilson: I enclose $1.00. Please send me your lesson in Charm and the free "Charm-Test."

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Is Your Chest Line Too Full?

FORM REDUCED

ARE YOU EMBARRASSED BY A LARGE, FLABBY BUST? DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE THE SIZE, LIFT THE SAG AND RESTORE THE FIRM, SHAPELY CONTOUR OF YOUTH? JUST SEND YOUR NAME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO REDUCE YOUR BUST MEASURE, QUICKLY AND EASILY.

DON'T let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure! Don't allow that matronly fullness about the chest to make you look old and settled. It is so easy to regain the slim, trim form of youth. My new "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, remoulds the form. Simple, harmless—requires but a few minutes a day at home. Not "just another fat-reducer", but a special treatment designed expressly for the bust, to remove extra fullness and restore shapely contours.

Let Me Tell You How, FREE!

Mail the coupon or write and I will send you complete information in confidence, *without the slightest cost or obligation.* Don't miss this wonderful FREE opportunity. Send name and address today.

DORIS KENT, Dept. P-12,
80 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE INFORMATION in confidence about your new, easy way to reduce the bust.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....State ....

FREE JUST MAIL the COUPON

DORIS KENT 80 East 11th St. New York, N. Y.

Know Yourself!

Have Your Handwriting Analyzed!

Neil Hamilton sent Dr. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK's grapho-analyst, a specimen of his handwriting for analysis, and this is what he writes about the report he received:

"I have received your analysis of my handwriting and compliment you on the accurate reaction. I look upon your work as much more than a method of amusing people. I regard it as a means of measuring character and personality and a decided aid in the discovering and developing of one's possibilities."

Neil Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton's signature tells that he uses much force and when he decides to do a thing you can depend on his doing it. He is very emphatic in his opinions—and a man not apt to be easily influenced. He is likely to be conservative, and realizes the full value of things. He is very appreciative of good music.

Your writing reveals interesting facts about you the same as it did for Mr. Hamilton. Handwriting tells you of your faults—of your virtues, and it is such an accurate picture of your inner self that it helps to discover your talent possibilities. Send today for your analysis!

M. N. Bunker, SCREEN BOOK, Minneapolis, Minn.
I am sending you ten cents with a stamped self-addressed envelope and a letter in my own writing. I am to receive a personal reply on what my handwriting tells.

....

....

Be sure your stamped envelope for reply is correctly addressed.

Falling in Love With Helen

[*Continued from page* 19]

always delights in doing that. He jeers and gibes at the whole of Hollywood and never expects anyone to take him seriously. He chews gum with relish and makes it snap and no one can stop him. They have given up trying, for that is Adolphe's defense mechanism.

Weeks later, the wind-up of the picture. Once again we tiptoe onto the set. It is hushed and silent. The sound of rain against windows, a strange contrast to the hot sunlight we had stepped away from.

There is a long hospital corridor. A cart coming away from the delivery room. Gary, wet, gaunt, follows it. The baby has been born. *She* is going to die and Gary knows it. In spite of the words of encouragement from the doctors, he knows that death is taking away his love.

No word from her lips, but as the cart goes into another room her eyes open. She looks up at her lover and no word was necessary. The silence is chaotic. Eons of pain and death swirl around. A light shines out from Helen's eyes. Poignant beauty threaded with pain—tenderness spun from the heartaches of all women.

No one spoke after the scene was finished. Words became meaningless as they always do in the face of great artistry or at times of death.

When Helen tells you that "private people" never interest her especially, you know why. "My friends are all actors or writers. They are my kind."

After knowing her, you understand her great shyness. It is a barricade, a retreat. She is a quiet little chameleon—who deliberately chooses to become almost colorless at times. And achieves it to the point of wretchedly perfect success.

A celebrated director explained this witchery of Helen's one day when he said she possessed, more than any actress he had ever known, a great coordination of the intelligent with the emotional. Her emotions are saved for the times when she wishes them to serve her on the stage or before the screen.

Garbo's Hideout Discovered

[*Continued from page* 17]

School where she studied and spent many pleasant hours.

There are old friends to be visited. The people with whom she worked and studied during those early years. How many of them Garbo remembers is hard to tell.

If Garbo stays through the autumn weather here her vacation program will change. It will be too cool for swimming, but there will be the opportunity for long walks in crisp, invigorating air. Somewhere, here and there, no doubt, people will catch sight of a girl in rough hiking shoes, moving along rapidly, her cheeks flushed with the exercise. For there is no question but what Garbo's vacation in her home country will do her good.

Nevertheless It's True!

Strange and little known facts about the stars

Although Mae West, now filming her first talkie, *Night After Night,* always portrayed ladies of hefty proportions in her stage characterizations, actually she weighs only 119 pounds.

Barbara Stanwyck does not eat lunch on days she works but munches on celery between scenes. She has adopted this habit because she believes heavy meals at noon make her drowsy and prevent her from doing her best work.

Makeup men use a grain of puffed rice in building up a mole on the face of an actor.

Regis Toomey generously gave his signature to an autograph seeker—then discovered that the supposed fan had inserted a sheet of carbon paper under the page so he had signed a blank check.

Desiring to build a natural sandy beach for her daughter Jane, Ann Harding had twenty tons of sand hauled seven miles from the seashore to her home in the mountains.

Maurice Chevalier has been accused of being too thrifty but once he sent an order to Paris for a pair of shoes to be made especially of crocodile skin and which cost him $75.

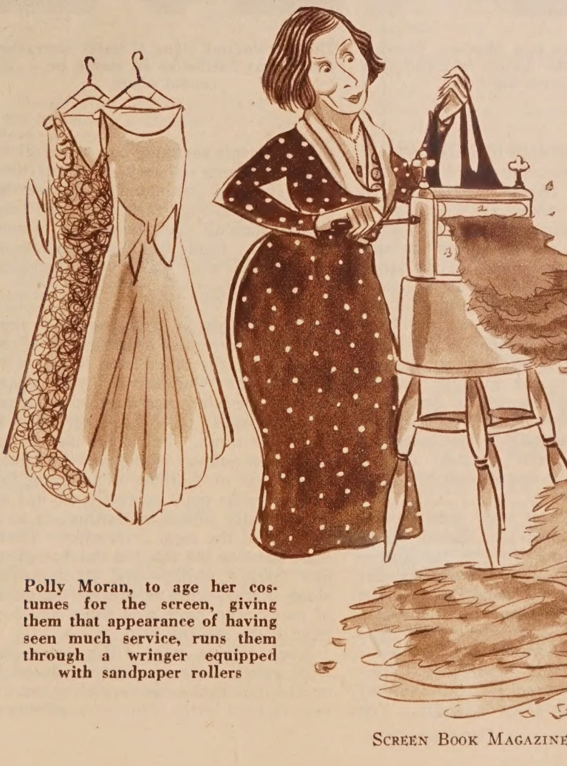
Greta Garbo's stand-in, Geraldine Dvorak, looks so much like the star that she has successfully posed as Greta at social functions. Still another Hollywood personage, Chris Marie Meeker, an artist, resembles Garbo more closely than does Geraldine!

Although pythons are accustomed to the intense heat of the tropics, one of the reptiles being used in a film died of exposure to the studio lights before filming of the scene could be completed.

Every day at 4 p. m. Constance Bennett quits work promptly because a clause in her contract specifies that she is not to be required to work longer than that time. She believes that in the course of a day ending at that time an actor gives his best to his work and that to work longer would unfavorably affect his acting.

Early day actors, too poor to buy necessary cosmetics to remove makeup, used ham rind for that purpose. People called them "ham actors" and that is how the expression originated.

Ramón Novarro's full name is José Ramón Gil del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus Samaniego y Gairlan y Sigueiros y Guerrero.



Polly Moran, to age her costumes for the screen, giving them that appearance of having seen much service, runs them through a wringer equipped with sandpaper rollers

WHY FAT
Accumulates
Now Easy to Stop

Modern science has discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a little lacking factor in the blood—a factor which largely controls nutrition.

Doctors, the world over, now feed that factor to the over-fat. Instead of starving people, they combat this cause. Now you can see in every circle the results. New beauty, health and vim have come to multitudes in this easy, pleasant way.

Marmola prescription tablets feed that lacking factor. A famous medical laboratory prepares them to do what doctors do. A book in each box tells you all about Marmola—its every ingredient, how and why they act.

Marmola has been used for 25 years —millions of boxes of it. Now almost everyone has friends who know and can show its amazing results.

Go do what your friends have done. Stop remedies which never correct the cause. Watch Marmola, day by day, and every result will delight you. All druggists supply it—$1 a box. Go start now to regain the slender figure you so desire.

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PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Real Way to Reduce

REMOVE FAT
A SAFE and SURE WAY

From any part you wish reduced. No equipment necessary — satisfaction or money back.

LA RENEE Cream and Method will quickly and safely reduce excess fat from double chin, arms, bust, hips, legs and other parts of the body. Over 25,000 satisfied users. Large jar.

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ONLY $1.00 Complete Treatment With Instructions
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Please send postpaid complete treatment with directions. I agree to pay postman $1.00 plus a few cents postage. My money to be refunded if I am not pleased.

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Mount them in an album with
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Very artistic . . . quick and easy to use . . . no paste needed. Ask for Engel Art Corners by name at photo supply and album counters. Send 10c for full size package, valuable information and samples of all styles. Be surprised. SEND TODAY.

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Captivate the allure that lustrous curls will bring. The straightest hair can be made naturally curly with CURL-O-WAVE. Greaseless. Odorless. Absolutely safe. Send 25c for full size package. Enough for 6 months.

FREE! French Wave Net and Booklet with every package.
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JEAN HARLOW'S
AMAZING LIFE STORY
Begins in the December issue of
SCREEN PLAY
On sale November 5th.

Lose
FAT
Safely, Quickly, Easily

Many women who reduce fat find themselves left wrinkled and haggard looking—their health injured.

But not so if you reduce by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water every morning. Kruschen is the SAFE, healthy way to lose burdensome fat—ask your own doctor if this isn't so!

Unhealthy fat rapidly vanishes—from the first bottle you feel stronger, healthier, younger. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

A bottle that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85c at any drugstore—make sure you get Kruschen.

TAKES 14 INCHES OFF HIPS, WAIST and BUST

"I weighed 256, my bust was 52, waist 46, hips 54. After taking Kruschen I now weigh 160, my bust is 38, waist 32, hips 40. I feel better and brighter." Writes Mrs. Thos. Crouch

KRUSCHEN SALTS
"It's The Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." E. Griffith Hughes, Inc., Dept. B, Rochester, N. Y.

Enlarge Your *Chest-Line!*

Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded CURVES now all the vogue

Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Now you can actually fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Simply apply my marvelous new Creamo treatment at home. Send for my free offer and watch your breasts grow full, round and beautiful.

JUST SEND ME YOUR NAME

Free!

and address and I will mail you my wonderful Creamo treatment, FREE! Merely enclose 10c for forwarding charges. See how easily and quickly you can develop feminine charm. This free offer is limited, so write today, enclosing only 10c. Your package will be mailed in plain wrapper.

MARIE DUNNE, Dept. P-12
122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Astrology
What do the Stars Predict for 1933?

Will it be a year of success? Would you like to know? Our special 15-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1933 based on your sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 1582, Chicago

THE FATES OF YOUR FAVORITES

The stars tell the truth about Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

By Madame Helene

—Richee

The stars indicate that Marlene Dietrich is so ambitious she desires to accomplish things in too big a way

—Chidnoff

The astrological signs of early December show Doug Fairbanks Jr. would be a successful writer

IF MARLENE DIETRICH had not entered pictures, she would have had an excellent chance for success in business. She takes as naturally to public life as a duckling takes to a pond of water. It is second nature for her, so if your birthday comes in the latter part of December there is an excellent chance for you to have something of the same talent.

It is natural for Marlene to do things successfully. It is part of her natural inheritance from her guiding planets, that she win success where there will be many to approve and to applaud. Indeed if your birthday is on December twenty-seventh, your greatest danger will be desiring to accomplish things in too big a way.

According to the story told by her star, Marlene Dietrich should spend much of her time in the sunshine—should have plenty of activity for her body as well as her mind, because she demands action in both. She cannot be idle—and she never will be a loafer who does not want to work.

If you share the blessings of Capricorn, you should cultivate a habit of making your decisions carefully. You should do this because your planet gives you a tendency to leap first and then look. Instead you should cultivate the habit of looking carefully, and not always making the plunge into something new. Study business propositions offered you, and make your decisions very carefully.

ALL of this is true provided your birthday comes near the end of the month. On the other hand if you were born under Sagittarius, you share some of the talent possibilities of Douglas Fairbanks Jr., whose birthday is December ninth. Fairbanks may be an actor now—those who know him may expect him to continue as an actor, but if the planets point correctly, he has an even greater future in writing, or as a member of the legal profession. There is no question but that his star has given him marked ability—and its influence along literary lines is greater than that of many who have won fame and fortune in the writing field.

Your talents may differ somewhat from either those of Marlene Dietrich, or Mr. Fairbanks, all depending on the year of your birth. There are influences affecting December in one year that do not affect those born in December of another year, but no matter what your year, December birth gives you some natural talent; a natural ability, which if used, can be made to lead to success and happiness in marriage, business and professional life. You may be poor—you may have "no chance" but your planet points the way. You may never enter the movies—your natural abilities may point some other way, but just as surely as the story told in the planets gives us a picture of these two favorites, your own planets tell the story of you and your ability to succeed.

Editor's Note—If you wish to know something of the effect of your own star upon your life write Madame Helene, giving your exact birth date—day, month and year. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and ten cents in stamps or silver. She will promptly send you a long report that will show you just how revealing your star-story can be. Send your letter to Madame Helene, care *Screen Book* Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Over the Air Waves

[*Continued from page* 49]

Ed Wynn—"The fire chief gets my vote as the air's most popular comedian, but of late he seems to be slipping in originality. Some of his jokes are awfully unoriginal."—Betty Powell, New York City.

Burns And Allen—"They couldn't be better. The whole family stays home to listen to their senseless patter." Pearl L., Sioux City, Iowa.

Olsen And Johnson—"What a pair! We've started a Padded Cell Club. No dues, no meetings. And is it exclusive! To be initiated as a member one has to sit through one entire program without laughing—which is next to impossible."—John L., Los Angeles.

Your Questions Answered

MYRTLE—Lowell Thomas is a native of Cripple Creek, Colorado. Doubtless the same boy you knew.

J. T.—Ed Wynn's last movie appearance was in *Follow the Leader*. He's not planning another right now.

JOHNNY—Bing's real name is Harry L. Crosby.

ALICE J.—Kate Smith attended Georgetown University as a student nurse, but never graduated.

BENNY—Ben Bernie's real name is Benjamin Ancel. You knew him when you lived in Brooklyn.

J. F. L.—You win your bet. Morton Downey is wed to Barbara Bennett, a member of the Hollywood clan.

JEAN R.—It happened this way. In a program about two months ago, Graham MacNamee said "gasoloon" when he meant gasoline. Ed Wynn has been twitting him about it ever since.

Editor's Note: The Tuner-Inner will answer your questions each month on this page. For a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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36 39

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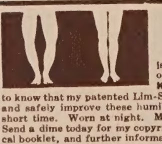

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Hollywood Makeup Secrets

[*Continued from page 42*]

of your skin will be covered. Pat your powder on and smooth it with a soft, camel's hair brush. Don't rub it into the skin for that only causes whiteheads and enlarged, powder-filled pores. If your skin is extremely oily use a heavy-texture powder; if it is normal, a medium weight, and if dry a light weight.

Recently there have been put on the market some superior face powders. The first of these powders introduced is one that adapts itself to any skin. It is a one-shade powder that self-tones to your own skin-tint. You can actually *see* this subtle color change as you smooth the powder on your skin. Naturally, this gives a most natural and "unpowdered look," just what everyone is looking for these days. The same company that makes this powder also puts out a companion rouge and a lipstick. The rouge is of the cream variety, which is so lasting and so beneficial for use on a dry skin. Wearing this one-shade powder and blood-color lip and cheek rouges, you can march out confidently, sure that you don't clash cosmetically. If you've been having difficulty in selecting proper shades, you'll want the name of this trio. Just send a stamped, addressed envelope.

ANOTHER excellent face powder is a two-tone preparation, made by blending two weights of powder so that the heavier clings closely to the skin and the lighter weight, on the surface, takes on another, lighter color tone. This gives a glowing effect that is totally unlike the calcimined mask created by old-fashioned powders. The newest powders are mixed to make the skin *look* like skin—soft, gleaming and pliable. Some of our smartest actresses, Lupe Velez, for one, are oiling their skins, or putting on powder and then rubbing most of it off. This gives lots of high lights that are most attractive. I'm sure you'll like the dual-tone powder I described. It costs only $1 and comes in an attractive box.

Most everyone uses cream rouge now because it is so permanent. Although I recommend dry rouge for very oily-skin, cream rouge is preferable for every other type. You may find it a bit difficult to apply at first, but with a little practice you can get it to blend into the skin so that you can scarcely tell where rouge begins and leaves off. I can give you the names of several cream rouges besides the one I referred to a few paragraphs above. There is one in particular that is most clever on blondes. This rouge can be had in a more vivid shade for night use, too.

Speaking of night reminds me that I forgot to mention one very much needed addition to the season's new face powders—a box with two compartments, one containing powder for daytime use and the other containing powder correct for night. The cover of one compartment is plainly labelled "Day" and the other "Night" so that you can't make a mistake. There is a day and night shade for women of Fair, Medium and Brunette coloring, so you simply can't go wrong. This two-in-one powder costs only $1, in case you're interested.

But to get on to lipsticks—All the adverse comment roused by Joan Crawford's new lips in *Letty Lynton* and *Rain* heartens me. For I am much opposed to the practice of painting on lips that are entirely different from those Nature bestowed. Of course, Miss Crawford did this to emphasize the type of character she played; but some misguided girls may copy her. I hope this will prove a warning. If your lips are naturally thick and your mouth wide, the only thing you can do is to use lipstick very sparingly, to detract attention from your mouth. But if your lips are smallish or medium, don't try to make them over; just accent their color with the right shade of lipstick. As for the lipstick to be used, I suggest a tint that has more of orange or yellow in its shade than purple. There is a very fine lipstick on the market that when applied is pale yellow, and after being smoothed on, becomes a delicate warm rose, just a nice shade for light and medium skinned persons.

I THINK that the eyes are the most important features to be considered in making up skillfully. There are those new artificial eye lashes that certainly do things for a girl who has only short stubby lashes of her own, but I'd advise you to have them put on by an expert rather than try to do it yourself, for the result will be much more pleasing.

If you were to ask me what eye makeup I think indispensable I would shout "Mascara." You can always enhance the beauty of your eyes and lashes by touching them lightly with a darkener. It not only darkens light eyelashes, but gives an upturned pertness to the lashes that is very flattering. If you wish, you can emphasize this upturned look by actually curling your upper lashes on a harmless gadget made for the purpose.

I received a new eyelash tint in compact form today that I know you will be interested in. The mascara is in cake form and there is a sponge moistener in the attractive metal case that enables you to dampen the brush just enough. The sponge, once moistened, remains damp for hours. Another feature that I liked about this compact, is the little metal cover for the brush. That prevents the interior of the case from becoming messy as they usually do. This lash tint comes in black, brown or blue and it costs only $1. You really should have it for your purse and dressing table.

It is possible to darken the eyebrows with mascara, but an eyebrow pencil is usually more convenient. So few women have brows that are long enough really to frame their eyes nicely. Most brows get very thin and almost invisible toward the ends, and it is here they need a little reinforcement with a pencil. If your face is round, your eyebrows should be rather thin and long, arched very, very little. The Oriental type looks best with eyebrows very long and narrow, dipping at the nose and slanting upward. The petite face requires a medium length, delicate eyebrow and the eyebrow that is heavy and thick should be toned down by shaping from underneath. The more space between upper lid and eyebrow, the larger and more luminous your eyes appear. If you are compelled to wear glasses eye makeup is essential. It gives depth and brilliance to the eyes.

If you are in doubt about what type of eye makeup to wear, about how to emphasize your best points and subdue your worst, or if you want information about any type of toilet preparation, just write to me and I'll be glad to send you a personal letter of advice. Don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope, though.

Mary Elizabeth R.—The newest type of hairdress is the short bob, but not the shingled style. Because of the pancake shape of the new hats, however, it is necessary to have plenty of fullness in the coiffure at the sides and in the back. There should be curls in the back, but they should be dressed high on the head, and should not hang down on the neck in clusters. Very little wave on the top or crown of the head is permitted. A few wisps of hair cut short at the sides to form into sculpture curls or fringe are acceptable.

Grace Ellen—A perfume flacon should make a delightful Christmas gift for your fastidious friend. I know of a lovely compact, gold metal flacon for the purse that is made by a famous toiletry house. This flacon, which is round and flat and decorated in soft pastel colors has a sprinkler top fitted with a screw cap and a detachable back for filling. For $2, you can buy this flacon and a bottle of lovely Olde English Lavender. There is a dropper for filling the flacon, too. Send a stamped envelope for the name.

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If you have any individual beauty problems to be solved, write to Janet Lynn in care of SCREEN BOOK, 529 So. 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope (Canadian readers should use U. S. postage), and she will give you a prompt reply.

The Mystery Exposed

[*Continued from page* 43]

hampering as hoop skirts. She has the Nordic craving for solitude at times. If she climbed a hill to enjoy the sunset, a chaperon of necessity had to pant along after her. The goddess of Liberty is a free soul, Gwili reasoned, and she determined to cultivate her acquaintance. Father André said it was a wise plan. Mother André bought her some new clothes. So Gwili came to America.

THERE was an aunt who had one of those pink stucco palaces in Palm Beach, flanked with a swimming pool and tennis courts. Gwili went down there and within twenty-four hours a hurricane hit the place. Four men who rate in the Blue Book offered her their hearts and purses. (I know because one of them told me so.) Gwili smiled at all four enchantingly and shook her head. No sale. She played tennis and swam and tried her hand at polo. An outdoor sports girl who couldn't lose her aura of secrecy. People couldn't understand it. It puzzled them.

Palm Beach and society soon palled. She liked better the up-and-doing spirit of New York so back she went. One heard about her renting a pent house—of becoming interested in commercial art. Apparently she hadn't been there six months before the name of Gwili André was a kind of fetish among camera artists like Steichen and Cecil Beaton. They said she knew the art of posing—knew how to use her hands so that they looked like sculptured marble.

It was inevitable that portraits of her should drift into the offices of movie magnates. According to report, Radio studio executives saw them first. Saw them and sent for her. They presented her with a contract.

Then Hollywood. A quiet entrance. At the studio for the first couple of days she ate luncheon at a side table by herself. After that Filmdom's most popular bachelor found her and she eats alone no more. You see them dining and dancing at the Cocoanut Grove—Gwili in ravishing gowns but with no jewels. She despises them. Dancing she adores. Sort of floats about. But, although, she mingles with the crowd, there is that impenetrable something about her that makes you feel she is moving in a sphere all her own. It completely captivates men.

Sometimes early in the morning she goes to Lilyan Tashman's home at Malibu Beach but more often she parks her black coupé at a secluded spot far up the beach road. She raises an enormous gaily striped umbrella and carefully lays some singular looking boxes beneath it. Without waiting to sun herself, she plunges into the ocean in an ultra-smart bathing costume.

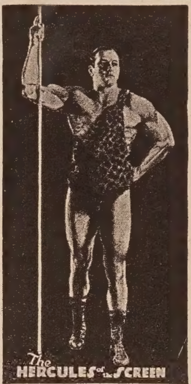
Back under the umbrella again she opens the queerly shaped boxes. Jigsaw puzzles! Gwili has the largest collection in the world, I think. For hours she works with them, more entertained than if she were teaing with a king.

LATER on she goes for a vocal lesson —she's having her voice lowered for *Secrets of the French Police* as it will record more beautifully.

If there's an auction being held within a radius of fifty miles she attends it. Her hobbies are old China and Venetian glassware. Recently she's added the collecting of shells. That is the result of a yacht trip she took by herself. She simply drove down to the harbor, selected a yacht and went aboard. There was a crew of three. She managed the yawl alone when they came to the uninhabited little island—wandered over the rocky, wind-swept land for half a day and when she returned to the boat the pockets of her slacks were filled with exquisitely colored shells.

But whether Gwili is standing at the rail of a ship in her slacks and dark zipper sweater or lolling in her apartment, gowned in a tea robe of super feminine charm, she is one and the same —a most surprising creature. A woman of strange moods.

Let me put you in the Movies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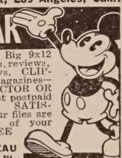

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Keep This Under Your Hat

[*Continued from page* 35]

Bored

BILL POWELL, who holds every known world-record for male sophistication, contends that every human being is so afraid of unpleasant realities that consciously, or unconsciously, he's continually looking for an anaesthetic.

Bill's voting for repeal.

Be Comfortable

JOHN BARRYMORE'S saggy-seated pants, which he bought in Alaska and wears on all occasions, seem to have started a new fad. It's become quite *declasse* for a cinemite to appear in good togs. Slacks, sweat shirts, sneakers and battered riding breeches are all the vogue.

Barrymore's latest concession to comfort is a pair of bedroom slippers, which he wears to important previews.

Home-Brew

WHEN Warner Brothers start their press raves about Lorena Layson as a "sensational new discovery," reserve the right to chuckle.

The lowdown is that Lorena has been a stand-in on the Warner lot for more than two years, reporting day after day to double for Ruth Chatterton, Dorothy Mackaill or Barbara Stanwyck. No one even noticed her, much less offered her a contract. Then she happened to lunch in the studio commissary one day when Daryll Zannuck was present, and he "discovered" her. She'll be a star, they say.

Verdict Deferred

IT'S an open secret that Elissa Landi's film fate depends on her performance in *Sign Of The Cross.* Her pictures for Fox haven't flooded the boxoffice as they should have—which probably isn't Elissa's fault, for she's had some woefully weak stories assigned to her. But Fox is watching DeMille's opus with an eagle eye.

Elissa isn't worried, however. She's writing a new novel, the first of a trilogy which has already been guaranteed publication.

Six-Gun Diplomacy

THE real basis for Tom Mix's reputation as a dead-shot artist has just been revealed. It seems that years ago, when he was a deputy United States marshal, he was sent into a plenty tough district to keep the peace. He made up his mind that strategy was better than gun smoke.

His first night in camp, he secretly took six tent stakes from a big pile, carried them a few miles out on the prairie and carefully shot a hole through each one. Then he took them back and deposited them on the pile.

The next day, he publicly polished his revolver, remarked that he'd better see if his shooting was up to par, took the six stakes out of camp and drove them into the ground. Riding past them at a dead gallop, he fired six blank cartridges and then invited all observers to examine the stakes.

Nobody seemed anxious to cross Mr. Mix after that.

Miracle Of The Month

***RASPUTIN*, a Russian picture, is actually being directed by a Russian, Boleslavsky!**

Sizzling Prospects

BARBARA STANWYCK, having finished her contract with Columbia, now goes to Warner Brothers for keeps. She says she wants to play nothing but sexy, boudoir rôles from now on—the hotter the better.

Now there's a gal who pays some attention to her fan mail.

Eliminating Prattle

EDWARD H. GRIFFITH, directing *Animal Kingdom*, is responsible for the month's sagest remark: "If no one talked of what he does not understand, the silence would be unbearable!"

Let Me Grow Up

[*Continued from page* 22]

BETTE made personal appearances in the East and when I asked her whether she liked it her answer surprised me.

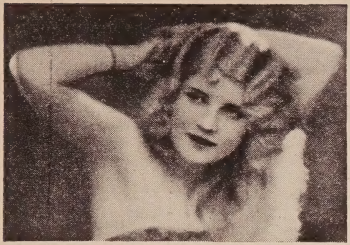
"I didn't want to do it. I was afraid people would say, 'Who is she?' Personal appearances always give me the fear that the audience is going to be terrifically disappointed in me when compared with what they see on the screen. But it rained as the train pulled out of the Los Angeles station."

She is very superstitious about rain. She believes it always brings her good luck. This belief goes back to the time when she appeared on the stage. If it rained on the opening evening of a play, the show had a good run. If the weather was clear, the play was sure to be a flop.

Bette is extremely modest about her work. She never views the rushes after a day's work. This is because she saw the rushes of her first picture and disliked her screen likeness so much that it was two days before she regained enough confidence to do her best work.

"I never would be where I am if it weren't for Mother," Bette says. "That sounds trite, but in this case it is true. She seems to have a sixth sense. Even before I was on the stage I remember distinctly one night when I was at a dance and Mother was attending a play. She got the feeling that something was going to happen to me. A friend of ours was sitting back of her. She asked him to take me home immediately. He did. And the car in which I would have returned had an accident. Two people were killed. Do you wonder that I pay attention to her intuition?

"When I decided to become an actress Mother was very happy. It was doing the thing she had wanted to do, for when she was a girl she was ambitious to go on the stage. She encouraged me at every turn. When I was discouraged, it was she who advised and helped me over the rough spots. Without her help I would be lost."



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Hollywood's $16,000,000 Cinderella

[*Continued from page* 29]

tamed the magnificent Barrymore. It was he who suggested the best shades of screen makeup for her. That, coming from him, is like having Paul Whiteman teach you jazz or having the Prince of Wales show you how to unveil a statue.

Various local scandal sheets had much to say of the Park Avenue heiress who, in blue denim and peasant frocks, rode around on a bicycle. Where were the custom-built cars and Parisian gowns? On occasion she displayed the latter. Not at society fêtes, however. The cinema élite eagerly waited to absorb her into their social whirl but she gracefully withdrew. She preferred hot dogs eaten at the beach with nature's own implements or chicken paprika at the quaint La Golondrina inn.

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S destiny seems interwoven with that of the stage. "Heppy"—she loathes being called by her first name—had no sooner graduated from Bryn Mawr College than she went into the Theatre Guild. It wasn't just a lark with her. She set out to make a business of acting—and succeeded. Last winter she had the lead in one of the most talked of plays on Broadway, *The Warrior's Husband.*

A vice-president of Radio Pictures saw her in this rôle and signed her for the Katherine Cornell part in *Bill of Divorcement.* Her performance in this picture was so cleverly done that critics consider her the most startling "discovery" in years.

She, in turn, through those slumberous, smoldering eyes of hers, looked things over in the film capital—and found them good. She consented to sign a contract. There's a unique clause in it, though—unique for a newcomer. It states that she has only two pictures a year to make. The rest of the time she can travel. So she's leaving immediately for Europe.

In the short time she has been here some very extraordinary stories have circulated about her. That's the result of being a striking character. One glance at her hands would tell you that she is one. They're firm, artistic—almost exotic looking, if such a word can be applied to hands. The nails are without polish—she has had three manicures in her life. Manicures, that is, as we know them with a dab of this and a dab of that and a high luster. She believes that reddened nails cheapen the appearance of most women.

A brilliant woman who dares to wrest what she wants from life—Katharine Hepburn.

How the Stars Rate

[*Continued from page* 38]

80%

Marion Davies, Clive Brook, Constance Cummings, Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Jimmie Durante, Stuart Erwin, Mitzi Green, Chester Morris, Karen Morley, Neil Hamilton, Anita Page, Virginia Bruce, Boris Karloff, Rochelle Hudson, Tala Birell, Thelma Todd, Frances Dee, Warner Baxter, George Arliss, George O'Brien, Ramón Novarro.

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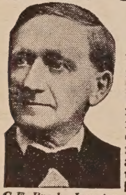

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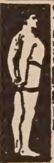

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He's a Natural!

[*Continued from page* 40]

kid was great atmosphere—at a distance, but when he knew the lens was focused on his face he seemed to be stricken with acute indigestion or something which caused unnatural convulsions. It was just Andy trying to "act."

So the flare flickered and died when *The Collegians* idea wore out, and Andy Devine couldn't find a welcome on any studio mat. He batted around from window to window but the heads didn't nod, and at last, tired of it all, Andy decided to chuck the movies for a life of adventure. He couldn't act, he told himself and his friends who were interested. He knew because he had tried, and the result literally wasn't even funny. He would leave the movies to the guys who said "cawn't" and "took it big."

A UNITED STATES Lighthouse Service supply boat was about to leave on its annual trip to the Bering Sea to stock the isolated beacons in that remote part of the world. When it left San Pedro, Andy Divine, erstwhile motion picture actor, hauled in the tie-lines and breathed a heavy sigh of relief as he saw the coast-line of the movie country fade and vanish in the distance.

But strange are the ways of the movie bug, persistently strange. When, after an adventuresome trip in the frozen seas of the North the ship again docked at its Southern California port, seaman Andy Devine shuffled down the gangplank and made large tracks for Universal City.

Yes, they could use a big fellow like Andy in a couple of serial thrillers about to start shooting. He wouldn't have to do much acting, just be big and strong and impressive in a few scenes. Andy didn't care much about the parts, so he didn't try to act. He did "bits," but they were good "bits," the film revealed, and Andy perked up, slightly puzzled, wondering vaguely how come when he hadn't hardly tried.

Came *The Spirit of Notre Dame* and plans by Carl Laemmle Jr. to make it a genuine football epic as a tribute to the late Knute Rockne. The Four Horsemen, Carideo, Bucky O'Connor—authenticity was the keynote. Universal started the search for "Truck" McCall. Must be a bona fide pigskin artist. Must be a sympathetic character. Andy got wind of the part. It was right down his alley. Why, he had *lived* that part!

Enthusiastic, bubbling over with self-confidence, Andy Devine convinced the youthful Universal executive he was the man for the rôle. His tests "clicked" and he was signed for the part. A real Hollywood break, rare as snow in July. Andy repaired to his mirror. He was going to learn to act this time! He didn't know he was doing his best to kill his chances for success.

DIRECTOR RUSSELL MACK gathered his gridiron stars together. He told them they weren't actors. He didn't want them to be. If they tried, he foresaw failure. He wanted them to be natural in their parts—*natural.*

Andy Devine stood behind the group of football immortals, listening to the director's plea. That last word stuck—natural—be natural. Don't try to act—be yourself. Be natural! Could he be natural in this part? Could he!

So Andy Devine stopped trying to act, and Andy Devine the ham actor became Andy Devine the screen "natural."

Critics raved about the refreshing new screen personality. Audiences felt they knew him, laughed at him, with him, sympathized with him—wanted to see him again.

Universal signed him on a long-term contract.

Now his disarming, genuine, lovable humorous Andy Devine personality is known wherever motion pictures are shown. He's a "natural" because he's himself; and he's a "natural" because he never fails to score in his rôle. *Law and Order, The Impatient Maiden, Man Wanted, Fast Companions* and his latest, *Radio Patrol,* have made him popular with everyone—the kids, the grownups, the boys, the girls.

Greta Defies Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 36]

case of Indian jitters over the little girl from Norway. His secretary demanded that Greta descend to the lobby to greet her guest in the style to which he was accustomed. However, Greta, having once danced before a king and not liking the Prince's line anyway, sent word that if he didn't choose to come upstairs he could take a running jump in the Ganges.

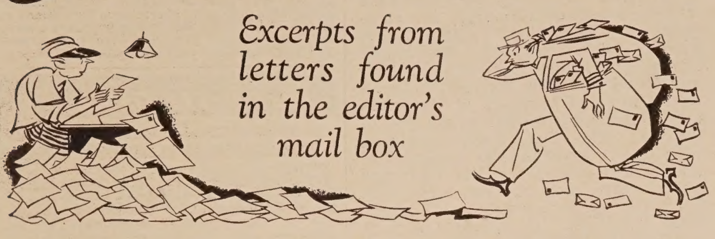
She has the most beautiful hands in Hollywood and would rather go down on Main Street for a ham sandwich and a cup of java than to eat *pâté-de-foie-gras* in the Brown Derby. She is astonished when people recognize her at premières and more so when they ask her for autographs.

Greta was born in Oslo, Norway. At an age when most children are beginning to wonder about Santa Claus, she was in training for a dancing career in the Danish Imperial Theatre. Her first stage appearance was as a very small angel and her performance was marred only by the fact that she kept making unangelic faces at a boy in the front row.

She came to America as the lead in *A Beggar On Horseback* which ran for over a year on Broadway before Paramount saw her and decided that Norway should be represented on the screen. In her year's contract with that studio, she made fourteen pictures and then Howard Hughes selected her for the lead in *Hell's Angels,* silent version. For a while the young producer was more interested in his blonde star than he was in his picture but along came the talkies and Broadway, not Norwegian, accents were in demand. Greta returned to New York and the stage but when Winnie Sheehan, high mogul of Fox offered her a contract, she came back to try her luck on the talking screen.

"I do not know how long it will be," she admits, "but some day I will get a part I will like. That is all I ask. We are stubborn, we Norwegians."

You said it, fans!



Excerpts from letters found in the editor's mail box

I have seen all the stars who have made personal appearances in New York and the star that gave me the best impression was Alice White. When is she coming back? She sings and dances divinely. No high hat, no snob—a peach of a girl.—Joe Mangicino, New York City.

Why do folks take on so about Garbo? I do not see so much in her.—Billy May, Adel, Ga.

In a recent article I read that Norma Shearer couldn't be the "big shot" that she is if it weren't for her husband, Irving Thalberg. That's nonsense. How long do you suppose critics would continue to give her pictures such splendid reviews if her work did not merit them?—Margaret Walker, Maplewood, New Jersey.

George Raft . . . that lad has what it takes. Bear witness, oh ye females. He's hot stuff, and if his advent doesn't make several million faithful feminine fans tear up Clark Gable's picture then the notorious good taste of American femmes takes a severe jolt. On your toes, girls! We want Raft!—Betty Ann Murray, Akron, Ohio.

James Cagney may play in pictures that are filled with thrills, but who in H— said he was an actor?—B. V. D., High Point, N. C.

The most inspiring performance of the season—Jean Harlow in *Red-headed Woman*.—Bob Steiner, Chicago, Ill.

Strange Interlude and Norma Shearer. I will always class the two together. She gave a marvelous performance and I hope she gets all the credit due her.—Jane Borden, Berkeley, Calif.

If there must be a picture like *White Zombie* for heaven's sake don't put out such awful advertisements. After seeing all the billboards, hearses everywhere and caskets in the windows, we are afraid to even enter the theatre.—T. Walsh and L. Shumbat, Easton, Pa.

I must simply write to tell you that I love Screen Book more than any other magazine because of the beautiful picture of Janet Gaynor in your September issue.—Ida May Thompson, Sullivan, Indiana.

A word or two in deep, sincere praise of Madge Evans. She is the prettiest girl in pictures. She plays her parts well and so meaningly. We fans like her refreshing personality.—Betty Boegert, Hartford, Conn.

Why doesn't John Barrymore revert to his previous type of rôles in *Mobey Dick* and *Beloved Rogue?* Pictures of this type are best suited to his talents.—Tom Brown, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This letter is panning those who pan the stars. Here are some things that cause comment from so-called fans: Joan Crawford's eyes—she can't help it if they're large. Garbo's feet—ditto. Connie Bennett's acting—look where it got her! Clark Gable's eyebrows—wouldn't he look sweet with them plucked? Janet Gaynor's sweetness—that's what packs 'em in. Charlie Farrell's voice—ditto. SCREEN BOOK for not having "this and that"—just give it time.—Clover Kretschmer, Chicago, Ill.

I have recently seen Helen Twelvetrees in *Young Bride* with Eric Linden. How in *hades* do producers expect a star to make good in a picture of that type?—Stuart Christman, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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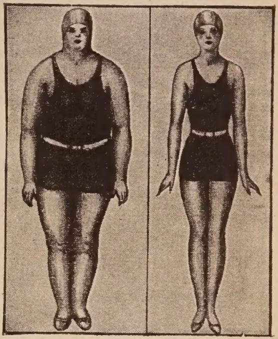

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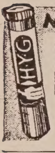

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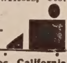

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Behind the Scenes

[*Continued from page* 41]

Put 'n' Take

THERE'S something funny—and pathetic—about this craze for autographs. When "Red" Cagle, Albie Booth, Frank Carideo, Marchmont Schwartz and other heroes of the gridiron found that they had played themselves into film contracts at Universal, they immediately sought autographs of the stars. The latter, on the other hand, were just as eager for the signatures of the football celebrities. But what was really funny, was the eagerness with which the players demanded each other's John Hancocks. As someone said, it was just like bootleggers selling to each other!

Jail Bird

THE secret is out why Eric Linden made his lunch entirely of buttermilk while at Universal. He enacted such a strong dramatic part in *Afraid To Talk* that a heavy luncheon would have made it impossible for him to do his best, he said. Incidentally, he has been on the inside looking out during three of his recent pictures. He was in jail in *Are These Our Children?*, *Roadhouse Murder* and *Afraid To Talk*.

"I've a swell police record!" he boasts.

New Police Troubles

COMING down the boulevard, the stars may actually be "heard" nowadays. Radios have been installed in the autos of Richard Dix, Dorothy Jordan, Constance Bennett, Ricardo Cortez, William Powell, Norma Shearer and a few others. Some of them have short wave length sets and delight in not only picking up police calls but also chasing them. It's the latest film town thrill, much to the disgust of the cops.

Bench Warmer

WHEN Warner Brothers filmed *Spirit of Notre Dame* a year or so ago, Andy Devine, enacting the rôle of Truck McCall, warmed the football bench. "Truck" again warms the bench in Universal's *The All American*—only this time it is a dog. An Eastern gridiron fan presented Devine with the dog if he would call it Truck McCall.

Telling It To The Judge

DOROTHY LEE sued for the return of $250 which she had paid in advance for rent—and got it. That crooning is highly lucrative is indicated by the suit of an agent against Bing Crosby for $105,000 assertedly due for commissions. An attorney demands $10,000 of Tom Mix for legal services. Although Norman Kerry contended that an $800 note was for gambling debts, the judge told him he had better pay it. Ronald Colman says Samuel Goldwyn owes him $2,000,000 for slander.

Now You Know That—

OF THE five Marx brothers, the most talkative is Harpo, though he doesn't say a word on the stage or screen. Tala Birell, so says Hollywood, might be a princess in real life, if she

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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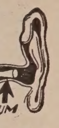

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1932.

State of Minnesota }
County of Hennepin } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared S. F. Nelson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Managing Editor, Jack Smalley, Minneapolis, Minn.; Business Manager, S. F. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

S. F. NELSON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1932.

(Seal) FERN H. SEWALL.
(My commission expires January 12, 1937.)

desires. She was squired here and there by Prince Ferdinand von Leichtenstein, captain of the Austrian Olympic team, whose native land is also that of Tala's. The charming Mrs. Tom Mix is seen delightedly shopping with Thomasina, whom she adores. Hedda Hopper takes Verree Teasdale in tow upon the latter's arrival in Hollywood from Broadway. Dorothy Mackaill unquestionably is the film colony's surf board peeress. Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, who maintain a bachelor establishment together, invariably are at the same parties. Chic Sale deserves untold credit for the joy he brings to thousands, for he is suffering with a chronic stomach disorder. William Haines, who is an interior decorator when not toiling before the screen, had no wise-crack in his system when he lost $2,400 on the contract to decorate the home of Chester Morris.

Wide Open Spaces

JOE E. BROWN is credited with a wise-crack over which the town still chuckles. After his operation, his medico presented a bill for the surgery. Looking at it askance, Joe said:

"What this country needs is a good five cent scar!"

Dahlia Stars

NOW they are naming prize dahlias after movie stars. You may go to your florist and ask for the John Boles dahlia, and you will get a beautiful geranium red cactus variety whose bloom is some ten inches wide. If you prefer a cream-colored dahlia with a golden center ask for the Glorious Gloria Stuart kind. Should your fancy demand a pure orchid color, specify the Tala Birell dahlia. According to the dahlia association's rules, a flower must be grown three years before it can be officially recognized. These new names are official now.

Shut-in Happiness

ALTHOUGH a "shut-in" for many a day, Winifred Bryson is not lacking in entertainment. Warner Baxter, her devoted husband, has fitted a well-equipped tiny theatre for her above the garage. Even though she is unable to go out and attend the movies, Warner sees to it that the best pictures available are brought to her in their own little projection room. So there they sit, hand-in-hand, and watch the screen romances unfold.

Gridiron Star Signed

ANOTHER All-American football hero has crashed the movie citadel. Ernie Nevers, Stanford's famed battering ram, has been cast in the leading rôle of *The Lost Special,* Universal's newest serial. The studio is confident that in Ernie, it has another potential star.

Connie Gains Poundage

CONSTANCE BENNETT is on a diet *to put on weight!* She is perhaps the only movie star in town who strives to gain poundage. Pastry and cream puffs have no terrors for her nowadays. Within six weeks she has put on some seven pounds and says she'd like to add a few more.

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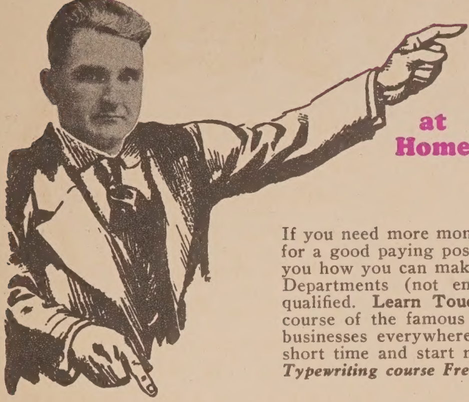

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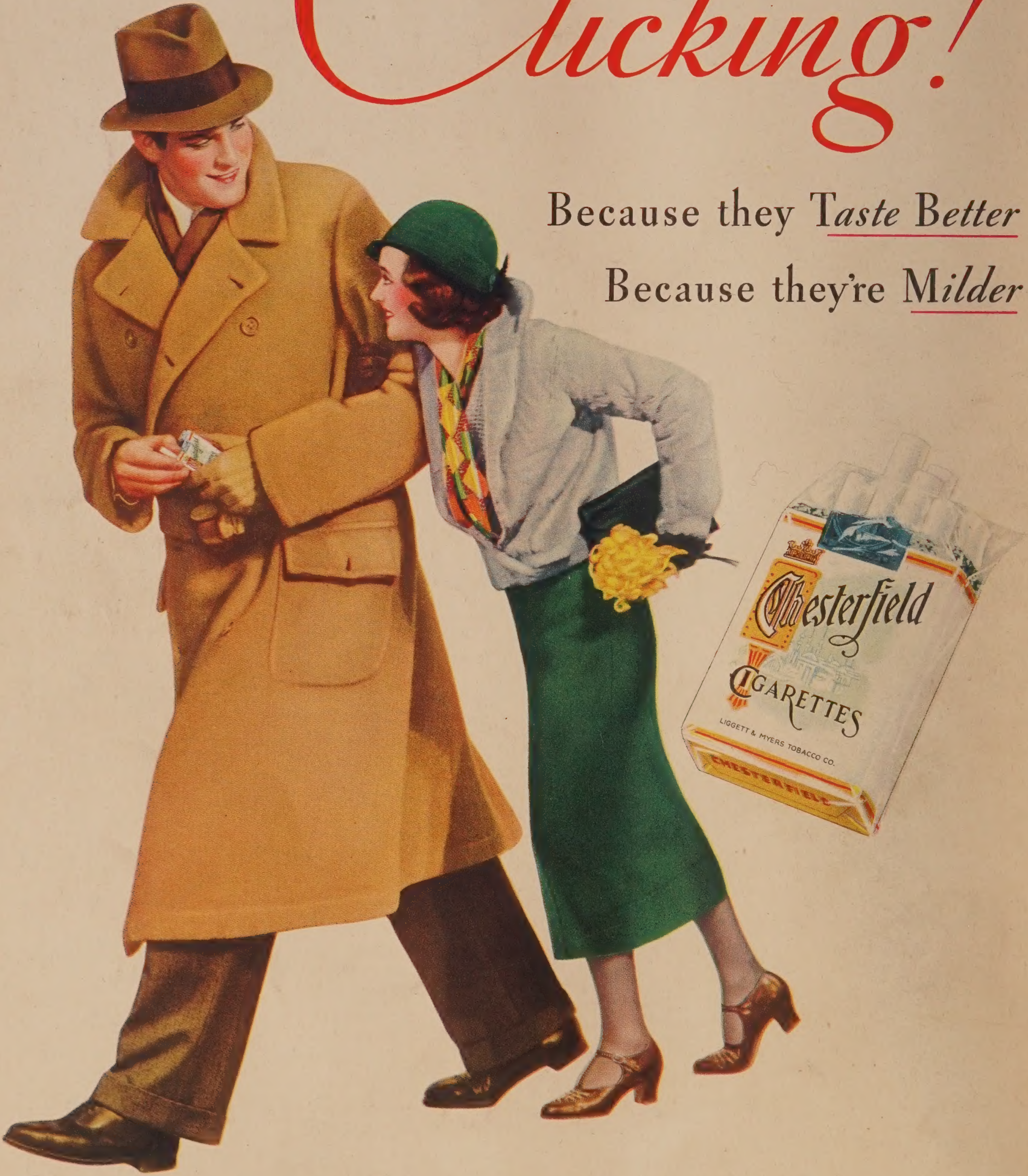

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